

Shooting 1993

Monday 18 October ^{new} Purgah Quert
Blue sky, mild, sunny 62° Man-ton
3:15 - 4:50 / 1 1/2 hrs. Querts at 9, Man-ton 2, my 69th season spanning for grouse.

The Season opened last Saturday the 16th and we tried the Forest - both Pen trail (big trees, cobblestone trail reasonably walking) and the top edge of west prong of Scott (beautiful color, dense foliage, no grouse cover left in Forest.)

Today, Monday, was the first day to count and we went to the big Purgah / Big Sandway Valley as had wanted to try.

This is an Indian Summer we'll remember always, total golds and reds and red-orange as I've never seen - color since October, not after a drought summer with finally rains in late September. Tiny saplings and sprouts on road edges blazing like the big trees, all of a glow you can feel.

Parked at end of branch road and started walking down the rocky road following the old top map trace. We were in recent clearcut, dense, with new notices Purgah Mountaineer Hunting Club, with a view south to the big gorge of Sandway.

Our first shock was an old car with a kayak tied on top coming out of the road as we parked - and I thought this was new road beyond a top map. The second surprise was a great field in the bottom ahead of us, and a trailer that proved the hunting club headquarters, with a pickup parked there.

The road flattened in a big cave with three more trailers and a horse and a car at the front. Dreams of endless wilderness!
None of the trailers appeared to have anyone home and we turned right with doubts as to what had happened to the road. At the third and last place the road simply ended in an appalling collection of junk guarded by a liver-colored Doberman who held his ground at a distance.

Just then Ray called chicken!! and Quest was after it — why are they always white? with the bird making time and Quest overtaking fast. Ray controlled Manton with the shock collar but Quest had had too many breakfasts and dinners mixed with chicken and gravy, and nothing stopped him as we yelled ourselves hoarse. He caught it in the yard of the middle trailer, where now ~~an~~ ^{an} older woman had materialized on the rear porch, and I got to him as he pulled huge mouthfuls of white plumage of the chicken's back.



Too Many Chicken Dinners

It was still alive but badly shaken and I carried it by the feet to where Ray was talking to the woman who seemed more interested in having us "come in a talk a while" — gracious compound.

Her name was Goldie ~~the~~ Ridenour, ^{was} the mother of the woman who owned the chicken at the lower trailer, the ^{Dennis} ~~James~~ Nicklows. The first trailer, with the horse, was Goldie's son. All this when we expected to find only ghosts. I left the chicken bedded in a covered box on ~~the~~ Goldie's porch and \$3 from the chicken fund to go to John Nicklow.

It all ended pleasantly with Quest, the scoundrel looking

smug with a white feather stuck to his lips.

(3)

Goddie seemed to have an affectionate feeling for the white rooster which she said "Crowed every morning." I only hope he crows tomorrow. Why don't they fly into trees instead of flapping along the ground in front of a dog?

On the walk back we found a young man standing by the track at the hunting club — named Dornell, the Pres. of the club whose name was on the notices we'd been seeing. Very pleasant. As we left, a car came down the road and stopped — the Dennis Nicklows of the Cherokee Doremann trailers. I told him about our settler and his Cherokee and he only smiled — nice people. He said he saw a number of quans in the valley beyond his house, and invited us to come and hunt on his land.

We climbed the ridge to the station wagon with mixed feelings — appreciate for the good-natured people we had met and a sense of loss. We seemed to have been in a fold of The Mountain where Time had stopped; not as we had hoped to find, but stopped existing on the old top map. Is there ^{any} place where people ^{don't} live?



Friday 22 October ^{New}
clear, no clouds, cool 50's
3:25 - 5:50 / 2 1/2 hrs.

Enchanted Valley

Quest
Manton

Return to an enchantment, but enchantments fade.

The Mountain still had its glory but many of the trees are thinned, yet the old Grinnell Road had some that was perfection. We drove to the site of the old houses indicated on the top map, hunting down to the head of the Enchanted Valley where a nice little summer cabin sits on the edge of a pond that is out of the heads of Little Laurel:

The cover, as I had thought ^{is long, timber} but there is dense

4/93

rhododendron (have little laurel!) on both sides of the small
run that held a nice flow of clear water. Both Quest & Manton were
ranging nicely, covering everything, but it was apparent at once that we weren't
going to find grouse here.

Almost immediately we found a dim trace of an old log road
and we followed it on the right side. At the mouth of a small hollow
it bore right to hold the contour and I crossed the ravine to shortcut
and came to the grade once more, this time more distinct and broader.

Not far along, I saw a wooden sign on a tree: Ken's Run. I am
still not sure that it is the same trail we found first and think it
may lead on the little branch that comes in from the right.

We ~~then~~ followed the trail to the steeper bank on the left and
rather than go down farther, climbed the left slope to a clearing visible
at the top. We had to wait a good while for Quest to find us after we
turned.

At the upper edge there were some raspberries (no fruit) and some
autumn oak loaded with translucent red berries, but no birds.

Once out on the huge flat top (certainly 5000 feet) we were into deep dead
grass and ^{an ocean of St. John's wort and} many small shrubs that turned out to be more autumn oak
at first they appeared to be spiky but some had the red berries and
had obviously been set-out. All was about waist-high. It could have been a
replaced stripmine but there was no spoil bank when we climbed to it.

The spectacular thing was the enormous view of the mountains to the
west — miles of the entire Blue Ridge with Laurel Hill Mountain far into the
north and miles of mountains up to the south with one double-peak that
almost had to be ^{all hidden through Woodstock} ~~Lincoln Mountain~~. ^{It stood long, dropping it in in wonder,}
greater than any view of the eastern ridge we had seen. ^{Sand Spring Knob formed the next} ~~behind us.~~

all the while Manton had been quartering the big flat top, with
Quest taking his ease nearby. At last we resumed walking, having a problem
to decide the location of the road, but ^{decided on a mass of yellow-green}

Foliage far across the flat.

Many steps and much grass and blackberry briars later we came to it — a huge bitter-sweet vine loaded with red-orange globes and entwined up a small tree — the most we have seen. I can gather a few sprigs to remember it by, lovely thing. There were masses of autumn olive berries at the base.

We were almost on the bank of our road before we knew it, and we walked the short quarter-mile to the car up a gorgeous old mountain road bordered with dripping cedar and old apple trees loaded with green and ^{small} some red apples. Food, food, and what was the game?

It was a glorious day under incredible blue sky. And, come to think of it, we didn't wear a feather. We drove our little blue Subaru station wagon for the last time, and at home at near dusk, found the salesman, Ed Buchanan waiting with our new "Tan Green" Subaru station wagon. It was the last of a ten-year era. I hope the ~~new~~ ^{old} gives us a joy the old one did.

Monday 25 October

Bayard Cemetery

Quest
Manton

5:30 - 6:30 / 1 hr.

Perfect Indian Summer 55°

The first trip to the big mountains in clear blue-sky sunshine. Don't see via the Bayard Cemetery on the Glorious Twenty-Fifth and draw a total blank. Not what we had dreamed. Gotta let's start loading the new Subaru station wagon and close this small event as a chance.

The drive down got 90 in clear gold sky and arrived at the Chalet at Mirror Lake at 7:00, familiar setting of some good times in the past. Is everything going to be in the past?

Quest is hunting gamely on a sprained right wrist; Manton with full exuberance of youth ranged a lot wilder but well. Both would have found 'cok if they had been there. There is always tomorrow.

Tuesday 26 October
Cloudy, sprinkles 50°

Black Bear Thorns

Quest

6/193

moved 3-3 flushes

Mauntan

2 hrs

Subdued Numbur color - ~~black~~ beech, etc.

There sprinkles off-and-on - not unpleasant. Had the coast to ourselves. Mauntan started out by climbing into passenger's seat (no barrier in new car yet) and out the front door and away before we could get stake collar on him when we were parked at Muller's entrance. Through fence and away, sweeping the upper edge of coast (no flushes, had own). Kay watched him in but he turned away and Kay ran toward ^{the} fence getting an awful fall - I could hear her hit the ground face down. She lay immobilized till I got to her, fearing the worst, but she recovered with no apparent bones fractured, thanks be, but badly shaken, her left thigh bruised. Kay is amazing.

Mauntan finally came to us, apparently sobered by Kay's accident, and was outfitted with the collar, handled well. We started by hunting the

Thorns northwest of ^{the} Muller house and found a good way to enter the upper valley, with hambros and spruces. We turned back from large beaver dam and moving into north end of the Thorns, passing the exposed rocks where Kay photographed the first woodcock with the AYA a couple of years ago. Quest located the spiraea where we shot both cock that enchanted year ⁽⁹⁰⁾ and worked it well.

But in spite of his sprained injured at home, he ran like a yearling and with no more control, ranging at 150 to 250 yards with little notice of the whistle. We changed the collar to Quest from Mauntan and had slightly better result but lost our control of Mauntan. I seem to have two collar-culprits.

at this time, I saw a new woodcock flush up the slope and Mauntan took after it toward the road. In the distance I saw him give evidence of another flush and give a glorious chase. I may be overcounting but I called this a new cock, judging by location. We had no further contacts them.

We replaced the collar on Manton and moved to the little run at the old road crossing, and then I saw Manton, too far out, but scent and flag up a rise, then chased an obvious flush — #3 'cock I didn't see.

At this time my van overtook me with time out for necessities (not necessities). After that we hunted north along the top edge of thorns and, with rain getting more serious about it, ended at our nice new station wagon — a two-hour turn. The flights are obviously set in.

Until we install the barrier, I can't leave one dog in the car and hunt them solo, which is the only way I'll have any satisfaction with them. Manton is a smart dog but so exuberant. His devotion to me is touching and I regret my lost patience. He seems not to resent my attitude when he causes me to blow up, and I hope to eventually have a good one in him. Quest showed me incapacity with the wrist, which seems better on Wednesday even as I write this. And my lovely Kay, thank God, didn't break a hip. She is wonderful.

Wednesday 27 October
Started sunny / cloudy, windy cold

Mallow / Balsams
Mant 1.1
0
Cortland
Mant 1.2
0

Quest
Manton

Gave up thoughts of Dolly Sods in this weather and went to the old Mallow covert which we think should be called Balsams for the large number there. ~~Both Quest~~ ^{Quest} seemed to remember the first little cove where he and Belton had pointed a 'cock so long ago. Not today.

We are working Manton with the collar and it does well, with Quest doing fairly without it. We hunted down the right side of the little ~~the~~ balsam run with both dogs working well. I saw a 'cock flush on edge of swamp cover — none in excellent Hawthornes — and Manton ~~and~~ gave chase. No relocation.

This is big country on the right side and probably a good bag hunt.
But partway down we came to a vehicle crossing in an open place - easy -
and we crossed to the east side and followed the trees back to the cars where
we sat and had a lot of lunch before moving to the cottages over across
the paved road.

By this time a high wind was tearing at us with a loud roaring in the
big trees on the other side. It might account for the dearth of birds, but I
remember the October 17th with Brian in his third season in '71 when we hunted
the Gates in a similar wind and found 'cock everywhere, just under one
of Brian's points. Was on the flights of yesterday.

We curtailed our hunt, covering only the good beech cover near the road
when we'd roved 'cock. Manton had scent of something that put him to ground
and I hunted about turkeys.

As we found the path to head for the other side, Quest was was
working to our left and front well out must have roved a 'cock that came
directly over us, a male, and landed just above us and behind. I could see
it in the ^{beech} leaves, and tried to point it out to Kay, but the bird regulated itself
and immediately reflushed, an example of why we so seldom find 'cock
we have marked.

At the road we coupled the dogs and led them over to the "far corner"
of the Mallow. Kay left us to go for the station wagon and I worked both
setters on excellent woodcock haunts. I think this is the first, or one of the
first, times I have failed to find 'cock here.

We hunted it well, more haunts than I had realized, in a howling
wind, and was glad to see Kay backing into the gaps in the fence when it
reached the road.

Monday 8 November

Paul's Place

Quest

9

perfect, clear, cool 42°

moist 1.1

Wenton

3:20 - 5:20 / 2 hrs.

0

This is the most beautiful grouse cover I have seen — grapes hanging in festoons on countless trees and in clumps atop snags, and autumn olive heavy with translucent red berries I wonder of grouse ever bother to taste; I hadn't realized the abundance of autumn olive — old Charlie Robertson may not have replaced his stragmanias but he had an eye for game cover, if only theoretical.

We started hunting on the left of the mud road and I hadn't stepped into the cover before Kay, who was just behind me, called Grouse!! I can't say I even heard it tho it wasn't twenty yards from me. Neither of us saw it but Quest appeared to, surging his head high.

Greenbrier turned us back to the road which went through dream cover hanging with grapes, autumn olive fruit and more angelica berries than I have seen. Again, I doubt if grouse use it. The mud road was growing up with sprouts of autumn olive, and several blowdowns had blocked the way but had been cut open with a saw, obviously last deer season, for today there wasn't as much as a footprint anywhere.

Wenton seemed to recognize this as his covert and hunted in good range and well except for ^{an} occasional over-reach when with Quest. That worthy ranged too wide most of the time — a flaw of brace work. At the Kelly road both were gone for ten minutes or more, and Wenton was the first to return. Why? Quest didn't find us for another ten minutes.

At the lower end of the mud road Wenton gave us a point on the "grouse mound," as tho he had been the one who had once found a bird there, not Quest.

We turned east as we had done last season and hunted to the ^{10/93}
new bordered wire, following it up the hill staying on the west side of the fence
on a cleared line, both dogs hunting well. We hadn't been out of good
cover all the time but moved nothing.

Forced to cross the fence to the open side, we worked to the series of
parallel test roads that are through masses of grapes. It was here that
Manton made his grand point working solo last season, and here today
that he gave us a grand point.

He was facing to the right into a tangle of hop and brush and vines
below the path and he was serious, a fair tail a stake about level and with
his far paw raised. I lay got a couple of bip as I walked in, praying
Please God, make it a quail, but God didn't hear. After I had moved
around the tangle, Manton moved in, held, and then dashed around trying
to do what God hadn't. It was a damned shame.

Quail was working out too well and missed the situation, but
finally came to us but indicated no scent.

The anticlimax came at the far end of the woods at the large
impoundment. We had doubled back to cover all the other levels of test roads
and the grand grape cover and was on the top one heading west when
I lay called Geese!! and I heard the barbling of a lot of them. I lay tried
to point them out beyond the trees and below the treetops level out over the
field but I couldn't see them. She described them in a perfect V and
flying north. Moments later they came back, the clamor deafening and I
had the impression, still unable to get sight of them, that they were coming
into the large pond, and actually seemed to hear the babble in a
stationary position, and thought they had landed. It is a thrilling sound
and a wild one. These weren't a flock sighted by crowds on the edge of some
airport, nor the domesticated hoppers on 13m (Manton's) pond. These were
George Bird Evans Papers
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Canadas far from people other than us; a spine-tingling experience (11) and the first I had heard for years. Later, during dinner when Ray described them once more, I realized they had been much farther out than their barking sounds would have suggested, and I doubt if they had landed on the pond.

We worked the tops over - excellent - to the north end and came out on the mud road once more and to the car, the new blue-green dashes thru the old Sulom, and out on the magnificent view of Chestnut Ridge, "The Mountain" running far into Penna. to the north. The day took this moment to give us our first November sunset of the season, ^{changing to} dark fiery as we drove into Toward home. A grand day, but when on the ground?

Wednesday 10 November

Black Bear Thorns

Quest
Manton

perfect day, 44°

3:00 - 4:30 }
4:45 - 5:30 } 2 1/2 hrs.

Mallow Far Corner

moved 2-2

Drove down to Canaan for the day, after nearly two weeks with cold rains, a big snow, some of which still lies on the north ^{& west} exposure of the Valley, with an almost certainty of ice by this time. The Black Bear was empty. Moved to Mallow Far Corner at 4:30 and Manton bumped two, chasing the first, stopping at flash on the second with a reminder on the neck collar. Don't know why he didn't set a point. He was trying hard and ranged well on the Black Bear, while Quest hunted like a brat, making no effort to stay within 200 yards - result of hunting them together. Manton was trying to scout all day but on Mallow he began ground-trailing - bad.

This is too much - three consecutive years without a 'cock flight in the Canaan.

Tuesday 16 November

LYCOMING/TIOGA

Quart

12/93

2:05 - 4:30 / 2 1/2 hrs.

Gated Grot

Manton

Cloudy to sunny, 50°

mixed 2-2
0

The great adventure, after long drive from home on Monday. Nice place to stay in old farmhouse renovated. We went in 3 cars with Tom Ictay & David Hall to a State Game Land that had not been open to shooting this season. This Pine Creek country is fantastic - all I had ever heard about north-central Penna only danger and more vast with ridges and steep-steep mountainsides that can't be believed: nearly straight-up with some small streams and valleys than anything I have known.

We went ten miles north through wild terrain with much white pine and some spruce, to the gated Forest Service trail - a horror in places, which Ictay took like a champion with Tom leading in his jeep and David following in his.

At the top, Tom had us park and he directed us to hunt the big spread of clearcut. It was a jumble of brushy beech sapling and some lumpy grassy(?) openings overlaid with a matted dead branches and logs that made walking nearly impossible. It was a mistake to put us into the center of that - the only grouse we moved was one that was near the car on the trail, a bird Ictay heard and Manton saw and chased. We heard 2 shots from David's direction but closer than we expected. He later said he didn't shoot. If not he, then only God knows who. We worked the clearcut for an hour and a half with Manton, leaving left Quart in the car.

Wenton worked well. He made one uncertain point that went (13)

stood while I walked on but nothing ensued.

Back at the station wagon we ate lunch and changed to Quest and talked to David who came by. Leaving Wenton in the car, we took Quest up the ridge on a slanting road that paralleled the trail, but soon ran into Tom and Brooks and David and Sonnet.

At their suggestion, we went down to the trail through an open meadow with David on our right. At the trail Sonnet pointed and I lay glassed a grouse flushing. Just below, we had a second point by Quest I was ~~sure~~ ^{sure} was real; but with my usual luck it was empty.

David moved to the right leaving us, and immediately we heard some shots - 3 doubles and a single. It seemed it was both Tom and David, while we went back to the car, blank. It is the story of my life.

At the car, we found Wenton had dismantled the ~~carrier~~ carrier.

That was it. Tom and David had 6 and 3 shots, not counting the mystery shots. ~~I~~ had not seen a grouse. Better.

~~~~~  
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15/93



AND ONE TO COME.

Wednesday 17 November  
cool, mostly cloudy 46°  
2:00/4:00/2 hrs.

Pine Creek / Ridge Road  
ward 6 - 7 flocks.

Mawton 1 PROB

Tuesday rained and this was the second hunt. An endless drive up and into these amazing mountains to a road that followed a narrow crest to what was indicated as the "Ridge Road." Saw a gray grouse ahead of Tom's jeep (David rode with him). Most of the cover here looked like barren oak woods at home with some laurel.

We crossed a pipeline right of way four times - the pipeline straight, the road not.

At gated grassy road we parked and Tom sent us down toward a clearcut area but through tall timber far from grouse cover. We used Mawton solo and he worked beautifully, making an exciting point on left of the grassy trail. - a careful stalker's point that proved empty but was hair-raising.

David was to follow us but he turned up on our right with Sonnet.

There was good-looking clearcut here - a large area, and we separated, Kay and I staying along road or with me hunting the edge of the cut portion with Mawton, who was fired up after the hot scent he'd found.

Suddenly I saw him, rigid, pointing to the right toward a small growth of beech about 4 feet high with some dead grass around it. It was on the lower edge of the clearcut and just off the road where Kay stood getting his.

I started toward him about 20 feet, curdled with excitement, and two grouse flushed, away and over the road. I thought what to expect. I stood and a third



went away - right and was over the thicket-trees before I could react. all the while  
 Manton held like an angel. There was a flutter under Manton's nose and I  
 saw him grab for what I took to be a cripple, but it turned into a very healthy  
 grouse that flushed low-left-away and exactly in line with Manton's face. I  
 like to think I could have regained Giff and had a shot at it had it been in the clear.  
 It looked distinctly like a gray-tail.

Upon reflection, if you can reflect upon an explosion, I think there  
 was a shot at #3, but I had been away from it too many years. A high shot  
 held below as the grouse topped the thicket-trees. But this was too perfect to  
 try to re-do. Manton was glorious at that moment, the one bit of real action  
 on the trip, but worth it all. I love that blue boy.

He chased the #4, and I can't fault him for that. all four had either pitched  
 into the big timber on the left of the road or gone straight and parallel. We followed  
 with 1 day on the road and with me on the right edge. I am convinced that there is  
 no one penetrating clearcut - the grouse use the edges although all of it looks  
 inviting. If we would 2 more ~~traps~~ <sup>traps</sup> and one that could have been a reflex, all from the edge.  
 We finally came to the end of clearcut and turned back, taking the ballade  
 parallel with our hunt down. This is unlike the dog-hair whip-thicket we call  
 clearcut at home. This is odder but very spotty with grassy hummock openings mixed  
 with back regrowth, requiring weaving in and out of clumps to think & manage.  
 Fatigue is tricky but possible and it seems there should be birds all through  
 but there weren't. The bottom edge was the place



It took some time to work as far back, but higher, as the bird in the road. Here we heard a call and saw Tom back of us. He had been up on the ridge road and was heading short — always both barrels — but he can cover country like a deer and is everywhere. We joined him and walked the road back to the two cars where poor Quest was grieving deeply. It was late and we drove a long distance to a covert meeting of them had tried and they put us along a galled trail that topped a logback shoulder of good cleavage — that's mostly what is hunted here — and we got Quest a 30 minute turn together with Mantua, who had taken down the barrier in the car when we left town on Monday. This was merely futile effort but it was the end of the trip.

This country is monumental, — mountains so steep it is impossible to climb them. — endless dirt roads in surprisingly good condition even after the hard rain Tuesday. Peaks that scrape the sky, mountainside that are nearly ready degrees in places, water roaring out of feeder streams, there are grouse here in isolated coverts if you could organize yourself (and work them efficiently). But you have to travel 10 or 15 miles from one to another.

Tom and David left for home Thursday after the hunt, with places for us to hunt the covert they had tried on Monday and found good. The birds don't seem to have been disturbed for much; was mostly in groups. But for 1 day and one, the one moment was Mantua's grouse found with 4 grouse, all of them still there.

We got up the idea of hunting the covert on Friday. It is not good sense for two people in strange land to be alone on the top of a 4-mile climb when anything can happen to a car with that kind of work & salvation. We drove home on Friday.

The Ochler house was very nice and altogether it was a lot of fun. But I could have written the scenario before we came: no shots.

On Saturday, our first day back home, I looked out the kitchen window at 8 a.m. while getting my breakfast and saw a lovely grouse walk up the flagstones under the big hemlock, hop on the stumps to the right, peck at some wing leaves, then walk over Blossie and Peppie's ground, peck at leaves, and cross under the hemlock window while I stood in the kitchen, watching it,



and under the studio window, paws, then flash straight up into the hemlock when I tried to see it in the branches but didn't find it. The bird was fluffed out against the cold and looked long, but with a moderate tail folded, and with no sign of a ruff. The breast looked golden with black barred flanks, like a cockbird, but it never revealed a ruff. Could it be a hen, and the same species as we saw on Oct 10? across in the cherry tree?

Monday 22 November

Spruce Sprung

Quest  
1 prod.

2:30 - 5:00 / 2 1/2 hrs. 52°  
crystal clear blue sky

moved 1-1  
0

Pristine, perfect, and we went to the Humboldt Hill country and had it to ourselves. Used Quest solo, as he'd had too little hunting on Pine Creek. He gave me less than I expected, moving too much of the time, and I must associate it with frustration last week. We made none of the signs we found last season in the big spruce.

Hunted the log road trace around to the far valley through many blow-downs on the path until it pretty well died out and still I couldn't find the path back south on the crest of the valley. Finally cut through thick regrowth small down over a ground-cedar-covered hill to the cotton, where we stopped for lunch on a fallen maple, scaly-barked. I had shed my light quilted jacket, but now resumed it as the sun reached the treetops on the far ridge and cold settled in.

A good path led us south, but obliquely up the hill instead of down the bottom. We'd had a ground high-head point by Quest as we had hunted the log road on top but it was empty. Now, after much stress with Quest's lack of ground cover, he hit scent in the path at my feet and remained doubled intensely. When nothing came of it, he moved on, circling the low thick growth above, then came back out and pointed standing in the path fifteen yards ahead and pointing to the right.



season and had to make two tries to locate the last gap to top. This (21)  
time I counted my steps (200, not paces) to the right turn-off and it was  
Ray who spotted the opening to the flat on top.

Much has changed here — cover opening — but what <sup>do</sup> the grouse do?  
We were pressed for time and I took the short way to the top clearing, and  
scarcely recognized it. I went back to the summit to hunt the paths  
about this time, and I made the old mistake of trying to force him into cover,  
a fatal method with an Old Hawk as I should have known. I don't have  
the patience for this problem, and finally gave up and let him have his way.  
When I let up on the yelling, he came back into a half-decent way of  
hunting.

We took the direct road down to the lower clearing near the deer  
camp (no activity there in preparation for next week's opening). All of this  
area looked too open and unpromising, and it lived up to its promise.

Even the bottom tract seemed unfamiliar till I got going on it.

At the top clearing above the decline, we had fair light, unlike our  
last hunt here in '92. It was now a simple matter of putting our foot  
in front of the other — no way to hunt grouse (what grouse?). We made it  
to the car by 5:00, with light just going and cold as hell.

It is sad to see a wonderful covert go down like this, but  
I should be getting accustomed to it.



Friday 26 November  
Cool, beautiful, clear, 50°

— Upper Tub Run  
mud 1-1

Quest

22/93

3:00 - 3:30 }  
4:00 - 5:00 } 1 1/2 hr.

A. J. McMullen School

This day was lovely not cloudy/showers. Decided to try to find the Davey Elkens Place via the dotted-line road on top map on east face of Humboldt Hill.

The wide bulldozed road proved steep but Ray handled it. That was no branch road all the way down to a small tributary of Tub Run. On the far side when the road climbed up we found a woods road, traveled, with acres of notices ("25 Hunting Club"). We translated that as "deer hunting club" and parked.

The woods road had been traveled to dump trash in numerous places. It was also very steep, pitching down down, down. That was no way it could have led to the Elkens Place and we turned back. Quest had been doing very little hunting other than walk the road. He has let down badly this season, I don't know why. Just lately. On the way back he finally ventured into the upper side of the road. All of this is dense whips - response clearcut, impenetrable without log roads, which are clearcut now. (How did they get the timber out?) Suddenly we heard the flick of wings and glimpsed a grouse tottering away from us. No possible shot. Quest may have pointed.

At the car we drove on down the mountain to Tub Run, posted all the way. This entire region is disgustingly strewn with trash, the crossing at Tub Run with its lovely memories of Brian's last days and Poellner's point and Brian's retreat was an organized dump complete with a rotten sofa - all a reflection of the human trash who put it there.

We drove down past the Terpak Place and to the May West Road and to Pt. 40, trying to think of a last caveat to go to, if only for a half-hour sortie.

Ray had the good idea of the thicked back of the A. J. McMullen School and we hurried there, parked, and at 4:05, started into the dense cover in falling



temperature and a cutting wind.

at first we found not even a deer trail, but finally came onto the maze of log roads amid thick brush cover. It was mostly finger exercise, but we went on with Quest now hunting well. (Think we've had time on too many summer walks on back roads.)

at last, about 4:40, the light failed and we turned back toward the trace of sun in the west, trying to find a road that would lead toward the car at the school and avoid the thick cover we had pushed into on the way in. Unable to work it out, and with Tom going fast, we turned and hurried back to a stand of red pines I estimated would be behind Mac's old house. It opened up, and we went under them guided by the hoarse howl of a dog, disturbed by Quest's bell. The dog turned out to be a pleasant looking young mastiff type, chained to a kennel behind a nice looking house. It all was the complex of the church near the Pike and the school. We cut across the stretch of lawn to the school and the right of our station wagon, small in the distance. It was one more of our "survival" experiences. They had been as birds, but I can't see the idea of doing a piece in our sub-10-day survival.

This about finished our Penn. hunt, with grass as low in that state as in W.V. It is bitter beer.

Tuesday 7 December

Burris

Manton

Cloudy, cold, 38°

2:20 - 4:15 / 2 hrs.

We drove to Plogah to try the Burris land with several reports of grass there. We had walked this road south of the valley years ago but had forgotten the ruggedness of the terrain. Jim Burris's place proved to be reclaimed stripmine on a huge scale, with a network of well stoned roads.



I know of no part of the Mountain other than the vistas from 24/93  
the Pisgah area that imparts so vast an impression of Chestnut Ridge.

If I have anything to regard with such reverence, it is The Mountain,  
and up here, with its huge shoulders and deep ravines backed up by  
Big Sandy Gorge and the spread of the Intermediate Ridges with  
blue distant Puerrias to the east, it forces its size upon you —  
lordly, scornful, stern as fate.

We stopped at Jim Burris' house, "built in 1957" according to a  
plaque that gave dignity to a round-log house not yet blackened by the  
weather. Burris was a <sup>medium, squat,</sup> hard-latter man around sixty — serious but  
gracious without smiling who told me he sees lots of grouse, and where:  
on a hillside of cover on the dominant knob where his daughter  
lived.

We drove over more of the replaced stuporine flat to a steep hill  
and parked at the daughter's house — no one home, and a replica of  
the father's round-log job.

We cast Manton in the good cover below the house and hunted  
the top margin with Manton immediately showing signs of scent  
just short of printing but no bird. We soon came down to a lower  
traveled dirt road and took it, with Manton covering the sides. It  
was bordered with good cover on the lower side — good grapevines and  
a scattering of grapes everywhere.

It was something of a shock to come onto a small red car and a  
hunter with a scruffy beard who shook hands and introduced himself  
as Ray Royce, "Meredith's brother." Reminded me, which I had  
forgotten, that years ago we had <sup>hunted</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>him</sup> <sup>with</sup> Daight Gibson.



that hospitality <sup>had</sup> engendered a pleasant good will among several (25)  
young men, now no longer young. He had been hunting squirrels with a  
scoped over-under rifle/small-bore gun. He said this road led to Danny Burris's  
cabin and that there was real thick cover behind it, with roads cut through it  
on Danny's all-terrain.

We parted and ended at a large flat field with an A-frame at one end  
and Danny's place - another round-log cabin. There was excellent cover on  
all sides without grass that Manton hunted for diligently. We started  
down an old ~~log~~ path as took to 6 other opened paths in the thick cover but  
found it blocked by windfalls. Hunted through the upper margin thick stuff  
with top-open woods below us failed to find a trace of any paths.

Finally turned back and for lack of any cover other ~~than~~ than woods  
with large boulders, we took the entrance road back the ridge to the car.

The side of the ridge below the road looked fair but too steep to hang onto.

Found the Burris daughter to be Mrs. Tracey Wahl, whom we had met  
at Old Hambeck - very cordial, very fat but not so much so as I remembered her  
husband. We were invited to hunt anytime.

Back at the father's place he said he had marked grouse on  
both sides of the knot road. There are huge rocks that house a bobcat's  
den. Jim Burris was bitter about someone's having shot one of the  
bobcat's kittens. "Blew the front end off it and let it lay there."

There was resentment understated that revealed character. These  
people are proud of the bobcat as a symbol of the wildness of their land.  
and wild and big and very real it is. I'll go back.



Wednesday 8 December  
Partly sunny, cold 43°  
2:30 - 6:10 / 3 1/2 hrs.

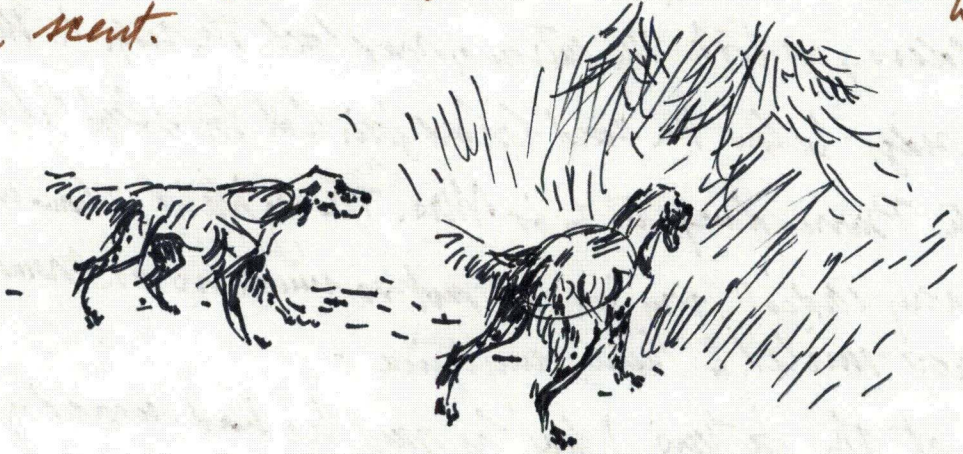
Ordeal by cover  
Little Sandy North  
mowed 1-1  
0

Manton  
Q nest

26/93

This is gorgeous cover, with spectacular boulders. It was to be Q nest's day and we left Manton in the basement. I had Q nest in the rear of the station wagon and was about to close the tailgate when Manton appeared beside me, all smiles and ready to go. Found he had parked out the unlocked cellar door. I couldn't send him back to confinement and I bundled him up, requiring to our more day of miserable dog control.

They worked beautifully. Manton was on point, a honey, before I had followed me through the gate, pointing into the dense hemlock cover at the stream's edge, joined by Q nest, who came back and apparently struck the scent. When Manton points he goes up in smoke.



LIKE A DREAM.

I walked in, as certain as the dogs, who were like stone, but then seems an evil spell over everything about my hunting. I wasn't asking the impossible of a decent shot; all I begged for was a grouse that wasn't there. But it put the violet in all of us just because it might have been. <sup>We have a real bird dog in Manton</sup>

At the powerline half-mile we found the cuttings we had seen that walk last summer on the other side of the stream, only we'd had no idea of the extent. The right-of-way had been cleared the full width with mature hemlocks thrown into the path, ~~blocking~~ <sup>blocking</sup> it effectively. We picked up <sup>one</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> and brush and



by detouring into the woods, managed a passage.

The path beyond was easy and even the stiff grades seemed good. A number of blow-downs crossed it but we managed. There were grapes scattered on the ground and excellent cover on all sides. Both dogs were hunting hard at a crowd but used comfortably range, as if to show me what a fine brace they were.

When the path finally levels and just past the uphill branch, there was a sound of a gunshot. It's been so near this part several, I didn't realize what it was for a second. Neither day nor I saw the bird but we secured it as going out and up the ridge.

We had to be with part the fork to the Beam Hole and on up to within sight of Jay Carter's old land, then gathering our strength, we climbed the hill toward the grapevine on top with both dogs working alone. It is ground cover but rocky-rough and that crest of the ridge kept getting higher. We made it at last, as the sun was red behind the western ridge far downstream.

It was 4:30 as we turned back the ground-up path on top, getting decorated by blackberry canes. By the time we made the prowline the sun was gone and we were picking our footing with eyes staring in the half-light.

We took the right-way down down down as the most direct way. The footing was horrible over loose stones and deep weeds and grass. The descent dwindled as we went down and when we at last had to go to the woods on the left edge, blocked by the downed trees, we had a problem finding the woods path. When we got to it I had the pleasant feeling we had it made.

However, at the bottom, which seemed endlessly far below, we lost it for a while and stumbled our way through the dark woods. The tangle of downed tree trunks and brush gave us a bad time but we worked through and at last started the last jag on the bottom path, illuminated mostly by moon puddles reflecting the dim sky.



stiff and sore from the rough descent down the mountain, one fellow way along the path with legs trying to see me in front, and me trying to see Quent, who considerably wanted for us from time to time.

Something about my working on my story about "Survivals" had made this one to end all of them. The rocky muddy path did little to make it easier, and at last we came out at the cabin within sight of passing car lights on the road. It was a procedure, getting through the gate - I lay taking my gun while I held both dogs on leash while she went to the car and opened the tailgate and turned on the headlights, then returned to hold both dogs while I climbed through.

It was that darkness when we got in the car at 6:11. It had been a hard hunt and not rewarding unless you consider the effort of getting out, which appears, more and more, to be the raison d'être for our hunting.

Thursday 16 February

Sunny, mild, quiet 50°  
3:45-5:45 / 2 hrs

~~~~~

TNT

moved 8-10 flocks
6 shots - 0

Quent } points and backpoints
Manton } on all 8.

We left the two-month winter frozen hard at Old Henderson and drove into mud February than to TNT Preserve. The Preserve road was too muddy to do more than park at the crest of the hill. There was still snow - frozen - on the top slope of the last field.

Quent was the first to point more than 100 yds out and before we could begin to start to him, Manton pointed close in front of us. We moved in and the chukar started to walk out. This is the disadvantage of chukars - it makes the dogs uneasy and destroys the summer's composure. The bird finally flushed and I missed, a poor way to begin the day. At my shot a second chukar flushed between us and Quent far out and flew past

we look toward the Passover Road.

Quest had moved from his point - no doubt the bird was walking 29/93
and when we reached him, he was on point no more with Newton backing
beautifully. This one was a real walker and it led us up the hill with
both dogs pointing - Quest staunchly but with Newton moving and pointing
with the lead. We were on frozen snow at this level, ruining my sense
of security as I slowly kept even with the chukar, ready to shoot
and very tense. The bird was headed for thick cover at the top and I
avoided pushing it, feeling as would get a primed point in the thicket.
The chukar stopped at the edge, ready to flush. I had to move to it on
uncertain footing and finally got a vertical flush and fired, certain I
was "on." The bird settled to the ground about 30 yards in and I called,
"You hit that bird," and I thought I might, ^{have} with dogs moved in at the
command to fetch but in a moment the chukar reflushed and came out over
me in a beautiful offering.

reloading, which I should have



I was caught in the act of
down sooner and had no shot.

We worked across to the far side of the small run in the bottom

Quest had a point - too far out - and we saw the chukar walk out on him
and continued on foot to the top of the hill. It never did fly.

With 4 birds still out ahead, we did the worst thing and worked them.
We found all 4 finally, with shots at 3, on a one-two - all misses. It
was devastating, missing what I thought was fair trees. All I can guess is that
I stopped the barrels, as I had done last year. It destroys confidence in
the little 28-bore, which I had so beautifully in '91 when I shot
5 with 7 shells. Since then I have never got into the swing, literally. Some
of the shots this time were too far for a 28-bore ideally, but I can't
blame that for most of the misses. For all my dry-mount practice

this past year, I could not mount comfortably. I believe I have mistakenly practiced in my pajama coat instead of full hunting clothing, and I feel an encumbered sense of too much padding. I must try something else.

We hunted the best hill on top when we almost never relocate birds, and today did the same.

We found the balance of the Chukars and had a reflex in the bottom - a bird we think Manton had pointed but had up when it walked out on him.

We had a good day with really good dog work, considering the foot-nervous birds, and the air and exercise, and I was miserable.

I just can't understand.

Tuesday 22 February
cloudy cool, damp 45°
4:00 - 6:00 / 2 hrs

Hoadersholt
o
Paul's Place
o

Quiet
Manton good work

The glacier still on us at Old Humbake. When I day get home from the village we took a late start and drove to the Hoadersholt place, parking opposite Glenwai and climbing the hill to the grand view. Snow was gone on nearly all the country but there, except on the north slope. Hoped to find the several grouse Mike Collins had told about finding several weeks ago but we were blocked by the high wall on the west face of the hill. Instead, we hunted out the path along the top of the hill through good brushy cover with zero result.

I day left me on the big field and walked back to get the car and drove to Paul's Place. Not much cover left up here but the dogs covered what was there. I day and I met exactly as I came to the road and we pushed and hunted into the good ground where the grouse used to sit.

Quart and Manton were both reaching and had to be brought in regularly but both laid lovely patterns. I lay found the side path at the deer hunters' clearing that leads to the good grapevines corner and as taste it.

The grapevines had a few grapes withered on the ones but the ground had some few dried fruit from the mass of blue grapes we found in October.

Part it was the same better situation: perfect cover with no quail.

Found a yellow 20-gauge empty shell on one of the paths. I would settle for a look at a quail, let alone a chance to shoot. It's a god-damned shame.

We hunted out the corner to the impoundment in the field edge and back through the woods on footprints in the remainder of frozen snow - old ones.

Monday 28 February
Last Day

The Thorns
1-1

Quail
Manton

Snow, cold, cloudy 35°
3:30 - 5:15 / 1 3/4 hrs.

Last Day, and one as normally would have passed, with 4" of snow covering the residue of frozen snow that has had as in deep freeze since pre-Christmas - the most severe winter in the near-55 years at Old Hemlock. And the worst quail season in my life, as the DNR can point to as Progress to zero.

Uncertain where to go, we finally clear the cover with as much, and in some cases more, snow than any we could have found. The road at Glade Farms toward Haystack had been plowed this day through high drifts in the flat beyond the Twin Churches, as well as the back road past Wade Murphy's to the Thorns. I lay drove it (part toward trailers at the Big Pit (they have left the two log whitewash).

The place we park at the ^{meadow} near ^{George Bird Evans Papers} and had a small ice pool (broken by the ^{West Virginia and Regional History Center} ~~meadow~~) and it offered a lot of ~~problems in turning~~ ^{to be pointed toward}

Salvation) but they got it done.

We couldn't wait on the road with broken ice ~~and~~ paddles making walking awkward. From the start, Manton plunged into cover and quartered in ideal pattern left-to-right and microstepping all the time, we were out. I did not give him formal lessons other than to encourage it, and I've never had a dog to surpass him. I am so pleased with him, as well as his pointing and hunting drive. Without quest to encourage him, both Manton and Quest, have been magnificent. What would it have been if they had had decent game levels to reward them?

Quest, the parson, chose not to sit too cold in that nasty cover, and stayed on the road to the far end with very few exceptions I don't know why, unless he simply prefers to be a character.

On the occasion when Manton stood in the road making decisions, I blew the one-two whistle and he plunged back into cover, taking my sound signal without having to see me was. That again, is a case of almost genetic instinct, without my having drilled him.

We found new notices on the left (lower) side, ^(unrequited) required by Thomas Steadman (?) The upper side had a notice at the road uphill to the old coal loading flat. There was also a new road graded uphill about halfway along, and a less definite one but with a cable and notices on the lower side. Progress. Also there were no grouse, though Manton covered the good lower road well and Quest even dropped to make a couple of shallow circles.

Once we climbed the hill opposite our west parking area, Quest forgot his manners and settled down to hunt beautifully. (Someone there is who likes a road, a new hint.) On top we entered the thick cover, stuck today with snow on bushes and deep on ground, and avoiding the path down toward the Lake Noel drop-off, swung into the flat on top.

The front sign of grass were deep tracks crossing across the old trees 33/93
and among the Hawthorn thickets. It's usually futile to try to follow them,
and we continued northeast along the trees to where the new road comes up
and north. There was a couple of huge piles of trees that had been cut to clear the
way and which I stopped to wait for Kay to rejoin me. I heard a flock in the
dense thicket to the right, almost certainly from one of the low trees. From
then on, we began to count grouse tracks crossing ^{and} recrossing the road.
Counting the first set we had seen coming into this cover, Kay counted 25
crossings, most fresh. In all ~~probabilities~~ probabilities they were made by
no more than two very active grouse, one of which I had heard flush, but
it certainly added interest. ^(This is the "40-grouse event" we had about) Moreover, the dogs searched carefully but fast
and gave us no feeling a group had been there. Only once or twice they
seemed to get a little frozen scent from the tracks but not enough to fire
them up. Had there been no snow, we'd have had only one flush & notice.
at the north end there had been some cutting and ~~logs~~ laid up,
and was a picnic table! We explored it and stopped to eat a bit of chicken
leaning against a cherry tree trunk. We heard a couple of shots, several
like squirrel shots, in the Conroy flats, nothing else.

It was getting on toward 5:00 and we moved to the last stop to find the
dinner road ~~back and~~ down toward the station wagon. There we began
seeing grouse tracks again. I had marked the low flush as coming to
this area but we did not relocate. However the tracks continued crossing and
recrossing the path — 8 of them as well as we could count, and again
probably laid by one or two grouse. It was a strange way to give a hunt,
with all this evidence of birds and no contacts, not even by the dogs.
We dropped down the steep hill to the road and the car, ending the

Last Day — a Last Day's ^{George Bird Evans Papers} that had ended a season
West Virginia and Regional History Center

that had been notable for disappointment - the worst quail season in my 69 seasons. We missed $\frac{3}{5}$ (count it) quail in West Virginia all season in 10 WV counts - not once did I see any of the ~~three~~ ^(three). This is no way to wind up a shooting life. And yet, seeing these tracks today, like hallucinations, was stimulating, showing what a quail quonk can be driven to by a group of mentally-deficient game biologists who can destroy a great quail population with their stupid lack of brains and over-long seasons. Must fair to stay and meet Quest and Manton. FINIS

Tuesday 22 March
 lovely mild breezy 55°
 5 - 7:10 / 2 hrs.

TNT
 made 5 chuckars / 7 flushes
 " 4 pheasants / 6 flushes
 2 chuckars (1 lost)
 1 hen pheasant

Quest 7 pm / 1 back / 2 rdg
 Manton 8 pm / 2 back

A grand day, perfect weather. With a late start from home and Tom Stewart's need for conversation, we didn't get hunting until 5:00. We hunted the upper knob count for the first but didn't reach it before we got into action along the upper edge of the large hills. Quest bit scent, turned toward us into the stiff breeze, immovable. Almost simultaneously Manton pointed into the thicket crown and there I was with both solid. I chose Quest, moving into his high-headed stance. Meanwhile Manton's bird - a pheasant Kay said - went out not in my view and Manton came to us and backed Quest. As I continued toward Quest, who hadn't moved an eyelash, Manton began creeping in front of me, making it almost impossible to walk (he did this last time, and I think he sees the bird moving). It was a "walking chuckar" and while Quest held staunchly, the bird began its stroll up the hill to the upper edge, where I deposited it

would cover up and hold. Instead, unnerwed by Manton's stalk it lifted 35/93
and came down over 1 day and far across the valley to the top cover.

Once more moving toward the woods on the knob we were stopped by
another point by Quest. He had swung around into the wind almost identically
with the first point and again Manton came to my side and lashed but once
again crawled in, nearly tripping me. This Chukar didn't walk out but gave
me a nice head-high straightaway shot. I was memorizing the shots at
clays with James last week and tried to hold for a focus before mounting and
firing right-on. The bird went down in a slow fluttering upright posture -
gratifying, and both dogs were on it with the Chukar struggling to rise. Manton
had it, I thought, and then the bird got airborne coming toward me quartering
below. (I swung through Snapping my gun shut) and fired but it went on
to the woods along the bottom little run.

Still pleased that I had hit with the first shell, I let that Chukar
wait for our return hunt (I was certain the dogs would find it, possibly dead,
and as entered the woods on top. Just before we reached it, I saw a Pheasant
flush from Manton and evidently go into the large cover.

There is an elaborate movable trap gear in the woods with half a
dozen or more target traps and countless clays stacked ready for use. The
woods is more extensive than expected and the field on top farther and
bigger. Both dogs were high with excitement after our action and worked ahead
as we followed a path to the opening above.

There is a semiclearing this side of the fenced field where I saw a target tower
that is visible from the lower areas. There are numerous blackberry clumps
and what may have been multiflora, and what I was contemplating there,
Quest and Manton went on point at the edge of the large cover below. As
I pushed to the left of them I saw a glimpse of a very Pheasant

in the thick woods. Moving around to the left and into the woods, I could glimpse it on the ground and in dense low cover and logs. I called to tell Kay it was a hen pheasant and both dogs held solidly. As I took a few more steps, the bird ~~started~~ ^{went up} like a steep grass flock and I swung through a short lead and it went down, centered. It is a glorious feeling, after so much difficulty in recent years. Both dogs moved in and Quest had the pheasant, a limp bundle of ten feathers, and was retrieving it beautifully. He held it nicely for 10 days pictures, moving around me in a sort of trance as grand as mine. A pheasant seems a large bird after all this time - I don't know how long it has been since I've shot one. We glomed in the moment with new pictures, but Manton wasn't taking time for such. I was using Popper Browns 2 dram $\frac{3}{4}$ oz ^{suckled} #8 and they seem effective.



solid centered.

The cleared area this side of the large top field is not extensive, with clumps of thicket. We hunted it to the far end and returned with no return until Manton pointed in a clump of cover we had passed. I circled and saw a cock pheasant run out and flush low quartering shallowly right, a shot I missed.

Very shortly Manton ran into a chuckar that flushed overhead in a crossing sight looking like a tobacco, it was so small and I didn't fire!

There is good cover up here with the woods on the left and some pines and other trees on the right.

As we topped over the steep divide into the valley, we saw Manton far below piled into a point that was over a hundred yards away.

Manton is like Quest. He may creep in when he isn't sure or when he sees a bird moving, but when he has scent hot, he is there to stay. I can't say how long it took us to descend the hill and get to him but he didn't bat an eye. The chukar held obligingly and then flushed, crossing left. It was a nice shot at medium range and I shot nicely, a solid hit. We hoped Manton would get the retrieve but Quest felt otherwise and retrieved a very limp chukar - another small one.

We occasionally get some jealousy between our two boys: Quest had not wanted to honor Manton's point but finally had stopped at command.

Somewhere along about now there was a fifth chukar, the last contact, the fifth, of the eight released. We did however have reflexes. This #5 chukar was over a point and flushed high - a shot I'm not in shape to take with my shoulder limitations - and I saw it land on the north hillside, one we failed to locate.

Manton had a pt on another hill pleasant that lifted and flew low into the tops level cover, before we could climb back.

From this stage on we were without action, although I expected to find my #2 wounded chukar somewhere in the bottom cover. By this time both dogs were moving wide and hard to handle. I finally got them into the woods along the stream but found nothing.

Ray had marked the one early chukar into the upper edge over on the north hill and we sent the dogs up there. Whether Manton had a point I can't say - probably - but a chukar came over us, high, and I seemed uncertain about mounting straight up and passed the shot. This had curved around the shoulder of the hill and landed somewhere on the upper edge.

Both dogs found in a lovely double point against a pile of logs and brush. Ray got several boys I'm anxious to see: Quest in foreground with front end higher and Manton repeated beyond. I saw the chukar squatted on top of the pile of stuff, ~~with~~ ^{flashed} directly over me -



DVO

these clunkers seem to know I don't handle those overhead-
away shots well - and I turned and missed.

We hunted down the hillside and found Maudie in a glorious point on the far side of the run in broken cover we could hardly reach. As we turned toward him, Quert came behind him and also scent pointed, both pointing uphill, very high-headed. It was beautiful. I had doubts about getting to them but tried. Prefox I got in, a cock pleasant rose and came directly over our high. I turned and held below and fired - a shot I've made numerous times but not this one.

Hoping to relocate this bird as I crossed the run through rough footing and started up the steep last hill. In some heavy dead grass Quert, who was only a few feet from me, went slowly solid and held, looking down into the deep white grass at his feet. Day was on my left and Maudie was somewhere out there. As I moved in and continued up the hill, Quert and Maudie both whined the scent uphill, pointing and weaving, pointing and weaving. We proceeded this way to a stand of whippoorwill thick with a barrier of baldpate logs about us. Quert was holding behind me and Maudie mobile - pointing on my left as I fought through the thicket. The sun was long gone and the moon was bright in the twilight sky when we got the flock - another hen Maudie that saw me a good low left, better pitching chance I passed because it was too near day below and it was beautiful.

It was ten after seven when we made the top and the car - all of us
tired but happy. 39/93

It had been a grand day: four chickens (1 ♂ put out) and 3 hen pheasants,
and 1 cock pheasant (possibly 2), with 7 points by Quert and one back and 2
retrievers; 8 points by Manton, 2 backpoints; with 4 grand double points.

I was gratified with my shooting: 3 hits out of 7 shells. The little
28- bore hit hard when held right but I feel it may be a little thin on fair
high shots, but I'm not sure. I say got a lot of total edge & bleed and white fire
Short moving birds with moving barrels. The hen pheasant had spurs!! Is this usual?

We came home to find Sirius and Orion the Hunter over
Old Hembok.

DATA 1993

GEORGE 69th season

18 ~~7~~ days

14 quail - 15 flocks

0 shots

7 woodcock - 9 flocks

0 shots

QUEST 9 1/2 / 10th season (last)

14 days 1 prod.

MAYTON 2 1/4 / 3rd season

15 days 2 prod.

COVERTS TOTAL 18 bird/cover 0.74

12 NY = 3.3.0

bird/cover 0.25

7 PA = 11.12.0

"/ " 1.57

Grand dig.

DIED 29 APRIL '94

LIFETIME '84-'93

222 days

35 prod.

5 tracks

1 net

1 kill

107 prod

14 tracks

6 kills

3 net

LIFETIME '91-'93

5 prod.

2 tracks

1 prod.

1993

BLACKWATER/CANAAN

BAYARD CEMETERY 025.0
BLACK BEAR THORNS 026 3.3.0/N10.0
MALLOW/BALSAMSP27 1.1.0/N10. 2.2.0
CORTLAND 027 1.2.0

0.2.20 1920
1920 0.2.20
0.2.20 1920
0.2.20 1920
0.2.20 1920
0.2.20 1920
0.2.20 1920
0.2.20 1920

PENNSYLVANIA

LYCOMING CO / PINE CREEK

± GATED N16. 2.2.0
± RIDGE RD. N 18. 6.7.0

{ HUMBERTSON HILL N22. 1.1.0
SPRUCE SPRING

WINDING RIDGE N23. 1.1.0

HENCKEL N25.0

~~UPPER~~ UPPER TUB N26. 1.1.0

A. J. M. SCHOOL N26 0

TNT^{2/16} 8.10.0 / 3/22 5.7.2 ~~6.6.1~~

FOREST 00116.0
PISGAH 018-0

M13 LOCAL

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

ENCHANTED VALLEY 022-0
PAUL'S PLACE N8-1.1.0 / F22.0
+ BURRIS D7.0
LITTLE SANDY N. D8.1.1.0
THORNS F28.1.1.0
HOUDERSMELT F22.0

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