

Shooting 1991

Beginning a new season with Old Humber Manton,
unfortunately in sick bay (gravel in stomach) and 13 weeks old—
lovely blue belton with a grand little head. This is my 67th season
at 84, Quetz eighth at 7 years. Health problems with swarms
delayed our spawning but it has been a spectacular Indian summer,
with leaves just going at Old Humber.

Wednesday 23 October

Black Bear Thorns

Quetz

perfect day 70°+

Mallow North

1 1/2 hr 3-4:30
1 hr 4:45-5:45 } 2 1/2 hrs.

Saw what looked like an osprey.

Quetz started off before we could stop him from where we
parked at the Millers' house in the Black Bear Thorns. He swept the
big stretch of Hawthornes far ahead of us for the entire swiftest
hour we were out, seeming not to hear my whistle until he happened to
swing back. Everything looked as it did ~~the~~ last season when we
found a nice flight of cock in; today we didn't meet a feather.

I couldn't believe it.

at 4:30 we pressed for a bit of lunch in the car before moving to
the Mallow North covert at an ideal time of day. No one in either covert
ahead of us, but we didn't find anything in either place. Crossed to
the NE corner of the Mallow South and almost at once had a point
that looked hot but moved only whitewash. At least there had been one hen.
But this is the first time I can remember not seeing a single bird

in our early Canaan. It was good to be here but even the 2/41
Canaan and all of Blackwater as now looked black and desolated.
No color left except the small mountain at the Salt Sands on
Canaan Mountain. This was a one-day hunt - down / and / back and
after yesterday's stress with Manton & Paw Prints, I felt the strain.

Quert finally got worn down to a moderate rage, but his
behavior was an exhibition of mildness. I managed to refrain from
anger but it was an effort. I'm sure the cock has not arrived here.

Tuesday 29 October
perfect day, mild 60°

Old Orchard
Rehobeth Thorne

Quert

3-4:30 } 2 hrs.
5-5:30 }

The lovely drive up Kitzmiller Hill, everything looking the
same except past the color.

Parked below the old Houdlin house, on Clyde Davis on the
cable right-of-way and climbed climbed climbed the steep ridge on
lumpy footing on loose rocks buried in dry noisy leaves and finally topped
out too far north in a catover woods beyond Clyde Davis's land. Had
a time finding the upper fields until Kay saw the dense stand of pines
and spruces that had been head-high the last time we were here.

The fields had been turned to cattle - droppings - but many of
the stands of Huchet were gone. Walked to the south border of woods where
we have found cars. There was nothing here. Decided to return to the
station wagon and walked - climbed down - the rocky field with a mucky
black seep where Quert not only drank it but wallowed in it. Met
Clyde's grandson Matthew on his way out with his cows.

Came to the cable right-of-way and followed it down to the car.
Just inside the woods above the ~~road~~ ^{road} Quert had a point at a fallen tree

that looked like grass until I had walked in, when it looked like woodchuck.
George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

I worked above and waited, blocked by the branches while I lay ^③ in and got pictures. Then walked in and said there was a splash of whiteness, but no bird. Quest tried so hard, reaching high, but you can't put them there.

Hurried to Rehoboth and started as the sun dropped behind the tree line. We did not find the usual path but went in too soon. However, it was as a look at a grouse that flushed from the lower edge and went back the wrong way to follow, a bird that didn't let us within gun shot.

We found ~~the~~ ^{our} lovely hawthornes desecrated, bulldozed out and left lying — their bones in open graves. It seemed the final offense. Fading light turned us back from the corner at the poplars and we hurried to at least hunt the Hedgerow. They had been at it here as well, the isolated hawthornes in the field where we have such memories — more scooped-out hawthorn bones. Why can't people let things alone. At the road I lay waited to get the car while Quest and I went through the empty faces of hunting the last cover with the blades, but there was nothing here. It is as though some Fate is wiping out our skinny remnant of sport, the cover gone, the birds not here.

Changing out of boots at the car, Dale Davis' boy stopped to talk and told of seven grouse he saw down the road below the cable line where we had parked. Described a switchback in the road below the fork and a gate. There has to be a break someday.

Noticed Quest counting his head. Must have George Seely check it.

~~~~~

Thursday 31 October  
perfect weather, mild 65°  
3-5 / 2 hrs.

Paul's Place  
0

Quest

4/91

It's heartbreaking on the last day of October, Indian summer with the leaves gone, to write one more Nothing. This was the most perfect covert in every way — grapes hanging in huge blue bunches clusters everywhere, autumn, alive in so many places I couldn't remember, every bush full of red fruit; if grouse ever eat the stuff. Quest hunted his soul out and not one grouse — anywhere. I don't have it in me to write any more about it. If there are no birds here, they are nowhere.

I have one lovely memory of the day, looking west to see Chestnut Ridge and Heaven Hump blue through thinned hardwoods. But can you live on views?

Thursday 14 November The Thorns  
beautiful, sunny to cloudy 0  
56°  
3:00-4:30 1½ hrs.

Quest  
Manton

Beyond being a lovely sunny day we had to go out, this was Manton's First Day Under the Sun. Strange, now with barren courts we reach for significance in other ways.

Parked at the east end — road a mess of black puddles but the 4WD takes care of them — and walked the road west. Many grapes and cover looks perfect. A sig-14 boot print had gone and come, leaving tracks in the black mud — Mark Murphy?

At the west end we worked to the top and followed the trace along the bank of Lake Noël, now mostly refilled and plowed. Manton had no idea why we were there, and I question it myself. Mostly he got black mud on his face and pants but had a great time — should I report to that?

At the ravine where once there was a homestead we turned to the top and worked the thorns to the traces of the rail fence, a few rotting rails now when we ate lunch.

We finished the afternoon hunting the clear cut back to the car, passing on top to try to get photos of Quent and Manton - both behaved badly and I got out questionable pictures.

At the car, I lay tied Manton to a sapling at the roadside and did not come back, ending with Manton coming close to strangling himself by wrapping the rope around the tree. He had no idea that it was life-threatening. Good to get out and we all need it.

Friday 15 November

Little Sandy North

Quent  
Manton

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

glorious day, clouding up. 56°  
Another fine day in a grand covert and Nothing. Not even an empty point. Manton's second day hunting, poor little fellow.

Stunning cliff of rocks starting up better view of them than usual. Water low in Little Sandy with a huge dead tree trunk stranded on large rocks carried down by high water in the past. I saw can there be such cover without a single grouse. Ray saw what looked like a grouse dropping in point.

Tuesday 26 November

Perryman's Creek  
Hemlock North

Quent  
Manton

sunny, cold, 30°

heard 1-1

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

How do you consider a one and one-half hour hunt in minus 30° temperatures and moving out grouse, heard not seen, a great day? Go for over a month without more than a dozen two hunting, and it seems wonderful to be out and feeling well after months of health problems.

6/91

West Virginia deer season opened yesterday - too cold for us to scout with Quest - and today we went to the original north end of the Henschel Place. There was a light snow on the ground but fairly sunny overhead. The old log road was a mess of frozen mud and puddles young Wanton broke through.

Quest hunted to wind nearly all the time as we went. The shock collar reaches him a few times but he doesn't remember it long. Wanton pesters him when he is close, which doesn't add to the situation.

~~The only good~~

We walked through several patches of cranberries on the way from the car parked at the big powerline. (The unpleasant individual Lingavar who lives in the trailer Mac & Sam moved out of has blocked our going to the back Henschel court with his trapping.)

The only action was on the old loading clearing, now grown to beautiful head-high laurel (about a night it must be in bloom).

This was also the only good cover <sup>mixed with greenbriar</sup> now that the hardwoods are thinning.

We had circled the right edge and cut across and started back when I saw Quest making games in the laurel to the left of the path, and then there was the sound of a grouse flushing. I got a short look at it very distant after it was well up, flushing northwest. I feel Quest should have had a point being forewarned with scent, but I suppose he just isn't able to believe there'll be a grouse.

We followed the line of flight as Kay had marked it into the large open woods but although we hunted to the powerline, we had no contact. Probably a reflex. That was it. But I felt a grand sense of ~~excitement~~ exhilaration just being out and feeling wonderful. I say noticed the old more than ~~the~~ <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> <sup>West Virginia and Regional History Center</sup> <sup>Wanton caught himself without knowing why.</sup>

Wednesday 27 November  
cloudy, cool 42°  
2:50 - 5:00 / 2 hrs.

Mrs. Burkes  
0

Quest  
Manton

(7)

Nine courts and moved two grouse in WV and Pa. Add to that courts like four of those in is limited, heavy with quips, and I wonder how long a man's sanity will last. In all the years I hunted it, I never saw Mrs. Burkes with the quality of grouse cover as today - quips hanging on nearly every third tree. Do other gunners endure this sort of thing with no grouse. Pennsylvania seasons are not terribly long - in Fayette County ending with November and only 9 days after Xmas; but there are the many hunters. We saw 3 empty shells today not new, but not what they were fired at. Young Manton enjoyed himself, eating everything, including unmentionables. He got separated once on the pipeline and, coming out behind us, backtracked as usual. A bad moment with the prospect of losing that little fellow in this enormous spread at twilight. Much shouting brought him back <sup>from</sup> faraway on the pipeline, running at full speed and so glad to see us. as we were him.

Quest hunted very well at the start, in good range, but when no game materialized, he reached out and became a problem. Stress.

Stopped to see Virginia Grover (?) at her old homeplace - a delight. Learned that Walter Barclay is 102. It must be a healthy area - Mrs. Grover 100+ and May Pundy at past 100. Yet Archie Barclay died this summer.

Friday 29 November  
Warm, sunny, 64°  
2:50 - 5:00 / 2 hrs.

Mitchell Fields  
mowed 1 - 1  
0

Quest 1 prod  
Manton

8/91

A lovely day, overhead and underfoot with the woods damp and reddent. Found no one parked ahead of us but was in sound of rifle fire sighting - in most of afternoon - a group we passed at the cabin (old schoolhouse) on way in.

Quest hunted beautifully all the times we moved. Started in woods on right edge of the big field where we've moved woodchuck in spring flights. None today, but feel we were too late in season.

at the old woods road trail to the site of the Mitchell Place with its two large cedars we paused for a breather and were about to select a log to sit on when I saw Quest on point about thirty yards to the ~~west~~ <sup>south</sup> and on the left of the trail. When I got to him he held staunchly, head-high, while Manton walked under him, unaware of what was going on. I tried to creep to the right but was portmanning when the flock came - at first looking like a large hen woodcock, then became a small grouse quivering off among the ~~tree~~ <sup>trunk</sup> trunks. I didn't react fast enough to try a shot, actually it wasn't, but I've been away from action so long I wonder if I can do it.



TOO FAST FOR ME.

The quail had been among fallen grapes - probably feeding - and had flown toward a rocky drop-off where ~~we~~ Quest searched thoroughly in rough terrain which is wooded at the top. Second flushes are nearly non-existent in present conditions. (9)

We ~~swam~~ <sup>swam</sup> back to the Mitchell clearing when Quest pointed again, this time at the base of a dead tree with his head so elevated we thought he was pointing something in the tree. I crept in front of him but there was nothing there. It could have been a flash before the point.

There is good limited cover here with lots of sunnys, but there is no cover of value all the way around the big flat. We tramped through much dead goldenrods and blackberry with small clumps of locust - nothing.

Came out about the car through the larger woods - not as good as it looks from a distance. Drove home via Deenabell Road and Fair Forks with a magnificent November sunset gold in the west. A gratifying day for the one quest and Quest's point. Little Maun is too young to get much out of hunting, but he has fun following me through the thicket over.

Saturday 30 November  
Cloudy, showers, 60°  
3:10 - 5:15 / 2 hrs

Humberson Hill  
mowed 1-1  
0

Quest  
Maun

The last day of the Penna. season and a Saturday and an old favorite covert we had visited for years but everything looked much the same except a little Negro boy in the yard where Savage's house had burned down.

Found a van-type vehicle parked at the entrance to the Spruce Spring with a Ruffed Grouse Society plate on the front end. Moving on down the steep mud hill, overheating our brakes, we found a Cherokee Jeep parked at the bottom with a couple of dog crates in the rear and a pleasant older man overnight named Beam. Recognized my name - "Not Henry Bird Evans?" - and we talked for a while, with the sun breaking through. (We left then in a

light sprinkles.) Beam (I didn't learn his first name, but not Jim) <sup>10/91</sup> was from near Elizabethtown and had lost a dog this am. When I saw the pedigree of his setter, which he carried in the door compartment for ready reference. I saw why he lost dogs — field trial blood. He had sired one genius I think.

We finally got going and drove up the next hill to the old woods road on top. The far slope was recently cut and in the years since we'd been there, the woods on top and east slope had been cut as well.

The high west wind was hitting us as we started out but let up some once we were in cover. We soon came to excellent shaded thicket on both sides of the old road with much greenbrier — some berries — and many dried "mountain sweet" blackberries all along the path. The road seemed unfamiliar, climbing in a grade I didn't recall.

I have never seen Quest work more courageously, coming into the dense briars and thicket and quartering both sides, within good range all the time, as though he sensed he had to make the most of this final day in Penna. The clouds looked threatening but the rain held off and conditions were ideal. We had a good point on the left of the path after we had begun to gain altitude but before we climbed the steep knob. I pushed through the thicket cover to Quest, who moved twice to reestablish what proved an empty point after all, but must have been a recent flush. Ray had followed us in for a photo and little Maunton was on hand without knowing why.

We continued to climb into what had been less recent cutting but still good cutting and finally topped what I am calling Steep Knob. We were leveling off among large rocks when suddenly there was a grouse, soundless to me, flaring over my head [about five feet] and was gone as I wheeled. I'll never be sure I couldn't have made a fast snap shot [going away] if I had been quick enough!



1.29 x .64  
and p 12

In fairness to myself, I think these split second chances are less than possible and it is only in hindsight that they seem a shot that might have been made.

We continued far enough to see that we had reached the actual top, with the old road leveling ahead. The fresh tire tracks that had appeared off and on most of the way in and especially ~~the~~ since the junction with about appeared a new traveled road that had joined ours seemed to have let up at this point. Turning ~~back~~ back at 4:15 we had to wait for about many hours been a point by Quent in the area the quess had pitched. Once we had ~~been~~ <sup>Quent</sup> with us, we moved rapidly to beat the fading light.

at the fork when the heavily traveled road went straight, we decided to take it back. We had started down a very steep decline when I realized this might take us down into the valley on the west. I tried to make a direct cut across to our original road but found us rising thick cover with no trails and an uncertain outcome. With the dark now coming on, I began to feel

12/19/91



country, we turned back and climbed the steep — how awfully steep — road back to the Top and hurried down the road we had taken out from the car. It was a long way back and after 5:00 before we at last came in sight of the little Subaru on the main road. We got out at 5:15.

Mr. Beam drove up — there were other cars, and 3 kids on all-terrain who ~~that~~ turned into the log road on the crest of the hill and at this hour drove into God Run where. Beam had not found Luke, but had talked to the man parked at Stoner Spring who proved to be an acquaintance from McLeasport — this country is hammered by those people. He had heard of Grouse, we said, but I don't know if they were all in Stoner Spring. Reported on a couple of 5 that flared from a tree.

It was a grand day in excellent cover, wild and challenging, with what seems an event every day — one more. ~~But it was the adventure~~

Tuesday 10 December  
Clear, perfect, 40°

Cranesville / Rich Hopkins

Quest  
Manton

(13)

2:55 - 4:15 / 1 1/4 hr.

When I had put Quest & Manton in their compartment in the station wagon I noticed Manton chewing what looked like a large dry biscuit fragment. It was my hearing aid, which had fallen out of my ear when loading them — a \$5.00 tidbit. Fortunately I had a new pair on order.

This was a glorious day, our first hunt after the buck season, and the air was exhilarating with a bite from that cold high-country wind. This covert is so good looking but we found out when the one we were in we moved last year, our first visit.

In that same bottom edge of the big swamp we found one grouse dropping and a cluster of them on a small log — fresh — and almost like a drumming log deposit although most likely merely a roost. But what was the grouse when we were there?

Quest hunted in good range the first half hour and then was out of control the balance of the time. Was he in contact with the birds, or turkeys, whose scratching we came onto?

Anyway it was a grand afternoon with the blueberry shrubs as lavender as heather, with a frosty hair-like frosting.

Wednesday 11 December  
Overcast, cool, 47°

McKay Place

Quest  
Manton

2:40 - 4:50 / 2 hrs.

Nine West Virginia coverts this season to hunt one grouse — none in the five local coverts. Drive in the top ridge road, a succession of large pools, and hunted from the upper end of what is a great

response — and an expanse of great grouse cover. Tracks of the 14/91  
deer hunters of last week but they don't wipe out grouse.

From the start, Quest went berserk and disappeared for long periods, ignoring our whistles. We was hunting him without the neck collar because of the lump on <sup>the back of</sup> his neck, and he simply wouldn't control without it. We think that young Manton's bothering him romping when he is near us may be the cause. Today he obviously got into a group of turkeys when he reached the hill up to the McCay place — as found their scratchings and droppings on our way back out —.

My attempt to control myself re verbalizing was unsuccessful and I was troubled with head pressure all the time we were out.

There was no trace of the two grouse we moved in the past and the two-hour hunt was a frustrating affair. We did find the doll once again, lying on the stump where we'd left her, and the sunset over Chestnut Ridge <sup>on the way out home</sup> was glorious. But grouse gunning, like the chestnuts that gave the great ridge its name, is a thing of the Past.

Wednesday 25 December

Cold, cloudy, 36°

3:20 - 5:25 / 2 hrs.

Frank Wright Place

moved 1 (round) - 1

Quest  
Manton

The Christmas Hunt, a gratifying thing in itself. With a late start we went to the Graveyard Glade as a nice compromise only to find we were preempted by an electric fence (not as the dogs discovered) surrounding the entire court. It's important to have a backup covert, and we drove to the Frank Wright Place and parked at the new corner. As we were getting started we encountered a young couple (Mandy, my son and an

exceptionally good-looking girl) coming toward us in the field. (15)

He introduced himself as (?) Jenkins whose father is building the new house on the Wright Place. Said the neighbors had gone together to post their land, but he was quacious about telling us to go ahead. An odd couple.

The cover is excellent along the old woods road and Quest hunted it beautifully. Young Mantor was wearing a bell for the first today and he accepted it well. I thought he hunted more maturely today, moving purposefully, ~~but~~ without knowing why, and checking back but not pottering except on deer fawns and what-not.

There is excellent cover along the edges of the old unreclaimed strips etc. and as we entered the lower side, I saw heard a grouse go out ahead of Quest. There are quails everywhere on the ground and this area is in a good stage of regrowth.

We hunted across to the old Wright land and down over to the old woods road — all good — pausing for a bite of lunch at 4:30.

We started back along the pasture edge, with Mantor goggling with the wealth of conté pads frozen but restrained on leash. Quest hunted the woods cover conscientiously as we hurried to beat the dark, through what seemed an endless stretch and finally made the county road and to the car at dusk. A good day, cold, migrating, and a pleasure in spite of the lack of game. → with another Christmas Day going down in a pink display in the south.

Thursday 2 January  
Partly sunny to cloudy  
45°

Charlie Seese  
mowed 5-5  
0

Quest  
Mantor

(over) →

2:10-5:05 / 3 hrs.

On report of "ten grouse" from Gregg Seese, we returned to Seese Place after abortive hunt on Saturday, my birthday stopped by rain. Parked at Marks trailer (purchased at home by

Second Day of Christmas  
Thursday 26 December

Matthews Place  
0

Quest  
Manton

16/12/91

2:10 - 4:20 / 2½ hrs.

Back to an old favorite with hope that didn't manage to give us what we wanted. There are a couple of new trailers on the place, one occupied. The cover is opening up and I see little chance of the old charmer coming back. We hunted the good flat - some few peculiar berries - when we shot our 49th anniversary grouse, then hunted out the lower edge to the south end and up and over to the Eisentromt land, then down over to the "Boundary Road" - almost undistinguishable now - and down the hollow where we used to find so many grouse. It is so empty now.

Thursday 2 January  
Mostly Cloudy 45°  
2:10 - 5:05 / 3 hrs.

Charlie Seese  
moved 5-5  
0

Quest  
Manton

On report of "ten grouse" from Gregg we had gone on my Birthday or Saturday but were shut out by rain. Today parked at Mark's trailer (barn entrance is used by school bus for turn-around)

We hunted down the old road past the barn (road now impassable even for walking) but as paralleled. Quest gave us a good but empty point on left side almost as we started. The woods road running north has been used for firewood gathering but goes through large open woods and we dropped lower through thick cover to the creek, where our moss was in too open cover.

Pushing north to reach the good flushed area I remembered, as found the distance much greater than memory.

From almost the beginning, Quest moved out and we saw very little

of him, in spite of whistling and calling. We couldn't put the stake (17) collar on him because of incision wound on back of neck. He limped with the towel "bandage" to protect it but he did us no good all afternoon.

We think Mantre's presence the probable cause, but it has been a pattern most of the season.

The once - good sloped hillside is now grown to whip-sift with no food at all, and we moved nothing when Gregg reported "sift" along the creek in "that thick stuff."

The hillside proved much larger than we remembered, and as pushed up an old log road trace with no sign of Quert. When we reached the transverse log road - quite open - we came to grapes in quantity, scattered on the ground, with grapevines in tangles greater than ever. I had just turned right when I heard what sounded like <sup>2 or 3</sup> clicking sounds on the distant I 68, and then I called, "Did you see them?" She had heard 5 grouse (or 4) flushing and had seen two rise from the mass of vines ahead of me. I had seen none.

We made a circle north and west up the hillside beyond the grapevines, which extend all the way back along the main log road. At the top we saw 2 turkeys coming down over with Quert in pursuit. We stopped for a breather and my lunch, sitting on a rock with the distant ridge and Och Frankhams hill across the valley and grapes all around us, on the ground and on the vines. Quert condescended to join us for a short time. There were turkey scratchings all about.

We hunted higher in hope of locating the 4 or 5 grouse that had flushed but never found them. On top of the hill we came to the old "Reddy Road" and

used to hunt with Blue after Kay had driven me to Charley Seese's 18/91  
and I would hunt to Rt 26 and meet Kay at Gallows's store in  
Brandenburg. It is amazingly clear and open.

Kay followed it back the ridge to the Seese fields and I hunted  
the cover on the left side over appalling rock talus and some good  
grape cover. Young Manton searched industriously for God-knows-what  
except deer fawns but hunted. I didn't see Quetz until nearly  
to the fields. In our place he joined me and made a series of three  
good-looking points that were empty. He'll handle birds well but  
he won't stay with me and I am nearly at my rope's end. I can't  
put the shock collar on him because of the incision on his neck, and without  
the shock, there is no way to control him. Yet I can't bear to leave him  
home and use Manton solo, which would be the sensible way.

It is a long drag over the fields after a near-three-hour hunt.  
We wasted tremendous effort in the first gag on the lower edge of the ridge.  
I may come back and hunt directly into the grapes on the  
hillside log road, the way I used to. At ~~the~~ least I beg's "ter  
rans" are here in one-half that number

Wednesday 25 March '92  
cloudy mild, temp 47°

3:00 - 5:30 / 2 1/2 hrs

(Point of Pride)  
TNT Preserve  
moved 9 checkers - 10 flowers

5 shots - 2 hits

Quart 6 prod 2 ret  
Manton 2 prod 1 ret

Weeks and months of snow and rain and cold weather had all four of us in need of doing something other than work and, for Quart and Manton, killdeer. Manton had been deprived of normal development on training quail and so far hadn't seen a grouse, let alone scented one. Quart had had about one or two products or grouse, and I hadn't fired a shell all season. A day at a preserve seemed called for.

We left Old Humboldt at 1:20 and drove the 31 miles to Rt 51 and the turn-off that led up a typical "holler road" in back hilly country that was much like Greene County terrain. We found the preserve den from our house after we left home.

The TNT Preserve is a mix of a good idea gone loose, the irregular slab cabin sitting among sheds and game pens and a dog kennel yard filled with scrub-dog that didn't command a first look. There was a group of three old-looking hunters that were mostly flame orange and heavy eyes standing near a jeep in the "yard." Indeed there was no one in the dimly lit gloom of an indefinite narrow low-ceilinged room with several closed doors that opened on nowhere.

One of the no-wheres was a room with a huge pile of dead pheasants on the floor, a rack of ribs I couldn't identify - beef, dog, or deer - and a pleasant disheveled girl in some process of disposal in a machine I never identified. This was Joann I had talked to by phone, and she gave no sign of stopping what she was doing to check us in.

Two men came in from a door in the rear, one in his fifties, the other a lanky boy who was to take us out. The older, Don Compston from Morgantown, looked like Archie Bunker with pleasant blue eyes, and identified himself as a dog trainer who handled the preserve's dogs. The boy's name sounded like "Garry" with some variation, and both announced they were going to shoot, after they got us started.

Joann gave no indication of George Bird Evans Papers

We don't want to be pleasant pen before we can do TNT.

would like to get started. "Gears" said we could and we walked outside to the ②  
round of Ben Compton's account of two dogs, one of which was an "Old Hound" —  
one of ours — which was in the truck with a "Gordon" setter from England.

Ron had one of my ~~books~~ books — he couldn't remember the name —  
that turned out to be "Troubles with Bird Dogs" when I suggested it.

He took a short glance at Quest and Manton and informed me that  
an old dog who looked just like Quest, <sup>Ron's "Old Hound" female</sup> was a white but the  
that weighed about 30 lbs.

We finally got going, driving up a steep mud path to the crest of one of  
the hills that surrounded the "headquarters" when Ron pointed out the land  
we were to hunt. At first Gears was going to put our birds out on the  
slope above the gapping kernel of dogs and in full view of the scrubby  
buildings, but I put him straight. I had specified that I wanted to  
hunt with no other party shooting, and so we were faced with Ron and  
Gears shooting on adjacent land. Ron assured me he only shot once,  
maybe twice, and that they 'd be 600 yards away and the shooting wouldn't  
be loud. I explained that I didn't want shooting Manton would hear.

The one bit of quality about T'NT is its cover — typical  
fallow <sup>midland</sup> farm fields with clumps of thicket on top, and some ~~Kafir~~ corn fields  
strips and thin grassy fields with isolated multi flora. I don't better than  
Hunting Hills, but at the latter, they have your birds out before you  
arrive. At T'NT Gears carried over 10 Clubbans out in a burlesque  
back and drops them one by one as he walks the course before  
you start. You don't even give thought to the birds, which will  
swarm and up in a pile on the floor of the cleaning room.

Ron got us started out in the field and at my  
request left us to hunt alone. That was consultation of  
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center

empty blue and red and green and yellow and a few black shells ③  
somewhere and I had the impression that groups of men all fired at once  
and that flashed, emptying their ~~guns and time~~ <sup>never</sup> antelopes and their  
opening o/p each time they shot. Did <sup>never</sup> see so many empty shells other  
~~than~~ at a shoot field.

Quest was weak and wild from the start, as I had expected. He  
hunted with no regard for us and as finally saw him bump a chuckar in  
the bottom edge - a bird that flew high and far away. Before long he put  
up another, with Mantou walking near us and with no idea of what was  
happening.

When ~~very~~ well across the big hillside, when Quest drew close and  
made a poor low tail point in the grass below and I walked toward him,  
but he pushed too close and the chuckar flushed low and circled in  
line with Ray. Before it swung toward her I tried to mount and had  
the same old right arm spasm, preventing my shooting, setting me  
off to a poor start.

Quest was running far too weak, both for his good and for mine,  
and Ray announced that she was going to the car for the shock collar, which I  
forcibly had decided to leave there. While she was gone with Mantou, who  
preferred her company, I tried to get Quest to rest a bit, and we walked to  
the east end of the field with no further action. There was a blast of three  
shots from the direction of the other hunters - loud - and Ray and  
Mantou came in to her, which looked bad - so much for my request to  
have no other hunters. The place is divided in that manner - good grounds,  
strong flying birds, but no control.

Ray rejoined us with the shock collar, which she installed on  
his Nibs, and ~~we~~ moved to the bottom.

We had started the return down the valley when I saw Quest, still <sup>(4)</sup> rather far out, go on point on the hillside field above. He held but young Manton was moving elsewhere, not yet aware of what we were after.

The cover on these fields at this season is too thin and I could see the Chukar, which looked like a small hen pheasant, move out from Quest, who held like an angel. The bird, very erect, kept walking up the slope toward a hedgerow at the top where I hoped it would hold. By now, Quest was moving on the trail and near the line of cover stopped once more on careful point. Nothing was going to stop this bird and I lost sight of it when I felt it had crossed into the field above.

Later as we hunted on the hedgerow ~~with~~ <sup>toward</sup> a low deer stand, I heard a flush and saw Manton standing, then break and chase. I felt it was our bird and the first contact with a game bird was what I wanted for him.

We moved back to the lower slope and Manton had two more contacts with #5 and #6, chasing both. As we approached the west end of the long field Quest pointed in front of me. I tried to swing Manton into the point but he was at loose ends, and I walked in. ~~Some~~ The Chukars are conspicuous, with their white bells and barred flanks and I saw this one in a clump of grass, holding tight.

I flushed it, consciously aware of my gun mount but, even so, it was ~~an~~ awkward and I had to make a second movement to get the gun to my shoulder and fire. The pattern caught the bird about 20 yards out and it folded, centered. The little 28-bore drops them when you put the muzzle on the bird.

Quest was in at the fall and retrieving the Chukar, with Manton on hand, absorbed in the process. I wasn't certain of

how Quert would accept a second party, but he responded with (5)  
his usual good natured disposition and brought me back to hand, sitting  
to deliver, very pleased with himself.

The shot and hit and confidence in my gun did worlds for me  
after ~~the~~ the long period of doubt I'd had as to my ability to shoot, and I felt  
was good for the four of us. Young Mantou was in awe, and I let him  
smell the warm chuckar. I want this bird on #7, although it is impossible  
to distinguish new from reflected birds, what with the first flashes on the  
other side.

The other gunners - Compton & George - were doing a lot of shooting  
at what ~~the~~ could well have been some of our birds already. I say had noticed the  
#6 chuckar Mantou had bumped as we moved up to the hedge cover  
when Quert promptly went on point in a dense tangle, headed toward me.

At this time, George's brother appeared from over the top, having been  
releasing birds for the other hunters, and I tried to get Mantou into the  
scent of Quert's bird without result. I saw it squatter in the pile  
of brush and moved in. When it flushed it gave me a brief view of it,  
close and through branches, and I fired. My mount was good enough but  
I missed and the chuckar flew toward the distant where the boy  
said it landed. I suppose these fellows become adept at sighting  
birds' flights but considering the trappers have failed to relocate I  
suspect much of it is conjecture. We didn't find this chuckar although we  
mined the top field well and into the thicket on the north side, where the  
land dropped off in a near-precipice.

The other two hunters Tom & George seemed considerably older to me  
even and instead of hunting into the lower field, we walked the hedgerow.  
It was the best thing we could have done. In a corner of cover and  
the mud road we came to Quert's ~~side~~ <sup>side</sup>. Mantou worked in but made no

pretense of knowing - something that will come later, but instead moved (6)  
past Quert and stopped. It took me a moment to absorb what was  
happening and then I realized he was on point! and a lovely point it was,  
his tail was at <sup>higher than</sup> Oshtans, his head up and his left paw was lifted and  
he was solid. Kay got some close pictures (~~as~~ as hope). I was undecided  
whether to sacrifice the shot - a chancey one in this thrust - ~~and~~  
try to strike Manton. I suggested that Kay do it, leaving me free to  
try a difficult shot, but as she reached for Manton he moved a step  
forward and the bird flushed. It was a shot at a ghost but, glory be, it  
dropped the chicken!

Quert was seeking when I had seen the bird fall and being  
in ~~the~~ brush felt that now it wasn't there. It was only a moment before  
Quert had the fluttering bird and was delivering it, immobile now.  
Manton was there, taking it all in, and after I accepted Quert's delivery,  
which Kay had photographed,

(no #) I tossed the chicken, a chicken, out for Manton. ~~and~~ He  
picked it up and walked around, in a trance. He was wearing the shot  
chickens and I stepped in it and drew him to me for patting and accepting  
his bird. And let's not forget - Quert's bird too.

It had happened so quickly, the double point, the shot and,  
miraculous, over Manton's first point, the retrieve. Looking back at Manton's  
long barren winter without training ground, I wonder if it didn't turn out  
as well this way, when he was more mature and on game in actual hunting.  
He seemed well indoctrinated to loud noise, and as for the pointing -  
it is there in <sup>him</sup> ~~them~~, ~~lined~~ ~~red~~. This episode made our trip worthwhile.

and everybody was happy.

I was shooting Roger Brown. George Bird Evans Papers 3 #7. <sup>nickel</sup>



MANTON'S  
FIRST POINT

It seemed quite adequate on Chukars.

We had just started hunting the west end of the hillside field when the other two hunters materialized in the way it seems that someone turns up every time I get a shot on preserves. Quest had gone on another point in the thick edge on top and as I climbed to it, Manton moved in from the near side and made a lovely point, with Quest holding head toward us. I saw the Chukar perched on some brush between them, and as I watched, with George at my shoulder (I wasn't sure <sup>if</sup> he intended to shoot or not) the bird became restless and finally flushed <sup>after hopping</sup> from branch to branch. It came out crossing and circled high ~~and~~ <sup>over my</sup> ~~right shoulder~~ and I shot over my right shoulder and missed as the chukar went over Campston who had dropped to the ground. at least I had witnesses on both my misses so far today.

Again, Campston said he saw it land and directed me to it. Both Quest and Manton hunted hard but the bird wasn't in evidence.

We hunted the balance of the hillside to within sight of a house down in the valley, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~round~~ <sup>round</sup> of a dog) then decided to strike out for the car. Climbing the muddy preserve road - steep - we had got two-thirds up when Quest flushed a Chukar that angled down the slope, crossing right about fifty yards east. <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> I tried ~~and~~



left-barrel

overly ambitious shot, swinging through a <sup>lead</sup> and watched the bird go on. <sup>(Shooting Federal 2 1/2 / 3 / #6)</sup>  
at the tip, while Icy took Manton to the station wagon, I covered a rocky edge at the very crest, then joined her. Quest still searched and before he could to us we heard a chicken flush from where I'd been and Icy saw it pitch over the tip. I don't understand how I happened not to step on it.

Our day was gratifying with Manton's two points and Quest's moral, and my two hits.

T.N.T. for all its loose ends, gave us a good afternoon with natural cover on the old field hillsides and we want to go back, and so do Quest and Manton.

|                            |                                 |                        |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------|------------------------|
| Monday 6 April '92         | T.N.T.                          | Quest 11 prod<br>5 ret |
| Sunny, clear to cloudy 50° | missed 9 chickens / 12 flickers | Manton 3 prod          |
| 3:30 - 6:45 / 3 1/4 hrs    | 7 shots / 5 hits                | 2 ret / barrels!       |

Second day at Presque (14 days after first). Lovely.

- #1 Quest pointed (Manton elsewhere) <sup>#1</sup> shot <sup>apparent miss</sup>. Later found this bird dead in bottom beside road. <sup>left-Quarter</sup>
- #2 Manton bumped. No shot.

#3 Quest pointed in multi flora clump. Manton little attention — ⑨  
is he nervous about imminent shot? Kay flashed. Shot #2 left-quarter. Solid hit.  
Quest retrieved.

#4 Quest pointed in north field. Shot #3 straightaway. Solid hit. Quest retrieved.

#5 Quest pointed " " " Shot #4 miss. Bird to upper edge cover,  
with both dogs chasing. Bird flushed back down toward me while I stood  
with my gun <sup>still</sup> open, ~~and~~ I loaded right barrel but used left on long  
going-away shot #5 apparent miss. We followed the bird into ~~over~~ in  
bottom (wet bottom). Quest pointed with bird (warm) lying dead in  
front of him. Quest retrieved. It was the long shot I had made.

#6 Quest pointing in field just above bottom thicket. Bird flushed over Kay  
who was dropped, and I shot #6, solid hit just as it reached the edge of  
bottom cover. Quest retrieved. Let Manton take bird, which he carried  
away from us and buried in thicket edge at tip of field. Kay followed  
and retrieved bird.

We hunted the top corner where Manton & Quest had pointed last trip.  
(Hallowed spot). Crossed hedge row with deer stand, then returned to bottom.  
Quest absent and found on solid point in large trees on edge of stream. I  
walked in and finally saw chuckar walking on mud road to field about. That  
bird was a walker. Think this the bird Manton had lugged on field above  
when we started out. Quest joined us and worked bottom. I found  
dead chuckar lying on mud road. (This was the #1 shot I thought I'd  
missed, the bird having flown here and dropped. While Kay was untangling  
Manton's chuckar in bottom thicket, Quest came along and  
retrieved the dead chuckar.

We then followed the edge of large woods and upper field in  
search of the walker. Quest pointed at large bulldozed (tree uprooted)  
and Manton moved in and pointed (his form today). It was our bird,  
still a walker. It finally flushed <sup>George B. Evans Papers</sup> but went out behind

large tree trunks and offered ~~no~~ no shot, flying to far  
sides and into woods edge in top. (10)

It was getting late (after 5:00) but we followed to its foundations  
and Kay waited at my suggestion, which I tried to locate the last bird,  
or two more that had been released here. Sleep climb. Hunted ~~to within~~  
to within sight of barn in distant valley, then returned along hillside  
field. Saw a likely clump of grass dogs hadn't checked and where I  
#7 turned back toward it, saw a chuckar huddled beside it. Quest  
wouldn't obey my whistle and kept working the bottom cover, but I  
got Mantor to me and swung him toward the bird. He got the scent  
but was on top of bird and instead of pointing, pushed it out. My shot  
was delayed because in broke but when the bird was in the clear I  
shot and missed. Shot #7 miss. Because of situation, count this one of two  
released on this hill.

The bird flushed to upper edge when Mantor wheeled and indicated  
bird nearly in brush edge. Quest joined us and pointed in field above,  
but Chuckar, instead of flushing, walked back over the brush edge into  
woods. ~~then~~ Had to move ~~and~~ began to find a crossing and doubled  
back and finally got double point by Quest and Mantor (beautiful)  
in field above brush again. This time the chuckar flushed too far to  
shoot and went forever.

Rejoined Kay waiting in the "foundation" bottom when one of the  
presenter boys had come looking for us and carried the three birds he  
had in his game pocket.

We climbed the long hill to where a lot of brush cover had been  
bulldozed into windrows. Then Quest and Mantor pointed above me  
against the sky and we finally saw a chuckar walk out of the roots  
and taugh but did not flush. It was followed by a second. I  
#8 #9 moved around below hoping to flush but failed in view of birds.

Manter had stayed with me. Ray called and blew her whistle (11)  
from where I'd left her, and I saw a duckar sail and land  
about the windrow, merely glimpsing it against the sky. We  
finally reached a pass and got ~~about~~ <sup>about</sup> the edge and wound back with  
no results. Once ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> birds get into these windrow tangles it is  
almost impossible to get them out.

We finally got to the car parked on the brow of the hill at  
past 6:30. It had been a grand afternoon with loads of action.  
Manter had 3 points. Couldn't see if he backed or not for I was  
engaged the shots. It would be best to handle Manter without shooting,  
giving attention to having him back point, but those 5 hits with  
7 shells was mighty gratifying to me. We'll go back next October  
before our season opens.

~~~~~

GEORGE 67th season DATA 1991

14 DAYS / 28 HRS.

10 GROUSE / 10 FLUSHES / 0 SHOTS

0 WOODCOCK / 0 SHOTS

16 COVERTS / 10 GROUSE = 0.625 B/C
NV 12 " / 7 " = 0.58 "
PA 4 " / 3 " = 0.75 "

WV need ^{1.71} ~~1.71~~ covers to meet 1991

QUEST 7 1/2 years / 8th season

14 DAYS 1 PROD.

0

LIFETIME '84-'91

188 DAYS

33 PROD.

101 PROD

14 BACKS

6 KILLS

3 RET

MANTON 3 MO.

1991

BIG MOUNTAINS

BLACK BEAR 023-0

MALLOW N. 023-0

OLD ORCHARD 029-0

REHOBETH 029-0-1.1.0

PENNA.

N 26 - HENCKEL NORTH - 1.1.0

N 27 - MRS. BURKE'S - 0

N 29 MITCHELL - 1.1.0

N 30 HUMBERSON - 1.1.0

1991

LOCAL

PAUL UPHOLD 031.0

THORNS N14.0

LITTLE SANDY N. - N15.0

CRANESVILLE D10.0

McKAY D11.0

FRANK WRIGHT D25.1.1.0

MATTHEWS D26.0

CHARLES SEESE J2.5.5.0