

Shooting 1990

24 October / Wednesday

Black Bear Thorns

Quest 10 prod

Clear sunny blue skies 50°

moved 8/11

2 shots/0

1:40 - 3:55 }
4:40 - 5:55 } 3 1/2 hrs.

Mallow

moved 4/4

1 shot/0

16

Season opened 13 October but Quest cut his feet on Sunday and we didn't take him out all of the following week. Monday 10/22 we postponed our reservation at Mirror Lake because of rain, then drove down on Tuesday through a devilish fog all the way to Davis, crawling at 30 mph most of way. ^{along magnificent Old Hemlock and} all the way to top of Backbone Mt. and we hunted.

Wednesday 10/24 was perfect clear weather in the Canaan and we hunted Black Bear Thorns. Quest's foot was fairly healed and he hunted on it normally but at night the cut was pulled apart but not raw. The 'cock was in.

Quest's points are disturbingly low-tailed, ^{which} I can't understand, for he is as intense as ever. The first bird flushed over his head and low and I held fire, as he broke and chased. The next cock was as all of them are in here, low darting flights and well to get on. I fired but missed - not what I had hoped my first shot after two years would be. Quest was high with excitement and ran onto a brace that went for the bottom.

We found cow pads here, more than two seasons ago, and the 'cock were in the shady patches under the large Hawthorns. Quest had 6 productions in this event, all solid points but preceded by flapping, which is the result of too long away from game. He looks on most flumes but I'm hoping he will get better by letting him chase.

(We hadn't been at the Chalet "shooting box" for two years, Belton's last in '88.)
George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

My second shot was over a good hot bird with much whitework present. The bird came up left-to-right rising and I shot as it turned left and nursed again. I too has been away from action too long. With all my day-moment practice, the right shoulder unit function properly, but considering that one year ago I was in hospital the day before surgery, this is lovely.

I am shooting At Sheet #9 and should have a well balanced load for 'cock. The hawthorns in here are grand big specimens, some 30 feet tall and thick-trunked, but we didn't find one single red haw, or any other color.

Quest was ranging wide, acceptably in big sprawling country like this but far too wide for contact and we touched him repeatedly with the shock collar. Ray remarked that she saw several squirrels in the hawthorns, which seemed odd.

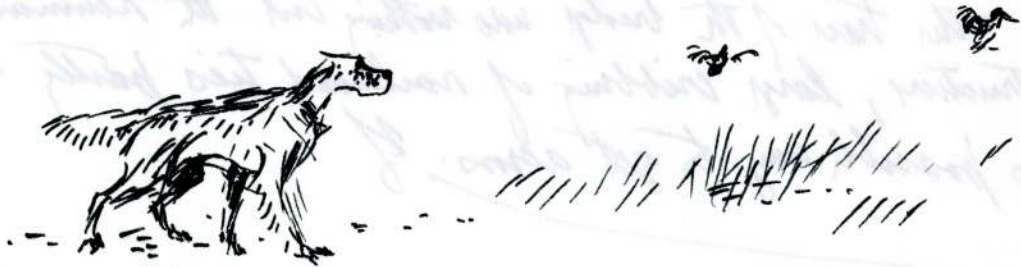
We made the complete swap to the north, passed to east, sitting on an irregular rock, then hunted back south to the big woods and the good little ravines where Quest pointed two separate birds. His work on point is perfect, holding until we find him way when out of sight - I've never had a more stands dog - if only that tail would come back up. The glasses appeared no shots, but I am still shaky when they tried rises. Ray got a lot of pictures with her new Zoom Nikon camera, and ~~we~~ ^{we} had a grand time, moving light 'cock for eleven flocks with six points. Toward the end of the 2 1/2 hours both Ray and I were feeling somewhat tired, and Quest was showing some slowing.

We returned to the car parked at Miller's place and took a breather and ate bananas and sandwiches, then drove to the Mallow covert and started hunting at 4:40. The sun was not quite low enough to bother us but we hunted into it all the way down to the balsam/ponderosa run without seeing a feather. We both spoke of Belton's day in here and his wonderful spirit.

Turning back north, we skirted the big woods for much longer than remembered in the good hawthorns, and still in action though Quest was

trying hard. Finally as we approached the paved road he pointed well ahead of me but the 'cuck' lifted long before I reached him. (3)

I marked it as 'landing close by' and was surging forward to it when he went on point ahead of me, a nice high-headed point into the wind and tail at about level.



IT LOOKS SO EASY

I walked in and there were two woodcock. I tried for the right one but felt myself set on, and went. It isn't quite like me to miss 3' each in a

day but neither are my shoulders quite like they was. If only I hadn't torn up the right one; I was hitting well enough after the '77 injury. I tell myself there were times when shooting normally I made 3 shots - no hits, but I need the wonderful assurance that I can mount and shoot a gun.

It was a wonderful day with grand action in this magnificent Canaan Valley and we are here for two more days of it. It had 2 more points (on the ~~same~~ ^{end} 'cuck')

The Glow was Twenty-Fifth
Cloudy, cold, windy 40°

2:40 - 3:10 }
4:30 - 6:00 } 2 hrs.

(NEW) Camp 70

The Gates

made!!!

Quest 1 prod

To the famous Camp 70. My Wood wouldn't set. Surprised to find the road up the Blackwater wide and smooth except for moderate holes, the influence of fisherman. It was an interesting ride with some large boulders on the margin over, some rare accents of gorgeous color in tiny meadows here and there. Passed two vehicles, one with the refusing to leave, the other hauling

a camper with two friendly men. Our white car parked with a Jeffersonian in the Blackwater, otherwise everything to ourselves until we reached the "bridge," when we saw a parked truck some distance above.

The last portion of the road along Yellow Creek became rather horrible and about the bridge site impassable, with huge pools of water.

The trace of the bridge was nothing but the remnant of the understructure, large cribbing of railroad ties partly washed away and no possible way to get across.

The terrain is still promising on the far side, as I remember the day I shot a grouse with ^{Deer} Feathers and Shadows, I'll never find out - it wasn't on the near side. We walked up the skeletal road through typical Blackwater cover - rocks, stunted trees, rhododendron near the river. A one-half-hour turn told us it was hopeless, and we returned to the car and drove back to Downs and the Weimer Spring where we found the wonderful water gushing out of two pipes, modern technology to ^(serve) serve two jugs simultaneously. The one

exciting moment of the trip, other than the fun of exploring, was a roadside grouse that flushed from beneath the car into a stand (the only one) of spruce and hemlock on the river side. One grouse, one hope for reproduction to reestablish a population that will never come back.

After talking our jugs at the Weimer Spring we drove to the cabin and let the people in the office know we were back. (Had advised them we were going into wild country), then drove to the Gates. I think this was the greatest shock we have experienced in recent years.

The "highway" was so elevated (nearly paved) we couldn't pull the car off and had to park on the road itself at the "end road." I just haven't been near it.

It has been two years since we were in here but I couldn't believe the change. Grass had grown in the cow lane and spiraea was waist-high in all the hawthorn and remnant of aspen clods. Dead aspen were broken over or uprooted into tangles. The old "first hawthorn" was scarcely recognizable in tangles of fallen branches and trunks. The one good feature was deep green grass growing rank wherever the spiraea had not taken over, which could be attractive to woodcock, but not today.

We remarked the places were Belton had made his first point as a youngster, and later Bears place. In here Quest had a point deep in spiraea that turned out to be a rabbit. Memories of the bow hunter in the tree above who upset me with Bow Hunter here. Now there are no aspen left for the archers to perch in.

We came to the "clearing" near where Bliss had her first point and kill-run. Today only bleak sketches of alder and spiraea. Sighting by the lone spruce, still alive, I plunged as directly through to reach the other cross path and got us into a tangle it was difficult to emerge from. Finally fought our way to the spruce and the path was there but misleading so that I mistook it for some confused position of the cow lane. Someone has ^{removed} ~~marked~~ their passages with. At last got oriented and came to the cow road and struck out for the far aspen. The bleak remnants all looked dead today - where are the golden groves of aspen with their lovely leaf-pack as ours were. We found the skeleton structure in spiraea and it just doesn't look as though a woodcock

would ever come here.

Quest gave us a crouched point in dense spiraea that produced the single woodcock of the day - I felt the flesh was like the flake of a leaf in the wind and that was it.

6/90

We hurried back the cow lane (all their families in some second cutting today, which they use) and crossed to the south thorns. In here it was more familiar with most of the deer grass (don't think this Canadian soil will grow grass) and Quast hunted it beautifully, ranging perfectly to the gun and quartering like an angel. But the only catch here was the memory of Davis' lovely point and Quast's early duplication of it.

at the south fence, newly refurnished with woven wire, Ray went back to set the car and Quast and I hunted the fence line west to the 90' bend, and back the old cow path, muck and all, through good alder cover. Today it held nothing. Ray was waiting at the road. It had taken much longer than it reads, for me to make the point and I pushed to get it done that fast.

One more dream gone. Tonight at the Chalet it was good. No dream there. Disappointing as the day was it was better than one year ago on the operating table.

26 October / Friday
cold, partly sunny, 44°
windy
1:40 - 2:40 }
3:00 - 5:00 } 3 hrs.

Edelman Place
o
Lacey Thorns
o

Quast

Hunted Mt Storm on way home from Canadian, driving through gorgeous last color beyond Mt Storm and down slow road to the Edelman place with magnificent reds in maples. Found a large herd of Charolais cattle on the old farm and many spring sheep but no 'cch. Hunted an hour in hard wind. Cover not really outstanding. New notices signed Harry Harney.

Drove to Lacey Thorns and spoke to young girl in back house in rear we had not known had been built there. Found the thorns much grown up and without paths — how can things change so?

Followed Quast resistant openings through blackberry briars and was led upwards, finally reaching top of hill after a stiff climb in a piece of cover where I once moved one or two quails and shot a woodcock. At lunch sitting on

a rock with a convenient forked sapling for a gun rest. The wind was high today and added to the cold but the sun came out. After eating, we topped to the cable right-of-way and circled the shoulder into the large cone to the north. It drops off steeply and we abandoned my idea of hunting the cone on that slope. It didn't look inviting. Why do you dream of cones so often fade into mediocrity?

Instead, we chose to hunt down to find the Hawthornes on the SW slope only to encounter large masses of blackberry ~~the~~ thickets. The thorns lower down was better but limited and we ended by rearing back into the extensive ironwood area - I'd forgotten how many there.

There, we found the most interesting bit of the afternoon. To my right I saw what appeared an enormous tree trunk. It was a huge sugar maple with a gigantic coarse-barked body ~~that I can't~~ ^{hard to} believe I could have missed. I took 2 photos of Kay and Quest in the sunshine on that amazing bark and great tree. The leaves were high-up and thin. A companion tree a few yards to the south looked much the same but the remaining leaves were too high to see and we guessed it might be a big locust, but I have some doubts. The maple looked in good health. It might not be quite the girth of our big maple at home, but ours is multiple in form.

We drove home in the face of a brilliant sun - not the usual Mt Storm sunset - and made it to Terra Alta in fair light - easy driving.

Found our color on Old Humbach still with us - and good to be back. This trip started well on Wednesday with woodcock at Black Bear and Mallow, but went down fast the last two days. Why is it that all my crows seem to be getting away from me?

after the big maple Quest gave us an exciting point - tail at level - that looked real but proved empty. There had been no time to leave a spot of white bark.

29 October / Monday
clear, sunny, cold 42°
3:40-5:00 / 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.

NEW

Cranewills Bog / Rich Hopkins

8/90

Quest / PROD

muscle 1 ~~+~~ 1
0

A perfect day to try this covert. We spent ten minutes as we started down the field below where we parked de-burring Quest, who had made a sortie out the old road and returned loaded with burdock burrs, digging them out with our fingers - a lesson to carry the claw comb in future.

The Hawthorns in the bottom flat looked good - none but a few haws - but the ground cover did not appear appealing. It was a low growth of what I first thought were blueberry bushes - woody stems that proved a tangle to walk through, impeding steps and negotiable only by the labyrinth of deer paths. In this high Canadian biome there was curiously no aspen, and instead of spiraea, as in the Canaan, there were dense clumps of a shrub that had a rare berry or so like black cherries, and I saw only an occasional St. John's-Wort. Whatever the flora, either woodcock didn't like it or they had not yet come down.

At the NW end we came to large woods and dropped down over to a lovely glade edge with a small clear stream that appeared to flow over flat woods floor with no channel. The ground was an attractive leaf pack over black soil and for the first I expected woodcock.

We hunted downstream through an A.D. Frost Ring woodland in the shadow of the woods. I say had returned to photograph an interesting stump and I waited until she caught up with me, when she said, "Is he pointing?" He was, and a lovely point about forty yards ahead. Her head was up and the tail level (I had put on a clumsy tail-tip bandage) and he didn't move a hair while I got around to the right of him, giving him the tree whistle to let him know I was coming. I say had not quite approached close enough for a picture when the 'cock, a hen, went straight up. My clumsy shoulder betrayed me over again, and I struggled to get the gun out from under my elbow,



at last getting the message in the climbier bird, only to tug at a
locked trigger. "Frustration" ^{Sis only exphemism.} wasn't strong enough. It had been a lovely
print and a lovely chance and I was left with the hopeless lack of fluid
movement to mount the gun.

We were into large humbuckers on the edge of what appeared the swamp,
with a fringe of the boggy situation to negotiate. We circled about it and
climbed the gentle slope to the margin below the Hawthorn flat. There, I
succumbed to the awful need that had been at me and, leaning back against
a cherry trunk, did what was ^{suspensible to trees} unavoidable. It wasn't as bad as I'd expected.

By now the sun was low and as worked back through the Hawthorn in
about a reverse path of our entrance. At the edge of the field below the car, I
knew the woods out to the hedgerow which I'd went for the station wagon and
drove out the road to pick me up at a large spruce. It was a good 1 3/4 hours, a

wonderful day in misting cover, and our most traumatic experience with the gun.
Quest had worked beautifully, his foot recovered, and he turned on the old magic
on the air bird in the coat. Saw turkey droppings under a root but no trace of game.
Lost the left one of my Browning shooting gloves in old road at the car.

10/40

X

31 October / Wednesday
clear, warm, perfect 50°

2:00 - 2:45
3:00 - 3:30
3:45 - 4:30
4:45 - 5:30 } 2 ³/₄ hrs

Grassy Ridge
Church Corner

marked 2/3
1 shot / 0

Pigeon Roost
0

The Spruce

marked 4/7
1 shot / 0

Cosner Corner

marked 1 quail / 1

Quest 6 prod

Off to Grassy Ridge on a crystal clear day for a one-day trip. The pull-off at the Church Corner was blocked by an iron gate and notices on both sides of the road, extending all the way to Pigeon Roost, signed by B.F. Allison. This is a trend in all parts these days - out-of-state or absentee landowners - I suspect stripminers - has blocked off huge areas. My solution is to ignore them.

We made the first circle, having parked at the gate, and ~~found~~ ^{found} nothing but a lovely memory of a point and retraced by Bruer in his last year. Below the road Quest went on point just outside of the old rail fence at the woods edge and I walked to him through deep dead goldenrod. The woodcock, a hen, gave me a nice ~~shot~~ ^{offer} climbing straightaway and I

felt sure of the shot but the bird topped out high through the trees. (11)

We followed down the outside edge, avoiding Mr. Allison's autographs, and crept back up the narrow woods, seeing a flush from Quest that I caught a reflex. Nearer the road I found Quest on point and #2 cock flushed without a chance to shoot.

at the car we changed to cooler clothes and drove out to the Pagan Roost road, blocked by a large sign expressing Allison's rights to the woods. We weren't deterred. To my disappointment the character of the place we had enjoyed so much had altered entirely. I don't know how 3 or 4 years can make such change, not grown-out, but changed, with none of the promise it used to hold. We gave up after half an hour.

The Spruce thorns proved everything the others hadn't. Parking at the fenced-in motor / antenna house (what is it?) surrounded now by dense red pines, we got a point from the edge of the road at the corner of the pines and the good knothole hollows. It proved empty, although Quest was hard to convince, and we followed him down to a hedge row below the thorns and found him pointing ^{again} high and into the wind.

I walked around through the hedge stand and faced his point, only to have the woodcock flush on the side ^{other} ^{over} with Quest — no shot. Quest broke — I'm doing nothing about this, to try to get better test portion or points — and as I crossed through the small trees nearly stepped on a second cock that cut back through the red pines toward the car. Within seconds, a third cock flushed — a group of three under his point and two of them overlooked by his breaking at flush.

When Quest came back he wheeled and pointed under his nose in deep dead grass in the open and #4 flushed with loads of air around it and I missed a perfect shot. I'm certain I am shooting too impetuously, without

12/190
focusing on the bird - too long away from action, but it is true I'm
getting over it. This is basically the unnatural mount caused by the
shoulder injury, but there is a lack of the old certainty, amplified by a
slump I'm into.

The cock had settled after the shot, landing by a small thorn a short
distance ahead, a difficult situation for a dog on an air-worked bird. Quest
hit the mount but the bird gave him only a flick point and flew into the
thorns on the edge of the long spruce woods where I tore up my left shoulder in '77,
happy day. The frustration I would have been spared if that hadn't happened -
until the other shoulder in '84!

We followed and got a fourth point inside the thorns, a cock with no
chance to shoot. Later, with Quest alone, I walked into one that I don't see
how I could have missed had it been a point - a high climb over the trees.
We circled the spruce and back to the car when we took a Brother and Sister
(brother)

clicker then drove back to the Cosner run-off corner and mounted last jig
in the good thorns below the road. Had a grand point that had to have been one
that wasn't there. ^{good cover in} In the bottom below the stripmine, I lay heard and glimpsed
a far grouse flash - I was unaware. One more on the edge below the
road I hunted last while I lay went for the car and picked ^{Quest and} me up near
last light. It was a pleasant day with action, but not enough for October 31st,
and it would have been so good had I made one of those shots. I'm using AA #9
shoot hard but I don't think that's the trouble. Good dog work today.

Found what was almost certainly bear movements in two places in
Cosner corner - large, black, with Geode

2 November / Friday
Mostly sunny, warm 65°
1:40 - 5:30 / 3½ hrs.

Old Falkenstein Farm

Quest

(13)

A beautiful long old road into yesteryear with color burned down to the last flame. I'd wanted to do this for a long time and this was the ideal day. Parked at the south end of the long field on the old Scott King place at a skabby little deer hunting camp, and found the woods road leading to the Old Farm. After all these years distances seem longer, and steeper If the empty home site had a large white pine and a couple of big hemlocks I hadn't remembered. The woods was larger, as I expected, too large for grouse, but this was a walk backward into Time more than a serious hunt. There were occasional thickets but nothing really ideal for grouse. And there was no grouse.

We had the goal of reaching Laurel Run at the far end. The orange trees I remembered were only memory — no trace. The woodland was largely tall large oaks with a mix of half-size hemlocks but far too park-like and open. The curious thing was the way tree roots — big ones — had encroached onto the road. The deer camp hunters had been using the road with some kind of vehicle and there were fresh tracks but no people.

The road had more variation in grade — I'd remembered it as mostly level and shorter — and we kept going well past the mile mark.

Going down the last part, the road really drops and the fallen trees formed barriers — "something there is that doesn't like" — that shut out the vehicle tracks. Near the bottom (?) I came to a human ghost in camouflage — a nice young fellow named John Sylvester, a WVU student, bow hunting. He seemed to want to talk and we chatted for some time. He had an exceptional sense of the beauty of the place and I felt sorry that we spoiled his solitude, but it was a pleasant contact. He had come across Laurel Run from the Rockwell road —

said he would cross on the steep hillside in timber cutting on the
west side. 14/90

We followed the road trees down to Laurel and came to the bridge
abutments — beautiful dressed stone monuments to craftsmanship we
find on these mountain streams, empty remnants of the people who
used them. This bridge has a recollection of Puff & Shadows running over
and back from the south end on a slippery log stringer that was a
relic of the bridge when this was a county road, you see. I recalled
Hornum Dallow telling that this road was the one the bank robbers had used
on what was the last trip for one of them.

I took a photo of Q and I lay on the bridge ramp with the lady
stream below them. We planned to hunt the tramroad grade on the north
side to the mouth of the next hollow and back to the Old Farm, but the
woods had taken over (I couldn't have carried P back through that!).

There was only one way to go and that was up — a nearly 45° hillside
out through open woods. We climbed it, slowly and in spurts, to the
top and began walking the ridge toward the north with the brilliant
sun dropping below tree line on the ridge across Laurel. I lay found
numerous ~~of~~ plants and leaves and things like rattlesnake orchid but
I had to get us out before darkness caught us there. Finally I decided
we had to find the road for easier footing and going east and came out
the way you do in woods — unexpectedly.

Up here the sun was still up, catching the tops of trees in golden
light and we had no trouble making it to the big top field and the station wagon
just as a glorious red ~~gold~~ gold November sky lit the west through the
low trees. It was in a way a ^{with no gain} hopeless heart but that wasn't what we had come
for. We had found manure, which is what ^{remains} of these glorious events
has become. The Woodcock Morn was just bright and it came up big and
pale yellow and glorious and we ~~could~~ ^{could} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~get~~ ^{get} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{all}.

6 November / Tuesday Rifle Ridge
clear, cold, perfect 40°

Quest

15

4:45 - 5:45 / 1 hr.

Canada trap #2

Never, in all my 66 years quinning grouse, have I seen such change in my courts as in this season. Two weeks ago the Gates had altered almost beyond belief. Now on our second Canada trap we stopped at Rifle Ridge and discovered that the new power plant we had seen on Allegheny Mountain was perched on the woodcock knob on the old farm along Bayard, while some monster space ship from another planet.

Abandoning plans to hunt there, we drove on out the road, now improved and wider for truck travel through to Route 93. "Improved" up to the forks, after which the trucks had done their work, cutting ruts or deeps we dragged the little Subaru (hope it didn't do damage). Beyond that, a small lake in the middle of the road turned us back and we gave up.

Returning to the Clarence Friend farm, we parked and, by-passing a small herd of Charolet cattle on his land on the south side, together with a convincing looking young red bull, we got through the fence (I had to take off my shooting vest to extricate myself) and hurried up the slope, trying to beat the lowering sun and increasing cold. Clarence had run into the big flight of cock he described, they certainly weren't here years after. At the top we found the sweet looking woodcock and grouse cover like a Vermont growing-back pasture - hawthorn in small and scattered clumps mixed with small (half-size) hummocks and grass cropped by the cattle with their cow pads and patches. Neither bird has here. We spent an hour covering it and, while disappointed, we found the setting worth the effort. Back at the car, we drove on to the Canon with a feeling however that our most great quest is gone. Hope the balance of our trap and hunt from our Chalet "Shooting box" is better.

7 November / Wednesday Black Bear
Cold, windy, partly sunny 45°
1:00 - 3:30 }
3:30 - 5:10 } 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. NEW
Mallow North

Quest 12 prod
1 kill
1 ret
16/90

IM moved 8/8
o

Found Black Bear Thomas ours alone and parked at Mellie's lodge, walking back ^{the} road to enter at the gate. Quest had been hunting inside the fence, parallel to us and working into the wind, looking birdy all the way - memories? As we climbed the fence we found him on a lovely point at a large hawthorn, a point that raised my blood pressure but which proved empty. We let him set the course and he worked toward the large woods and pointed at the crossing of the small run in a dense hawthorn group that left me little choice for a shot. The cock set me circle to the front, then flushed back over Quest, missing his head by 6".

Points and cock today were too many to recount accurately. We had a second point working up the swampy ravine and I think perhaps another before we crossed and began hunting the hawthorn orchard north. Quest was in ecstasy and scouring the cover at a fast pace but quartering nicely to the gun. He had a point at a small clump of spiraea I tried for and missed. Then cock has my number and yapping loud. Quest broke at shot and chased, a pattern that I have been allowing in order to get more intensity on his points, and because there is little I can do to stop it. We're hunting him today without the shock collar.

Soon after, he had another point in another spiraea clump when the birds were lying out of the wind. At this time Quest had begun reaching a bit too wide and one out of his casts ran into a bird with the stiff wind the wrong way. I saw it at the end but to get

Quest to it but, bird-dog-nature, he ran clockwise. at last, (17)
I swung him in the right direction and he bumped it, rather normal
for ~~freshly~~ ^{freshly} ~~lauded~~ ^{lauded} cock.



ONE THAT STAYED

Quest gave us points on all but two of the leads in swamp and
Ray got a lot of pictures. Finally in more spiraea ^{halfway} ~~partly~~ below
the ledge on top and the balsam swamps, Quest pointed again among
the humpy ground under large Hawthornes and I walked into the thick
growth. Two cock ~~flushed~~ ^{one} - two - and I took the second one and
this time it all came together as normally as if I'd been hitting
constantly. The bird fell, dead, and I called, "I hit it" and I heard Ray's
lovely response about me. I tried to get Quest in to search but he
scarcely knew what I meant, it's been so long. I felt no need to hurry
for the hit had been direct, and Ray and I began a leisurely search
while Quest circled around us. Finally it began to appear more normal
after the two of us and Quest failed ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~to find~~ the spiraea was done
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One that came with the Woodcock Moon, and stayed.

and it seemed the 'cock must be dangling on a branch or in the small hawthorn in the center or less with my recall of the fall but soon with eyes beginning to cramp from the stream, it simply went there.

Quail had quarantined the area, trying, and I started back to re-align my picture of the hut when Kay cried "Here it is!!" - a gorgeous girl.

It was lying breast up in the thick bass of the spruce, so dense it seemed impossible the woodcock could have fallen through. I finally got Quail on the scent and he picked it up and came out with the bird, after having dropped it once. It was a moment of high emotion and we are well ~~at~~ shot our woodcock that meant so much after years without a hit. The shoulders will trouble us further but this time they worked and the little 28 boy finally was blooded. It called for a pause to eat sitting on some of the strange ^{limestone} outcrop ~~rocks~~ that occurs in the Valley with

(19)

the balsam swamp and the tall spikes of trees below us. The
'cock was a yearling male, clustered by the AA sheet #9's. There was that
moment of regret but a feeling, too, that this had to be, ~~and~~ and it made
me whole again.

We crept the upper edge of the alders, letting Quest explore the interior,
then climbed the grade to the car at the lodge on the hill. I lay down to the
gate while I worked Quest down into the wind, and he couldn't stop

We drove to the Mall area and parked at the opening and a steep ditch,
and began hunting this new covert at 3:50. We had "tested" the roadside edge a
couple of times but we discovered a good spread of heathcrows and some small woods
patches, a new covert to balance the loss of some old ones. The cattle grazing had been
on the west side of a fence and this is Mon. Poore land. At first it looked
dubious, with one point and one woodcock, then at the far end where the
heathcrows thin out we had another point and another cock - no shots.

As we doubled back, crossing under the big spruce and the
mud road back that follows it, we began seeing other birds. We had
some grand points and two of them held a brace of cock. The last one at
fading light was a pair, one giving me a shot against the sky that seemed
possible but which I missed, feeling I was hitting.

The mood of our grand day, and I fell asleep that night, living it
over. Perhaps, as Kay says, the Glorious Twenty-Fifth should be
changed to the Glorious Seventh!

8 November / Thursday Back Road to North Branch Blackwater Quert 20/90
partly sunny, cool, 40° 3 prod.

1:40 - 2:10 / } 2 1/2 hrs. Mallow South

3:10 - 5:10 / } Mallow North

moved 1/2

moved 5/5

1 shot / 0

Quert likes our Chalet shooting box, even if the flies keep falling down dead from the high ceiling. Weather has been spectacular all four days of this second Comman trap. This is our first season back here since

Bellows last in '88.

Started today to try the Back Road, parking at the Cortland Road.

The old road down to the North Branch of the Blackwater — a slow stream here — was so unchanged as any coast I know, only the spruce trees larger.

Quert ran into a woodcock in the good corner at the roadside, a male that lifted and dropped immediately, and then flushed again from Quert. That was the only bird in here, although we hunted the coast for half an hour, ending at first hawthorn corner, which had some bit of whitewash. I wonder if cock follow previous birds' whitewash as sign of good feeding.

We drove to the Wemin Spring (1932) for water, then ~~to~~ ⁱⁿ the Reservoir Hill road, only to be blocked by a cable and No Trespassing sign, wiping out our plan to try Belay Warden's advice.

We returned to the Cortland Road and Mallow South, hunting down the west side of the spruce swamp through cover (hawthornes and shrubs) that looked perfect. But woodcock will do what they want, not what the ralls say, and we didn't see a feather, not even after we ate lunch on a log near the last hawthorn corner that "never lets us down" — poor choice of words. Quert had his foot point and a grand one, empty, but he was standing on and surrounded by it

We moved across to North Malton where we arrived 8 yesterday.

Another good point pumped the blood pressure up but our moss was empty.

Working the cover in reverse today, as came to the prevailing and good cover on the right. Day was leaving, to move the car from the gated entrance when I called to him that Quert was pointing over moss. He was on the edge of the woods, pointing toward me. I walked in, still with 'cock fever' after all this time away from them, and the bird came out right-to-left across the open hollow and I fluffed it, shooting off my traps with Quert in hot pursuit. I expressed myself in positive terms; why can't I get back in form?

Day and I separated and I hunted ~~around the~~ the eastern north border of the ~~large~~ patch of woods, ~~in the area we covered yesterday.~~ In the bottom in one of those lovely little grassy openings among large Hawthorns that are so prevalent in this covert, Quert gave me another grand point, higher and the best better than he's managed this season in most points. Again, it was without a bird.

I circled the north edge of the larger woods where we had hunted yesterday and again I saw him well ahead and on point in another nice little glade. I walked in, up tight, regardless of the empty points at hand, and our moss nothing happened. Quert, accepting my presence as meaning no bird, moved ⁱⁿ and I saw him jerk and dash in, and I counted at a production on a bird I didn't see.

It was getting on toward 5:00 and I expected Day to be walking toward us. In a tangle of brush and branches ~~at the~~ around a large beech (why do beech drop so many branches) Quert was on point again, very hot and headed into, almost standing in, the tangle. I made a nearly complete circle to the other side of him and again, no bird. As I stood, waiting, I saw Quert make a dash through the brush as a 'cock took off low and fast up the

slopes and I tried unsuccessfully to mount and stand with my arm locked, unable to shoot.

✓ the long years of discipline with the Churchill mount have done their work, and unless I ^{force} myself to hold the gun at my waist, I can't get it out of the under-the-arm position, leaving the shoulder paralyzed.

I find if I can start the mount low enough and bring it up with momentum, I can set the stock to my cheek and into the shoulder. But too often, I shoot from the righticeps. This time I didn't get to shoot at all.

Quest had chased ignominiously and as he came back to the side of the pond, a second cock flushed and Quest went after it, preventing my taking a shot at it. Quest and I need some settling down.

at that time I heard Kay call me, and she came to me and we hunted over the top of the air, with Quest running onto #5, which flushed across the Cottland Road. That was it, a day that had action at the end but not up to yesterday. Soon after my shot and news we saw a fox hunter walking across the bottom below us, and I wonder how many woodcock those fellows put out — birds we would have found.

9 November / Friday
cloudy, cool, threat of rain 45°
sprinkles later.
1:30 - 2:45 / 1 1/2 hrs.
1M

Black Bear
mowed 7/8
2 shots / 1 hit

Quest 6 prod
1 kill
1 ret

Packed and checked out, we hunted this grand spread of Hawthorns for our last day. We repeated our hunt the last time, walking the road from the Miller lodge to the gate, where Quest repeated and had a point almost at once. The cock went out low in a nice chance and Quest blew my shot by running in. It is disturbing to have the gunner's head with

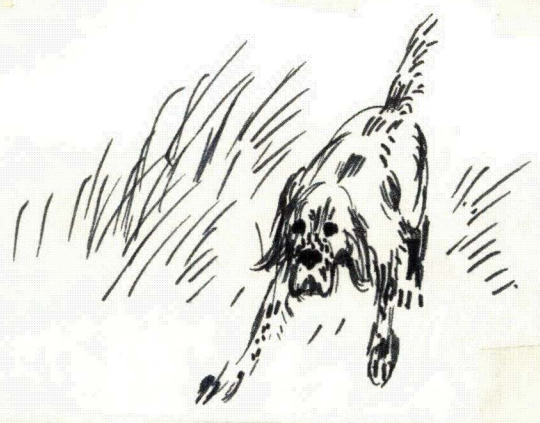
Quert had steady to shot in this one, after previous shot.

the safety off. Letting him chest has fired him up, and he was racing all over the cover. At the crossing of the mud road and the ravine run, he pointed in the same place as on Wednesday. ^I Cay warned me with the H-whistle signal. The same as the bird before, with no chance to shoot because of the thick thorns.

On a relocation, Quert had another point on the same bird, which lifted, nervous, before we could approach. We turned back and hunted north, with another point almost at once, a 'cock that gave me a grand left-quartering shot and I shot off my righticeps, as I did yesterday and missed. I have about decided that it is impossible, with my shoulder limitations, to left the gun - right as it is - with both hands. I know I fail to mount if I am in the Churchill #1 position, and am of the opinion it is too unreliable to try from the below the elbow start. I decided to try the one-hand method, with gunstock in the groin on the next shot. There was a #4 'cock-and-bout somewhere ^{along} about now.

Quert was about us in his rapid coverage and ran onto a bird #5, much like Wednesday. As we approached the upper end Cay had to touch Quert who was far out of contact and right and got a sharp response but no sight of him. She suggested that he must be on point and we hurried to him. ~~I~~ I pushed through some swamp grass ^{and} walked into a 'cock, #6, then moved through the ^{long} hawthorns and found him pointing toward me in the exact clump of *Spiraea* where I shot the bird Wednesday.

Cay got a picture of the point, front view, her last on the Nikon film, and at that moment the 'cock flushed straightaway and well up. I had had the sense to hold the gun in the one-hand position, letting it fall into my left hand in a bounding mount and came up on the bird, as it leveled. The pattern caught it well out and it fell solidly ^{again} like Wednesday.



Quest was on the bird, which fluttered, and he had it, holding it in his mouth and looking at me. He came toward me with it, dropped it and came to me, somewhat confused, then went back when I started toward it, and completed a nice retreat and delivery through the waxy bark. Again, I was an immature male, a lovely repeat of the Wednesday experience. It is so good when it happens.

It seems the one-hand grasp with the left hand free until the mount begins is something to try, overcoming the paralysis that locks the shoulders, with the momentum of the mounting lift, almost throwing the gun to the shoulder. There may be some forces, but it is better than not getting it up at all, and most of all, ^{getting} ~~keeping~~ the gunstock ^{to} on the shoulder, not the upper right arm.

It was another happy moment - a point, a shot, a hit, a retriever - all menses forgotten, all wild ransing forgiven.

to complete the repeated action, we sat on the same rocks to eat. I may took a close-up of the lovely woodcock lying on the graystones, a color contrast with the soft tones of the bird in a low key. We'll see.

We had smelled wood smoke at the Miller place, and we rolled under the fence, and stopped to talk to Brenda Miller, who came out to West Virginia and Regional History Center.

We left at 3:00 and drove home in daylight in an hour and thirty-one minutes to our lane. Found everything safe and beautiful, and the trees November-bare. A grand trip.

A brace of woodcock hang on the beam-log walls of the porch for the first time in years. All is well at Old Hemlock once again.

14 November / Wednesday
clear, sunny, cool 45°
2:20 - 3:50 }
4:10 - 5:20 } 2 ³/₄ hr.

Black Bear
moved 12/15 - no photo
Countdown Road
Mallow
moved 1/2

Quest & prod.

Another gorgeous day in this long stretch of magnificent weather. Back for a one-day trip to this great hawthorn covert that this season seems to be ours alone. Quest is nursing a strained left forearm but although limping on it at home, ran beautifully today. We parked, as we did the three former hunts here, at Muller's lodge and walked the road to the gate, where Quest immediately began searching for what he knew was there.

At the mud road crossing he pointed on the far side left and a 'cock flushed before I quite reached him. Quest, who is wearing the training collar to break him of chasing, bled and pursued the bird, only to have two more flush after he had gone. I lay touched Quest with the shock but I didn't stop him. All three 'cock had gone to the large woods but we didn't relocate them.

Once more on the little run, we had another point with two more birds, and it seemed we were into a flight. We had another brace that flushed when Quest ran onto them after an attempt to work scent.

Action was so fast and points so numerous it is difficult to account for each separately. Quest's tail was fair on most points today but not above level, in spite of my having encouraged him to chest at flush. That has worked against me unfortunately, for on at least three points today Quest's breaking blocked what seemed would have been a good shot, with my gun almost on the bird and Quest's head at the same time, a frustrating and dangerous situation. It begins to tell me when you find yourself approaching very ~~the~~ flush convinced you aren't going to get the shot.

The shock collar is the answer but today it failed to reach Quest, and I suspect the hair on his neck needs thinning. It is also hard to use the collar and take photos simultaneously, but I did manage most of the time.

At the magic spiraea we had a woodcock flush nearby but not quite a complete point. This was the most woodcock we have raised in here, a wonderful hour-and-a-half with ~~thirteen~~ twelve cock for fifteen flushes. It was disappointing to have all those flushes and no shot, but Quest had a grand day's hunting.

We drove to the Courtland road and worked the north court in the last hour and, although Quest had three convincing points, all proved empty — as wonder if birds had been put up earlier by bow hunters. At fading light we crossed to the Mallon corner and immediately had a flush from ahead of Quest — a bird that settled within twenty yards, with a flush point and again a quick flush — no fault of Quest's. It is odd how good courts can be empty a week after holding cock, but that is the way of woodcock. We had planned to take the Chelet again this week but decided against it. The one-day trip saved a lot of parking, but the round trip drive is bragging with all those headlights (why so many cars?) that it was fine day.

16 November / Friday

Poplar House

Quest 6 Nov

(27)

partly cloudy, mild, 50°

wood 1/1

2:20-3:50 }
4:30-5:30 } 2 1/2 hrs.

Covert #1
wood 4/6

✓ are a game of chance, with
Woodcock have the charm of the unpredictable — whether you will find them

in a given covert, ~~and~~ ^{or} on the day you go there, two major factors of chance. It seems they were especially so this season. Having hunted the Lanes Valley so many times this year, we felt the urge to go back to the Mt. Storm coverts, and so drove down for the afternoon in another grand piece of weather.

This has been ^{one of} the most glorious autumns with a string of lovely weather through most of October and the first half of November.

One regrettable aspect of the gunning this season is an increased show of antagonism toward hunters, revealed in the plethora of posting, especially in the Mt. Storm country. And considering the hordes of hunters, I don't blame the landowner. But I do feel resentment for the type of people who block off large areas by posting land they don't own, people like the Hawks who seem to be dominating the ^{land} ^{ground} Mt. Storm. As you get mileage on you, you tend to dwell on the days when this was not so.

The entrance to the Poplar House was no longer closed with a deep ditch, but the conspicuous notices were unpleasant, and they drove on down the road to just beyond the rail fence corner and parked at a wide place in the road.

We climbed the first- and six- rail fences and started at the upper corner, which looked just as ~~they~~ it had on the afternoon of Belle's lovely point — warm Indian summer with the hawthorns the spray of gum barrels in "the white," but without the woodcock, or even whitered. The only trace of intruders was a

plastic rust cups in the dry leaves, probably from this year.

28/
'90

Today, instead of ~~continuing~~ hunting the covert in my usual manner, I turned down the hill and followed the little run with its soggy margins and began to find whitewash, a continual string of it all the way to the bottom. There, I came to Quert on point, hot and believing — I could see it in his face — but although there was much

whitewash there was no bird.

We hunted south along the lower edge until we began to run out of hawthorns, with occasional whitewash splashing most of the way. I can't recall so much evidence of cove with no birds present. Some of it was dried, other was wet and fresh. The cove had been here but as we went at the right time.

Turning back, we hunted a higher swath of cover until within sight of the tall trees and the rail fence along the road, Quert had a good point. As with most hawthorn cover, it seemed impossible to approach and have a chance for a shot. The flush, when it came, was fifteen or more yards ahead of Quert, high and over and through dense branches, a male bird that flushed toward the bottom.

At the road, Kay walked up the hill for the car and I took Quert onto Clyde Davis's side at the old entrance and hunted to the first room and up to the road, passing the giant locust tree of Kay's photo. This cover is barren now, too open, too nothing, and only memories

Kay came up, having turned the station wagon, and we drove to Mt. Storm and Covert #1, going down the old back road to where Doug Richardson used to live. The back road is blocked at that site, and I went to the house to ask permission to park

us as "The people with the dog." She informed me that the area was closed to hunting by "the Hawks," and it looked too open. That country is "junkie" — junky cars and junky people. Where is the charm of other days?

(29)

We decided to park back of the tavern now called the "V.F.W. Restaurant." We started into the woods at 4:30, tramping around piles of trash and plastic jugs and bags and finally getting into the woods, which looked much the same.

In the alders at the far side of the broken fence, and the big log — still there but ~~not~~ bare of the path when I kept ~~the~~ ^{my} ~~movie~~ ^{movie} camera caught Bliss's point and my shot and the retriever in a time crypted that will always be ours — Quert pointed. The cock flushed toward us and landed about at our feet between Quert and us. I got him back away from the highway and to the bird, which lifted without a point — typical of newly-landed cock.

We found the new house farther back in the cover with more grass than expected, and started it into the dense hawthorns of the hillside.

Almost immediately Quert was in point in the center of the thicket, impossible to penetrate, and finally the bird, a large hen that sounded like a quail going out flushed. It marked its direction but could not see how far it flew.

The hawthorns are eight or more feet tall here with only small openings here and there, and I tried to follow the flush. We soon had another point, hot, and the flush again sounded like a quail's wings. I noticed that Quert stood well at flush — the thick cover precludes chasing and I think would soon correct it. The flushes are high top-outs that would offer shots, but again, the thick cover took care of that.

We decided the bird was a relocation of the previous one for two reasons — it sounded like the first, and because it did not seem to be the first

30/90

likely have gone, if further.

We had two more points with no chance to shoot and I lay felt we should turn back if we were to get out of covert before dark. We were close to the field behind the house and moved promptly through the alder corner with much whistling to keep Quent away from Pet. 50. Just after we crossed the stream and were nearly to the tavern, a young man appeared quietly behind us, very solid looking with a six-gun in a holster on his belt. He was firmly opposed to our being there and I don't blame him. He was Paul Rinker, the son of Luther Rinker, who owned the land. After I explained that his father had given us permission to hunt there, years before, he became relaxed and quite courteous. We parted on a friendly note, but it is awkward. Young Rinker said there was a bear with cubs that used the area, that you could feed her by hand, and that she was the cause of the track stream about the edge of the woods.

The short turn in covert #1, convinced me there would have been more 'cock further out, but the character of the thicket leaves doubts as to a chance to shoot.

It was a good afternoon in many ways but there was a sense, too, of the season getting away from me with this last day we'll be hunting 'cock this year, accentuated by the barrenness of the November woods, which ~~is~~ is an empty black. Write a piece "Where are they?"

19 November / Monday

NEW Harriet Bryner

Quest

(31)

cld, sunny, 40°

2:50 - 4:40 / 13 1/2 hr.

The beautiful weather continues. Here goes for another try at Pennsylvania after two years. I could sum this event up with a round zero, but the magnificent mountains and the immensity of the country are too grand to pass over. (My Penna diary was in the mail.)

We drove to the Linton School with visions of the gross Mark Voth reported — I wonder — but found ourselves preempted by a group of trucks and road machinery and work on the Hancey Run road. We retreated to the hillside of grapevines and the ~~small~~ house we identify with notices we saw last spring with the name Harriet Bryner.

We drove the short distance up the appalling road that, according to the 1908 Top map, doesn't exist. Kay maneuvered the little Subaru station wagon up the rocky road with ice on it in one place, and we found the Bryner house no longer there — burned but unfortunately not the track around it. The act was either vandalism or an attempt at sanitation but had failed.

It was getting late after our change of plans and I hurried into a quilted under jacket and we started up through the hummocks that wrap in the place, hoping the two geans we moved in the spring had reproduced. They hadn't.

Kay and Quest was pointing just above the hummocks and I found him on a noble point, head up, tail level, standing in a tangled corner of grapevines. There was grapes scattered on the ground and hanging on the vines overhead and it looked real. It wasn't, but here had to have been a gross there.

We hunted south along the steep hillside through and around tangles of ^{32/96}
vines and greenbrier — grapes on the vines, no berries on the greenbrier, with
my left foot rolling ~~to~~ ^{on} the side from the steepness of the ridge.

Finally we came to more open woods with the better cover below
us but too thick to be mining and we climbed steeply to the crest of the
ridge into better cover on top. There was a lot of ferns foot-killed
and a feel of a deep valley on the west. We paused to lean against tree
trunks to eat lunch — no logs or rocks.

We had climbed up out of the shade of the grapevine hillside and
into the sun once more, but it was dropping lower in the southwest, and
we turned back and hunted the ridge crest until we came to the old road
we had parked on below. Up here it was in good shape and it pitched down
the west side into I don't know where, a nonexistent road on a map going
no place.

On the far side of the road we found a woods road leading north
through the ~~thick~~ most-expansive growth of blackberry briars I've seen.
The road led to a domestic powerline that crossed with nothing domestic
within miles - there was a fence and an immense pasture that swept down over
the mountainside with a small burping lot under sorghums, also fenced, and
a view east of mountains that took your breath. It was probably a
northern extension of Winding Ridge and it ran north into infinity.

It was getting late but, with obviously no grouse to hunt, we took the
time to walk across the big sweep of grassland to examine the cemetery. It
was fenced together like the pasture with new wire, as though to
keep the world out and the dead in. There was a number of

medium pines and a large ~~mountain~~ spruce and a cedar. The tombstones, (33)
not over two dozen, was a mix of ~~old and new~~ and old, my child ^{that did} ~~modern or~~
in 1895. The two prevalent family names were ^{Adams &} Roebuck (my ^{had}
an unsemply "Dad" and an mixed drawing of a hunter and a buck,
another ^{with} just a buck — bad art but nice thought). We had to get
morning or be caught up ^{was} on the mountain a deer. I slid the
well made bolt home on the graveyard gate and put the Roebucks
and Adams back to sleep them on their mountain. I can't fathom how
they were got up there.

We entered good woods ~~was~~ and hunted diagonally down and
toward the road through excellent hardwood and grapevine cover until we
came out on the road not far above the burned-out Taylor house and the car.

Took another circle through the timber and came on a nest on point
in the grapevines in the exact spot and the exact portion of his point
at the start of our hunt. There was nothing. Can a nest hold a ghost?

I hunted down over to a lovely spring made unlovely by
broken glass. A stream of water fuller ~~than~~ than even the Weimer Spring
poured out of a rusty pipe into and through a plastic drain pipe
and into a half boiler sitting trough. Why can't natural things
be allowed to remain natural?

Day One in Pennsylvania both zero and full.

20 November Tuesday
clear, perfect, mild 48°

NEW Spruce Flats
moved 1/1

Quest 1 prod

34/90

2:30 - 4:00 }
4:20 - 5:10 } 2 1/2 hrs

NEW King Bridge

There's a whisper on the night wind,
There's a star aglow to guide us,
And the Wild is calling, calling.
Let us go.

And that is all. The second day in Pennsylvania with no more than we have in our barren coverts in West Virginia. We drove the long distance to Mark Volke's coverts, found fair cover in this game land — dense regrowth after clearcutting, and like all clearcutting almost no way to penetrate it.

Ray called that Quest had a point but before I could reach him, Ray thought he heard a grouse flush. That was the sport for the day. We hunted about an hour and a half and came back to the road well below the car, crossed, and then drove to the top of the hill and hunted until 4:00, with a convincing point that also convinced Quest but proved empty, after Ray pushed into the dense cover about the path. It was good enough cover near the road but spread too much down the north slope, and since we wanted to hunt the good woods we

flat at King Bridge) as returned to the car and drove there. This big flat with I don't-know-what kind of bushes was one of those places that would have been a great covert if there had been birds. There weren't.

The day was good for the magnificent mountains, but it appears that our 'cuck' shooting will be the season for us. Have never seen grouse so nonexistent.

at least as was away from the deer hunting in W.V. And the lovely new moon. Hunter's Moon?

21 November Wednesday
partly sunny, mild 50°

Winding Ridge

Quest

35

2:30-3:40 }
4:00-~~4:30~~ } 1 3/4 hr.

Addison

It is a different world from the fifties when grouse hunting was something beyond a state of mind. Today, when you can find the few coverts that have cover, you still don't find grouse; formerly, if a piece of cover looked good, there was a likelihood that birds would be there. This season, other than the good action we had in 'cock, grouse are nonexistent. To date we have hunted in 20 coverts, but most of them were woodscock coverts but one of the two grouse moved was in one of these, and we have moved 2 grouse, a 0.1 bird/covert ratio in both WU & Pa; a 0.066 in WV.

We drove to Winding Ridge and parked on the old road bypass and hunted out a totally unfamiliar area, finally facing the fact that it was not the road I used to hunt. The cover was all left open timber that had been cut selectively years ago and now was barren bird cover. Going up, we hunted one of the many road tracks to a higher elevation and had a good point by Quest in a not very promising corner. It laid up to its promise. I walked around Quest who held solidly - poor boy, he's getting a little foggy, too - with no bird.

We came out on the trail road I'd been looking for and it still had no trace of the clearcut Wright Spruiger had described, and we walked it back to the paved road, coming out about a hundred yards or less above the station wagon. There is no cover here.

at 3:10 we drove to Addison and parked beyond the cemetery ball park, and took a half hour turn in Pete Augustinus' woods - grapefruit and grapes in front corner but open oak woods elsewhere. With no incentive and no faith, I quit up and we walked the field back to the original corner and the car. Quest never let up. If there had been a grouse that he would have found it. A wanted day.

23 November / Friday

Henckel

Quest

36/90

mild, ~~partly~~ sunny, 55° moved 4/4

2:30 - 5:30 / 3 hrs. 0

This splendid weather continues after some (rain Thanksgiving) yesterday. We parked at Sue & Max Henckel's old trailer and walked the woods road to the forks through good cover, carefully keeping Quest at heel as we passed the clearing where Bolton was caught in the trap.

Today we took the low road along Fishy Run through grand hemlock and rhododendron cover. About a third of the way down, a grouse flushed from the left side, straightaway and in the clear. I'll never have a better shot, and I reacted by exclaiming there's a grouse! instead of mounting and shooting — so much for the warped brain after years of not seeing them.



THE PERFECT CHANCE

It wasn't fifteen feet off the path and Quest must have passed that close to it. We called him in and he hit next immediately and froze in a crouched point, immediately while I walked around in case there was a second bird. Why?

Further down the valley and beyond the gap path up over the cliff we saw ~~another~~ another grouse flash from the path and top out over the trees. It was fifty yards from us and in the general area where Quest was working.

Shortly afterwards Ray heard a third grouse go out about the right of the path, another bird that Quest should have found.

We hunted down the path beyond our usual turning back and once again was blocked by the lack of a trail and by rhododendron and rocks. There are giant boulders ~~in~~ here that seemed to have once

separated from the huge rocks in the cliff above us. It was wonderful (37)
to be in ~~contact with~~ ^{moving} ground again, and hear the rushing water of the stream
and smell the smells of November and breathe that air.

Instead of returning to the gap path, we worked our way up the
steep hill to the trail on top, and took it left and up over the "shoulder"
clearing, eating lunch on two rocks in the thick cover to the left, with the
(sun lowering) casting light (pale November) on the tops of trees to our
left.

After eating, we ~~worked~~ hunted the left path toward the deer camp,
passing the hamlock where a brace once flanked. At the trail that ~~was~~ ^{leads}
up the slope toward the top clearing, we turned and hunted that direction.

Quest gave us an excellent-looking point that ~~looked~~ ^{seemed} very real but
proved empty. Soon after that we began hearing loud rifle reports from the
deer camp - sighting-in for next week's season. Then they heard
"a small sound" and glimpsed a very distant grouse flushing with no
relation to Quest, going toward the upper clearing.

We came out on that lovely memory spot of the seven grouse, but
with no birds today. We hunted the top trail - very dim in places - to the
far clearing and paused for a breather before the long trek to the car, the
shooting having stopped.

On the way back, Quest continued his magnificent quartering
left and right in perfect coverage, yet with no points on the four
grouse we moved. Why? when there are these careful points with no birds?

At the trap clearing we again steered him past the spot and
on toward the car, branching onto the side fork as the easier way.

38/90
Then we heard it, that awful yell that says traps, and I
gave my gun to Kay and scrambled over rocks and through cover
to where Quest was screaming. He was porting over a log and it had him
by his left paw. It was the first time he had been in a trap and he was terrified.
When he saw me he continued to yell until I got to him and tried to quiet him.
It was one of those little short-spring traps and seemed to be a rough spring,
which I squeezed down and got loose, although ~~his~~ his foot seemed
still caught for a moment. I just got him free when the other trap
sprang and caught him by the right hind foot. There is always a
second one and I'd been expecting it. This one, another short spring, was a
double spring trap and it took some doing to squeeze both springs down
simultaneously but I managed. At such times I get furious at the stupidity
of traps and the people who use them and I wouldn't trust myself if I
saw the trapper at that moment. Trapping should be outlawed and the
stupid game laws that encourage it.

Quest quieted down when I got him free and by some miracle
wasn't limping. As I write this the next morning, my right handballs are
swollen from the strain exerted to squeeze those springs. At those times, you
generate more strength than you are aware of. Quest has no residual effects,
which seems the usual result of a conflict with traps, thanks be.

Otherwise, it was a grand afternoon. The end of Pleasanton Week.

10 December / Monday
Sunny, cool, 42°

Evan Bishop
o

Quest

39

2:30 - 4:00 / 1½ hr. First day out after deer season, a lovely sunny day in a long string of gorgeous weather through November. The only bad days being the first three of last week, after which the deer season started us in again. I hoped we might find a late woodcock in Evan Bishop's swamp, not to mention a grouse.

It looked promising when we started up the left side of the run and came to a log with fresh, but small, grouse droppings. Was it a drumming log? or just a convenient place? The cover in here is excellent bottomland but the droppings were all we found, except a big rabbit that nearly ran me down.

On the way home, after stopping early, we had a magnificent view of the Bryans Mountains. We had seen them from this flat before, and today coming in from the Sky Store, but ~~not~~ in the late afternoon light we have never seen the huge expanse of Bryans so impressively lighted, with Roaring Gap described in shadow and the entire range from the northern end far into the south below Cadell Mountain. It was disappointing to find no birds - Quest had a couple of snuffly points - but it was grand to be hunting over more.

11 December / Tuesday

Beautiful sunny day, cool 44°

NEW

Greenwich School

Quest

2:30 - 4:30 / 2 hrs.

March 2/2

I've wanted to try the old house covert on the Greenwich School road since we discovered it this summer. This was a gorgeous day to try a new covert, but the place is plastered with notices. I knew they were basically for the recent deer season, but it gives you a culpable feeling to equate them and trespass.

It's nearly impossible to track down the landowners and most of the notices 40/90
are unsigned (as are my own). But I'm opposed to absentee leases blocking
off large areas for deer hunting and shutting me out, and so we scoured.

The afternoon was beautiful and started out in a legendary manner with
a grouse that flushed from below the road out of hemlocks when I slammed the
car door. I say heard and saw it - I didn't - but it flushed toward
a house that is in the valley to the east. Quent made a good post-point at the spot.
The house to the empty house site we were headed for was not
only posted it was screaming with large signs in red painted on Paris green boards,
and there was a cable across, but we innocently went on. A secondary path or
road circled the ^{steep} hill on the left, winding up through good thorn thicket.

I say heard a grouse flush - I never do - from our left as we topped out.
I say said Quent's bill stopped at the area of the flush.

We chose not to follow but to hunt the crest of the hill back above
the house, which appears to be partly repaired, and where we raised two grouse
when we saw her this summer. Quent had two points, very staunch but empty,
and my adrenaline got a workout. We saw traces of the white smasher that we
found in August, dried.

The cover is good around the crown of the hill and we hunted it well
into the north to a big top field with a distant house, that may be summer
people. We stopped for lunch sitting on some rocks near the vehicle road that
tops the ridge before dropping down toward Laurel Run.

On the way back along the road here, Quent but scent and I
saw him wheel to the right and point, but although we tracked it steadily,
there was nothing there. Again he had a best bird point in dense weeds on the margin
of the woods below, unbelievable but empty. If all this is grouse scent, where are
the birds?

(41)

We finally came to the hilly woods above the Greenwell road and the station were visible below and we ended another nice afternoon's walk. Why do the days that start out hopefully with a drumming log or a grouse flush — even two — end with nothing more?

14 December / Friday

Clear, sunny, cold 40°

2:45 - 4:55 / 2¼ hrs.

Paul's Place

scored 1/1
0

Quest

No one could want better grouse cover than what was on the Paul's Place coast. We started on the flat above the two shacks — one the chickens'; one Paul's, who is still staying at Nicholas's. We hunted the greenbrier/grapevine cover (no grapes this year) and across to the mud road. There on the margin even they heard a grouse flush nearby and we could only estimate where it went.

Unable to follow accurately, we made a short sort in the opening below where we flushed three from the point of land where we hunted here three years ago. Quest seemed to remember them, for he combed the sheer wall two times; what a hunter! We discovered what appeared to be a dirt road leading down on the left into the maze of humps left by the stripminer — what looked good but had no birds.

Hunted lower than we had been before into good cover but opening a bit, then worked east into more grapevine/hump combinations. Finally climbed back up to the opening below the 3-groove promontory and up to the train. From there, we worked our way through a maze of autumn dune that had grown into a tangle. I see no serious value to this plant unless to form impenetrable cover as it matures, spreading branches horizontally and turned-down, ~~above it~~ with adjacent bushes.

42/90
as we got higher and nearer the pines (on top) I saw autumn doves
larger than I thought it would grow — some trunks up to eight inches
thick, ~~and~~ growing to twelve feet in height. Some had rotted and fallen,
an unpleasant cover to have to worm through.

at the top, I lay heard the grouse flush wild in almost the exact
place we expected it. Good beating, but when you get a rare flush in here,
there is almost never a chance to shoot.

We came out on the deer camp clearing, with litter, and hunted
through the last neck of woods to Paul's Holdings. There, on a
greenbrier tangle on the right, Quert gave us a perfect point,
tail level and stiff even with the top bandage, and head high. I
poked through and around but there was nothing — as there has been
nothing in nearly every covert we've tried this season, the worst of my
66 seasons on grouse. West Virginia is a total game barren.

The day was lovely to be out — cold and snappy and good
exercise but, oh what a disappointment. This amazing weather! Great.

2 January '91 / Wednesday The Thorns Quert 1 prod
Cloudy to broken, 40° mixed 3/3
3:10 - 4:55 / 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. 0

To the Thorns after nearly three weeks shut in by deer season
(muzzleloader) and weather. It was good to be out. Poked at last and
hunted this grand covert in reverse, only to run into Mark Murphy
coming out with a brace of beagles. Just then two grouse flushed from the
dense thicket from Mark or his beagles; I lay and I saw one fly north
to far large woods at upper end of the covert, the other Mark said flew

(43)

down over the road. Mark left by horse, on foot, and we took the
dew woods path up through the thick regrowth.
The hill was steep and the pull of it felt good, with the damp
cold air. Quest was hunting well, his bell weaving through the cover.
At the north end we hunted down over the neck of large timber, expecting
the grouse anywhere in the deep ravine that cuts it in a curve to the
bottom and the open strip of field but feel the bird almost had
to have reflected. There was no place else for it to be.

On top in the rather too open woods near where young Belton made
a point on three grouse one fine afternoon, Quest gave us a staunch
point with a poor tail. I walked around in front of him with no result,
while he held the unit sent on, only to go roled again. It proved to be
a scattering of feathers from a small bird killed by a hawk.

We hunted to the lower edge above Lake Noel and south to the
hillside road that took us to the top. There we covered the south
side of the Hawthorns about halfway east, and ate lunch on a broken-
over tree that cracked until my weight and let me down on
my bottom!

Finally we turned down to the road at the ^{old} loading clearing and Quest
and I hunted the excellent lower edge cover while Kay took the road to
where I joined her. At the upper end and within sight of the car, Kay
remarked, "Is that Quest pointing?" and there he was on the steep hillside
in the dense clearcut cover. I worked my way up to him while he held
immovible, his head proud, his tail rigid and level in spite of the tail
bandage he was wearing. It seemed like another empty one and he at
last moved up the hillside after I had ^{gone as far as I wanted}, then, at

top we heard the sound of quail wings "croaking out of copse" somewhere near where Quest was. A grand seed of day. 44/90



AND THERE HE WAS.

5 January / Saturday
overcast 32° to 40°
ended rain
2:25 - ~~4:55~~ / 2 hrs.
4:25

Little Sandy North

Quest

moved 1/1
0

One of my most dramatic coverts. This entire valley, unshaded, is like that. The big cliffs and boulders at the lower end and ^{where water stream} are magnificent; grapevines on the hillsides beyond the powerline with some grapes. But scenery and grand cover is all there is. James Seese had moved a couple of birds near the old castle place and we built up hope.

On the hillsides below the grapevines where the path levels off, we lost touch with Quest who was working magnificently. We'd last heard his bell somewhere above us and I had to find out if he was on point and so began the stiff climb. This ridge is steep and higher than it seems and is all perfect cover - logs, rocks, grapevines and bears. Quest came to us and before long was on a grand point into a tangle that had to hold a grouse. It didn't but it surely must have.

Came up here and in excellent cover, we hunted along below the

brow of the ridge. At one place I heard what I think was the crack of wings against trees and count at a guess, only a hint but the only one of the day. (45) '90

We topped out on the drill exploration road and near the big field on the lastest place, and here the rain began to drop down. I took time to have some of my chicken breast in the hope the weather would hold off but it had warmed up and was determined to precipitate, so we started back. Turkey screechings and droppings all over.

At the powerline we turned down - had found birds on this right-of-way at end of day. It is a thrilling view down, down to the rocks and boulders at the bottom and up, up the far side, with our huge spans of cables from the uprights at the crest of each side, measuring the enormous valley.

Going down is as strenuous as going up, handicapped by dense blackberry stands, but the deer had done it and we did. The rain was getting serious about it now, and we stepped it out briskly down the path, with white water of big Little Sandy pounded beside us all the way, and Quert never stopped hunting. One tiny sound that could have been a grouse and the invisible wild turkeys that left their spoor, but what a place to be in and live and breathe.

So far in WV we've moved 8 grouse in 23 counts / 0.35 bird/count. This is obscene.

2 February / Saturday ^{NEW} Kelly / Beaver Quert
perfect, sunny, cool 44° 0

3:15 - 5:45 / 2 1/2

This was a lovely walk, first time out since Jan. 5. Some patches of snow left. Hunted new cover on a grand woods road through barren pole cover, Quert covering all the way. At supper end we got into a grumble of old stripmine diggings with good grapevines and dried grapes but not even grouse tracks. Walked back the way we had come, unable to bring ourselves to mount the enormous spoil pile barrier about us. One more empty day.

4 February, Monday
warm - 50°

Ray Guthrie

Quest 46/90

2 1/2 hrs.

moved 1-1 (mere sound)
0 shots

I made the mistake of hunting after taking a 60 mg Seldane, thinking it had no depressing effect. It did, though I didn't identify it at the time. Dragged myself through that grand covert and Kay heard only one flick in the NW corner. That was it.

Found evidence of crow shooting, which may mean outsiders coming in. Disappointing day.

PBJ Nov 95

~~21~~ 21 February, Thursday

McKay Place

Quest 2 prod

~~21~~
weather perfect, sun and some cirrus, 45°, wind.

moved 2/2
0 shots

2:45 - 6:00 / 3 1/4 hrs.

3 3/4 miles

This was a grand day and a pleasure to be out after a long period indoors due to rain, snow, cold temperatures. We drove the game little Subaru - or Kay did - in the muddy woods road until some bad "puddles" blocked us at the foot of the long rise up the mountainside, parking in a nice place. Walked the 3/4 mile climb and surprised to find ourselves in good shape after the long lay-off.

We were hunting Quest without the shock collar and he was too full of himself, requiring constant whistling to bring him back, but he does obey the whistle well. There was much snow on the east exposures on the steep banks on the right. Notices by "Golden" on the right side "Bealho" on the left - always always has been nibbling at this mountain lead, looking for a dollar.

Once on top, Quest began hunting in excellent range in the thick clearcut regrowth. Blocked by a large ~~imp~~ pool of frozen water in the road, we veered into the thicket on a log road trace to the left. There is a wonderful maze of these paths throughout this covert, and we followed one to a large impoundment

well up on a high knoll. Quest gave us a promising point on
the edge of a wide balded swath and I pushed into the thick
briery cover below with no result.

We took a more open woods road south in the general direction of
the main road and finally came out at the place where Quest had a good
productive the time-before-last when we were here. I found him on point,
four-square in the path at the exact tangle of greenbrier, and as I
approached I saw him flinch and a grouse flushed inside the thicket.

It was no shot, but it topped out and for a second I thought ~~it~~ ^{the bird} would
land in a trap, then saw it appear to flutter down. If I had shot,
I would have been sure it was hit, but it must have been an illusion
of perspective.

We followed, taking the main road right at the intersection but had
no further contact.

Hunting back east, we had a point just beyond the intersection ~~and~~
near a deer tree-stand but had no flush and Quest moved down into the
cover with the long white pines. Ray and I stayed on the road and within
twenty yards, had a flush from the left side near the old foundation
stones, a climbing bird that gave us a view as it went through the
traps. I found myself mounting but the right shoulder locked in the
same old way despite all the dry mounting practice I do. I wonder if I'll
ever master this? I think it could have been worth a left barrel try, for the
birds always seem ~~to~~ farther than they are when they top out but I have a
mental block about taking such shots. This was obviously the bird Quest
had seen of, and since I can't take advantage of such, we called it a

productives for Quest. We had trouble getting him into the scent ^{48/90}
when he came to us but when he hit it, he pointed for a moment.

We went on to the large clearing on the right, and ate lunch at our
usual stone pile and two trees in the center.

The sky had covered over with high cirrus, which was an improvement
on the bright sunlight. After lunch, we hunted down the ~~same~~ path
at the SW corner to the main road and back west to below the several
pines where we worked the good cover there and came out at the site of
the "last flush," as if there were many.

The stone foundation traces - all that the old-timers managed to
leave behind them as a sorry legacy to show they had lived - are certainly
the site of the Melloy homeplace, which was gone even before we
discovered the place years ago. There was a pitifully small foundation
that was the house and an only slightly larger one that was an outbuilding,
certainly not a barn. I doubt if there was more than the one field that is
now the clearing.

We decided to try to follow the line of the flush up over the knob
we had come down from earlier. To my surprise, at the top there was the doll
lying on a stump on the right side of the path; where we had missed seeing it
on our way down. "She" was totally nude, all members, such as they were,
still intact except for broken feet - delicate hands and fingers were coiled
on top, pink and clear on palms, the wig faded into tan fabric strands, the
painted brightly blue eyes wide and insipid, if it is fair to blame the
doll for its expression. At least she looked happy in a fixed sort of way that
would last for her short eternity. Very good indeed!



WAITING FOR
ETERNITY.

I have checked my '89 notes and find we found the doll on our second hunt last year on February 6, and that Kay had found the doll in ground litter in the thickets and that she was the one who placed her there on the stump.

Remembering the Doll's House Crest in the Canaan, it seems that dolls are the most lasting traces of lifetimes gone. We wonder if the little girl who had owned this doll, a McDay, is also gone long before her doll.

It is curious that today we were following a game track exactly as we had last year, and that neither time relocated it. *Ghosts?*

We turned back with not too much time to make it out before dark. On the way along the road ~~we~~ Quest gave us several hot points, all empty — why? We got down the $\frac{3}{4}$ mile descent with the amazing view of Chestnut Ridge to our left and reached the car well before dark. It was a good day and a good feeling to be out.

Weekly 1990

QUEST

COVERTS	DAYS HOURS	GROUSE	SHOTS/HITS	COCK	SHOTS/HITS	PRODS/KILLS/RET
6	3/8½	—	—	13/16	3/0	11

10/22 thru 10/27

6	3/7½	1/1	—	7/11	2/0	7
---	------	-----	---	------	-----	---

10/29 - 11/3

4	4/8½	—	—	30/34	5/2	21 / 2 / 2
---	------	---	---	-------	-----	------------

11/5 - 11/10

2	2/5¼	—	—	18/24	0	14
---	------	---	---	-------	---	----

11/12 - 11/17

6	4/8	5/5	—	PENNA. WEEK		1 prod
---	-----	-----	---	-------------	--	--------

11/19 - 11/24

(24) (16/37½) (6/6)

DEER SEASON
68/85 10/2

1 prod
53 prod / 2 / 2

3	3/5¾	3/3	—			
---	------	-----	---	--	--	--

12/10 - 12/15

2	2/3¾	4/4	—	1 prod		
---	------	-----	---	--------	--	--

12/31 - 1/5

1	1/2½	—	—			
---	------	---	---	--	--	--

WV 0.35 b/c

1/28 - 2/2

30 coverts 22 days 13/13 —
49 3/4

24 18 WV days. 8/8 = 0.33 b/c

1983 1984 1985 1986 1987 1988

CROSSING LEFT

low

rising

rising acutely

rising acutely

high

overhead

from tree

CROSSING RIGHT

low

rising

rising acutely

high

overhead

from tree

QUARTERING LEFT

low

rising

rising acutely

high

overhead

from tree

QUARTERING LEVELING

QUARTERING RIGHT

low

rising

rising acutely

high

overhead

from tree

leveling

1983 1984 1985 1986

STRAIGHTAWAY

≡

—

low

rising

—

rising acutely

overhead

from tree

leveling

AWAY LEFT

low

rising

rising acutely

overhead

leveling

AWAY RIGHT

low

rising

rising acutely

overhead

leveling

INCOMING

low

rising

overhead

INCOMING LEFT

low

rising

overhead

INCOMING RIGHT

low

rising

GROUSE

From 1932 thru 1978 (omitting '42 [no data on skulls])

~~47~~ seasons 2385 / 737 = 30.9%

50.7 shots
~~51.8~~ shot per season
15.7 hits per season

WOODCOCK

From 1964 thru 1978

15 seasons 498 / 250 = 50.2%

GEORGE: from 1932 -

Year	SHOTS	HITS	(TOTAL) HITS	%	Year	SHOTS	HITS	TOTAL HITS	%	Notes
1932	42	12		28.5	1965	77	22	(600)	28.6	22/12 54.5
1933	54	13		24.	1966	60	18	(618)	30.	31/20 58.8
1934	40	10		25.	1967	39	12	(630)	30.8	56/33 58.9
1935	39	9		23.	1968	42	17	(647)	40.5	25/16 64.
1936	34	9		26.4	1969	30	14	(661)	46.7	(PURDEY & FOX) PURDEY
1937	21	2		9.5	1970	46	15	(675)	32.6	31/12 39.
1938	42	10		23.8	1971	43	13	(688)	30.2	47/20 42.5
1939	58	19		32.7	1972	54	15	(703)	27.8	47-21=44.7
1940	56	20		35.6	1973	47	19	(722)	40.4	33/21=63.6
1941	100	24		24.	1974	16	5	(727)	31.3	31/19 61.3
1942	?	4		?	1975	28	6	(733)	21.4	47-18 38.3
1943	30	5		16.6	1976	6	1	(736)	16.6	26-11=42.3
1944	44	12		27.2	1977	3	1	(737)	33.3	16/9 56.2
1945	33	10		30.3	1978	12	4	(741)	33.3	23/11 47.8
1946	74	19		25.6	1979	28	8	(749)	28.6	13/5 38.5
1947	54	22		40.7	1980	12	5	(754)	41.7	8/3 (325)
1948	67	20		29.8	1981	8	1	(755)	12.5	16/8 (502)
1949	88	29		32.95	1982	12	4	(759)	33.	20/8=40%
1950	50	21		42.	1983	4	0	"	0%	10/5 (50%)
1951	90	22		24.4	1984	3	0	"	0%	0
1952	67	15		22.4	1985	2	0	"	0%	21/50%
1953	97	32		32.98	1986	6	1	(760)	16.6%	3/0
1954	107	27	(364)	25.23	1987	1	0	"	0%	4/3/75%
1955	101	34	(398)	33.66	1988	1	0	"	0%	2/0
1956	102	29	(427)	28.43	(28-92) AYA					
1957	72	25	(452)	34.7	(NEW STOCK) OPEN RIGHT BARREL FOX					
1958	47	27	(479)	57.4						
1959	78	28	(507)	35.9						
1960	47	18	(525)	38.3						
1961	44	15	(540)	34.09	(ALL WITH PURDEY					
1962	28	13	(553)	46.4	" " " (REFITTED & BORED #1 PAIR					
1963	26	5	(558)	19.2						
1964	50	20	(578)	40.	George Bird Evans Papers					

← *conversion*



END OF THE SEASON (RUFF 1954)

DATA 1990

30 COVERTS / 13 quail = 0.43 B/C
24 WV / 8 " = 0.33 B/C

22 DAYS / 49 3/4 LW.

13 GROUSE / 13 FLUSHES / 0 SHOTS
WV 8 " / 8 " 0 "

68 'COCK / 85 FLUSHES

10 SHOTS / 2 HITS = 20%

QUEST 6 1/2 years / 7th season

23 DAYS

1 PRODUCTIVE GROUSE

53 PROD. WOODCOCK

2 KILLS

2 RETRIEVES

LIFETIME '84-'90

174 DAYS

32 PROD

5 BACKS

1 RET.

101 PROD.

14 BACKS.

6 KILLS

3 RET.

1875 - 1876
1877 - 1878
1879 - 1880
1881 - 1882
1883 - 1884
1885 - 1886
1887 - 1888
1889 - 1890
1891 - 1892
1893 - 1894
1895 - 1896
1897 - 1898
1899 - 1900

1875
1876
1877
1878
1879
1880
1881
1882
1883
1884
1885
1886
1887
1888
1889
1890
1891
1892
1893
1894
1895
1896
1897
1898
1899
1900

1990

Big Mountains

CAMP 70 025-0
BLACK BEAR 024- 8.11.0 / N7- 9.11.1 / N9- 7.8.1 / N14- 12.15.0

MALLOW 024- 4.4.0 / N8-0 / N14-1.2.0

GATES 025- 1.1.0

EDELMAN 026-0

LACEY THORNS 026-0

POPLAR HOUSE N16-1.1.0

GRASSY RIDGE MALLOW NORTH N7- 8.8.0 / N8- 5.5.0 / N14-0 (PORTLAND ROAD)

~~MALLOW SOUTH N8-0~~

CHURCH 031- 2.3.0 } BACK ROAD N8-1.2.0

031 PIGEON ROOST- 0

031 SPRUCE THORNS- 4.7.0

031 COSNER CORNER- 1.1.0

RIFLE RIDGE N6-0

COVERT #1 N16- 4.6.0

~~EVAN BISHOP D10-0~~

~~GREENVILLE D11- 2.2.0~~

~~RAUL'S PLACE D11-1.0~~

Pennsylvania

HARRIET BRYNER N19-0

SPRUCE GATE N20-1.1.0

KING'S BRIDGE N20-0

WINDING RIDGE N21-0

~~BRADDOCK RUN~~ N21-0

ADDISON

HENCKEL N23- 4.4.0

20 | 2.0
20 | 2.0
15 | 1.000
20
95

1990

LOCAL

CRANESVILLE/HOPKINS 029-1-1-0

OLD FARM N2-0

EVAN BISHOP D10-0

GREENVILLE D11-2-2-0

PAUL'S PLACE D14-1-1-0

LITTLE SANDY N. J5-1-1-0

THE THORNS J2-3-3-0

KELLY/BEAVER F2-0

RAY GUTHRIE F4-1-1-0

McMAY F21-2-2-0

~~1990~~