

Shooting 1992

15 October / Thursday

Hot, sunny, 77°

4:00 - 6:30

3 Chukars (1 lost)

TNT ^{1st}

~~6~~ ~~shots~~

8 shots - 3 hits

Quert 6 prod

Mawton 1 prod

4 backs

A pre-opener hunt on a glorious Indian summer day with color at peak all the way from Old Numbuck. It was unmercifully hot and dry, and we found the old hill farm heavy with standing cover called Sudan grass, much different from what we found here in March.

Today we tried, at our request, the far portion of the preserve, drawing up ^{to} the steep ridge top above the part we hunted formerly. There are three flat fields bordered by large woods with masses of fallen trees on the margins along the fields - heavy piles of logs and branches forming a nearly impenetrable barrier with a front of pokeberry and blackberry to make it impossible to push through.

We parked at the crest of the hill and started hunting the east-west flat. The Sudan grass is like miniature corn - flat blades in a tangle about knee- to thigh-high with vertical spikes of green seeds, yet miniature; walking through it was labor, with only an occasional trace of row or path to walk on. Mostly you had to drag through it. It had one advantage: it kept the dogs working at close range.

Quert's first point was low and less than stylish, with his head pushed down in the green stuff and no tail at all. Mawton showed no inclination to honor and I let him wander away.

The chuckar was buried in the cover and had to be almost tramped ⁽²⁾'92
to get it up - a small bird that rose straightaway and above head-height.

I fired and saw feathers float but the bird went on into the woods and
away. The birds all flew weakly today and it was impossible to tell, on
the ones that didn't fall, if they were lightly hit or not. I was certain
we would find the first one down, and went on hunting out the strip
with time to go for it later.

We had another point with Quest nosed into the tangle underfoot
and with no backpoint from Manton and I could scarcely fault him
for not getting fired up with Quest's "point." This bird had to be booted
and I then missed at both barrels, my arm having gone cramped from a
mount that started too high - the old Churchill's method. I excused my
embarrassing performance with that excuse, but it was pretty bad.

We paused in the shade at the far end of the field, with both dogs
stressed by the heat, their tongues long. Starting back the north edge of
the strip, I tried to mark the location of the last two flights with the wood
but was faced with an edge of pokeberry plants shoulder-high; I've
never seen so many pokeberry plants. The dogs were purple-stained
and so was my pants, and when we tried to push into the woods we
encountered a screen of blackberry, briars. We finally found an opening
and came to an open forest floor, inside in a glow of gold color. Some of
the trees were huge oaks and ^{initialled} beech. Someone has always been there. We
hunted to the end of the slope, which dropped steeply on the left, but had no
traces of either chuckar

We worked the shady woods back to the front of the north-south 3
fields, most of the Sabin grass which looks like sorghum and which I
understand they cut as ensilage, which would impede the hunting.

Quest soon had a point, a small bird that flew weakly and
which I missed strongly, and which I saw settle in the border of foliage
and bear-log tangle above me, giving me the ~~strong~~ thought that it
might be hit. Quest, however, plunged in and missed the bird which
again flew weakly out along the border row and on the far side.

Leaving it to check on later I turned back and found Quest on
point again in the center of the green strip. This time Manton backed, if
standing still counts. The Old Henchies, which include me, were not
noted for style today, and I blamed it on the heat. Quest's bird remained
covered up, and he began trailing in the dense underfoot. I turned to
move Manton on and found him sitting in a trance near ^{the site of} Quest's
point, ~~then~~ I realized the funny little fellow was on point, set!

Again I "tramped-up" the checker which ran instead of flying —
making a hopping escape with Manton hot after it. I was sure he had
caught it about 20 yards away, ~~but~~ ^{but} the bird flushed and came left-crossing
my way. I threw a hopeless charge of shot at it, and, recovering, made
a clean kill, running through, ~~the~~ with a nice ~~short~~ cloud of feathers
to mark the ~~at~~ fall.



Quest was in at the start and made the retrieval of a very dead limp ^{(H) 92} partridge. As he laid it down - too hot today to hold & sit - Manton who had come in, picked up the bird and started off with it. We were amused and watched him go into the woods below, coming out a moment later empty - mouthed.

With the site well searched, we went to it and were faced with ^{a mass of} waist-high logs and pine and briars. After some hopeless search and climbing over logs, I saw called the Manton had his bird again and was carrying it back with the wood. I finally clambered free and got to where she had seen him bury it.

We searched and crawled and ordered Quest to find it while Manton watched us roughly until we had to admit defeat and went off without seeing a feather.

It was getting on toward 6:00 and the sun had gone behind the trees, leaving a nice cool time to hunt, and the dogs showed their relief. After a pound to eat a turkey croquette, we began hunting the third field toward the south. This field was even denser and harder to wade through.

Quest gave us another ersatz point and Manton bailed. The partridge flushed without my having to look it out, and flew straight toward the next edge cover, falling very properly at my shot just in the edge of brilliant cover. Quest was searching in the thick tangle and Manton moved ~~it~~ in front of Kay and me and located the fallen bird. I didn't let him get it this time and called Quest to us to find and retrieve. The shot and the best were good enough to redeem my confidence in the little 25-bore.

We had one more point - deep down in the solid cover. This bird didn't get far, with Quest getting it when it flattened in his face - a big chunker, the largest of the six we had moved. I regret a false bill but accepted it as a replacement for Manton's little bit of nonsense. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ~~It was lost to the office and found out~~
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thurs. We left a check and draw out of the hollow in throbbing color. 5

The day was less than ideal. It sounds nice to think of shooting a prairie
in early October in Indian summer color, but the deer cover is frustratingly
and provides poor points and flushes. The Chockos had a heavy ~~load of~~
checkmate - crop odor from dried dropping - dust and I can see why they
inspired such poor points. My shooting was bad - 3 hits with 8 shells, but
not awful, if it had been an grouse. It all fun, but we were really pursuing
shooting on real wild birds.

Wednesday 21 October

Overcast, cool 54°

Playford Mount Place

3:40 - 5:55 / 2 hrs. 20 min

Quail 8 1/2 wro

Wenton 16 shells

Bugs 85 pushing 86.

This was our first day, although the Season opened on the 17th.
Our plans to hunt the Wolf's house on Beulah Dodson's were preempted by
an orange pickup with an empty gun & lens and a dozen shells in the
cab seat (why leave the shells?). The color is dying but was still good in
this area. Was the man a squirrel hunter (the shells were low-brass) or had he
learned of the quail brood sighted by Vergie Seese earlier this season fall?

We drove on out the road to the Salem Church and to the road back to
the Mount place. Color is still lovely out here, and the cover is good,
but we didn't even hear a grouse or hear so much as an empty point
in nearly 2 1/2 hours hunting.

At the old Mount place we came to a young and pretty girl on an
all-terrain with a little boy that appeared to be a small brother on the seat
behind her. It was her son! He was a cute kid with his face ~~not~~ dabbed with
streaks of color to match the foliage. Both were in camouflage and there was a bow
with arrows on the handlebars. The ^{child} was the archer. The girl Wandy (Fitchett?),
was a charmer - daughter of the Hawaiian woman he once met with her husband in the
house in the hollow. We liked her.

Thursday 22 October
Sunny, cool, perfect
3:40 - 4:40 } 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs.
5:00 - 6:50 }

Black Bear Thorns

moved 1-2

Cortland Road

moved 3-4

Mellow

moved 1-2

Quest
Manton

6/92

Drive down to Canaan through remaining gorgeous color in an area, thinking to "beat November" in the Blackwater/Canaan.

At "Black Bear Resort" I stopped to be certain we were within our rights to use their road out ~~to~~ the Brenda Miller house and was told that they had no control over that far end - a nice thing to learn.

Quest and Manton were eager to get started and we hunted the upper edge of the thorns into the north, moving one male woodcock soon after we began - a ~~bird~~ ^{single woodcock} that flushed from Quest with no fault of his. He later ran onto it and stood steady at the flush - no point.

That was it, although we covered the entire thorns other than the far west side. Quest worked beautifully - fast, thorough, with head extended low but not trailing (in good woodcock style) and too wide only once or twice, when the Tri-Thorn's shock gave him religion.

at 4:40 we moved to Cortland, but first I want to mention that we discovered a good new thorn covert behind the Miller house on our way back to the car. Quest made a lovely point far ahead, that proved empty, as did at least four others today - good solid points that looked real. I can't understand unless he was overly cautious or the birds had lifted without his knowledge, which seems unlikely.

at Cortland we hunted in the usual pattern. Quest gave me indication of a cock flush along the lower fence but I didn't see it. The footing today seemed exceptionally difficult - the irregularity of the land beneath the heavy

growth of grass (needs grazing) and the persistence of the grass and reeds ①
tangling around your ankles.

We worked the covert well, moving south up the slope and in the
good cover on top we had a production by Q nest, with the cock, a hen, landing
near us. Manton later bumped it and got a lesson in woodcock flight,
good contact but no point. I found Q nest still pointing unaware of the
flush.

Toward 6:00 we crossed to the Mellow Back corner after some trouble
getting Manton to us and concern about his sitting on the road. I day
kept him on leash while Q nest worked the border near the road. Later
Q nest ran onto a 'cock that flushed back toward the road, but we worked
south, coming to an exposure of Hawthorn I had not been aware of but
too late tonight to explore.

As we returned north I walked into the woodcock as were trying to
relocate. Q nest came along and pointed ~~solidly~~ solidly after the fact.

Returning to Cortland and working toward the direction of the
'cock that Manton had bumped we finally found it and another, as
a production of Q nest and another bump by Manton, unintentional.
He is still green but fired up at his first two contacts with 'cock.

Q nest is his magnificent self on woodcock, hunting beautifully
today. His one error today was a roll in a clump on the Muttie place.

I could have done with a shot or two. Perhaps next week when we plan to
come down and hunt from Mirror Lake. A good workout today.

Tuesday 27 October

mild, cloudy 56°
4:30-5:30 / 1 hr.

Mallow

moved 3-6 flocks

Quest ^{8/92} PROD.
Manton

Late arriving in the Canon. Found us out in Mallow and parked inside. Ray walked into a woodcock. We followed and Quest bumped it twice - odd. Manton moving a bit too wide, we changed the stick collar from Quest to him.

Ray went to move the car to the far corner to meet me after I worked the dogs to that good corner. Saw Manton obviously respond to a flush. Near the road Quest was on point facing me. Manton saw him but refused to back, milling around and ignoring my commands loud. A touch of shock had little effect beyond a sharp yell. Ray had come to us and got a couple of photos of the point - then the cock flushed as I walked in but gave me no shot, tho I started a mount and got the old looked-in arm block. It's no use trying to shoot unless starting from "the bottom."

to the Chalit at Mirror Lakes

Wednesday 28 October

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

Seemingly mild 60°
to cloudy

Cottland

Black Bear Thomas
moved 2-3 flocks

Quest
Manton

Drove down to look at Gates & found a pull-off at the old cow road for further trial. Moved to Cottland and hunted in recesses to gate entrance, moving nothing.

Went to Black Bear Thomas and started in recesses behind Mulla house - good enough cover of mixed nothing. Found additional balsam woods at north end, then hunted increasing cloudy sky along the leg spread of hawthorn. No news on any thing year.

Quest bumped a cock in upper edge. Peter made a grand point in the lower end - very odd. Manton would not back, but moved around. I was tired and very tense and walked in, finding nothing but white work - even white work is an event in the Canon anymore. Finally Quest believed me and moved on.

After we crossed the "farm road," Quest ran into a second cock. I'm being generous to call it a new bird. Very discouraging.

at night at the Chalit we walked the dogs under the stars and saw Orion -
I wonder when the stars will disappear?
George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thursday 29 October
Cloudy, mild, 55°

$\frac{3}{4}$ hr.
 $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. } 2 hrs.
1 hr.

Dolly Sods
Blackburn's Barb. Trail
Fisher's Spring
2-2
0
Dolly Sods Spring

Quest 5 PROD ⑨
Manton 1 PROD

5-6
1 det - 0

With almost no woods in the Valley the last ten days, as we made the pilgrimage up the Sawmills road - what comes - to the Dolly Sods and began seeing vehicles along the road with mostly none in them - low hunters. Came to a nice little "old man" from Alexandria, Va - a reader of mine who had hunted here 40 years ago.

We drove the 8 miles or so to the Campground where we could find no trace of the Blackburn's Barb. Trail. Two low hunters sitting out led us up a short cut - I hadn't remembered the saddle takes up here - miserable footing. Once on the Trail it was obviously an impossible coast and nothing like the little draw we had in Kay's maps. Everything changed! We took the long way back and to the car and drove south to Fisher's Spring. There again, change! Fallen dead trees, grown-up undergrowth, the edge of the bog visible because of new spruce growth. But we did get a point from Quest and Jim's cousin, from Manton, at least he was standing a lot ahead of Quest. The cock flushed with us soon after, but the action of both dogs indicated it.

We were turned back by the tangle and at the road, both dogs crossed and soon Quest was on point again, headed toward me. Both dogs broke at flush and they saw the cock flush across to the west side. Three birds seem to be lying along the road margin.

For a last try, we drove to the Dolly Sods Spring, which proved our last move. We had parked and I let the dogs out to come to me within the edge woods when Manton saw into a low woods that flushed out and down the road. Shortly after, Quest barked a 'cock on the low edge' - we did stop at flush. Why no points? There was no action in the address in the bottom - I don't like address - and we worked east when Manton barked and cleared #3.

From then on as I tried to get them to cover the ~~road~~ broad land below the road - ground covered with very dry beech leaves - both dogs got out a bad time. I asked I say to take

Manton to the car and leave him, but she stayed with him.

Hunting Quert who should have been fine, but the rascal was coming out and 10/9
rest in hand, as we most of the time. I detest this situation and regretted not having got
the shoulder from 1 day when we separated.

Finally I came to a under grade that had once been a road parallel with the main
road above me. Then, Quert made a fine point - low but fine - some pieces ahead and I
arrived to him. I wish he'd do his work closer to me. The 'cuck' flushed low and straightening
and I tried to mount and had the wrong look - why can't I remember to do it the way I do
in dry practice, starting low and coming up briskly to my shoulder. Mostly it is because I start
too soon. We followed the flight straight down the grade and Quert panned the land a good
distance along the road. He was true and I was true and the 'cuck' was tight. Finally, instead
of flushing down in the same direction it had flown up to now, the bird rose and spun me
a lovely chance quartering back to the right. I got the gun up but not into my face and tried a
chance swing just back over my right shoulder and missed.

We followed with Quert in high down to the bottom where, then at that late hour turned
north to go to the road. On the way, Quert pointed again - his 5th today - and this time
a woodcock darted into tree trunks and away with us chance to shoot. I said to Kay
that I can't remember 'cuck' flying so fast! I can't see #5 in her. at least we got into
action today, with some birds true on the mountain.

We drove out via the lower road from Soreville to Red bank on Rt 32 -
longer but easier and in less time than the upper road we came in on.

Tuesday 3 November ^{FDU NW 95} Mc Kay
perfect, mild, sunny 50°

Quert
Manton, backst.

3:00 }
6:00 } 3 hrs.

Had hoped to hunt this whole the color was on, but there was an
ideal day. Being Election Day, I expected other hunters and was not disappointed.
Parked at the lower end and walked the 1/2 mile to the top to find a Brouse parked
on the flat - one gun case and 2 caps.

The only sign of life was two deer squeaked ahead of the dogs and 3 bow deer hunters. We found the Doll, come on unexpectedly but lying on her stump where we'd left her last season. This is the ~~same~~ third time. She appeared a lot worse for wear - her little nose had ~~gone~~ developed green moss - but the vacuum expression was unchanged. Ray stood her up and took a couple of photos, then we left her lying supine as we found her - quite a touch of tradition, poor little thing.

Both dogs gave me a hard time romping too wild. Manton has developed an indifference to the whistle, and Quest needed (required) the touch of shock several times.

Quest gave us two good points, empty. Are the grouse so nervous that they left before we reach them?

Came to a perched bow hunter in a tree at the old hunter's, one of a father-son pair. We hunted to the clearing and ate lunch at a pine sitting on our usual rocks in the center. ~~at~~ This has become a nice tradition - which is what hunting grouse mostly amounts to anymore with no grouse.

After starting back the lower circle, Mr. Manton got himself lost and we had a time whistling and waiting till he found us. I think he'd been into some rancid matter, judging by his breath. We ~~put~~ the shock collar on him and after that had less difficulty keeping in touch. But he's developed a bad pattern of self-hunting. Quest did well without the collar from then on.

The sun was below the trees when we hit the long pull back down the mountain with a clear sky, and a half Woodcock Moon over us. As the sun went down the western sky took fire and gave us a glory to see.

On the way back before we topped over, we ran into a third bow hunter, from Patrobs. The other two were also Pennsylvanians - all foreigners. They all said there were lots of grouse here last year. (We'd hunted it in Dec and missed nothing, as today ~~we~~ got ~~out~~ down to the station wagon by moonlight - a 3 3/4 mile hunt without a flush. The best moment was a fine point by Quest, backed solidly by Manton - empty, but what was your side? It put the violet that my blood, and Ray's, and their's.

Tuesday 10 November
Partly Sunny 50°

Grassy Ridge

Quest
Manton

12/2

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

Church corner
Spruce Thorns

Stopped at these corners on the way to our Cavanaugh cabin. Found absolutely nothing in spite of rough weather in the North and reports of plenty of 'cock in Panama. Why is WV a total loss? Grassy Ridge is beyond hope, with No Hunting posters on every third tree. The name Allison on all on the forest half.

a bad start. We have the "Continental" cabin, the one we used to stay in when we first came to Mirror Lake 20 years ago

Thursday 12 November
Cold, cloudy, windy, 35°
1 3/4 hr

Black Bear Thorns

Quest
Manton

Cortland
Mallow

(Yesterday was a "Cavanaugh Day" all day.)
Visited Ben & Dorothy Thompson.

This is incredible. The weather was ice-gale strength wind and bitter cold, but that should bring woodcock down, not keep them away. With the rough weather in the North we should have been late flights. There isn't a single 'cock in the Valley.

Friday 13 November
Better cold, high winds, 36°
Cloudy, some sun

Gates
Corinth

Quest
Manton

1 hr }
3/4 hr } 1 1/4 hr. Packed for lunch, we tried the Gates just to make sure and for old memories. Memories was all we found.

Drove via Oaklond and stopped at the Corinth court. Nothing. This is a place where you think you see your setter on point out ahead and it is a plastic jig. Found Old-Headed safe and in good shape after the high winds. Cleared a little debris branches in the lawn to get in. It's good to be where we belong.

Thursday 19 November
misty, cloudy, cool 48°

new FRAZEE PLACE
0

Quest
Manton

(13)

2:50-4:20 1 1/2 hr.

This is a lally setting, David Nestor's old Jim Blaine Frazee farm, set back at the end of a muddy lane, the old crumbling house shrouded in trees - a hemlock, red pines, hardwoods. Dave had told us he made a group of five quous last summer, fleeing from an apple tree at the house.

Today we found not one but an orchard of apple trees on the slope above the house, but no quous. We hunted up the hill to a woods on top - excellent cover with grapevines and some grapes on the ground throughout, but no quous. There was a small stream at the south end, and alders and St. John's Wort, but no woodcock.

Sometimes I think I'll lose my mind from the frustration. We have hunted ~~11~~ ¹¹ days in WV this season and have not seen nor heard one quous. Perhaps next week in Pennsylvania.

Friday 20 November
perfect, sunny, cool 46°

Wolf Place
0

Quest
Manton

3:10 - 4:10 / 1 hr.

Nothing - large open woods with one small acre of thicket on top with greenbrier berries; scattering of grapes on the ground in much of the large woods. Memories of a few - not many - quous in here years ago. Wind and cold surprising.

This quous diary for 1992 is little more than a log registering when we want to find not one quous in 12 days so far

Monday 23 November

Cloudy, cool 50°
3-5/2 hrs.

Spruce Spruce
mixed 4-5 flocks

Q west 14/92
Manton 1st prod on ground

Pennsylvania Wood. This was a day! We had just started along the big spruce trees when I waves Q west to the right and two grouse flushed from the trees. He had no scent and I saw him stop at flush on the second bird. (May wasn't sure then wasn't a third one.)

We followed, crossing a tangled mass of "canary grass" and goldweed in the old homeplace clearing, and on the far edge I walked into one of our birds - no dogs near - and saw it rise straightaway and fly out. If I had been seeing a few grouse in the last few years I think I would have taken a shot - left barrel - but today I simply stood and exclaimed.

Following around the brink of the ridge, we were overtaken by a hunter with a rifle who, to my surprise, said he was bear hunting. He was a local from the Flat Rock road.

The cover here is post timbering (about 15 years) and good but sparse of grouse food. I can't seem to orient myself with my memory of this place. We had cut across to the slope on the west side and were hunting south, hoping to find the old trees I used to follow. Suddenly, Manton, who was coming toward me (both dogs were mowing too wide) swung right into a pile of branch brush and froze, doubled into a pile himself. The grouse, glory be, didn't wait for me to get to him but bored out crossing low through the brush, then turned away without ever stopping out. No chance for a shot, but it was Manton's first flush on a grouse. At

went over 100 yards from where Brian made his first ground point in 1969. (15)



MAWTON'S 1ST

Mawton tore the place apart, rooting into and under logs and brush, unable to leave the place. Kay was behind and heard the bird but unfortunately didn't see the point. It has been a long time coming but it was Mawton's coming of age.

Quint came to us from nowhere and showed no reaction to the scent, but Mawton continued to go over every inch of the spot. Finally, after much congratulation, we moved on with Mawton no longer running the path, but quartering cover like an old-timer.

I was walking along one of the old trace paths and a grouse flushed to my right, again from a brush pile like Mawton's bird. I had no view, only sound. Mawton got to my aid and I sent him to the spot where he came again doubled up, not quite solid, but Kay got a picture. Again he actually rooted into the spot where the bird had been and we had a time getting him to go on. Quint came along and acknowledged it ^{merely} by raising a paw and going on.

The day did us all a world of good - to know there are still such things as grouse. Quint, after his first contact with the original two, was blaming every time I saw him, which wasn't very often. ^{George Bird Evans Papers} ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} ^{Both dogs went to work,}

and Quert actually had no contacts after the start. But Mantre's
blowing into a bird dog, made the day. And the near-collapse I had
for a shot gave me adrenaline to remember. Many "rubus poppers" underfoot.

It was almost drizzling when we reached the car. (Memories of
little Dixie barking to guests as though through the snow!!)

Tuesday 24 November Deer Lake
drizzle at times, cloudy 50° 0
3:00 - 4:20 / 1 1/4 hrs.

Quert
Mantre

Started for the Hatched Place and, to avoid traps, moved on to the
north end where we found timbering had wiped out the places we wanted to
park. As a next resort, we drove to Deer Lake - awful road on same land -
where we found the usual lack of game. Another zero. Both dogs worked
well after we switched the shock collar to Mantre, who had bored out when cast
and was gone for 15 minutes or more.

Wednesday 25 November

Spence Spring

Quist
Manton

17/92

Cloudy, cool, 54°

1-1
0

2:45 - ~~4:30~~ / 1 3/4 hrs

Back to a certainty of at least 4 grouse in this cove. We think we heard and they glimpsed out of the spruce tree grass from the dogs. That was it. This is ground cover when you're moving birds; when you're not, it looks black and empty.

At end of day we drove the car to the bottom of the hill but had not enough time to try the valley. Heard what sounded like a dog whumping on far hill side to the south but when we started toward it lost the sound. Must have been a rabbit chaser or a new bear.

Another year.

We have hunted 14 days so far and ^{on} 12 - count them - have not moved a single grouse. It's almost more than I can bear.

Friday 27 November

Henschel

Quist 1 brood
Manton 1 brood

cloudy, quiet, cold 36°

mixed 4-5
0

2:35 - 5:25 / 2 3/4 hrs.

Parked at Henschel's trailer and walked the woods road, with both dogs coupled while going through the trap area with no problems, other than Manton dragging Quist like a ball-and-chain. Once cast, both began hunting beautifully, and continued all the time we was out. I never saw them quarter more strenuously.

We took the low fork along Fish Run and hadn't gone far before there was a loud explosion in dense humlocks a few yards to my right and a grouse topped out, giving us a slight glimpse well ahead. We followed along the path through beautiful humlock cover (this has become denser in the 2 years since we've been here). Manton and Quist were covering the holes ~~was~~ well.

We had walked 8 minutes (I timed it) when Manton hit scent on the bank 18/92
to my right and went on point. The grouse didn't give him more than
5 seconds before flashing back with no view of it in the dense humlocks.

This was the second grouse point for Manton in four days then walk and he
seems to have come into it naturally. There have been ^{his} only 2 contacts with
grouse and they have brought him of age. All afternoon he hunted at
a fast pace without hot-ups and like an experimental dog.

We hunted to the end of the trail and while we waited for the dogs
to swing back, I saw a flash in the direction. The cover has changed
and on the way downstream we scarcely recognized the gap path. We returned
and climbed the steep pull up to the cross-leg, very steep. On top we
found the trail along the crest of the bench, but when we tried to find the
branch path we failed to see it.

Having gone too far I turned right but couldn't find a gap in the
upper tier of the double escarpment, and we attempted to work back
along the base of the upper rocks with no success. Having gone beyond where the
gap path had brought us up the lower climb, we were more perched over the
rocky log covered flat toward the upper wall — and finally came across the
path I'd been trying to find. How missed the turn-off, I can't say.

Once on top and on the plateau we had to face the fact that it was
getting late with only 25 minutes until 5:00 when we could expect to lose the
light. Everything had grown thicker in the 2 years we'd been away and
it took some doing to locate the lower path toward the deer camp.

We couldn't stop to eat, and Kay fed us "special treat" as we hurried
along. We abandoned the idea of going to the upper clearing, and kept on
the lower path past the deer camp (it didn't appear to have been needed for
next week's season) and at the lower clearing we took the ~~the~~ bottom trail
as the shortest way out. Just before we reached the deer camp, Kay had

Cool, sunny damp 40°
2:40 - 4:25 / 1 3/4 hrs.

Frazee
0

Quest solo

Thursday 7 January

Back to find the "20" grouse Jim Nator moved in one corner of old barn foundation in deer season. We covered the entire farm with Quest hunting beautifully. Tried him solo, leaving Manton at home, to give him a break and me, too. He had his day but we had no birds, not one feather. We did find a log in the bottom flat with half a dozen old grouse pellets. Looked like a drumming log but the drummer had paid but no visit. That was it.

Tomorrow is our 62nd Anniversary and we hope to hunt Manton solo, but weather forecast sounds unlovely. Quest hunted magnificently

Friday 8 January

Cold, misty fog, 40°
2:35 - 4:20 / 1 3/4 hrs.

17° Solo
Paul's Place

Manton solo

moved 1-2 flushes

Prima Donna's prefer to solo. We did with Manton what we did yesterday with Quest, and it worked better than I could have imagined. From the moment we cast him in the thicket area below Paul's old house (?) Manton hunted within range all day, covering the cover as if he sensed he had full responsibility. He bawled & whistled, quavering left to right, turning in to cover at the whistle, in every way proving what I had only hoped he would someday be. Quest gave me perfect performance yesterday alone, and from now on I want to see them solo indefinitely.

There was the mired, cover everywhere, with drops of moisture on all things, condensed from the misty fog, with air damp and fragrant. I know of no cover anywhere to equal this, but it holds no grouse.

We hunted to the place the deer hunters camp (unbelievable trash and one deer skin & entrails to pay honor to a deer ~~that~~ that once knew this as home).

We hunted down the steep woods road through gorgeous cover, with 22/92
Maunton coming up the better-than-45° slope ~~to~~ ^{through the} dense cover on the
right, then after investigating the top, coming down again, instead of taking the
road, plunging into the gorgeous cover on the left. I have never seen him
perform like this and it indicates an understanding I couldn't know he had.

We hunted to the bottom below the Kelly road, to where we once mailed
a spouse (what thin memories as ~~birds~~ ^{birds} cling to), then, ~~later~~ after
Maunton combed the steep banks below, we hunted the woods east.

We came to a new three-strand barbed wire fence (whose?) and followed
the edge of the amazing gorgeous tangles on our left with Maunton taking
it apart, going in again and again. ~~at the top~~, We crossed the last fence
to the more open woods on the east and in some good cover above, Maunton
went on point. It was sincere and it was solid until I reacted to him,
when he carefully worked, stop by stop until ~~he~~ ^{he} had determined the bird
was not there. It was ground work and rewarded him for all the hard
searching he had done. He couldn't believe no quail was there, and doubled
back and tried again.

We came to the lower woods road and they heard & saw a quail
(of all things!) flash far ahead of Maunton, probably from my voice.
Maunton but scent near us where the bird had been and worked it well.

There are no quails this year, the first time in many seasons.
We hunted to the replaced ^{field} strip on the east, then, unable to find the
upper woods road (what happened?) we doubled back and found the west end
and hunted it to the east edge of woods where I heard what I'm sure was a reflection.
We hunted the woods to the road, and passed Paul's sociable corner, touching
remnants of rotting overstuffed chairs, still wanting to stop and talk.

(23)

this was a grand day, with strongly pleasant foggy weather, and a wonderful sense of pleasure in ~~the~~ Menton's grand performance hunting solo for the first. It is an example of the pleasure in ^{solo} dog work today and yesterday with Quest, with almost no grouse. Today was the first grouse we have made in West Virginia all season. I have a new joy in Menton.
And this was ^{our} Sixty-Sixth Anniversary Day.

Wednesday 20 January

Perfect, sunny, clear. Cool 40°

Bitley
0

Quest solo

2:50 - 4:50 / 2 hrs.

Reports of grouse from Mike Bitley lured us there on a day that couldn't have been more beautiful. Parked at the road fork and hunted out the lower road past the site of George Ruzger's house - only the Rambler left - and over appalling road ruts and frozen water holes.

Quest, alone, was hunting beautifully, although later after finding no birds he began to reach a bit but overall was good. We hunted up the wooded hillside parallel with the powerline in good cover and over rough edge to the pond at the top. Memories of grouse I used to make on the ravined woods below me!

at the top above the pond, Quest was moving toward me a few yards in front and turned and went solid in a low tangle of greenbrier in the open - a nice point but too tight to be a grouse. Moving beside him and then in front I tramped the tangle for the rabbit I expected but nothing moved. This is what we are reduced to now.

We had been hearing shots far to the north across Beaver on the Kelly land. Six or eight separated over fifteen ^{minutes} or more - one burst of ~~2~~ another of 3. Can't believe there were that many grouse. Turkeys? out of season at Bitley's we talked to Jean and her uncle who is building them - Pat Peers, pleasant people. See an occasional grouse, but I think all the reports we get are one grouse repeated. # That was it. ~~another empty day.~~

Saturday 23 January

Ray Hutloni

Manton solo

29/92

perfect, sunny, mild 44°

ward 2 - 2 flocks

1 PROD.

2:40 - 5:25 / 2 3/4 hrs.

0

walking

This was Manton's day to hunt solo again. To avoid the muddy road, we cut across the big fields from where we parked at Daisy Rude's - a long trek and finally reached the greenlier corner, now cut in two by one of the many paths that have been put through all this cover, probably by and for the deer hunters. There is also the replica strip-mining and the pond - all changes I don't care for.

We cast Manton right at the crossroads and very soon found him on point in the thickest cover - a nice thoughtful high-hand point - tail at fair angle just plus-level, and holding solidly. I called "Point!" to Ray behind me and she said "I see it." I tried to get around and about Manton, and he began a nice mobile point, moving up very gently and carefully, then stopping - an old Humble trait. Suddenly I saw him break, and Ray said the grouse had flushed well ahead and invisible. It was Manton's production #1 in a young life of hunting.

The bird had, according to Manton's break, gone right quarter into the large woods.

We hunted to the fields to the west, then down to the hemlock cover along Little Sandy and, unable to locate the old path, found our way to the Stone Cabin with no action until a good point by Manton on the slope above, that I proved empty.

After lunch on the cabin porch we hunted to the old bridge abutment - memory of a point by Bliss - and had just started to climb the much-improved hill road (graveled) when a grouse flushed ^{out of a} tree on the left and gave us a mere flash view. That was it, although we covered the good flat on top and walked the long road back. The log oak lay felled (perfectly solid) Why?

I was hunting with a blood sugar drug all day, but Manton made it good. Why was the "last day of the season" - 2 grouse - all in good luck.



WANTON'S ~~DOG~~ #3

Daisy Rude told us the Ray Gallen's place had been sold "in sections" by the "American Heritage" company. Class!

This covert, with its long walk in, did not prove the best chance for Wanton. He naturally reached far out to the cover beyond the fields and set a poor pace for the balance of the day. But in general he hunted well, and I feel he is full of point if a bird is present

Thursday 28 January
Sunny, perfect, cool 44°
2:55 - 5:10 / 2 1/4 hrs.

Paul Weston Mine
moved 1 - 1 flush
0

Quart
Wanton 1 back

A return to an old favorite covert after years' absence. The best part of the road was rough with a frozen pool that Kay broke through and managed in 4-wheel drive. The old mine has been obliterated by a replaced stripmining that sliced off the entire upper slope of the ridge, leaving the good woods cover on top.

We started hunting out a lower road that dead ended along a sheer hill. As we turned back, retracing our steps, a grouse flushed off the steep face of the hill and bore for the point of woods above the replaced land. Wanton had worked his charm on me at home, destroying my intention to hunt Quart solo, and so I brought both dogs. They were working well and both had hunted the steep hillsides on the way out without finding the grouse that had been clinging to it. Now both saw the grouse, and both started to go after it, working on the sheer footing. Suddenly I

looked up ~~to~~ see the ghastly sight of my Quert falling down
the sheer precipice, rolling over and over sideways off the face of it. 26/92

He landed on the bottom, where I say saw it for the first. Obviously ~~he was~~ stunned,
he regained his feet, confused, and made his way to me. It was an awful
experience, for he might have been killed or crippled. Gaily, he seemed to
get everything together and, after ^{we} had gone over him, started out hunting
again.

Shaken, we resumed our way back to the clear replacement and climbed
steeply to an upper road that merged with the old woods road that follows
the contour north. Just to keep the situation tense, Newton who was at
the crest of another cliff above us, ~~tried~~ to come down over in what would not
have been a roll like Quert's; by ^(started) repeated loud No, we prevented it and
he worked his way to the far end where it blended with the wooded hillside.

Moments later, Newton went on point in the road at a windfall
and Quert, seeing him, appeared to back. But from his appearance, he got the
scent and went into hypnosis. Tense, I waited for Kay to get to us. She got
a zoom picture of Newton's point, just to see he had fallen and was pinned,
a 24 roll instead of the 36 she expected. For at least two or three minutes Quert
held, immobile with that magnificent head reaching high and tail rigid,
while Kay reloaded the camera and ran it up, working under tension,
while I steadied Newton with the slightest knee whistle. At our point
he faltered, then held in a new position until he got his picture. That

then was on grass, seemed anticlimax after the wonderful point
and Kay's performance with the camera. I think it was hot scent from
the lead that had rained to the precipice. It seems unfair that I can't
credit the points. (27)

This cover along the old road is excellent; large woods but rich with
grapes. Not far along, Quest had a point in the road, and
Maunter honored. However he soon (Maunter) went soft and went
ahead of Quest, who continued to hold until I had walked in and sent him
on. We followed the lovely old road, blocked in places by fallen trees, as
trees fall across a path, then at the far extremity, it forked and we took the
branch that climbed the hill. There was another ~~path~~ branch that doubled
back, and we hunted it, taking a gently climbing angle parallel
to our lower road coming out. Both dogs were working well, showing us
how they could do it.

The trace of woods was widened and finally seemed to end into the
upper hill, and we set out through the woods which weren't too difficult to
walk. We eventually climbed to the top just under the crest and once more
came to the road, which now looked more like a test-dred road from some
years back. There were fresh ground tracks in the remnant snow and I
followed to where the bird had lifted.

We continued south along the hill through excellent grapevine cover
until we came out on the small flat clearing grown to hawthorn and
blackberry thorn, which I remembered from years ago. It must have been
a homestead, for there was ^{was} sections of stone walls. We sat on one of them
for a bit of lunch. Quest had been hunting at a fast pace ever since his fall,
and now appeared normal.

At over 4:40 when we started the long way back, slanting down
through excellent cover. It was a matter of guess as to when we
reached a place above the replacement near of car. At a deer stand
and a rough channel drain that led us down, we recognized the
crest of the cliff where Newton had tried to go over. We took the rough footing
along the descending channel down to the woods road, not far from where
we'd had the dramatic double point.

We came out on the replaced exposure of hillsides that had consumed
part of the former woods, and saw our car, tiny below us.

It had been a good day, other than the awful experience of
Q's nest fall; the ^{good} weather had been unpredicted, and welcome, and we
had had a rugged hunt through ideal cover. But not all the way out
and back the ridge did we find sound. We returned at a level a bit
too high for the swain we had marked to the point of woods. I
should have taken that into consideration.

In the evening, Q's nest had some aches and grows as he stiffened
following his roll down the cliff, as was to be expected. We gave him
an aspirin in early evening, and followed with an Ecotrin at bedtime, which
would take effect about daylight. In the a.m. he seemed very much
all right. But it was a close call.

Wednesday 3 February
perfect sunny cool 40°
2:25-6:00 / 3½ hrs.

Kelly/Beaver

Mantua rd (29)

missed one - 1 flush
0

"Ordeal by Cover." We took Mantua along to the Beaver Creek side of Charles Kelly's land where two weeks ago we had heard a lot of shooting. The half-mile of woods road was barren and looked it, though pale timber on both sides until we came to the small run that borders Paul Wehld's and the Ezra Kelly land.

Today I was venturesome and kept going to the other side and up a slope to where the road began to lose among small growth in the grade. Turning north, we immediately encountered rocks - covering most of the forest floor with laurel interspersed. Heading on the Kelly Hollows Road, I pushed on, clambering over the rough footing at risk of bones and gun until we came to the lower edge of *Strepitans* *suffocans* that I judged was about below the Mud Road from Paul's.

Now, we got into the first winter cover, with one deep ravine between low strip hills, and here we missed the one quince of the day - one I typically neither saw nor heard. Kay did both, and said it came down right-to-left over my head.

The ravine was steep-sided and clogged with windfall that forced us up the sides. "Up the sides" was nearly straight up with few saplings to hold to and it became a chancy climb, with the feel of falling back down most of the way up. It was a low incline and at the top I ^{handed my} unloaded gun, stock-end, to Kay to give her a purchase to finish out.

We were in a familiar flat top of pine planting and open floor that I was sure would lead us to the terraces strip that parallels the Kelly Road on top. It wasn't.

definite, and what seemed incredibly it came out on the road as we were seeking, a few yards from where we had left it at a pair of pink surveyor's ribbons.

From there on we kept our tired bones articulating, reversing the little stream, and along the half-mile of road (steeper at this time of day) and with the gibbous moon now becoming brighter ^{high} behind us, we reached the station wagon at 6:00 — tired but out.

We missed one quail I didn't hear and didn't see.

She had to have been tired, but ~~through all of that~~ ^{Ray} was magnificent. (brutal stuff)

Friday 5 February

Bishop's Place

Quail solo

Sunny, cool, breezy 44°

2:40 - 5:55 / 3 1/2 hrs

A lovely day, perfect even — and no quone.

Parked at Marshall Spofford and hunted along the base of the lowest step-mound terraces in white pines. I had never seen turkey droppings in the quantity that ~~was~~ ^{now} here. It wasn't an occasional pellet, or a sprinkling of pellets — it was wall-to-wall carpeting, impossible to stop without walking in them. walk stepping

Once around in the valley entrance to a recent bulldozed road on the right side — why, I don't know — but we followed it as graded footing, but frozen. All the forest floor was frozen, making walking uncomfortable.

The grade took us gradually higher on the hill through excellent thicket and grapevine cover, with festoons of grapes against the skyline, but not a bird.

We came out almost in front of the small white house on top.

This land is all posted with notices signed Allen Weston, who is John Sides

used to own. We paused to eat on the edge of that grand cover, to the squeals of children in the new trailer in the field on the west side. Jay Herring has to drive all the way to the top for the ~~three~~ three ropes up the road.

After lunch, we hunted the flat woods, still excellent cover. There was long piles of rocks, remains of someone's goat-twisting work to clear this land at the end of the nineteenth century. I found a great accumulation of what looked like brush heaps covering the upper portion of this woods - not cut, but broken off the trees, remains of the big snow damage earlier this year.

We are both feeling the effects of our fatigue from day before yesterday and as headed for the road, in grand condition this year. The long walk was all downhill, trying to tired knees, and we walked it briskly to the bottom, recalling a grouse I shot here over Bliss. Hunting now is nothing but recalling, and good exercise.

Wednesday 10 February
clear, sunny, warm 45°
2:45 - 5:15 / 2 1/2 hrs

Big Sandy Ridge
Mouton solo

To try this area after making a couple of grouse along the bottom road in a summer's walk a couple of years back. They weren't here. Parked at the corner of the Danny Feather road and tried to hunt along the big powderline but was blocked by huge rocks. The woods had no paths and only more rocks. It seems that when hunted in more covert this late season with incredibly rough footing. This was full of rocks, blown down branches and frozen earth that turned the ankles.

We finally got east of the worst rock formations and tried walking the powderline right-of-way, only to run into blackberry thorns

Wednesday 31 March
cloudy to down pour 60°

T in T ^{2nd}
missed 5-6 flushes
5 shots - 0

Quest 3 per
2 backs
Manton 2 per
3 backs

Winter kept us from the preserves until today, a cloudy warm
one with promise of no rain until midnight. Got a late start at
the preserve while waiting for a party to finish hunting, with
weather becoming ominous and beginning to emit sprinkles from time
to time.

Quest now wild, moving too far out in the lower level of
the ~~best~~ ^{south} hillside, pointing a checker as could see her out ahead.
The bird lifted and came back high in air but at too great range to
try for, though I suspected a good shot would have reached it with
a full check.

Manton, to my surprise, was not ranging well, but looking at it
from a practical viewpoint, may have been a relief from Quest's
performance, that worthy putting up #2 and chasing until
stopped by voice. The shock collar was ineffectual because it was
at first too loose but mostly because of too much coat on Quest's
neck. It didn't reach him once all day.

Crossing to ~~west~~ ^{north} side, ~~and~~ ^{we} had a point - low tail - by Quest
and I think a back by Manton. Had to flush checker and missed it
cleanly to my amazement, making mental note that that would not
happen again.

It did, and did, and finally did both barrels on last bird.
It is better not to dual on it but I can't remember anything like Tom
open shots. I doubt if you can change your shooting after age 80.

Manton had the next point with Quest looking under duress,
I suspect because of jealousy. This bird flew over top edge and away.
Manton had the next point and then bird I was on, feeling

36/92

my mygale ahead but it too went on, to top.

We followed, with the sprinkles becoming more intense, together with a high wind, reaching gale velocity on top. Quest was separated for a long time and I thought he was on point but he finally got back with us after we rounded the point.

By this time we were soaked but we kept hunting, covering the

bottom where I expected the most reflections but had none.

We decided at this time to give up, and worked the top edge of the bottom cover toward the sea. Suddenly saw Manton on point on edge, low and intense, then descended Quest solid just inside and pointing at 90° toward field, and the chuckar walking away about ten yards on point of Manton, who was starting to creep in.

What ensued was a stalk by me and Manton, with Quest holding I think and the chuckar walk/running until by car on my part it stopped and crouched. In a moment it flushed and I shot and missed and missed again as it quartered away high.

all these birds were in fair range, not close, but not over thirty yards or less when I fired. I am still puzzled unless it was because I was not into the stock well and looking over the barrels.

I was using #7 mached shot in the right and #6 lead in the left. also on the left-barrel shot I must remember that the 28 was only modified, not full. at any rate, it is disastrous.

We finally made the car roared to the base, and drove down the steep not-mud slope to the cabin and changed to dry clothes from the duffle bag, using the lunch room.

Tom Stewart came afterward and talked and insisted that we call it an even exchange for the copy of the *Affair of the* *George* *Bird* *Evans* *Papers* *George* *had* *ordered*.

We had only 6 chuckars but not and *West Virginia and Regional History Center*

Thursday 8 April
sunny, hot - 80°
4:30 - 7:30 / 3 hrs.

T in T 3rd

missed 10/16 flickers
11 shots - 2 sloppy hits.

Quest: at least 10 birds. (39)

a tank
Manton: 2 birds
several loose backpoints.

Had 10 chukars bent out. I went today determined to overcome my shooting slumps of last time eight days ago. First bird was left-crossing and I shot pulling ahead but felt too close to Kay and stopped my swing. There began an outrageous series of misses that tangled me. I would mount, careful to bring the gun to my cheek, hold on bird as I did one year ago with good results, only to see it fly on. On my 11th shot I saw feathers fly and one leg dangle and the bird, which had been under a grand point by Quest and in a tangle of blackberry canes, so down far out in the north field, where Quest ~~later~~ pointed it with Manton crouched almost to the ground, also pointing. Quest wouldn't move when I sent him to fetch the bird which I saw lying but still alive. I tried to drag Quest with little result. Finally picked up the bird and tossed it ahead of him and got a retriever, still alive. Very sloppy shooting.

Am convinced I am undershooting on every shot, snap-shooting, not going with. But stumbled last year and it's hard to overcome, what with my shoulder handicaps.

Whatever I'm doing wrong, I'm doing consistently.

What a grand lot of dog work by Quest. Manton made a couple of points. He is an individual, pointing very cautiously and today, low to the ground. He has developed a bad habit of keeping moving on his backpoints, creeping up as I walk in, exactly in front of my feet, nearly tripping me and, what with having to put up nearly every bird pointed. This requires some careful handling and stretching, which I could not do today, with my own shooting ^{neurosis}.

Early in our hunt, Kay found the battery morning from her Nikon (a problem camera, which also keeps running up the film rolls).

long way back to the station wagon, only to find the morning battery 38/192
and cap to the compartment in her common case all along. Maunton went with her.
Maunton I had finally worked Quert in the ~~last~~ upper end of the north
field, with a follow-up to the upper tier, where Quert found the bird on edge
and I missed as more shot. I think, aside from possibly under-shooting, I
am not getting an accurate placement of pattern laterally, what with
a hurried and encumbered mount. No dismissing.

Kay rejoined us and we continued down the long north segment,
with Maunton self hunting and ignoring our worthy signals. He bumbled
and chanced. Quert did not run into more than one I can remember, remember,
but he chased several of the untutored birds; I can hardly blame him.

Oddly, I didn't go bananas, but continued plodding in a
mood of tragic benevolence. We reached the magic corner of Maunton's
first point after much shooting (had a flash as only heard). I was
down to three shells and no birds, and Kay, bless her, walked all the way back
and up to the car and drove it to me. I hunted the unseen chukar with no
results. I feel I let Kay overdo with all that hunting in such heat but she
assured me she was "bull-headed."

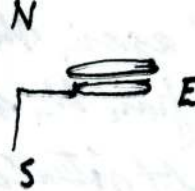
When she returned I found my spare shell case had only five #8 loads,
to illustrate my state of mind, I couldn't find my one remaining #7 load
I'd removed from my gun. I searched all my packets, even the ground, with
no results. When I reloaded later, I had the #7 shell in my hand. God knows
from when. It was that kind of day.

We finally hunted the draw in the bottom and at one time or another, found
three chukars there, the last a bird downy but not able to run and then
perch on a quipum when Kay shook it down and Quert caught it & retrieved.
A wild day - hot, loads of good dog work, with some bad back-hunting Maunton,
and very, very bad shooting. I need to take myself in hand. But it
was ~~the~~ these ^{hours} ~~hours~~ of hot back-hunting.

Monday 19 April

Partly sunny to overcast 60°
4:30 - 6:45 / 2 1/2 hrs

T in T 4th W
mowed 6-12
4 ducks - 2 bits



Quest 5 prod
4 fash
Manton 2 net
4 prod
1 back

(39)

Our fourth and last (1st in October) trip to T in T for the season, and this one was good. The bird-logy John did a sloppily job of release, putting out chukars on the east side too close together. We drove the car to the bottom, parking on the little run.

Both dogs were key-ups and went wild, Quest working the north field, Manton going to the south one. Quest had a good point in the field north of us, a bird that went up before I could get there, flying to the top cover. Manton may have had a point or may not - but a bird came over as high and I lost sight after it passed over - somewhere toward the top cover.

Both finally came under control and we got them working the north field above the woods, where Manton made a nice point, Quest backing. The partridge was a walker, with Manton carefully stalking and Questing holding like an angel. The bird lifted without a shot, going to the north side like the other two.

Quest came running back ^{toward us} after the flush and slammed into a point on the edge of woods where the other bird had been. Was one flushed nicely without my knowing to put it up - a right-quartering rise that I somehow didn't hit, the ~~bird~~ bird flying hard and long across to the north side, and landing on the edge of woods far away.

We followed, with me rambolling over a mess that would have meant so much as a hit on the first shot. Manton had the point on the edge of woods with Quest backing - good work. I rolled in and saw the chukar crouched at my feet headed uphill. The flush was back ~~to~~ to the edge behind me - a hard one for me - and I turned and awkwardly missed one more. We worked it down ^{George Bird Evans Papers} out the bottom and to the west.

Again we followed and again Manton had the point with
Quest clanking, coming in from the south side of the run and backing. 40/93
The shot was after a difficult situation with the bird in clear view on the
edge but when I couldn't put it out without losing solid footing. I finally
did it - a low straightaway flash and the bird flattered down after the
shot, with Quest on hand to make the capture and return, delivering a
soaking wet muzzed-up chicken that didn't need dispatching.

Finally a bird!

While I was changing my shooting gloves soaking like the partridge
Quest made a point on the edge of the field about thirty yards ahead,
and his bird flushed before I could get into action. It was a big bird
and a strong flier, going all the way to the upper end of the top cover
like the former one. Again we hunted over the same ground to the corner
but this time neither dog could find and we gave up.

Hunting along the upper cover we paused to eat at the deer stand
platform. The day ~~was~~ had clouded over ^{with} a good breeze, and there were a
few tiny drops of rain that didn't materialize.

Quest, working too far out, moved all of the birds from the upper corner,
a reflex of one of the favorites. This bird pitched for the bottom and out of ken.

At "the hot corner" Quest pointed about us standing on the road with
Manton backing. I had to poke into impossible tangles and saw the chicken
moving toward the pile of brush and logs on top. I couldn't reach it, and
backed out and about with Manton working the woods and Quest circling
about with me. I hoped the bird would flash up over from Manton but we
never did meet it.

After working the upper woods with no further action we got to the road
that descends the hill and had another flash from Quest's direction. I knew he
would not bump these birds.

At the head of this road we had a good point by Manton, with Quest
coming in and backing. I saw the ~~partridge~~ but I was blocked by
George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

a wire fence with the bird moving toward the outside on the other side. (41)

I climbed over the low wire and followed the chicken which had reached the edge and hopped up on some logs. Quert had moved in from above and was pointed, with Maunter still pointing behind me. The party, flushed out into the field beeped and I fired and saw it settle for a moment with feathers floating back. I don't seem able to center these birds, but I was ^{at least} grateful for the hit. Quert was circling out ahead and I knew he'd find, which he did, with the chicken running noddly, ending with capture in the bottom and a retrieval by Quert far out. Then for some strange reason he came to us without the bird — something I've never seen him do. He still had feathers in his mouth and I sent him back to find, which he did, and this time he delivered nicely, with Maunter appreciating. The bird was dead when he brought it. I'll never know why he abandoned it.

When Ray moved the car to the bottom corner, I hunted with my face out to the west ~~part~~ of the field (not all the way), then doubled back, covering the top woods with no action.

I met Ray at the car and she drove half way up the least steep hill over a horrible road, let me out to hunt the row of log root and brush ^{tangles}. To the far end, and back on top. I discovered that there is an excellent ^{field} ~~field~~ along the ridge top, planted to Kaffir corn and used for shooting. It would be nice enough. Ray had left the car to meet me above the brush pile row, but we missed each other and met at last at the car.

It was a good day with 2 out of 4 shots hit. But I am beginning to suspect the little 28-lb admit throw its pattern when I look.

I must check Good dog work

DATA 1992

GEORGE 68th season

25 days / 31 1/4 hrs.

13 ~~qu~~ quans / 17 flushes / 0 shots

17 woodcock / 25 flushes / 1 shot 0

TOTAL 23 COVERTS } 0.57 B/C
13 ~~qu~~ GROUSE }

WV 20 COVERTS } 0.25 B/C
5 GROUSE }

WV need ^{21 DAYS} 4 COVERTS to have 1 grouse.

The worst grouse season in 68 years.
68

QUEST 8 1/2 / 9th season

20 days 1 prod
6 prod.

MANTON 1 1/4 / 2nd season

21 days 3 prod.
2 backu.
1 prod.

LIFETIME '84-'92

208 days

34 prod

1 ret.

107 prod

14 backu

6 kills

3 ret

1992

BIG MOUNTAINS

CANAAN

7 coverts / 7 days / 10 grouse

BLACK BEAR 022-1.2.0 / 028-2.3.0 / N12.0

COURTLAND 022-3.4.0 / 028.0 / N12.0

MALLOW 022-1.2.0 / 027-3.6.0 / N12.0

DOLLY SODS 029-7.8.0

GRASSY RIDGE

CHURCH N10-0

SPRUCE N10-0

GATES N130

~~RUNNING WATER 127-2.2.0~~

3 coverts / 4 days / 8 grouse

PENNSYLVANIA

SPRUCE SPRING N23-4.5.0 / N25-01.0

DEER LAKE N24.0

HENCKEL N27-4.5.0

TNT 015-6.6.3 / M31-5.6.0 / A8-10.16.2 / A19-~~6.12.2~~

— NEW

MAUST O 21.0
McKAY N 3.0

LOCAL 1992
13 coverts / 14 days
5 grouse

total 23 coverts
" 25 days

CDRINTH N 130
~~DAVE NEITER~~
FRAZEE N 19.0 / J 7.0

12 new coverts
Total in WV: 21 days, 20 coverts
moved 5 grouse

~~WOLF~~ N 20.0

SEESE D 23.0

PAUL UPHOLD J 8.1.2.0 PAUL'S PLACE

BITELY J 20.0

RAY GUTHRIE J 23.2.2.0

PAUL LISTON J 28.1.1.0

KELLY/BEAVER F 3.1.1.0

BISHOFF F 5.0

BIG SANDY RIDGE .0

F 10

$$\begin{array}{r} .25 \\ 20 \overline{) 5.00} \\ \underline{40} \\ 100 \end{array}$$

0.25 bird/covert