

Shooting 1976

¹⁶
Tuesday 19 October

Circumstances, New York

1:40 - 3:40 } 3 hrs.

4:30 - 5:30 } IF

cold breezy
partly cloudy 45°
(Wild barberry)
in forest

moved 2 - 2

moved 4 - 7

1 shot - 1 hit

Briar: 2 prod
1 kill

Belton 1 net
1 kill

Drove to that lovely country, leaving home Sunday the 17th -
Gary Schweitzer staying at Old Hamloch - visited overnight at
Woodloch Hill with Charles & Glenn & Tued & General, then drove on
to Circumstances where we found Art Currier & Leah to be delightful,
in a charming little neoclassic house on the main street of what
seems a perfect small valley town, mostly white houses.
We are currently staying at the Knickerbocker Golf Club - all to
ourselves with fireplace in lounge, primitive quarters otherwise but
the privilege of cooking our meals.

Hunted today when Art had a report of 15 quon flushed - 12
left - last week. We saw none, but did hunt the first two hours
in good cock cover.

This is Briar's 8th season, and our 5th month Belton's first.
He held up well for the 2-hour turn. Kay became separated and
returned to the car with Bell Lloyd of Cleveland who is here to
hunt with Art - a disappointing development. He & his Brit
left early.

Briar worked beautifully and I was pleased that Belton missed

rather well for a green pibbler with a couple dozen Woodcock in
 quail behind him. One quail flushed unseen in a large wood, but
 Belton heard the roar and bristled with hackles up, looking around.

In good thorns further up the hollow, Brian made a first
 'cack' point and I managed to swing Belton to him. However, he got no
 scent and moved back below me. The bird flushed thru dense branches
 and I waited till it leveled beyond, holding under and fired, and
 saw the bird go down. Brian moved in, located and retrieved.
 Belton approached him and Brian did not deliver all the way to
 hand. When Belton went to him, Brian attacked and bit Belton on
 the head with his jaws - scaring him badly. I had to comfort
 him, holding him until he stopped crying. Then let him see the
 'cock. I tossed it out and he went to it but did nothing. Trying again
 again after letting him nose the bird - an immature hen - I
 tossed it and sent him to it. He picked it up, started to carry it to
 me by a way, then decided to follow another surge and carried
 it off, me in pursuit. This does no good, and I finally stopped
 and coaxed him to me. He came but left the woodcock on the
 ground and I picked it no further. He paid no attention to the
 quail report 2 2/3 dram 1 1/8 - #9 (a good shell!) and this was
 an important first for him.

I crossed to art at the head of the hollow. He had
 flushed a grouse wild. We turned back with some reports about getting
 George Bird Evans Papers
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

(3)

separated from May. Finally after a long walk we reached the
area where the car had been and saw her crossing the road for us and
got together.

Don't get to town via a back road with good cover and
decided to hunt it after we dropped him off. Found it better woods
cover than grass. Brian had a point that was only a moment's length,
then took an extra step of the cork flushed. I marked it but by
cast too wide (address had moved out) and when I swung him to
the land he ran into it and jumped - no success. We had left
Belton with Brian in the car.

Later Brian hunted another cork which we marked and followed
and he hunted again. Don't understand. Lost the bird on this
cast and headed back. Finally had a great point just inside dense
cover of them cover from a meadow. I walked directly into an
point and the bird flushed from behind me, having let me pass -
too close a view to shoot. Brian had pointed it with the wind in his
face from perhaps the gods.

It was even much like the Cassan Valley hantson pellets
and above them stream bottoms. But I came to New York State to
just the large numbers of quail released, and I find ~~quail~~ woodcock.
But it is an ~~experience~~ to be with Art Curren at 57, who hunts
as fast as I can to run! A great man.

Wednesday 21 October Cincinnati

Cloudy, cold, 40° wind 2-3

~~1:30~~ 1:30/3:00 } 2½ hrs 1 shot - 0
3:30/4:30 }

Brix

Belton

(4)

Forecast of snow tomorrow, coupled with the "hunters" moving into golf club and pushing us out with no place to go but the Curriers, which would have been awkward, prompted us to plan to leave tonight. Clint Ide arrived, (no implication of concern for our situation) and of course took over plans for a hunt today.

Clint, at # 77, and Art, at 81, are amazing, both moving in cover too fast for my comfort, insisting upon taking thick cover to put any shots toward me. In the first covert - nothing. Second covert was too thick with pine & hemlocks, but flushed two grouse wild, separately. Second grouse came out from Clint and pitched back in cover far ahead. A second flush corkscrewed out my way across road and back my way on the outside of roadside trees - a very fast shot that was only a fast swing-through that missed. The grouse looked small to me, and, banking as it did, was like a fast low dove -

Tommy hunted beautifully. Used Belton only on the first turn but he hunted beautifully, moving well and searching, he knows not quite for what, with a really nice tail for a puppy.

I feel that Art Currier & Clint Ide are hunting, not for grouse, which aren't there, but for memories - memories, as Kay says, they did nothing to preserve when they were realities, shooting 16 and 18 grouse in a day between other jobs. But I don't get an

way Art can walk, stepping over rough ground over, rolling (5)
under barbed wire fences (I saw too much of his gun muzzles at
such times and as he walked, carrying his gun cradled over his left
elbow). Once, he tripped on a low inconspicuous strand of wire and fell
hard, but got up with no stiffness and no complaint. Men half his age
would have quibbled. He is a grand man, and the trip was
worthwhile to be with him.

We left the cave about 4:45 and after saying
goodbye at his house, headed for Woodcock Hill. Our men took
to far places for something that doesn't seem to be there.

Friday 22 October (No gun) Woodcock Hill

Cool, partly sunny, windy 40° ~~max~~ 5-5
4:00-5:00 / 1 hr. no gun

Brian ~~4~~ 4 prod.

Bellon 3 back pts

Staying at Charlie & Glenn's - day of operation - we took a turn
for an hour in covert Glenn pointed out - hundreds grown to clumps of
dirty-white larch (are these gray larch?). Very cold and windy. In bottom
along Pine Creek in cover of cherry and winterberry (no aspen, or hawthorn
or alder to any degree) Brian apparently bumped a 'cock in deep
goldenrod - bird coming toward us. Brian had pointed, and to our delight,
Bellon lacked, and while Brian moved on without a bird, we called it Bellon's
first backpoint. Moments later, Brian's bell went quiet and then a 'cock
came toward us. Later, as we approached the remnant of bridge, Brian had
another point, this 'cock coming out and crossing left over the stream.

Arcle reports far side to a huge sugar maple in a grown-up
clearing - the trunk 2'-8" plus our ~~the~~ complete reach - produced
nothing, and we came back. My hand just picked a bouquet of

scarlet winterberries for Charles when we saw Brian on point ahead of us in a small opening in the cover - and Belton, seeing him, backed. As he looked toward me, I warned Hold! and he held beautifully and I went to him and handled him, they getting more. The cock was under Brian's nose - squatted in the clearing, and Belton and Brian held while I moved in to within a few feet of the bird before it flushed - a large hen.

Brian marked its flight and was soon on point again, and once more Belton & backed on his own, with my command holding him. This time the cock flushed wilder and Brian held for a short dash, stopped by my command. Four pushovers by Brian and three lovely backpoints by

Belton! Even with no gun, this has to be credited as a day.
 (Lots of gray dogwood ^{blue-black viburnum} berries)



THE BEGINNING.

Monday 25 October

Cupp Place

Briar:

⑦

Rain 50°

scored 1-1

Kim:

2:45 / 4:45 2 hrs.

0 (Gary shot this bird)

Gary Schweitzer had stayed at Old Hemlock while we were on the New York trip, and came back yesterday, staying overnight to hunt today. This seemed an ideal coast for 2 guns / 2 dogs, and I found it promising in appearance. We parked Gary's car in the old lane, and followed the lane (too wet to hunt cover) altho the rain had let up to a drizzle — good conditions.

Gary that he might have had a flush and saw Kim making a great but I heard nothing. At the abandoned house we took the shortest woods road toward the Wileman place — new brush cuttings and good shooting along large strip pine disturbances that had not been put back in even a token fashion. Doubled to the large field, and I put Gary inside the woods while I took the edge. Not far along, he walked into a gorse in ferns and rocks — a close shot, he said, and dropped the bird with his second shot. Briar set there at once and drew poor Kim away — and Gary, too, for a while. During our of Briar's lungs at Kim, Gary made a quick move and grabbed his bird — a male; did not determine age.

That was the only game we saw. The rain really hit us as we hunted the woods just below the top, and we plodded on to the gap in the cliff. I was wearing my trenchcoat under my shell vest and I was drenched. Rain came when you are furthest from the car — and continues. Briar hunted hard and well, and Kim was her usual gang and busy self — two beautiful workers.

Wednesday 27 October

BLACKWATER Pipelines corner

Cold, partly cloudy 35°

16 0

Breer

3:25 - 3:50 (1/2 hr)

Had trouble handling him - wide and wild, ignoring whistle.

Gates

4:30 - 6:00 (1 1/2 hr)

2 hrs
moved 2 - 4
1 shot - 0

Breer: 2 prod

Belton: 1st prod.!!
2 backpoints

Having given Breer a solo turn at the first covert, I left him in the station wagon, rather ~~that~~ than go thru the stress of controlling him while I worked Belton.

We started on the left side opposite our old parking spot, and Belton started out as if he knew what we were hunting. Crossing toward the cow path, we were passing a few small aspens when I noticed Belton, a yard or so from me, swing to the left and point in some low St. John's Wort. He held only a few seconds then took a step and a hen woodcock flushed low and right quartering and I made a quick swing and fired. I missed. God! how I would have liked to have had some aspen trunks and missed. I missed that bird, but the shot was too surprising and I missed.



THE FIRST PRODUCTIVE ON 'COCK.

I marked the 'cock down in some thick cover across the clearing - a short flight, but after Belton hunted hard and as if aware of what had happened as this for the hundredth time, we shot what it was.

We circled the good cover around the aspen clearing on the far side ⑨ of the cow road but found nothing, encountering Ben's scrub cows, which

Belton viewed with alarm, bristling and barking but not with fear. at last, we circled back to the road and I bumped about I think was an woods - very nervous - and saw it flush east along the road toward the "grass spruce."

16 at the car we moved to the crab thorns and Ray, who felt too cold to stay out, drove on to the far end of the road while I took Brian and Belton on the right side. Brian was keyed-up but moving beautifully and fast. In no time I saw him sixty yards ahead, solid, and I hurried to him with Belton



POINT - COUNTER POINT.

When Belton saw the point he backed, requiring no control from me. He was so intense, he squatted, quivering, as he does when on hold at mealtimes. I walked in, my eyes out of focus from excitement, but there was no flush. A stiff wind was cutting Brian in the face and I judged the bird well ahead. As I moved in ahead, Brian lifted from the teen crouch

and bear holding and stood up on a lacy Orthaus pose, bidding perfectly. As did Belton, till the 'cuck' flushed well out and ~~that~~ rose out of range, flushing toward the road.

Brian was hunting as if possessed, racing the cover, not answering a spot, and Belton hunted near me. I could survey Brian with the utmost - a

but too wide, but if there are birds present, he finds them.

Ray had come back with the car and was waiting when we

crossed, but would have been warning me that Brian had hit a point

on the far side. Belton and I moved to him and I commenced hold, (10)
 Belton dying. Brian reestablished, flogging, then going short, and I
 saw Belton another hold and moved to Brian. But the cover was
 mean and I had to straddle an alder trunk and the 'cack' feathered well
 out as I did — again no chance to shoot. I count this Belton
 bird — 3rd flush.

We hunted the left side, then the right ^{avoiding the}
 decayed cow Belton had found earlier, all the way to the big open
 and the gate with no action. No flight. Just beats and only two
 of them. Brian gate is a wreck, unbalanced, bent, dragging. The
 DNR owes him a good one. Snow starting most of the time as we hunted here.
 very cold. But good to go back. And about a jockey. Not yet 6 months.

Thursday 28 October
 cold, windy, sunny 42°/35°
 2:15 - 4:15 / 2 hrs } 2 3/4 hrs.
 4:40 - 5:30 / 3/4 hrs }

~~##~~
 AF

Edelman Place

moved 4-4
 1 shot - 1 hit

Clyde Davis

moved 7-8
 1 shot - 0

Rehobeth

moved 1-1

Brian: 7 prod
 1 kill
 1 net

Belton: 3 backpoints
 1 kill

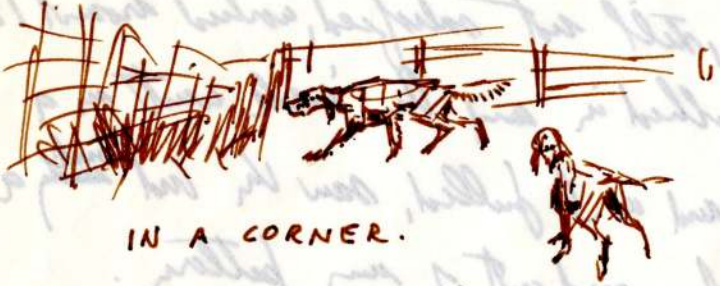
16 William Hill shared a miss with me this afternoon; he also
 shared a good hit on a lovely point/backpoint by what promises to
 be a great brace of setters; but William Hill doesn't know it.
 In his prime in 1915 as a barrel filer at Purdeys, his
 initials W.H. on the barrels he finished so meticulously gave him an
 immortality on this sunny ^{cold} October day ^{that} he could not possibly

have anticipated. Thank you William, for a magnificent pair of barrels.

Way, Brian, Belton, and I left ^{our} Canaan Valley cabin and packed at the old house, looking more precipitantly alone than ever, and just as we were starting toward Clyde Davis' land across the old road, heard a triple moo on the Edelman side. Judging it to be across the valley, we changed plans and headed for the upper part of our Edelman court, to get it before anyone might cross over.

Brian, in fine shape, raced to the corner of the fence inside the road bank and pointed them the fence toward the road. Belton got to him and backed. Curiously, he turned as if the idea of a point disturbed him, but I styled him up and moved in.

The 'cock flushed a few yards to my left and loosed down the road, dropping, hard-but, at my shot. Brian had a time getting through the fence, with my aid went under, but



IN A CORNER.

excitedly circled without spotting the dead bird, even leaping the high rails and back. I climbed over and saw the crumpled bird lying in flowing water running down the rut on the road. When I directed him, Brian found and delirious, tho he dropped it a couple of times on the way to me.

A car came up the hill as we had ~~finished~~ finished: 3 hunters: a game protector named Richard Davis (Monroe Co. ~~State~~ Conservation officer) living at New Beck, W.Va.; and a Maryland DNR man named Dolan (he said they had moved 9 quons at Mt. Nebo area - shot 3 on opening day in Md.). Today they had moved 5' cove of 2 quons and was leaving (shot 2).

We parted & we hunted the Edelman side with Belton interested only in finding & eating deer droppings. Brian had 2 more products

Beltan could not get to. Finally, as Kay was ready to take Beltan to the car, Brian pointed over the fence into Clyde Davis' side and Beltan backed. I went over and Brian began pointing, moving, pointing until at a long laugh of mine he got too close and bumped a 'calk' I could hear tread for as it tipped out high above me, but I was about when Brian was pushed a bird out. A second bird went out beyond at the flush, and both Kay & I feel it was a quail from the type of flush.

I hunted Brian along well up the Davis side with several empty points, and on the return, higher on the slope had three more productive - Brian was much too wide today, the very stylish ground work, and when he pointed, tended to be too invisible, not content until he had the bird exactly located. This ended in two flushes. On the third, he finally pointed toward me and, still not satisfied, worked around 180° and pointed away from me. I walked in and the 'calk' went in a high climb, I fired at its peak and as I pulled, saw the bird ^{make} a last bank to clear trees high up - and out of my pattern.

At the car, as joined Kay & drove to Pendleton but found the place alive with squalling crows, just turned out. A high wind turned us back and we tried the old abandoned farm near the poplars on the east side - nothing but deer droppings that delighted Beltan. Again, Kay went for the car and I took both dogs to the hedgerows on the Arnold side where I found Brian in point. Beltan backed but the bird must have lifted. Later I saw Brian working secret and saw him bump a 'calk' without a point. That was it, except that the cattle made the place impossible, charging the dogs, squalling like witches. I wonder if they will spend our hunting here all season. (At the station a boy named Doug Richardson said we had met in West Virginia and Regional History Center)

where the leaves down and to be, said he was gone this year, and "snipe." We shall see.

Friday 29 October

sunny, cool, 50°
windy 13 1/2 hr.
1:30 - 3:15 / ~~1 1/2~~
3:45 - 4:30 / 3/4 hr
~~5:00~~ - 6:15 / 1 1/2 hr
4:45

Edelman Place

moved 1-1
0

Clyde Davis

moved 1-1
1 shot - 0

Rehobeth

moved 10-13
6 shots - 3 hits

Brian: 9 prod
3 kills
3 ret

Belton: 5 backpoints
3 kills

AF
1 AF
AM

Great locust tree on
Clyde Davis: 1 Gray's sparrow
18" x 15-8" 2 Bay sparrow - 8"
5-2" diameter

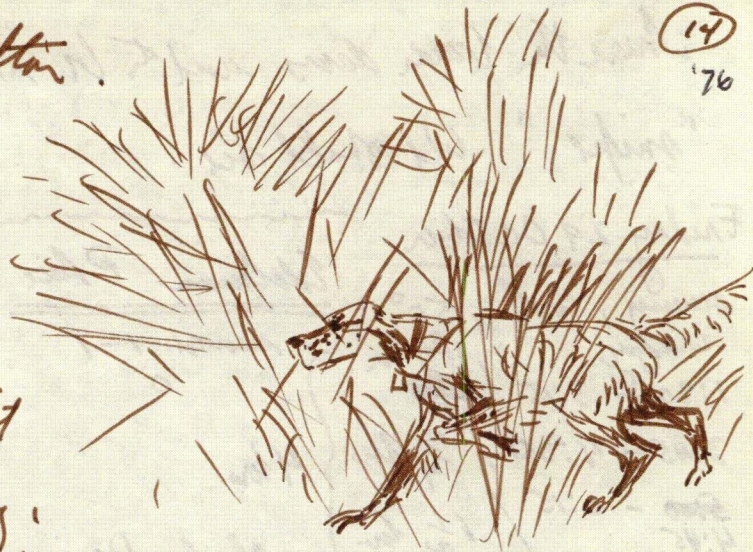
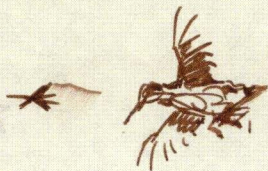
We had the courts to ourselves today, but Belton's compulsion to eat deer droppings is a problem I have no idea

how to solve. On the first turn on Edelman, Kay took him back to the car, and I went on with Brian, moving out across in the far alders - distant view - but nothing else. On my way back on Clyde Davis side, Brian had a good point forming Kay, but I missed a fairly long try, gave it up as hopeless, and drove to the Rehobeth thorns, not too hopefully. But over there, we found the high winds obscured, and the borders of last year's cattle not redint.

Hunting out the usual way, passing two or three meanderly courses, we found Brian a point almost at once. Belton backed and I flushed the cock and missed as it quartered out moderately low beyond the thorn curtain.

Within ten minutes, Brian had another point on the far edge of the

thorns, with another backdrop by Belton.



This was a low left-crosser and I did it right, swinging just past and firing, dropping the 'cock solidly, an adult hen.

Both dogs barked, & altho Kay touched Brian with the stick, he yelped and went on regardless, retrieving the lot.

In the thorns just beyond the poplars, Brian again located and pointed and again Belton barked when I swung him in. His head came directly over my face and head and I turned and fired, leading below it as it cleared the thorns well up, feeling myself tipping forward as I shot, the footing being bad, but the 'cock collapsed and fell from a puff of feathers. Brian and Belton searched in the dense thicket, Brian crouching again and again but we couldn't find the bird. Just where it should have fallen, a 'cock flushed under Brian's nose and flew off perfectly soundly - disturbing but it could not have been our bird.

I peered in the branches overhead, Kay peered, I returned to the side of the shot and remarked the fall exactly as before, giving no further thought of the bird that flushed. Just more in the X-area, I remarked, looking at the thick intertangled thorn branches, that I didn't see how the bird could have fallen thru such a tangle, and just then Kay cried, "Is that it also you?!" Then it was, dead, caught in a mass of thorn twigs. Kay got a picture as Brian sat, looking up

and grinning, while I poked and shook until the 'cock fell, catching
one more, then ~~and~~ the ground when Brian did the honors retrieving
to the ~~counter~~ and posing for still photos with the bird in his mouth.



THE BIRD IN THE BUSH.

This had been a really nice shot, turning as
I had and firing quickly, and I was
rather set up after two mid-centered shots.
When Brian pointed over was in the taller
cove above - probably the bird that had
flushed from under the "bush" bird, I
felt confident in my shot as the 'cock
rose and I fired at the rising bird about
thirty-foot yards - and missed.

I have some doubt about the $2\frac{3}{4}$ - $1\frac{1}{8}$ -#9 load having enough velocity
at longer ranges. Finally, on the return swing, I took the "hedgerows"
while Kay started with Belton for the car. Brian had given us another two
productives (no shots) and he was working gorgeously. Pointing again in
the hedgerow, standing high as he does when the result is at a distance, but
in his face, I walked up the cove that gave me another of the rising.
Spring-away shots well out - Once more I felt sure and all was over the
bird fly on, again having used the #9 load. Chances to my AA 3- $1\frac{1}{2}$ - $2\frac{1}{2}$
shell, I walked to Brian's next point in the hedgerow, almost
immediately after the last point. Kay brought Belton to the out and
he looked - his 5th backpoint today - and the 'cock flushed thru
the dense cover, giving me a momentary look thru a ~~that~~ less dense
gap - and it fell as they should fall ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~about~~ ~~permeated~~ the

AA shells are a fine all-round load. Eric brought the bird in and I can set a snare against the fading western sky - a good end to a good afternoon's action. It is queer that the cock was up here and not in the Daws/Edelman woods - and thanks be for the diminished gale that blew here earlier, and for the scattered cove. Tonight I changed into my leather boots on the nice old road with a fine sense of contentment.

Saturday 30 October
overcast, warmer,
forecast of rain 55°

12:30 - 1:00 / 1/2 hrs.
2:10 - 3:30 / 1 1/4 hrs } 1 3/4 hrs.
AM

Gates

Fitzmiller / Bismarck Road

score 3 - 3
2 shots - 1 hit

Brian: 3 prod
1 kill
1 net
Belton:

Our pack-up day from Mirror Lake. We took Belton for a solo turn in the Gates, where he did well on Wednesday afternoon. Again, Belton seemed to ^{do} better alone, but we didn't miss a bird. Returning to the car, we drove up Rt 93, intending to try the County line road, only to find two vehicles in the place where we ran into 8 bow hunters yesterday. I get fed up with bow hunters in particular and people in general. Too many humans, too few birds.

Going on to the Bismarck Road, we drove into the Fitzmiller farm - empty now but not stopped as we expected. Hunting ^{Brian solo, we followed the swamp edge} to the long hemlocks, we turned back and ^{found a good point in open}

(17)
woods (maples & oaks), high standing with the bird well out. It
flushed left-quartering and dropped at my shot, just before disappearing
behind a large tree-trunk. Brian looked at shot - Kay checked him -
then he held until I asked him to retrieve - an adult male.

He was on point again before I had completely put the 'cock in my
pocket - another point in open clear carpet. This bird flushed
straightaway rising and I fired at it about 35 yards out - and saw it
go on. I am now than ever convinced that the #9 loads are inadequate
for long shots, especially straightaway, altho the pattern looks superb on
paper. My old 3-1-8 loads were better, but the 3-1 $\frac{1}{8}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$ would
serve a good one for all purposes.

Kay went to mend the car and I took Brian along the left
side of lane toward "sugar-house". He had a third point, stretched low
and roled on edge of a beaver dam, and the cock flushed from the
debris in the water, a floating patch of white wash left behind his shot.

That was it; talked to a young boy (Zigler) in a trailer, who said there
were swans on a strip of edge in thicket; just road to left beyond the
Scent Knot Church, heading east. There might be. Started to get out at
Carrot #2 beyond Tavern (Richardson's report of swans) just as the rain
began, so headed home. It hasn't stopped raining since.

Monday 1 November
cold, sunny/cloudy
beautiful 40° IM
1 1/2 hrs.

Bittinger
0
moved 2-2
1 shot - 1 hit (3-1-8)

Breair: 1 prod
1 kill
1 ref
Belton: 1 backpack

At Bittinger store: old man, "If there were any grouse left, they'd all be killed off." Our venture into Maryland. Drove to Grantville for my license (over-the-meat-counter), and down 495 to Bittinger to try the areas suggested by Joe Wilson, who talked a lot of grouse last season. I hope he was right.

The Buckels' store at Bittinger is an echo of the old general store, with merchandise literally hanging from the ceiling, so dark and crowded. I walked past the proprietor without seeing him. He had no encouragement re either grouse or 'cock, nor has anyone else I've asked - almost a conspiracy, I think.

We drove out the Leger Road to the North Branch of the Castelman as Wilson suggested - a good thorn cover that soon changed to rhododendron and rocks and open cover. Nothing but three feists that went with the trailer across the river that gapped at us the entire half-hour we were there.

Returning to the Buckels' store, we took the east road and right fork to the hawthorn thicket, suggested by Ed Golden, Maryland DNR man, for 'cock. After one sortie that was thwarted by an acutely winding stream. Moved up the road and tried another thorn cover along with Breair while Kay moved the car and stayed with Belton. This cover is delightful, thorns not too dense, but enough to make ground 'cock cover. I didn't care to work this without Kay but Breair's bell went silent for several minutes until I discovered him solo on a lovely point; the 'cock flushed ^{widely} left-quarterning and low and fell at my shot; Breair breaking, only to hold at my ^{command} until I returned.

the bird was a male and I think an immature. I find the ^{age} distinction ⁽¹⁹⁾ difficult at times.

We returned to the car a day and hope to find this event as good as it promises — a large expanse that could hold grass. This is along a branch of the Castelman or another watershed.

Changing to the swampy coast near the 4th Camp, we hunted it at random — a beautiful November sunset — and Kay saw what she felt was a small woodcock land, but we failed to refresh it. This area is partly spoiled by a large beaver dam, but may be fair on the other side.

A beginning, not promising for grass, but we have to start somewhere. Used Belton at beginning and at the end without distinction — too much ground rooting.

Tuesday 2 November

mild, partly sunny 50°

24 hrs.

IF

Negro Mountain

o

Buchel's Thorns

o

moved 3-6

1 shot - 1 hit

Beair: 3 prod.

1 kill

1 nest

Belton: 2 backpoints

1 kill

Maryland, second day, is not showing well. The public area on Negro Mountain about Bear Creek is an exceptionally fine lot of cover — blueberries, ^{rhodora} greenberries, hawthorns, teaberris on the north side, acres of blackberries and some hawthorns on south side, with evergreens in patches & but no grouse.

After an hour, we left and drove the Seeger road to Pitttenger and the Buchel Thorns, having scouted a lot of terrain on the way.

A good looking grouse went on the Seeger Road at top of mountain near two powerlines, to counter. Found that ^{George Bird Evans Papers} West Virginia and Regional History Center ^{Book} Buchel Thorns

(20)

covert I found last evening but there was no one at his house but
a red-cross shepherd dog. Returned to the thorns and hunted them
anyway (no posters). Far up, Brian pointed and Belton backed - the
'cock flushing without a chance to shoot. I'm impressed with Belton's
flawless backpointing - he needs little or no command. Unfortunately,
we don't get them in time to find the birds - Brian is the fault for
that.

Brian's second ~~point~~ ^{point I found} ~~was~~ after his bell had been silent a long time,
and I circled to see him on a magnificent point, solid. The 'cock
flushed after I had moved to him with Belton backing at sight, and
I dropped a wide right-quartering flush; Brian found and retrieved
and I got a second, an immature hen. The bird had flushed several
yards from Brian's point, and he returned and went on point at the
original site, suggesting another bird, but none materialized. However,
after he worked off, another 'cock flushed out beyond me. We ~~marked~~ ^{marked} it
and sent Belton. He was just getting scent but the bird flushed before
he could point.

Unable to refresh it, we circled back toward the car, higher.
Brian bumped the #1 bird (it's second flush), then later pointed it,
but it lifted, coming back over my head; I wasn't sure enough to
run counter to a possible bird. That was it. Not much action but
satisfying. Drove out via Mlogart Mine Road. No promise. A mine of any
kind invariably leaves a stream!

Wednesday 3 November
Partly cloudy / sunny
mild, 50°
2 ³/₄ hrs.

Donald Meyer / Ft. Morris Thom Brian: 1 prod.
mowed 4-5
0

(21)

Bellon: 1 backpoint

After two days in Maryland, we went to our old favorite. Drove to Donald's house and walked to the bottom on the Brown place, with the hopes of last year in mind. Excellent cover, rough, a grouse roost on the small powerline, some fresh droppings on the beautiful old drumming log but no evidence it was being used - only a trace of the huge quantity of droppings we saw last season. Hunted up into the thorn expanse - mostly crabapple with branches locked in a basket near that defied passage. I twisted and crawled my way through enough to have earned a dozen flushes. The flush, when it finally came was on the edge of the hemlock cover as we doubled back, the bird well beyond the quarter of rocks that blocked our way. Brian had been showing reaction to scent but the grouse didn't allow an approach.

At the big powerline, Kay and Bellon left Brian and me, and while they walked to the car via the road, we hunted back. Found some good droppings in Donald's woods just off the powerline but no bird altho Brian again feathered.

Kay picked us up and we drove to the top thorns (Bud Forman's). A strip got is setting up on the far end - hope it doesn't destroy our thorn cover. As we started up the slope for a last half hour, Brian's call went quiet near the trunk of the cedar and just in from the road. As we walked, a grouse flushed, came back over the road, zoomed low near the car and I marked it down. Got Brian in and waved him right onto the land that flushed without a chance for a point

Following ^{by} the road, I hoped to find it in the narrow bank 22
 we. But a quon flushed (only nearly sound) from the upper side
 of the road near the large puddle (chance). Belton heard it and cocked his
 ears. Brian came up and another quon flushed from near the same
 place - both evidently going upriver. Brian came into the thicket
 and went on point at the hot seat and Belton backed from the
 road. A nice part of backpoints is that they count, even if the
 front point is empty.

We climbed the steep slope and hunted the thorns in the
 fading light. Even these thorns had grown together, nearly impassable,
 in their interlocked condition. No more contacts, but a grand count.

Saturday 6 November

cool, mostly sunny 42°
 2:30 - 4:00 \downarrow 1½ hrs.

S Laurel Run

moved 2-4
 0

Brian: 1 prod.

Belton: 1 prod.

1st. prod on quon! 1 backpoint

Decided to take the afternoon to
 explore the Maryland cover I hunted in
 1949. (A blood sugar drop made me unsteady after breakfast.) Drove
 via Cherry Grove to Mt. Dalt and over into Maryland. Stopped on
 back road and spoke to a woman and her son (Edna Siler) who own
 the land along Laurel, gave permission to hunt, and parked at the
 far side of stream near vivid winterberries.

An old-fashioned sandstone hill like the old days was a
 good sign and ~~we~~ ^{we} hunted downstream on north side. Cover was
 excellent but didn't look familiar after 27 years! A log road led
 along hillside above stream with grapevines & boulders and hemlocks, but
 after a while without action, we turned back. Approaching the road, I
 saw Belton pointing in the log road with hand in his face then

23
176

saw him flush at the flush and I caught a glimpse of a grouse
leaving. This is his first production on grouse at two days past 6 months.
He continued to work in the direction of the flush and later made him
point again but not with style. Going to him, I saw a deer hide and
organs in a dump pile. at first I was concerned it might have been the
hide he had originally pointed, but the situation was too fast. a grouse
was closer to him and I can't count it otherwise.

We crossed the main road (stared now) and upstream on
the upper side along the base of a steep shale spoilbank. Brian led
meat silent and I started to locate him, hearing it break as a
grouse flushed off the spoilbank and into a tree, then flush on up
the hollow. This would have been the place Belton's bird would have landed.



THE REAL THING.

BELTON'S FIRST ON GROUSE.

We followed, inking on the spoilbank and Brian had a fairly point after indication
of meat a few yards back. Belton backpointed this point and altho it proved
empty, it counts as a back.

As we stopped to eat on a log at the upper end of the steepbank,
Brian hit meat and worked an area, finally bumping a grouse that was a mere
flash of light among trees in the brilliant sunlight. We were headed into
a bright sun all the way up the valley. This event has to be hunted on
a cloudy day.

(24)

Doubling back down the hollow, we encountered endless test holes
grown to saplings and filled with water - all good cover but in
conjunction with the effects of the December '74 snowstorm that bent
brush and trees into all paths, it is rough going. On the way, Brian
ran into grouse #2 with no awareness - a flash out of our way.
Found a pickup truck parked near our car when we returned (hunter? a
landowner?). Decided to explore further and drove out the road a
few miles.

At the top of the ridge above Laurel, there is excellent quail cover
over and starting, posted, but we learned it belongs to Carlus Friend.
Started by stopping to talk to Sam Friend who referred me to his
brother Carlos. Made a good contact with permission to hunt the
area, which we will try to do soon. S. Friend said he was an old hunter
and wanted to talk quail, which most people in Maryland seem to
know nothing about. I hope this works out well. Said upper White Rocks
Run was good cover, as well as the CCC camp at the Cranemill end
of the road. Also that Prairie Run was good, which is beyond
Brommings Dam. Mr. Sam spits a lot.

(Brian showed a distinct reaction to the fact that we were
working grouse today - a high-spirited quality that carried into
our return home).

The Woodcock Moon rose full and orange-colored -
and enormous - over the Tieries as we drove home from Cuyahoga.

Wednesday 10 November
cold (litter), windy (as hell)
30° 2 1/2 hrs
wind chill sucks.

Clyde Davis
o
o
Edelman
o
o
Rehoboth
o

Brian:
Bella:

This was a complete blank - after snow, most gone in Aurora area on way down. Some in Wet Stone. Hunt left in Rehoboth thorns. This is the first time I can recall having hunted the 3 coverts with no game whatever. Disappointment. Think the woodcock have come there early in season whenever were in New York. I doubt if we see a flight now.

Saturday 13 November
cold, cloudy, snow on ground 34°
2 hrs. }
1/2 hrs } 2 1/2 hrs

Cherry Run
mowed 2-2
o
Donald Moyers
o

Brian
Bella

We had crossed the first bridge on the woods road when I saw Bella in a mud chase after an odd unfamiliar looking bird fluttering on the ground. On his second attempt he pounced it and held it in his mouth - a female wood duck, apparently wounded. I pulled down on his lower jaw and removed it without trouble, the bird seeming vital and with no broken wings or legs. Bella was frantic with excitement, looking about trying to find another one, and while Kay kept my gun and managed to prevent Bella following me, I went back to the bridge and released the duck in some rhododendron on the far side. At first, I thought

it might be able to fly, judging from its condition, but ⁽²⁶⁾ when I tossed it in the air, it went down at once and scuttled into cover, evidently hurt (possibly a body shot with a single pellet or so). Some bright hunter, no doubt.

Rejoining Kay and the dogs, we continued up the log road and covered the clearing to the left (noticed a much larger area of water backed up this year by leaves). In the small clearing at the upper end, I saw Belton wheel suddenly, starting out, and was remembering that he'd no doubt caught deer scent (there was a pilled whipsnake sapling) when a quail flashed on the edge near the road, disappearing into the trees before I could mount. It had been under a small thorn bush among wintergreen where Brian found scent when he came in.

We followed up onto the hillside among excellent slashed cover, mainly cut, but made nothing, tho' the quail must have gone that direction. We creaked to the other fork and at the old decaying bridge, now sagging worse than ever, confronted a problem in Belton's refusal to cross. He probably showed better judgment than Brian and I, for what's left of the structure isn't much. How many times I've stepped gingerly along rotted wood over the stringers for the only support present, with deep water running five or six feet below gaping holes. This situation was involved with rusty spikes that could catch a boot, and thorn branches that did snag my net-lashed vest.

Kay decided that Belton would return to the car and drive up the ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} ~~Black Farms road and~~ ~~mount~~ ~~them~~ ~~east~~, and we pointed,

arranging to meet in 45 minutes.

I hunted up thru excellent cover along the abandoned road - the sun breaking thru once, and as far as the corner field near where the little buck had made a moose as the to change my (stamped its foot) a year or so back. This place is still stiff with deer but no grass.

I doubled up the ridge to the top thru dense thorns and tangles, passed & ate at quarter to four, then hunted thru to a large wheat field where, just as I approached the edge of woods, a quon came across left to-right at tree-top level, silently, and apparently away from them - a out of a tree - but too abruptly to get off a shot.

I'd had a good moment just earlier when Train moving at a down tree-top level and, while he did not point, wanted them to a change and I that we were going to find a lead - but I saw a deer skulking out ahead of us. Poor Train is almost at the place where he would point

my. I saw Kay's car parked a half mile away on the far corner of the wheat field and the road. I inquired later to where back and pick me up on the hand-taps road but got no response, so walked to the car, which was empty. It's a strange feeling to find an empty car when you expect Kay in it. Finally we sat together. She a Better hand found car did work, the entrance of the valley road I was hunting, and had gone well back of where I'd climbed the steps. She came back - a long walk - and we drove to the Donald Meyer Thorns and hunted a half hour and moved nothing but 3 large deer where we moved 3 quon.

(No gun) Hawkeel Place

Sunday 14 November

Sunny (cloudy) 34°

scored 3-3

Brown: 1 prod.

Beltan: 1 back.

1 1/2 hrs.

A Sunday without the gun to try the old favorite. No success in P area this morn. Hunted the base road, working just below where they walked the road. Brown too wide on initial casts but settled into a lovely ground pattern. He ran into grass #1 in the lower flat - a chance I have not seen the like of for years - should have been a hit. Brown pointed (even now then stopped - at first) and held until I sent him on. Not long after - Beltan walked onto #2, got a good look and chased. Both birds went up over 1 day.

Later, after an empty circle of the house clearing and frame for a bit on the "lunch log," we hunted the road to the powerline - they are it. In the parallel road just west. At the edge of the right-of-way, Brown made one of the most gorgeous points of his life. Beltan did not at first see him, but stopped on command hold! and stiffened - a picture, Brown like an O. thars. I tried to cut in but should have tried to go to the open edge and in. There were feathers across the powerline and Brown held steady at wing. Beltan ran around and got the scent, some frantic. Song they was not close to see it all. A great episode.

Monday 15 November
Cool, cloudy to bright sun
2 1/2 hrs 40°

Laurel Run (Md.)

Brian:
Belton: ate everything
in reach.

Started at top of hill in excellent
quapinic cover on Carlos Friends' land. Perfect cover, nice old woods road,
hunted down ridge to lower woods road in fine cover, but not a feather.

While Kay returned to get car, I hunted to far side of
county road and to bottom where I met Kay. Then we hunted what was
that was going to be a road up the valley but it proved dead end.

Finally came back and drove to top of eastern ridge on
Siler side, but the blinding sun made hunting bad, and then the
cutover just looked promising, there were no roads to get them at.
altogether, a disappointing way to waste a good afternoon.

Drove to Friendsville entrance to Rt 48, and on the way there
what used to be back roads, find them now built-up like town
streets. It is appalling, and cannot help but have adverse effect on
quass - too goddamn many people. This year is the worst imaginable.

Tuesday 16 November Ray Guthrie
Sunny, clear, cool 40° moved 1-1
2:30-5:00 2 1/2 hrs.

Brian:
Belton:

This grand old overit was empty except for one bird late this
afternoon. Nothing on the ground. We photographed the great red oak-
hugger, larger than our white oak. We hunted with the memories of the
countless quass we used to move here at last something. I can't

say that inferior cover is the reason for lack of birds here - (30)
the cover couldn't be more ideal.

One late walk around the base of hill near the "Stone
Cabin" produced the only bird - on the edge of ~~the~~ Barnes
Run in mountain laurel. May get a glimpse but Belton enjoyed
it most, having put it up inadvertently; he went wild after the
flesh and scurrying around with the meat.

The setting sun was glorious thru trees as we walked the
road to the Oak Forks place (the old barter) and out to
the car. But all of these lovely things don't make up for the
action and sport we used to have. Bruce worked beautifully.

Thursday 18 November
Cold, sunny, windy 40°
2:20 - 5:20 / 3 hrs.

Orendorf Road / Casselman N. Branch

new 2-3
0

Birds: 1 prod.

Belton: 1 back

Again, upon direction of Joe Kelso, we tried the Bittinger area, in
excellent cover around the cabin, with hawthorn, rhododendron, and loads of
hawthorn cover (not much fruit). This is where Kelso said they made a group of
8 last week and then others - shooting 3. I am beginning to have second
shots. But above all, we discovered a grand area for woodcock in a good
flight year. Much of it looks like Vermont / New Hampshire terrain with
pastured land and thorns and weepers - and rocks. We'll certainly
look into it early next season for 'cock.

Today we parked at the cabin, before the woods named Rest Area

lives near Grantsville).

Hunted behind the cabin when "the night bird was" - not today '76, but until we had hunted into other land south - crossed a wire fence and into a large clearing with small thorns, surrounded with hemlock woods. Brian was moving west - it required that sort of range - and Belton was hunting nicely near us, but without yet having had enough contact with birds to know what it's about. Kay called "Grouse!!" and said the lead had crossed the opening left-to-right and into the far woods. Belton found the place the bird had flushed from under a small thorn - there were fresh grouse tracks in the patch of snow. I think I'd heard another flush from the down hemlock stand on my left where Brian was working faintly. We

followed the flight of the grouse Kay had seen and in direct line, heard Brian tell so silent and found him on a high point almost on the far edge of the woods. Belton saw him but to my surprise did not bark, nor would he, on any command, but ran on in ahead of Brian, who stood like stone while the pup ran all over the woods in front of him - about a dog!

We had no flush but as our certain Brian had the lead, which must have lifted without us seeing or hearing it. The wind was high all afternoon and accounted I am sure, for the lack of contact with grouse.



WIRE STONE.

We followed across a small area of field into an isolated patch of woods when I thought the grouse might have gone, but it was empty. Brian, moving like a trail dog, always "to the fore", went on into another good piece of thick cover - searching - but found nothing.

This is where we found what looks like great 'cork' cover - and found a road to the south that could be the Beachy Road. We'll check. There is a red-stained cabin on the far slope across the river.

Swinging back, as worked to the river and I saw a grouse was out of the hummocks far from us and ahead of Brian (probably what was happening with other birds in this wind) and so into down evergreen cover on the far bank. Brian crossed at our feet and, coming back, had to swim - I got a spot of it on my nose.

We found about 3:45 for a bit, sitting on a fallen apple tree in a spot of sunlight, then circled back to the cabin when I got for the car where I located out the excellent cover (thorns & pine plantings) above the house.

Driving to the east side of the river, we parked and hunted north along the river - excellent thorns and hawlock clumps with briars. In one *Medocundum* thicket, Brian made a hot point and this time Beller looked on his own - intensely, but no bird.

at the road, I started to look on a ~~particular~~ patch of thick that

proved to be the first tree diggers (Taskers, who live up the road. They had bought a few pines from us years ago). The log - a dummy, and his uncle (with the chin beard) had said he'd seen us at the cabin -

"an old man and a woman, hunting." I had to let out a host of laughter, but the more I think about it, the less I like it. It had to come sometime - like Death - but I'm not quite ready.

Friday 19 November
mild, partly sunny to sunny 57°
2 hrs.

Thomas Run (Blacksville)
morn 3-5
1 shot - 0

Brean alone

With Gary Schweitzer and Kim to the Blacksville area - and this time will be the last. That country, which I did not think would be into is so unpleasant I see no point to hunting it - hillsides so nearly 45° that, even when hunted on a gradual contour are too steep to get footing or without sheer overexertion.

Gary had his usual phenomenal lack in walking with what birds are present - a 2 shot miss on one, a one shot hit on another. Kim made a production.

Brean hunted hard, but after 6 days out of 7, I saw signs of fatigue on those steep hills - up and down for him - and in that temperature. He made signs of game in one place but did not get a point. The bird was above us and flushed low to the ground and I missed a fast left-quivering shot than thought as it showed in one place. That was my day (to add to the others - all frustrating. Two shots in five weeks at game) -

Kay had the good judgment to join this trip and stopped in Charleston and we joined her at Betty Ingham's. George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thanksgiving 25 November
perfect day, cool, sunny damp 46°
1 hr.

Old Morgantown Road/Sellysford.

(38)

Brian:

Belton:

Took a last minute notion today to drive to Maryland and explore by car, but took a gun along (the Fox). Drove via ^{RT.} 48 to Friendsville, and down river to Sellysford, saw "Old Morgantown Road" at intersection and drove it, up on ridge thru good looking woods cover with grapevines and not too long woods. Saw one good woods road to investigate just beyond fork at end of pavement, but went on to an excellent cover above road and parked (saw a parked car ahead - this being a holiday and just before the Md. deer season, we expect people). However enough snow in patches to show no footprints where we went, hunting to top of slope but with no birds or even tracks. Came to RT 48 and later realized there is no borderland fence in Md. A good corner near crossover of the O.M. Road, but again no birds. The Brian made an empty ^{nearby} point that was not quite solid. Returned to car via upper part of our road; pity this good cover is empty. We drove on around to RT 40 at State Line, then some good low thick cover on far side of 48, and home.

Friday 26 November

Ryan Glade, East

Brian:

Another lovely sunny day 53°
altogether hunted 1 hr.

Belton: 1 backpoint

Another exploration in Md; another disappointment. Drove via Friendsville to Mt. Nebo Public Hunting Area. Count this the last time I try one of these. Found camper van parked where we went, two more cars drove past as we put on hats, the thing didn't appear hunters.

Worked out trail (found loads of fresh footprints in snow patches made today) thru large open woods that haven't held a grouse for twenty years. Game Management practices don't ~~know~~ know what grouse are. Belton came in lathered with what Ray and I now call "public", a four-letter word. God! It happens every time we go to one of these hunting areas. Washed him off with whiskey in small runs; the only sensible thing on the place, and pulled out.

Drove to Dudley Riley road to Potomac State Forest to an area marked for me on map by Ed Golden, DNR man. Again, a worthless area of pine trees and a little brush (for deer browse). DNR game management consists of useless red pine plantings.

Left and drove, after talking to young Bob Riley at Dudley Riley place, to Reyna Glade and out the road called King Willison Road, and worked about hunting at hour at end (1st hour), when Julius Sider lives — a very pleasant and friendly man who once lived near tractor. Told us to hunt in the hemlock cover along stream, his land, and there we found the best looking grouse cover yet. Unfortunately too little time to cover it, but will try with another try, especially in Thomas Sider described downstream beyond powerline. On return to car, found excellent looking cove cover along old road that runs north, with good thorns in flat to NE. Talked to a bear hunter named Jones who owns house beyond the stream, who said he sees woodcock in spring but not fall. We shall see. This at least was a good prospect for next year.

Monday 6 December

Cloudy, cold 42°
traces of snow most places
2 hrs.

Elk Run
mired 1-3
0

Brian: 1 prod
Belton 1 back.

Out for first day after deer season. Drove to
Earl Hamberston's but, while there was no more snow than there at home,
a South wind was howling and dropped the relative temp. to about 20°.
We left for lower, and quieter climates.

Drove south on the Cherry Grove road to the mouth of the
valley that heads behind Charles Neethers', but had trouble getting
up the proper fork. (Found metal notices re "Wildlife Refuge" bearing
the name Brooks Bird Club) on part of main road. We hunted about
15 minutes in bottom - no cover to speak of except bordering paved road,
which is heavily traveled. Suddenly missed Belton along lower edge of
a traveled lane that appeared to be a ^{former} strip mine road, and decided he'd
got turned around and returned to car, or had gone after a deer.

Ray walked to car (no sign) while I walked along the lane calling &
whistling. Quite disturbed, as deer up the lane to where we lost him
and, looked over the lane and found him feasting on a garbage
dump. He must have been within yards of us much of the time, intent
on his pleasure.

We parked further up lane and followed deer hunters' tracks in snow
up onto a strip mine that looked fair at first, then ordinary, but we
continued thru locust cover on and on, hoping for improvement. It
did not materialize, but rather than back track, we pushed on to
find a break in high wall to hunt the top terrain back to car. This proved
what was probably the longest strip mine. Proctor Co. W. Va.

was along unbroken high wall most of a 3/4 mile.

In one place, Brian waded on the brink of the steep spoil bank, then started down, freezing on a gravel point part way down, his head at a steep angle below his tail, which was nice and stylish. Belton came up and at command, lashed beautifully. They got into woods and 35 min. I was hopeful, for the grasshopper and tangle on the spoil bank was promising, but then I tossed a stone down (Belton broke up then) nothing flushed. Later, Brian made a similar point on the bank farther up.

We could see Whetton's house far across the valley (cover in valley looks too open) but had to go well beyond before we came to a break in the high wall where the coal had been hauled out. The cover on top was excellent, but no birds or tracks of birds. (There had been loads of crow tracks on the steep mine, and some deer tracks). We ate lunch sitting on a large log in a corner that in good seasons would have held birds.

Following the steep road back down, I worked the excellent grasshopper cover mainly where they stayed out - no birds or tracks. We came out at a farmhouse and buildings nestled in a cove of the hill - catfish, much from cleaning - but circled it to avoid dogs, etc.

Entering another excellent grasshopper, and brushy tangle, we had to clear over an old high wall (low) to the road, and I saw the first grasshopper of the day - old one. However, Brian went below the road and searched, then moved on as I came to my fork - small - tracks at my left. Brian had gone which now, but the snow deposit before I could reach him.

Bellon didn't happen to see them point to back it. Marking the birds flight as down the hollow by Brian action, we had another flock near Brian, just fifty yards from when our car was parked.

Again we followed this time up a branch valley under another strip since but failed to locate the bird. Turning back down the run in gathering darkness, we had gone a short distance when the grouse flushed on the far side of the little run, they seemed enough to mark it up the slope. Too late to follow, we went over and located the tracks where the grouse had run into a very small laurel clump, about a half-bush high, then had run out to flush. These tracks looked larger than the first, suggesting that flock #2 still had a new bird, but the evidence is too slim. We counted our grouse 1/3 flocks, but Brian did get a good production, and these days, that is something.

Rain started as we reached the car!
Drove to Hazelton and home via Rt 48. A good day to be out.

Thursday 9 December
partly cloudy, cold 30°
2:30-5:00 2 1/2 hrs.

Mathews / Humberson
newed 1-1
0

Brian
Belton

There is at least a moderate wind here if there is a breath of air anyplace. We hunted across the Humberson hillside - excellent as was without so much as a grouse track in the residual patches of snow.

Went to the Paul Mathews hillside with started cover in ideal stages and found the first tracks but no bird. On top of ridge we flushed a grouse - miracle! - without a view then it got out of quibbles

tangle as Prairie moved into it, and only yards from us. Ray and I judged by sound that it had gone over to the lower "back" cove and followed, passing to east on the way. There is even denser tangles of greenbrier and grapes after most recent slashings - stillimitably protective cover here.

Due to an late start, we could not hunt around toward Matthews house as I'd have liked, but instead moved up the border of open woods east of the thick expanse and on top, in stand of Scotch pines we found more tracks. Prairie began making game and several shot points but measured. I followed tracks of a large cock to the field of Escentments. I lay over several groups of tracks where Prairie had been working but no birds materialized - possibly had been there earlier. We estimate there was about 3 sets of tracks today - one bird viewed. We worked our way down and then the rhododendron hill onto Humberson and crossed the field to the car - cold. We will come in here via Escentments next time. Cannot understand lack of birds on Humberson hill altogether.

Saturday 11 December
mild, damp, drizzle 44°
perfect
2 1/2 hrs.

Donald Myers
mowed 2 ^{not} - 4 ^{mow}
1 shot - 0

Prairie: 2 birds
Belton:

This was a perfect damp cool day to gun for grouse. As Saturday, we chose this covert as our last chance to be alone. As I was starting to walk the dogs along the road ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~to~~ ^{afterward} I park -

Carlos Myers came along in the car; told us he had moved to quarry in here during deer season. Brooped up, as we moved on and, parked, starting in at corner about Lake Noel when Brian left stopped, moved a summit, then stopped again on point only right on Thores. The grouse - a suddenly flushed toward the top.

Following around the hill about Lake - great stream cover - Brian found another limit that as conservatively call #1, flush 2. We hunted north to the new struts operation (I fear this entire back well to lather) and back to the road with no more action.

~~at car, as not much out of straight~~

As we approached the car, having hunted out the area above the coal pits, we were on the road - they on main road, I on minor road and Brian in field beyond when I heard they call "Grouse!!" and wheeled to see the bird cutting behind me and well out. It was one of those water open chances that as too far out to swing them fast and I made the disastrous mistake of pointing out and joining a couple of yards ahead of the bird, the hand I used to do successfully and never seem to anymore. I should handle them

~~like a sailing clay target, on~~
+
NOT the x!

like a sailing clay target, on the bird and swinging part, but I've had no little experience of late.

We ate at the car, before following up over the brow of the rise, all the way to the large woods, where Brian pointed (they saw it) in the furthest ravine but the bird flushed at once. That was it. but more action than yesterday

Tuesday 14 December

North Branch Little Laurel

Brian

(41)

cold, sunny, 40°

moved 1-1

Belta

2½ hrs.

0

We got around to trying the covert Mark Manly told me about when in '75 they had moved about 10 years. The south ridge of Laurel was a perfect post-slashed cover, brush, ferns, gophers, log roads. after about 10 years.

Curiously as usual nothing, the Brian had one but point then moved on.

On top, was good tangle regrowth was recent than the hillside. Ray found a drumming log with a few droppings.

Working around to an old field, forest, with scattered trees.

we saw Belta cross the fence and moments later heard him yell in a loud squall as the hit with the electronic collar shock. I recognized the situation - a steel trap. He had a double spring fox trap on his left rear foot - a set at the base of a stump. I got both springs depressed and released him, with no apparent damage beyond mild fright, which he soon got over, but we headed out of the area immediately. Before we reached the fence, Belta yelled again and once more was caught in a trap - this time a double spring compact trap on his left forepaw - a harder trap to unspring, but with Kay's help, I got it off - and we got Brian and Belta out of the clearing at once.

Eating lunch, I lost one of her gloves and we tied Belta to a tree and went back to the scene of violence to look. Unable to find the first trap set - the second yielded nothing - I was surprised by a quail flushing out of a sapling over my head where it must have perched, watching our movements. My gun was empty but there would have been no chance for a shot.

Hunting again, we started along the north edge of cover and I came on Brian in a great point headed into a tangle of brush. I was so intent on

Thursday 16 December

Blue Goose Run

Prairie: 1 prod.

swamp 3-5

Beltan:

trying to get a shot, I failed to notice if Beltan backed but suspect he did. The bird, when it flushed, was a flush in mega-terms, as a turkey exploded and cleared the edge, crossing the clearing beyond. It is astounding to see how fast such a large bird can get off the ground.

That was it. Our hunt down to the car was then equally fruitless all the way but with no birds. However, I feel this a discovery of a covert that may be good another year.

Thursday 16 December

Blue Goose Run

Prairie: 1 prod.

swamp 3-5

Beltan

Cloudy, cold, ending in snow squalls. Drifting $\pm 35^\circ$

2 1/2 hrs

Yesterday we took off hunting to take Beltan & Prairie to work on birds at Hunting Hills where after only 1 prod on plain with a backpoint by Beltan, we got into a large covey of quail gone wild at dusk, with countless points & backpoints. Beltan had at least 3 producers.

Today we went to a good looking basin we discovered on our way home on Tuesday on Blue Goose Run. Prairie found a goose we credit a producer, as we started on the second covert, the first 20 minutes at an abandoned house being empty. Hunting up Blue Goose Run we missed nothing else till we reached W.V. at the head and started back the north side under the enormous cornfield (cut). In good cover we had a flush from a brace of geese - wild - (we suspect Prairie had spotted these nervous birds.) Followed around the ridge steadily and heard one repeatedly. Prairie was tearing my way thru bent over brush from the '74 snowstorm, when ~~the~~ geese flushed within yards of my back, being counting the feathers. They look so holding. On the way out we met a nice boy Randy ^{George Bird Evans Papers} who had nearly walked to the car with us. Says Honey Fike saw some of this that the traps ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} were set up, and says Fargo

Saturday 18 December

Barati Place

(43)

A perfect day, clear, sunny, cold 40°

moved 5-5

Brian: 4 mod.

1 kop

1 net

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

3 shots - 1 hit op

adult (developed ovaries, rounded wing tips, sheath on #9)

yearling hen: inter the first quail of the season.

Bellon: 1 k

crop: rubus, mostly shrub catclaw, sec
shot @ 4:30

This would have been a perfect day if rain had been driving down. Possibly we end up finer after

leaving some time the crucible of two months without a hit, and so appreciate the event when it comes all the more. We asked at Barati's and were graciously given permission to hunt, with the suggestion that there was "ring-necked" in the cornfield, and then we went, parking at the corner of the standing corn.

Brian hunted the corn as if he'd always handled such cover, but it is amusing to see Bellon want to head for the open cover.

We moved nothing in the cornfield, and hunted some excellent bulldozed cover along the Mason-Dixon Fuel pipeline right-of-way, but got no results. Too much water to cross in the lower portion, and we turned back and hunted first old clearing and woods cover, finding ourselves

hunting on the Penna. side as we worked west, the State line having set lost diagonally in Barati's corn. Just beyond, Kay heard two ring-necked quail, and said Brian's bell had been silent on his own nearby and we had no rifle. ^{at the old road to the Dennis place and Newcaston,} we returned

to the State line road, and planned to eat lunch at the intersection of the McMullen back road, pleased to note that we carried cards to the Green Meadow Hunting Club which claimed the southwest corner - all excellent old clearing cover.

After lunch, we hunted east, paralleling the State line road toward Barati's. In one draw I saw quail droppings in a roost in an exposed path - not too old, but the woods beyond was large and open. We held to the open field, toward good brush cover ahead, and Bellon took this moment to work scent at full speed - that I thought might be one of the

reputed magnecks, or perhaps a deer trail. Nothing materialized and I favor the magneck theory, for so far he has not run on deer scent.

Ray got him headed back and rejoined us in the thicket. Hunting to the margin of the mud strip mine area, we worked about looked like alder and probably and possibly hawthorn bottom.

We had removed the bell from Brian's electronic collar, fearing the quon was flashing wild from the sound. He seems to work better without the bell, hearing my whistle most clearly, but it is hard to keep in touch. We lost Brian in this glady swamp cover and when he did not come in to the whistle, felt he was on point, but where?

We had no choice, and Ray touched the button, eliciting a yelp in the thick cover, but we could tell he was holding his point staunchly regardless of the shock. Pushing toward him, Ray and I both came on quon tracks in the ^{residual} snow, of at least a cock and a hen. Ray flushed the quon Brian had held all that time, and I went well out, crossing

high and left. I swung thru and fired the left barrel and the bird exposed the shot, disappearing west toward the woods. Within a few minutes,

Ray called that Brian had another point, and almost at once, a quon flushed,



going the way #1 had gone. This was a fast shot left - quonling in a short glimpse over the alders, like a woodcock shot. I fired quickly, feeling my barrels behind the bird, but in either shot, it would have been a hit had the bird been a woodcock. I know I am terribly ragged after no better shooting but I can't understand why at least one or two of the shots this year have not connected. I believe I shot the bird

carefully enough -

I had rejoined Kay, giving voice to my frustrations with as much restraint as I could manage, when I looked about eight yards in front of me and saw Brian pointing directly toward me into a small clump of brush at the edge of the opening I was in. Bellan came to him, but instead of backing, either on his own or on command, pushed past Brian and



SOLID & HEAD-ON.

Nothing would stop the pup, but Brian held like an angel. There was a fluttering break-out of the tangled grass and roots on my side of the picture and for a moment I thought I was going to be a pheasant, but it materialized into a fan tail, a barred breast and a

quon boled up and back over Brian's head. I fired as it was disappearing behind the brushy stems and saw it fall - a straightaway solid hit - and what glorious feeling. I stood and let Brian find it while Kay offered felicitations in the form of a lovely kiss. There was a shriek of pain as Brian galled Bellan, who had approached too late, and Bellan withdrew. We had to coax Brian a bit, but to my surprise, he delivered the quon in two stages, pausing one time while Kay changed to a new move plan in mid-action - she also took some .30 mm. shots and if the focal adjustments are right with all that confusion, she is a super gal. We got some stills of Brian killing his bird at the

which I say held true, I planted the dead grouse and let
Peltor find a point at. at first, he was to chastened to respond, but
got over his hurt and made a nice point. (46)

This was a grand moment. No matter how long and how hard
these times ^{are in} coming, it wipes away all the frustrations when it
happens and you forget these miseries and the feeling that you'll
never do it. We walked out to the road, decided not to push further
to land the standing corn for pleasure, took a turn in our regrowing
clearing - which birches are starting here from the ones Bill Mason
must have set out after he owned it, and once again I
planted the dead grouse and Peltor found it by scent, pointing
while I hounded and stalked him. Peltor came in and I gave
him a lesson in backpointing - an experience he needs. And
we ended the day as we would have it - happily and completely.

Peltor had done beautifully with four partridges, a kill over
a point, and a return. Peltor blew his chance but after
all he is only seven and a half months. My bird has a hen and
small enough to be a yearling ~~to the~~ ^{the} first shooting on one #9 practice.
This will be our Christmas dinner course.

We'll try Peltor without the bell on grouse for a while and see what happens.

Christmas Day

Donald Meyer

(47)

Brian
Belton

Sunny, to cloudy, 26°
ending in rain

mailed 1 not new - 3
0

windy, 2" snow on ground.
2 hrs.

Back to Lake Noel for another Christmas hunt.

I wonder if there will ever be another like this time? (in 1972)

Snow indicated some few tire tracks within the past day or two, even up onto the rise above the old weight station but, oddly, no footprints in the covert, so evidently no hunters. We started north just above the lake in a biting wind, Brian & Belton hunting well and independently. But we moved nothing, nor saw tracks, all the way to the ravine, which is not far now from the face of the new stripping on the north end.

Brian almost seemed to remember the site of his point and retrieval of last year's last bird, for he hunted it as the finding went. It is possible that he did, for he worked up the ravine to the top while we moved behind him on the outside, but the grouse was not cooperative and appeared to lift well ahead. They saw it go about 80 yards from us, headed toward the clump of taller cover on the northeast corner. At least, that is where I judged it to have gone. But as we worked toward that area - thorns are now so intertwined it is difficult going - they heard the grouse flush from about must have been the edge at the fence. When we got there, I saw fresh tracks but they seemed to have moved too much for our bird. Yet I called the same.

this time, I felt it had to have gone to the grapevine and thorn corner across the fence to the east. We hunted it hard but had no results. Abandoning that bird, we had to cut the

thorn flat on top and nearly walked into the bird (or one like it) in a dense clump. I was stepping down a thorn that blocked my way and the noise coincided with the flush sound. Again, they saw the bird flush back to the area we had just left (I saw none of the flushes and only slightly heard the noise).

We returned but had no luck. Going across to the face of cover about the lake, we hunted the track of hell about the country road to the east end, dropped across the road to the cover on the lower side - all good - and back to the car. It was a not-so day, but getting out on Christmas Day gives it significance.

Standing at the car, exactly where we ended that other Christmas Day, I could only wish for ducks again, but if it involves the anxiety of that other time, I'll do without it.

Tuesday 22 February

warm 50°

1 1/2 hrs.

breezy

Donald Moyers

Cherry Run

Brian

Bellon

after a horrible winter, the worst in our 37 years here, we got out for the first since Christmas day. Actually, only a walk on dirt roads, I took the Perday mostly for my morale, but we could not get into any cover. The Donald Moyers road offered a remote possibility for a flush but we saw not even a grass track. Stopped with the thorn cover about the old scales and went ~~into~~ ^{in to} our knees. Drove to the "Castel Road" at Haghton east of Pt 48, and had to stay on that road. Brian tried valiantly, hunting in snow to his chest but there were no birds there. Bellon made out well, but too slowly, and finally disappeared.

on what we think was a deer chase. We finally heard him bark, probably stopped by the flooded stream, and our calling & whistling got him back. It would seem that we'll need a lesson with the shock collar to discourage deer interest. Not too discouraging today because we knew we couldn't expect much, with snow still deep in most areas.

Wednesday 23 February Hunting Hills
warm, cloudy, sprinkles 60° moved 7 pheasants
3:30 - 5:15 1 shot - 1

Brian: 5 prod. pheasants
1 kob
2 ret. (one cubble)
Belton: 1 prod. pheasant

Preserve shooting seldom turns out as expected tho' it might seem it would be no other way. Perhaps this adds something to a contrived situation. Sally Sider had promised to have chickens released and reported no other hunters expected. We arrived to find Alex Tambellini coming in with 3 pointers, having shot 9 pheasants and moved no other game. I think he shoots these birds to serve in his restaurants in Pittsburgh. Following him on the preserve after his .410 shooting is like encountering the dead and dying after a battle.

We started about the parking area and got a nice point on the east hedgerow, Brian pointing, Belton lacking, but I was sorry to see that Belton no longer has the deep respect for Brian, and he refused to hold the backpoint. It was an empty point, though I saw a small quail roost. We had no other contacts until we reached the sorghum patch on the hillside opposite the Corn. Meanwhile I was pleased to see the nice way Belton moves on large terrain and the excellent tail carriage he has - high, like Brian.

Brian was ahead, working well and pointed in the dense sorghum stand - a hen pheasant that I had to look out.

(50)

straight at Brian also, considering it a cubicle, ^{head} clearly I may have been,
went after it. Belton was somewhere else - I tried unsuccessfully to
get him in to house Brian's point. A hen pheasant flushed from
Brian also was out of sight in the heavy cover, and it may have been the
bird he was pursuing. On his way back, he ran into a cock pheasant
that did flush well and offered a good chance that I passed because it
went over a point. all this had created confusion that didn't help,
and at this time Belton came on way in close pursuit of a cock pheasant
that seemed obviously a crippled runner. Belton caught the bird once a time
without harming it and finally cornered it in a nest of a tree. I just
failed to grab his collar before bird and dog were once more away. at
last Brian came on the scene, pointing where the bird had hidden in deep
grass and I led Belton on a cord to trap point, tho it was not successful.
With Roy holding him, I walked in to try to flush the huddled bird but it
was not going to fly. at last Brian settled the situation by retrieving it and
despatched what was obviously ^{one of} "ambellinis" cripples.

Roy Siler saw us and came on from the kennels and while we were talking,
Brian evidently was on point on two birds well ahead - a hen and a cock on separate
points. Both flushed across the valley and we touched Brian with the stake collar as he
ran wildly after the last. Too much talking is not good for dog work.

In the bottom we saw Brian but went along the tributary draw and, crossing,
soon found on the far side. I turned to him while Roy & Roy followed but Belton,
in the manner of a pup, worked the wrong direction in spite of my whistle signal.
at last he came toward us and stopped ^{at the end of the cord} ~~at the end of the cord~~

pleasant went up in his face, ducking out my side and dropping
 suddenly at my shot. I was surprised to notice a slight concern on Beltan's
 part at the shot and he went to Kay and sat, watching Brian retrieve the
 bird. I let Beltan sniff it and tossed it ahead of him but he refused.
 Having seen him in action early in the season, I have no real qualms
 but I was somewhat surprised.

We decided to take Brian to the car, which Kay did, while Roy & I
 worked Beltan along the main stream in the bottom at flood stage today.
 Beltan soon hit scent and worked it to a point in the thick cover, then
 reestablished and made a fine production, standing beautifully right at both
 ends. Roy commented on it. I walked into the thick brush but the
 pheasant flushed and was also my line of vision before I could mount
 in time to shoot - the bird going to the far side above the keepings. Beltan
 went after it, wild with excitement, but finally came back to me,
 leaping the width of the stream in his stride. That was it but it
 was worth the wait. Roy said they had nothing but pheasants on hand -
 always poor birds for a young dog, but that they were getting in a
 shipment of chickens & quail. We look forward to action on that soon.



Friday 24 February

Morrison Place

Bellon
Prin

Sunny, mild. 2 hrs.
snow in most places 50°

Return to an old covert, largely because we could walk

the road and avoid deep snow - which we didn't, for I tried to cut over to the shorter growth to the east, wading in some foot-high snow in the woods. On the way had run into Maest, who was cleaning out drains on the road. Has been cutting posts on his land nearby (look over, sometimes).

In the bottom, instead of staying on the road, which was deep in snow, we crossed the small run near the leading clearing. I managed, but in helping I lay, pulled her into fast water that surged into her rather short legs, causing discomfort. Tried plastic sheets and paper towels but they did no good. The lower area with some aspen looks good, patches of cover growing up in the flat; saw one fresh set of grouse tracks but found no bird.

We had eaten lunch on the sunny patch of the old Morrison house where I lay took a 35 min. shot of me & dogs. We walked back to the car via the road - lovely day, good cover, but no more than a hike, in spite of Brian's magnificent hunting style and young Bellon's effort. at least, good exercise.

Saturday 26 February

Mathews/Humberston

Brian:
Bellon:

cloudy, warm 55°
2:30 - 5:30 = 3 hrs.

moved 1 new - 1

0

What may be the Last Day, unless Monday is good weather; we went to the old favorite dual covert, but because of remaining snow after the monstrous winter, we parked at Edward Isentrants and walked the ridge to the Paul Mathews back country. It was hard going

stepping from one foot-deep snow patch to the next, then blackberry (53) briars and finally to a trace of a log path. This is excellent cover in perfect stages of foot-slaking, with continual cutting keeping it that way. Certainly, poor cover is not the answer to lack of birds here. We didn't see a track.

Down over the far end and near the bottom road, a grouse flushed for at least 30 yards from me and topped the bare trees, going well out of gunshot range before I could have tried a shot even if I wanted. It has been so long since I've seen a grouse I was slow to react, but I even started to raise my gun, thinking there might be a left-barrel chance. For a while after I thought I might have fluffed a chance, but serious consideration convinced me it would have been at least 45 or 50 yards - no chance.

That was the action. We hunted around & about the trailer, struggled back the middle road path so clogged with the '74 blowdowns, (from that snow) and plodded thru foot deep snow all the way. The interesting thing was the abundance of greenbrier berries on the vines - no lack of food. Just lack of birds to come back.

We hunted to the lower path, crossed the small abandoned run and up the path along the West Meadows/Humberston slaking line, then doubled back to the north edge of Humberston and to the top - the memories I have of flickers all there here - On top, I dug left and walked the top field to the distant car, and I hunted the upper margin of the slakings and on the road it joined Ray at the crossroads, leading a walking over the big drift at the mouth of the road.

This is discouraging, but the beautiful part is having the cover to ourselves (no wonder!), and *Prinos* gorgeous work. I've had

some good ones and with no lack of regard for them, must say I've never had one that would hunt like Brian. Puff was great, and Bliss, but they had something to hunt for. Brian hunts his heart out at eight-year-old and never quite lets up or misses a bit of possibly even. And unlike me, he doesn't seem to feel he's being put upon. What a dog.

Belton hunted and made well today, not knowing what he is missing. Good tail action, good motion. I think he'll be all right

Monday 28 February

Cold, Cloudy, Windy 32°
2 1/2 hrs.

Barati Place

mowed 2 (cut new) - 2
0

Brian :
Belton :

The wind had a bite of 10° wind chill as we stepped from the car, stopped part of the hour by bulldozing operations on the muddy road. Snow was gone most places but not here, where patches of it, foot-deep, in any cover.

We swung thru dense thorns (Crataegus & Quercus) on the south side of road east of house and found a hen pheasant wing that Belton tried to swallow; also fresh pellets of grouse droppings and old roosts, but no birds. Cycled to north side of road in good slushy cover but snow made walking almost impossible. Crossed the cornfield in a bitter wind and into cover in bottom on north of road where we found in grass in December. This area had been stripped in here and, while good cover left, no birds were found and no tracks.

Working the swamp into woods on west side, we stopped to eat, and Belton took a wild swing after a deer (at gun), finally returning. Afterwards, we flushed two grouse from well out in the swamp (snow everywhere), ~~the~~ the

birds fleshing one after the other and at least 40 yards away, both going low to the fur woods. We followed, and found our way across the mucky swamp and small stream via a fallen cherry tree to a woods where the entire winter crop of snow was preserved in deep freeze. Froyer crest held us for a step or two, then let us down with a jolt to our boot tops. Even Brian was reduced to a muncing walk on this stuff and while he cared it well, it was clearly useless to try to help on.

Turning back to the swamp, I managed to slip on the fur bank of the little run and sock both boots, the left notal foot feeling wet. We walked back to the road and to the car, when I made one more circle in the original thorn thicket with Brian who, like me, didn't want to give up on this last day of the season.

I went to two spots we marked as the two we had left in this area on the first visit. This is a good spot. but rough to hunt.

I have to confess to no real regrets that this 1976-'77 season has ended. It has been low in almost every term.

~~~~~



Tuesday & Monday

Hunting Hills

Brian: 3 prod quail

warm, partly cloudy  
55°  
1 3/4 hrs.

reared 1 hen pheasant - 2 fleashes  
reared 6 chukars - 7 fleashes  
large covey of quail  
2 sets (chukars) - 1 hit

Belton: 1 prod hen pheasant  
6 prod. chukars  
1 kill o.p. "  
2 prod. quail  
backshots "

As usual, found the Tambellini present - this time, still at  
leash, so we went ahead, <sup>using Belton solo.</sup> No contact until sorghum patch on far hill,  
when Belton made game, pointed shortly, then reared a hen pheasant that  
I declined since it was not a solid point, the bird coming back over me and  
sailing to escape about the house. We had no other bird work until starting  
back after the retractor tractor had gone around the hill, and Belton  
pointed in a small clump of thin saplings where he held nicely, then  
broke as the bird - a chukar - evidently started out. It was a slow  
rise in clear air, about head-high and over my right shoulder, and  
I turned and missed it in blue sky, just as I had done the  
first chukar last season - shooting too soon and close, then  
watching the bird fly on without seeing the left barrel (why?). A  
second bird flushed from the same spot but I didn't shoot. Only says





she could see me hesitate on the first bird as tho I was debating whether to try, and actually I did remember remarking, "I don't know if I should," from doubting the wisdom of shooting when Belton had broken at flush.

Belton was fired up and soon pointed in another clump of corn where the bird flushed without a view of it. Soon afterwards, he had a nice point in the hedgerow above and I moved to him, standing high, and stroked him, then walked in while I lay took more and 35 mm film. The chicken was squatted in the open grass about 15 feet ahead and Belton had the scent in his face on a light wind. I had to reach the bird to get it in the air as it ran out, then dropped at left-quartering about 25 yards out. Belton held well at the shot and flush, until ordered on, then found and pointed the dead bird, finally picking it up but did not retrieve, altho he carried it when I led him by the collar - a typical first-year reaction.

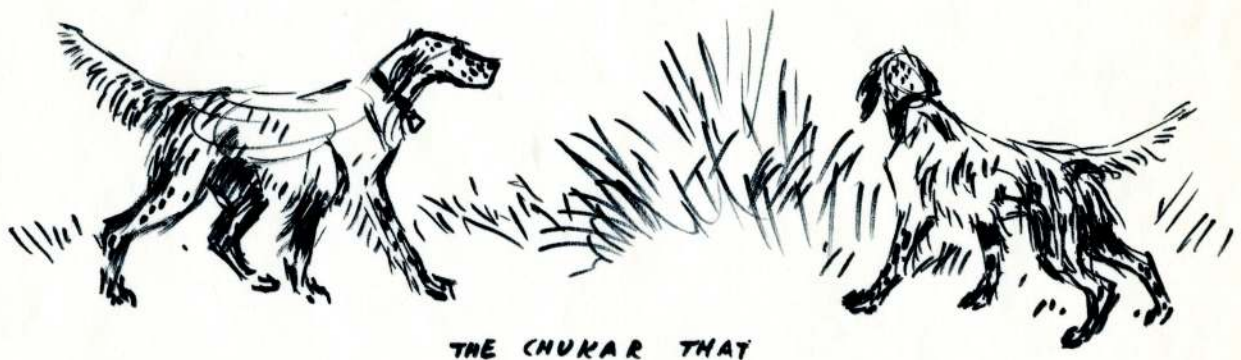
We moved back along the hedgerow - Belton pointed a chicken out of sight and we did not see him (Roy Sizer did, from a distance, and said he had a nice point and held well)   
 George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

Belta had two more points without chance to get to him.

Walked back to the car where four Brees, not used to this, had not stopped backing. Like a little they started out with both dogs, withing the edge for the hen pheasant. Brees hit scent but did not get a point, running and the bird, which flushed and I did not shoot.

His main action other than good ground coverage until Bree found in the deep ravine east of the house. It was the large cove, about 15 or 20, and instead of backing, Belta ran past and flushed - the birds both running and flying. Had two good single productions by Belta and Bree but the proximity of the paved road immediately along the ~~the~~ ravine made it too dangerous to work relaxed - Belta kept chasing flocks up onto the road.

It was a good day, however, and Belta showed the benefit of being worked into, warm and pointing nicely. This is what he needs.



THE CHUKAR THAT WOULDN'T FLY.

Saturday 19 March  
 cold, partly sunny 42°  
 windy 1 3/4 hours.

Memacolin

reared 1 chukar - 2 fleckers  
 reared 2 quail  
 reared 1 pheasant

George Bird Evans Papers  
 West Virginia and Regional History Center

Bree: 1 good chukar  
 2 good quail  
 Belta: 1 good chukar  
 1 good quail

This was a late - afternoon follow-up hunt with no birds (60)  
put out - the kind I like. With Art Smith's permission, we went in  
after one hunting party had been out.

We let the dogs out of the car and moments later I looked up to  
see Brian on a gorgeous point - profile a la Osthair - pointing at the corner  
of the gap in the edge cover along the road. Beller came in but did not  
honor at once. I steadied him and saw a chicken on the thicket. Surging  
Beller bodily around I got him looking at the bird & he froze in a lovely  
point. Kay took some 35 mm pictures, then moved in to flush at my request  
but the chicken walked out in front of Brian and me and started running  
down the hill on the road. This was too much for Brian who broke and  
chased, the bird not flushing until the bow of the hill and only a couple of feet  
above Brian's head. Beller had broken & joined the chase and the two of  
them took the lead clear to the crossroads when I lost it, still going.

Brian finally returned at my whistle and stopped on a point on the  
right bank of the road with Beller near, but before I could reach him  
I saw him neck down and pick up a chicken which he retrieved nicely -



still warm, no doubt a couple lost from the previous hunt.

We followed the old road toward the bottom but both Ben & Belter were running like trial dogs - the first episode having been too much for them. This so often happens with what seems an auspicious early start - too much for their blood. Actually, Ben didn't settle down for the rest of the time out - moving wide and at high speed, although when he pointed, he held well. He found two quail in the heavy bottom cover - one ran out on him, the second refused to leave the brush tangle. They tried to flush it but it finally ran and fluttered under Ben's feet until he caught it, logically thinking it a couple, which it might have been.

During this action, Belter pointed and found a dead quail, left it and went back and ate the heart before we could get to him. All this, a bad day for experience for the pups. Some afterwards, he pointed again and we could tell the bird had run. He circled and pointed once more, and once more the bird - probably a quail - left him running.

That was it, although we hunted the four crossroads fields and adjoining woods. I heard - and saw - a cork pleasant hen ahead of Ben in the heavy swamp cover, no doubt having run and been flushed out by Ben. He worked much too wide today - and what, this big country calls for some of that, I felt he was not swinging to the width nor enough. It had its effect on Belter who at 10 1/2 months, is too young for such campaigns - or.

Weather was cool and ideal.

Saturday 26 March.  
Crisp, mostly clear, 50°  
4:35 to 7:00

Hemacolin  
missed 4 chuckars  
2 shots - 2 hits

Brian: 6 prod.  
2 kills op.  
2 sets

Belton: 2 prod.  
2 k  
1 backpoint

Another late afternoon "follow-up". Day was like a mild November day. Parked on hill - heard a pleasant kuleker in the bottom - and used Belton solo for first half-hour. He works nicely alone, at more moderate range, throws well out, and controls well. He had a lovely hit "point" that proved only feathers from a previous fall (near crossroads) - very hot and it put the violet in his blood.

Returned to car for Brian, and walked both dogs down into bottom beyond crossroads. Belton immediately started working wider and disappeared into heavy cover beyond patch pines where I heard one or two flushing sounds, and saw a chuckar clear the trees, then turn and coming directly at me and over my head, sealing down along edge even on the old road where I marked it.

Meanwhile, Brian had found what was evidently a crippled quail and deluged it, coming in from behind us from near the crossroad. Working on down the road, Belton passed where I expected the ~~chuckar~~ chuckar but not Brian, who wheeled and pointed on the edge of the deep ditch channel on the powdermill side. It seemed impossible to get Belton to us (we had switched the training color to Brian), and we saw him veer away when he saw Brian point. Finally, with Brian behaving like an angel all the while, they got Belton on a lead and brought him in to back, which he did not take too kindly. Then came the ordeal of getting the chuckar to flush. They located it under Brian point and probed it out with a stick, only to have it go deeper into the grass cover along the bank. At last, they moved it but instead of flying, it came within feet of us, running - and it was simply impossible to stop

Brian who, tho' stopped once by the truck, availed and caught the chicken - and I can hardly blame him. These birds fly fairly well when they can be made to fly, which isn't easy.

Moving on into the truck cover on the south, Brian soon had another point, with Belton again moving too far out. This was another chicken, covered up in a pile of brush and logs. Brian made a lovely steady point, coming to a precise location in an intense sprouting point.



THE EXACT SPOT.

This time Belton was wearing the <sup>stuck</sup> collar and when we gave him a chance to back on command, he failed to do so and kept moving around ground-trotting when he saw Brian's point. I had to stop him with a touch of the button and he yelped and came to me, almost stepping on the chicken. It flushed & chiming vertically and awkwardly, and I took it as a too-close shot before it got behind trees and centered it, very hard-hit.

Brian looks at shot and retrieved, Kay getting a 35 percent of the delivery.

Almost at once we saw Belton on his own point far in the truck cover and got to him at once. Brian, the <sup>George Bird Sayers</sup> ~~retriever~~ and his <sup>papers</sup> ~~brother~~ both out of equipping West Virginia and Regional History Center

the point and established his own production on the bird. Belton had been a little shaky on his point, moving in closer, which is characteristic of a first-year dog, and now however simply left the scent when Brian pointed. This is a new development, after his early nearly perfect backpoints, and more recent moving-in on Brian's points. Now he is blinking Brian's points, and I think the obvious remedy is to work him alone for as much as we can and avoid the bad situation until he matures out.



Kay got Belton back and on a rope and tried him at the point, then tried to flush the bird - a chuckar - but again the bird ran instead of flushing. Brian went after it - this is showing his inexperience - putting up the bird, which instead of flying away as I hoped, circled back in a weak flight and landed almost on Brian who promptly had it and delivered.

The bird seemed unshaken, so I had Kay hold both dogs and I planted the bird which ran on into cover. Keeping far point by Belton, and the dogs on for lack of any alternative, and the Belton worked it. Brian went past, moving back and flushed up the bird without seeing it.

Again, I released the bird from Beech's mouth, apparently unharmed, and while Kay held both dogs, I planted it in a thin bushy cover and had Belton come in <sup>about</sup> 4' but he went nicely and altho he wanted to move too close, I hauled him and finally dropped him on the bird and he froze. Taking the chicken with a pseudo-flashing round that got Belton hunting again, I placed the bird about head-high in a blowdown and left it, among the dogs then the thick cover and out toward the crossroads. The sun was low and I decided to change my clip-on lenses to the clear ones, only to find I was without the photo-gray pair I'd been wearing. Feeling they must have fallen a bee hatched off in my tussle with the dogs, we turned back with small hope of locating them. The dogs had moved out too wide without surveillance, and Kay saw them in hot pursuit of a pheasant flying high along the south-north road - headed toward Five Forks! We moved on without them and began the almost hopeless task of locating the spot I had in mind. Finally I came to what looked familiar and recognized the ~~old~~ site of the point and then heard Kay behind me exclaim that she had found the missing clip-on glasses on the ground, exactly where I'd taken the chicken from Beech the last time. Elated with our luck we headed out of the darkening woods and came to the chicken planted in the woods - now dead - and took it with us.

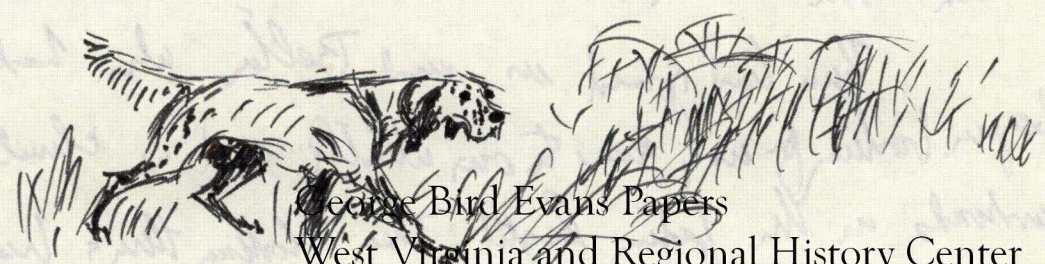
Beech had joined us, and Belton who had gone to the car and begun looking for us, came to our whistle and we climbed the old road from the crossroads in the fading light. Then,



him: Brian, the dog saint, on point in the deep plantation grass on the slope below the car. The sky had faded to a dull red-gray and the air was a biting cold now but the breeze coming from my back was soft.

Kay was behind me with Bella who had come in and backed, bless him, and she held and stretched him to a solid stand. Brian led me set down, then, pointing into the breeze toward me, began moving down in a steady location, finally stopping in perfect location. All the grass clumps looked alike - we'd been there earlier with Bella and I had not found anything - but with Brian pointing at me and the soft wind on the back of my neck I was faced with peering in the grass at each clump or keeping my eyes up to avoid cramping vision.

Suddenlgon explosion almost from my boots emerged in a chest-high flash straight into the matrust toward the brackly edge and I fired, thinking it must be a bobwhite from the sudden speed. It was too dark to see if I'd hit but Brian barked and had the bird which fluttered along the ground until he caught and delvered it. It proved to be a medium small chukar, to my surprise. We let Bella come and mouth the bird. It was a great moment - perfect find and part by Brian - and a gratifying shot, one of those things at end of day that makes even poorer shooting worthwhile. We all drove home, content.



Thursday 31 March  
Cool, partly cloudy 50°  
4:35 - 6:35

Nemacolin  
mowed 3 pheasants - 3  
2 shots - 2 hits  
mowed 2 woodcock - 3

Brier: 2 prod. cock  
1 net pheasant  
Belton: 3 prod. pheasants  
2 kop "  
1 back 'cock

Yesterday being in seventies, we waited until today to hunt wild after a release yesterday. Learning that Belton was jealous of Brier's points on last Saturday hunt, we worked Belton solo for the first hour with excellent results. Having talked to Tom Phillips, who lives in small cottage at the bird pens, we returned to hunt the field #1 at lunch cabin where he said they had released quail yesterday, but this Belton covered the terrain well and in good range - not too close nor too wide - we hunted them to the crossroad cove, Kay returning to get the station wagon at the first area. I saw Belton around margin of the NW field and up the road to the hillside when I had seen a Demco truck stop for a while and where Kay was now waiting with an car.

In a small depression on the hillside with a pool of residual water and some ground cover, I saw Belton wind with his head up and reacting, then flay and finally go on point, still head up. A cock pheasant stretched its neck, then began to walk away from the point, accelerating to a run that engulfed Belton who bobs and chases, flushing and following the flight into the <sup>west</sup> woods.

Kay told me the driver of the truck had been Art Smith who had released several hen pheasants, remarking that there were several cock pheasants out. I can't understand the release of birds unless he was doing it for our benefit, which it proved to be. While he was discussing this, George Bird Evans Papers  
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~~an accident near had experienced in the car movement~~  
whether to change dogs, Belton moved along the road to the hilltop  
field and pointed in the deep plantation grass but then flagged. I  
tried to steady him, then had the sense to order him out, not  
Caution him, and he relocated and froze solid, headed toward me.



TOWARD THE TREES

The bird, a cock pheasant saw me and crouched, flattened out of  
sight in the grass. Belton held beautifully as I walked into the point  
and the pheasant flushed, climbing for the trees along the road edge.  
I fired and the bird fell fluttering into the roadway. Kay says  
Belton held at the shot, then ran to the road and circled  
excitedly for a while before locating the pheasant, still fluttering in  
the roadway. He was fired up and watched the bird but couldn't bring  
himself to pick it up. For a while I thought he was going to settle for a  
wing but he eventually gave up. It had been two fine pounds and  
in good style.

We went to the car to exchange dogs, feeling Belton would  
benefit more from solo work for a while, and found that Bear had, in the

excitement and stress of being hunted in, had a movement. Getting  
him out and with the other problem, Brian broke feet and took off  
on a hunt, both wild and wide, that embraced the entire lower reaches of  
the preserve.

By the time we got him back, we felt it useless to hunt that  
area, and with Belton in the car - Kay staying to reassure him -  
I hunted Brian ~~with~~<sup>west</sup> along the north side of the road into woods  
where I thought one or two of the hen pheasants might have gone. Brian  
finally hit scent and began working when a bird had obviously run but  
got no point, for I saw a hen flash ahead of him. It could have been  
from a tree, but might also have been bumped, for Brian was too  
overstressed.

Crossing the road (Kay had driven the car up and had  
seen the flash) I put Brian into the dense brush cover where he  
promptly went on point, but a soft point that seemed not to please  
him - and certainly not me. Shoving him on in, I got a ~~medium~~<sup>medium</sup>

point but too low, and then a woodcock flashed - a bird that ~~stopped~~<sup>landed</sup>  
~~back in~~<sup>almost immediately</sup>. Hoping to get Belton onto a woodcock point, I had Kay let  
him out and he stepped a few yards off the road and pointed solidly.  
It was so certain and yet in an area with sparse cover - low tangled  
grass - but Kay got the point on 35 mm. film and I walked in,  
unable to see anything but knowing from Belton's intensity that there  
was a bird ~~with~~ somewhere under our feet. There was, a huge hen  
pheasant that exploded straight up and out ~~was~~ <sup>from</sup> my right shoulder and

directly into the blazing sun. I mounted and held a bit below and on one side and fired after the bird disappeared in a swirl of white light, unable to see it fall but ~~away~~ <sup>aware</sup> of ~~my~~ feathers floating.

Briar arrived almost as soon as Belton reached the bird and took over, referring to just Belton a chance - another problem. It had been a great find and point - solid as rock - and, I must say, a good shot. The hen was the largest and darkest hen (pleasant) I have seen - quite as heavy and large as a male.

Moments later, Briar was found solid on point on the edge of the good brush cover - I was almost sure it would be a woodcock and I had to get Belton in. He backed Briar beautifully - and they handled him while I walked into the thick brush and flushed a nice male woodcock that showed itself in what would have been a fine chance. Briar held steady at the flush and it ended the day in fine style.

We'd had another wild flush on a woodcock they was watching after it had landed.

Belton's backing the woodcock point of Briar suggests that his own experience pointing also had put things back in perspective for him. We'd try more solo work and see.



Thursday 7 April  
cold, windy, partly  
cloudy — 50°  
3:45 - 6:15

Memorandum  
made 1 cock  
more 2 pheasants - 3  
0

Brian: 1 prod. cock (71)  
1 prod pheasant  
Bellon.

Today less satisfactory. Beautiful weather cool & mostly sunny, but no real action for shooting. Started Brian solo along road in which I followed with car. He found (probably first pointed) and brought in a mottled cock pheasant but did not deliver. We left it near duck pond and proceeded. Brian moved into the brushy cover a powerline and pointed beautifully on edge - very solid. I flushed a woodcock that he held steady for.

at parking spot on hill we got in trouble with greasy mud. Unable to back out, which I thought we'd do at this time, I finally drove (and skated) down the field "road" to the crossroads and onto the main road - a lucky way out. Parked at crossroads and hunted

Bellon solo - nice range, lovely context. He found pheasant tracks near far end of field and <sup>worked</sup> ~~collected~~ them into woods along little run where we heard a cock pheasant up ahead. With report of 10 chukars left on Tuesday, we were surprised not to locate one of them in the large flat woods in the bottom. Bellon worked out onto what was obviously a pheasant trail that took him far out of context or reach of short collar. Finally got him back and into car and after luncheon, started out with Brian working nicely in the flat and woods north of powerline, but no results, tho he didn't rain a foot of cover. They got car and met us at top of hill near usual parking spot, and we worked both dogs into the brushy cover hoping for work on woodcock.

Instead, both dogs hit scent and I heard a pleasant bark and so  
out with no view. Feet Pica had a point on it, Kay marked it into pins  
on south edge and then both dogs again hit running scent. This time Belton  
stayed with it far into the woods and was gone a long time.

When we got him back, we walked toward the duck pond, hoping for a  
point on the muffled pheasant. Belton found it but was on it too suddenly to  
set a point. The bird flushed and he grabbed it, but Brian came in and took it  
from him, retrieving it. We dispatched it, rather than let it lie for a  
predator and brought it home. Brian is very belligerent with Belton when  
retrieves are involved - much the usual pattern. It may make for  
problems later on, and, again, it may make Belton into a spectacular  
retriever, as it did with Shadows under Ruff's restraint.

Friday 8 April

sunny, breezy 42°  
4:15 - 7:00 2 3/4 hrs.

Chamaedon

moved 1 pheasant  
" 4 quail - ~~9~~ 9  
1 shot - 1 hit

Brian: 4 prod. quail  
1 coop  
1 net

Belton: 2 prod. quail  
1 net (caught & killed)

Hunted here yesterday with no contacts except  
1 prod. woodcock by Brian, and what was no doubt a prod. by Brian on a  
cock rumpick that lifted without any seeing it from the brushy cover at the  
powerline. (Kay cannot sail into the south woods). Brian had contacts with  
them as a runner and two others that ran on him, a bad experience.  
no shots.

Today we drove via Fichetown to Clover Tops area and walked Belton  
solo. A cock pheasant lifted ahead of him in first cypress on left. I  
found an outlier of a big buck rack - just good points and very tender,  
in first cypress. Brought it home. (Kay's a nice cock up here but no

Other birds today, the Belton covered it rather well and in view 73 176  
range.

Returned to car and drove to crossroads where I lay stayed in car  
with Belton while I walked down on big cover along east edge.

No contacts, this he worked beautifully, till the "chuckawater hole"  
where he drew in lovely style to a good point and I walked around

him to miss a cock labrador that flushed around cover toward the north.

Hoping to hear this lead to walk Belton on, I sawy Brian toward the  
n/s road where he made another gorgeous point from the east  
edge toward the road cover.



OLD PERFECTION

I walked into the edge cover from the road, facing Brian, and saw a pair  
of quail. The male lay tight but the hen walked from me toward Brian.  
Then flushed left on his side along the hedgerow and crossed the road into  
the west side and landed. Brian was on the spot in moments and again  
shot. I left the cockbird undisturbed for Belton and walked to Brian and  
flushed his lead, a straightaway shot that I dropped but the Purdey  
double-fired - my trigger finger in leather black glove had been jammed  
off the front trigger and onto the second trigger, a freak situation.

Brian retrieved the bird nicely and lay came to me from where  
she'd been waiting in the car at the crossroads. While we discussed feeding the  
quail and among Belton, lay saw Brian in point far away on the hill



on the road edge, where we found him stuck in another good point. The last  
I had been with near "Othaus" tail. I flushed this bird, another small  
point without attempting to shoot, to have it for Bella. The bird flew  
up over the powerline knob. Brian was just perfect today. What a joy.

# Kay took ~~Brian~~ <sup>Bella</sup> to the car and ~~checked~~ <sup>put</sup> the shock collar  
on Bella, ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> mapping the long checkered to it without another collar.  
He was just up and came to my very tent.

We walked Bella along down the road toward the creekbed I  
had left before the shot. Walking the last field, he hit the scent  
immediately - he has a great nose - and after some flagging (why?) he  
pointed steadily but only for a moment. The bird was walking in  
front of him and he couldn't take it, running  
around to head it off - logically. I finally got the

bird flushed after it had run across the road where again Bella found it,  
but it landed close at the end of "The Mound," where once more Bella found  
it but did not point. Instead he flagged and kept moving in, flushing the  
bird. This time it crossed the field toward the "ashen clump" and in  
moments Bella was there and moments later carried the dead bird  
back to me. I was disappointed in not getting a good point but hoped  
you better luck on the powerline knob.

→ He promptly located the bird on top the knob - again, that grand nose -  
but before I could hold the cord and haul him on point (what he needs) the  
bird flushed wild about us, going to the north edge. Bella yelped violently as the

and on the third try, I attempted to jerk him head, but only pulled the buckle ring off the shock collar and off he went. I think he (saw) and flashed in the words before us reached him, for he was wild and refused to obey the whistle, getting a jolt from the shock collar for his efforts. When we got to him he was working neat and a rabbit jumped across and again he tried to follow. Everything seemed to go along with this session with Belton, which should have been good observations.

Paul that's the way it goes. at least, Brian's performance gave me something to go to sleep thinking about. Returned home to receive Charles & Glenn Woodcock flickering across the sky on way out lane (New.) for the weekend.

Friday 15 April  
warm (in 60's)  
4:45 - 7:00

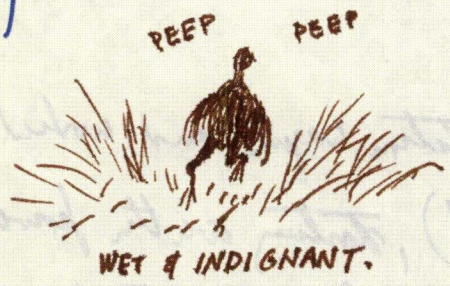
Muscadoline  
mud + quail

Brian:  
Belton: 1 prod. quail

Kay set me out with Brian and I hunted him from launch cabin to parking knob - no action as to birds, but that is one great bird dog, swinging at a fast lope with loads of style across the big flat at #1, hitting all the places and turning at my whistle to come back to me. What a dog - at his ~~prime~~ <sup>prime</sup> at 8 years +

That Kay and we left Brian in the station wagon and worked Belton solo (with shock collar for whistle control), starting over the powerline knob and into the bottom at crossroads. Beautiful moderate range and handling - style like Brian in motion. The road helter-skelter produced nothing and we went to the south end where Belton cast into the east woods along the little run. after repeated whistling with no response, tho we heard his bell, I had Kay touch him with the stick, which

elicited prolonged yells and he came across the run and toward us at once. almost before he straightened our way, he turned abruptly into the dense brushy edge along the run and pointed, standing very high but flagging. We hurried to him and he moved in closer, still flagging until I handed my gun to Kay and handled Belton, which stiffened him some but not much. I had snuffed the check cord on him and had Kay hold it - a mistake - for he nearly tore her hands with the rope. I moved ahead to try to flash the bird and Kay said he pointed solidly for a bit, then moved into the stream where he located the bird up under a cutout bank, finally digging it out and pulling it into the water - a fine little tail-less male quail that seemed unharmed but very soaked and bedraggled. I got it in my hand and got Belton swimming far away from the area, then looked the bird over. It must have lost the tailfeathers days earlier for there were pinfeathers - a rather, quilled feather, growing in. Both the wings and legs seemed intact and I released it, upon which it pranced quickly back into the brush, peeping loudly. It seemed so tiny.

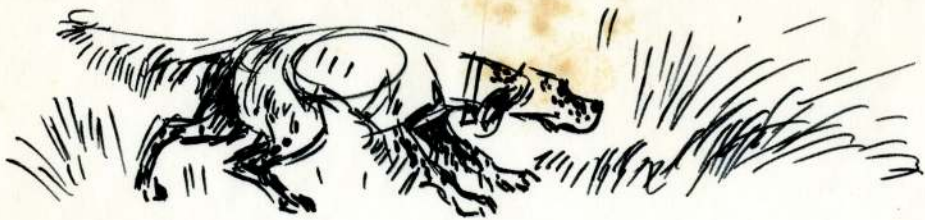


Back to the car - Belton hunting beautifully all the way - where I found for coffee and a lot of sandwiches, then took Brian along thru the

brush cover under the pines but with no results; again nice handling and good work.

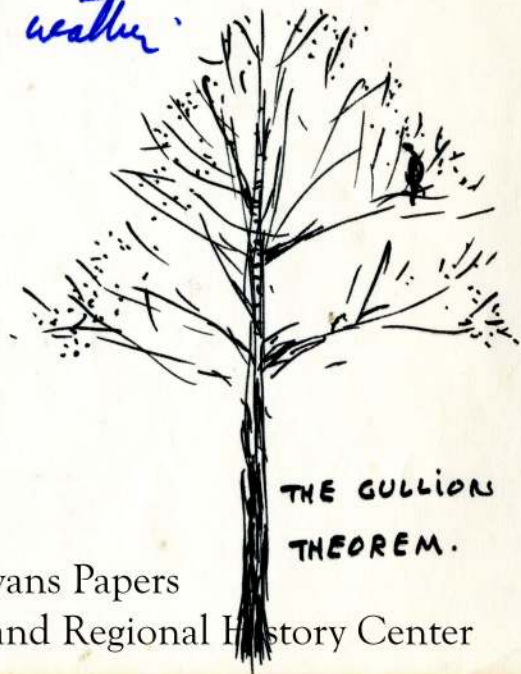
While we were sitting in the car at "The Gate", changing boots.

Kay <sup>saw</sup> a wood fly up into a large maple on the right edge of the



ONE IN THE BRUSH.

road forty-five yards ahead and, hopping up onto the upper limbs, began feeding on the large catkins — shades of Gullion! It was a lovely grouse — at first I thought a cockbird, but later, at closer range passing under the tree I <sup>thought</sup> ~~thought~~ it was a <sup>perhaps</sup> ~~perhaps~~ nesting nearby — I hope. We waited in our original position in the car and watched it for at least ten minutes, moving from one limb to another in a selective feeding. It was undisturbed by our driving slowly about under it, and was still feeding the last we saw of it. This is the first grouse I can remember seeing actually feeding on buds, certainly the first feeding on aspen catkins. (May had seen a budding grouse before.) It was a high point in our day. fairly weather



1976 WEEKLY LOG

GROUSE

BRIAR

BELTON

WOOD COCK

| DAYS | HRS   | BIRDS - FLUSHES | SHOTS - HITS | PROD. KILLS - RET | PROD. KILLS - RET             | BIRDS/FLUSH | SHOT/HIT |
|------|-------|-----------------|--------------|-------------------|-------------------------------|-------------|----------|
| 3    | 6 1/2 | 4 - 5           | 1 - 0        | 6 1 1             | 3 <sup>1</sup> / <sub>2</sub> | 9 12        | 1 1      |

NEW YORK

10/18 - 10/23

|           |        |       |     |          |                               |       |                         |
|-----------|--------|-------|-----|----------|-------------------------------|-------|-------------------------|
| 4<br>(3K) | 12 1/2 | 2 - 2 | 0   | 21 5 5   | <del>1-10-4</del>             | 28-34 | 13-6<br><del>11-5</del> |
| 7         | 19     | 6 - 7 | 1-0 | 27 - 6-6 | <del>1-10-4</del><br>1-13-5-0 | 37-46 | <del>12-6</del><br>14-7 |

then 10/30

|         |         |       |          |                     |   |       |                 |
|---------|---------|-------|----------|---------------------|---|-------|-----------------|
| 4       | 8       | 6 - 9 | 0        | 2                   | 2 | 5-8   | 2-2             |
| 11 - 27 | 12 - 16 | 1-0   | 4 - 2-2  | 3 - 1               |   |       |                 |
|         |         |       | 2        | 1-2                 |   |       | 16-9            |
|         |         |       | 31 - 8-8 | <del>1-16-6-0</del> |   | 42-54 | <del>11-5</del> |

then 11/6

|         |         |     |   |     |  |  |  |
|---------|---------|-----|---|-----|--|--|--|
| 2 - 5   | 2 - 2   | 0   | 0 | 0   |  |  |  |
| 13 - 32 | 14 - 18 | 1-0 | 2 | 1-2 |  |  |  |

then 11/19

|                |                                     |     |       |         |  |  |  |
|----------------|-------------------------------------|-----|-------|---------|--|--|--|
| 4 - 10<br>(3K) | <del>5-8</del><br>9-12 (acc at end) | 1-0 | 1     | black   |  |  |  |
| 17 - 42        | 19 - 26                             | 2-0 | 3.0.0 | 1.3.0.0 |  |  |  |

then 11/20

|         |         |     |       |         |  |  |  |
|---------|---------|-----|-------|---------|--|--|--|
| 2 - 2   | 0       | 0   | 1     |         |  |  |  |
| 19 - 44 | 19 - 26 | 2-0 | 3-0.0 | 1.4.0.0 |  |  |  |

then 11/27

DEER SEASON

|         |         |     |       |         |  |  |  |
|---------|---------|-----|-------|---------|--|--|--|
| 3 - 7   | 2 - 8   | 1-0 | 3.0.0 | black   |  |  |  |
| 22 - 51 | 21 - 34 | 3-0 | 6.0.0 | 1.5.0.0 |  |  |  |

then 12/11

|             |       |     |        |         |  |  |  |
|-------------|-------|-----|--------|---------|--|--|--|
| 3 - 7 3/4   | 9-11  | 3-0 | 5.0.1  | 0.0.1.0 |  |  |  |
| 25 - 58 3/4 | 30-45 | 6-0 | 11.0.1 | 1.5.1.0 |  |  |  |

then 12/18

|             |                |     |        |         |  |  |  |
|-------------|----------------|-----|--------|---------|--|--|--|
| 1 - 2       | <del>0-3</del> | 0   | 0      | 0       |  |  |  |
| 26 - 60 3/4 | 30-48          | 6-0 | 11.0.1 | 1.5.1.0 |  |  |  |

then 12/25

then 1/1/77

(2 weeks)

|             |       |   |   |   |  |  |  |
|-------------|-------|---|---|---|--|--|--|
| 3 - 6 1/2   | 1-1   | 0 | 0 | 0 |  |  |  |
| 29 - 67 1/4 | 31-49 |   |   |   |  |  |  |

then 2/26

|             |                    |     |        |          |  |       |      |
|-------------|--------------------|-----|--------|----------|--|-------|------|
| 1 - 2 1/2   | 0-2                |     |        |          |  |       |      |
| 30 - 69 3/4 | <del>35 - 55</del> | 6-0 | 31.8.8 | 1.16.6.0 |  | 42-54 | 16.9 |

then 2/28

last day  
George Bird Evans Papers

West Virginia and Regional History Center

DATA 197630 ~~27~~ COVERTS 1.16 ~~1.2~~ BIRD/COVERTGEORGE 30 DAYS - 69<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> W.O.  
MAY 28 "15 W.U.A. ~~1.3~~ 1.4 "(8 LOCAL 2.0)  
(7 OTHER .71)

35 GROUSE - 55 FLUSHES (.79 p.u.m.) 2 PA. 1.5

19-26 TO DEC./16-29 AFTER 11 MD. .72

2 N.Y. 2.0

6 SHOTS/1 HIT (O.P.) = 16.6%

42 'COCK - 54 FLUSHES

16 SHOTS/9 HITS = 56.2%

BRIAR 7 YRS. 9 MO. (8TH SEASON)

30 DAYS

GROUSE 11 PROD  
1 KILL O.P.  
1 RET.'COCK 31 PROD  
8 KILL O.P.  
8 RET.

LIFETIME '69-'76

453 DAYS

GROUSE 453 PROD.  
87 KILLS (37 O.P.)  
67 RET

BELTON 5 MO. (1ST SEASON)

~~28~~ DAYS28 GROUSE 1 PROD.  
1 KILL  
5 BACKPOINTS'COCK 1 PROD  
6 KILLS  
16 BACKPOINTS

1976

BIG MOUNTAINS

PIPELINE CORNER 027-0

GATES 027-0/030-0

2 days 2 counts 0 bird/count

EDELMAN 028-0/029-1.1.0/N10.0 1

CLYDE DAVIS 028-1.1.0/029.0/N10.0 1

REHOBETH THORNS 028-0/029.0/N10.0

KITZMILLER/BISMARCK 030.0

4 days 4 counts .5 bird/count

MIRACLE RUN (THOMAS) N19.3.5.0 (Prang 5.1) 3 2

1 day 1 count 3 bird/count

PENNSYLVANIA

(NO GUN)

WOODCOCK HILL (022-0)  
HENKEL (N14.3.3.0) 3

2 counts 1.5 bird/count

MARYLAND

BITTINGER/BUCKEL'S ROAD THORNS 1.1.1  
N1.0/N2.0.3.6.1  
" LEGERE ROAD N1.0  
" 4H SWAMP N1.0.1.1.0

NEGRO MT. N2.0

LAUREL RUN N6.2.4.0/N15.0 2

ORENDORF RD. N18.2.3.0 2

OLD MORGANTOWN RD. N25-0

MT. NEBO N26.0

RYAN'S GLADE E. N26.0

N. BRANCH LITTLE LAUREL D14.1.1.0 1

BLUE GOOSE RUN D16.3.5.0 3

~~9 counts .00 bird/count~~

11 counts/8 birds .72 bird/count

NEW YORK

CINCINNATUS #1 019-2.2.0/#4 021-2.3.0 4

2 counts 2 bird/count

COVERTS 1976

LOCAL

13 days

8 coverts 16 birds  
(on graph)

2 birds/covert

CUPP PLACE 025-1.1 (heavy S. 1) 1 0

FT. MORRIS ~~025-1.1~~  
DONALD MOYERS N3-4.5.0 / N13.0 / D11-2.4.0 / D25.1.3.0 / F2L-0 4

HARLTON E

CHERRY RUN N13-2.2.0 / Feb 22.0 2

RAY GUTHRIE N16-1.1.0 1 1

ELK RUN D6-1.3.0 1

MATHEWS/HUMBERSON D9-1.1.0 / F26.0/1.0 2

BARATI D18-5.5.1 / F28-2.2.0 5 4

MORRISON F24.0

TOTAL W.VA. COVERTS 15 coverts / 20 days

num 21-35 flocks 1.4 bird/covert