

# Shooting 1994

Monday 17 October

Mathews

Maunton

perfect, warm, clear 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. snow 1-1

4:30 - 7:00

Once again, that old heartache - the first season without Quest, whom we lost on April 29th. Young Maunton has a large responsibility on his shoulders now, at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Today was my first in my 70th season gunning grouse. We went to this old favorite covert and what we found was the mark of Time. Four mailboxes greeted us at the entrance to the old lane, which was well stoned and maintained. The trees around the Mathews house when we had known Bert were larger than we remembered and the Mailman's Tobacco thermometer was gone.

Otherwise it was lovely in the ~~middle~~ latter end of what has been one of the most glorious Indian Summers in memory <sup>with latest hybrids smirking two-lipies instead of ~~the~~ lips.</sup> We drove on past the house to the far side of the little run, and came to a trailer surrounded by all that could be desirable. It blocked the opening to the woods road up the Rhododendron run, and when they went to ~~the~~ check on the residents, she was faced with a fat slab of a woman with a better mousterache than I could grow.

The attitude was one of watchful hostility and we ~~was~~ told she was from New Jersey, with mention of her "boy friend" in there. She knew of a path that seemed to lead ~~up~~ <sup>to</sup> the old road I was

instantly that was the extent of our game contacts.

looking for, and we started through rhododendron on a tiny trail cut through the thicket that wound along the tiny stream.

Finally I saw Newton on what was the woods road, and we climbed to it and followed to where it dipped to the crossing at the upper end. We sculled up the hill on a log road trees through gorgeous color and leaf shade that saved us from the heat of the sun.

→ This was much too rough for what I wanted Kay to walk on — a jumble of rocks with connecting holes. We paused for a breather on one of the larger rocks. Kay had had a fall soon after we started out, and I suppressed concern that it would have destroyed her assurance — after a long recovery from her broken arm in May. She stated positively that it "hadn't taken away her assurance" — grand courage, for I had seen that it was a nasty shaking-up.

We found ourselves in an impossible jumble of boulders with footing that was a handicap ~~course~~ in early-season training, but I elected to go for easier terrain, which we found by crossing the rhododendron barrier. I got a photo of Kay working her way through some rough walking, and then at last located the old bulldozed road on the old Humberston (Tarlton) side.

It seemed too early to follow it down and we followed it up. Normally, returning to a crest of the path, you find it has opened too much. This had grown dense. What had been the Humberston clearing was now impenetrably thick and we could only walk further and further.

Newton sprang a solid point that proved empty but exciting. Kay had earlier heard a noise, wild and

We stopped at the top to cut on some larched logs (why?) and ate a bite, <sup>3/194</sup>  
surrounded by vivid red gum trees of medium size, the next the thickest  
evergreens.

The snow was in the traps and we had to go to the top field to  
circle north, blocked by dense corn we couldn't penetrate. The footing  
was mostly rough ploughed soil and rocks with lead walking all the way to  
the "cut across" road when we used to track when we came in to the top.

The color along this road was vivid and dense and we hurried down  
with the snow below traps, and Maunter hunting as if we had all day.  
At the bottom within sight of the paved highway, we found the mouth of  
the bulldozed road, drove up here, and opted to take that in  
preference to the long walk on paved road to the Matthews house and in to  
the car.

It was twilight now but in throbbing color, and we stepped it  
out - rough - to where we finally came to the Matthews boundary road, and followed  
it to the crossing of the river (nearly dry) and to where we had left it earlier on  
our way in.

It turned out to be intact all the way to the bottom, coming out about the  
refuge - humanity in the trailer, traveling now with children and a fat girl.

At the car we found a note signed by <sup>George</sup> Homer, informing us that  
this land was no longer Paul Matthews', and that it now belonged to "the  
children" who don't allow others to hunt on them. No others. and as  
you know, your old covert is here known.

It was a stiff hunt for the first day, too rugged for 1 day's first  
hunt, but she held up magnificently, and of reason conditioning for both  
of us and Maunter. Another "survival hunt"

Friday 21 October

<sup>new</sup> Dennis Nicklaw - Prognath

Maunder

(F) 44

Mostly cloudy, cool 55°

4:00 - 5:00 } 1 1/2 hrs  
5:15 - 6:00 }

~~Forest~~ Forest / Raven Rock Trail

The color is leaving but still grand. Never have we been so aware of every tree at Old Hemlock, learning what treasures we have, taking walks and looking up and exclaiming.

Today we tried the Nicklaw coveit with a report of two beautiful big grouse" - Dennis Nicklaw seems a sensitive sort and cordial - way down there at the end of what is the roughest road I can remember.

May drove all the way from home, recovered from her ordeal with her broken arm - what courage - Parked at the tulip field and hunted out the margin of the deep growth and the edge of large woods that drops straight down. There was nowhere to go but to the end of this high island, with steep drops on four sides. Cove at south end is tall tulip trees, open, with a number of ebony spleenwort among the carpet of fallen leaves.

Maunder hunted hard but a bit wild, never stopping. The woods on three sides, steep and too open to investigate.

Turned back to station wagon and gave up what was more ~~diversity~~ diversity - how many? - and drove to Forest to check on Johnny Valentini's report of 10 grouse at Raven Rock Trail. All we found were a covey of vireos and two female turkeys. There is all large open woods. Barren.

Hope next week in the Canaan will be different.

At home found note from Tessa - charming.

~~~~~

The Glorious Twenty-Fifth

Canaan Valley

Wanton beautiful work <sup>5/194</sup>

Tuesday 25 October

perfect clear, cool 60°

4:15 - 5:30 1 1/4 hrs.

Courtland / Far Corner

o

The rainy Tuesday turned out grand. Left home at 2:30 and started hunting the Courtland at 4:15 in post-color with accents in some trees, maples and birch in bright sunshine. Cover ideal, though dry, but what happened to the Glorious Twenty-Fifth? Young Wanton handled splendidly, as though to make up for the loss of Quest, working within range and checking well. We had a grand point near the corner where I moved a brace of crows the first year we found them covert. (Why do you often find birds the first time - kind look - and never equal it again?) Wanton flagged them, went soloed at my two-blant signal, holding intently while Kay got pictures and I walked in with no result. But he is a grand dog but needs birds dreadfully.

There must have been a large mast, for the big beeches are loaded with frost-opened burrs, everywhere.

We worked west and circled to the road to the place as normally park (a deep mud hole today) and crossed to the south side and the Mallow woods, walking through tall trees over rocky forest floor to the Far Corner at exactly the right time as the sun dropped nearer the top of Canaan Mountain.

Wanton covered at all well but for one of the few times, there was no 'lock when we almost always moved a brace.

At 5:30 we drove to Mt. Top Realty and picked up the key to Timberline #42, which proved to be at the base of Cabin Mt., not the top. There is a large A frame and nicely furnished. Think it will be pleasant if only we find game on Cabin Mt. top. Neil dinner and at bedtime <sup>Oregon and</sup> ~~Oregon and~~ <sup>Siberia</sup> came up over the cabin as I saw them this early am. at Old Hemlock. A doe when we turned onto #42 and a buck in the yard!  
What no-hunting will do.

Wednesday 26 October

Canaan Valley

Warton

3 PROD

(6)

Cold, windy, cloudy, mean <sup>-40°</sup> wind.

Black Bear Thorns

4:00 - 6:00 / 2 hrs.

Number 2 - 4 flasks

(Were shocked to learn that Ben Thompson had died in March at nearly 91.)  
We had planned to try Cabin Mt. above Timberline, and drove

up the Mountaintop Road - well named, with a surprising number of cabins all the way. At the top we paralleled the crest of Cabin Mt. to the north end, looking for a trail up over to top. It may have been the dark cloudy weather and / or the wind, but the immense drop off to the Canaan Valley far below was disturbing - something unusual for me. The only trace of trails was two rocky trails up over the rock crest like a monster model of what we see from the Valley and the moor was forbidding; the growth at that place was low scrub of mostly mountain holly. We followed our impulses and <sup>turned</sup> ~~got back~~ back down the very steep well-stoned road that switch-backs in a couple of places.

Decided to hunt the Black Bear Thorns and parked in the usual place, also in high wind and bitter cold. Warton began hunting beautifully from the start and hit a point in the upper edge soon after we crawled under the wire fence. He flagged for a moment then at my two-note signal went solid gradually turning his head back toward me, ending in a point as like Prairie famous point in the Redstart Thorns. We moved to him and when we had flushed he began a model point procedure, again like Prairie, moving in each direction with pauses, paw upraised, breathing fire. We at last got up through grateful for the spectacle of intensity, and he closed in and a wooden ~~ke~~ exploded within <sup>a yard</sup> 3 feet of me, going level about head-high quartering left. My reflex was to try to mount and then so paralyzed as it bored away without my getting off the shot. The same old reaction. After 50 years of gunning,

7/94



A CHANGE OF WIND

it wouldn't seem possible.

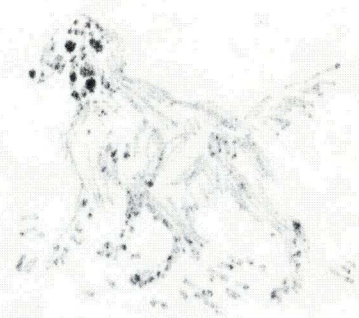
Manton was wild with excitement and chased equably and we didn't care. We followed to what seemed the flight across the road, both of us shivering from excitement and the bitter cold wind. I had to return to the car for an extra shirt, then rejoined Kay and we hunted the west side of the road.

In the cover near where we used to park, Manton slammed into a vouching point near a small spruce and I waded through the coarse dead grass, but the 'cock (our bird) flushed left-crossing and climbing high, but behind intervening cover and again my reaction was too slow to shoot.

We recrossed to the east side and hunted the big thorns & the small shrubs with Manton all over the place and going strong. Swinging north, we hunted the middle of the stretch of thorns and came to Manton for about pointing toward us, head high. The woodcock, a hen, flushed left-crossing medium high and it was another shot I would one time have tried. Today I just couldn't get going.

Am I over-the-hill?

We hunted into the bottom balsam/alders cover with no results and at 6:00 made it to the car, very cold, but with the good action and good dog work stimulating us. Manton is superb.



Thursday 27 October

Cool but more comfortable with partly sunny.

- 1/2 hr. Gates Power Line      Manton 1 PROB
- 0
- 1 1/4 hr. Hank Mallon
- woodcock 1 woodcock - 0
- woodcock 1 grouse - 1 flush. 0

We stopped on the way out from Timborline and took a short circle on the powerline right-of-way and the Gates' alders. Like every place in the Valley, the footing was abominable, in deep grass on the cleared right-of-way but with cut-off stumps of old brush that tripped you. In the alders we found the going impossible with no clear footing and alders a tangle of broken branches and low. We crossed to the left side and found much the same, working our way back to the car.

Drove to the old Hank Mallon bottom and hunted to the west side of the Balsam Run. Manton was working a shade well but well, and we came to him on a high-standing point headed toward the balsams, well out. There was no sight or sound at the flush but Manton broke at wing and gave the impression, certainly, of a woodcock low flight.

It was a ~~also~~ gorgeous afternoon, perfect time and perfect



9/94

situation for the cock that weren't there — and then the  
27th of October. Vistas of Cabin Mt. far off through the shady balsams  
and hemlocks seemed ideal but, although Manton covered everything,  
we had no action.

And then action came with an explosion four yards in front of  
me as Manton barreled past and ran into a groove that went up and  
quartered away high-right — a lovely chance that I stood and  
watched ~~with~~ <sup>in</sup> an Oh, my! state of mind. The third chance of the trip  
and I couldn't function. Is it simple brain shock or a lack of  
reflex?

We followed down the valley, trying to guess the flight that seemed  
too long to the nearest cair — alders beyond the cross-path. We  
didn't relocate, and kept to the right toward the far branch of the  
valley. Something about the eternal need to look down and focus  
~~said~~ on the footing at all times, something about the heart-breaking  
frustration of shots not handled right, was ~~draining the energy~~ <sup>draining the energy</sup> out  
of me and I had to sit and have some food. The usual imbalance and  
the heavy dull head made it plain it was a blood sugar drop, and  
after a prolonged rest, ~~we~~ started back north, keeping to the trace of  
old woods road path that was a blessing at a time like this. The hunts  
each of the three days had been short, but three-in-a-row on turning.

Tired was what I was when we made the station wagon and 1 day  
drove us to ~~the~~ Timberline #42.

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Friday 28 October

Manitou

Clear, warmer, sunny 60°  
calm

Dolly Sods

Spring / Mt. Top

Fisher's Spring

3:30-4:25 } 1 1/2 hrs.  
5:30-6:00 }

looking and stars like diamonds in the clear skies at night.

Awakes to a crystal clear day with Valley in shadow of Big Cabin Mt., a sheet of low fog in the flat below #42, and the sun pecking out the crest of Cannon Mt. showing over the Sand Run Ridge. The Valley looks more like a huge prairie from #42, the Kasperovian chalet, complete with four cats. It is a nice place, well designed, and large with fair taste in furnishing, and a fine kitchen. <sup>← what</sup> <sup>Heavy beech mast; filling on deck of #42</sup> <sup>hadn't</sup> But we need most is birds.

We took off at 2:30 for the Dolly Sods, which we had not seen for two seasons. The approach via Lanesville was overwhelming with mountains bigger than anything we had experienced. Kay drove, as she has done all through this trip, and after the long two-mile climb. Parked at the spring on top and hunted exactly as we had done in '92 with Quest and young Manitou, the latter <sup>left</sup> <sup>but Manitou working well,</sup> ~~left~~ <sup>equanimously</sup> in the car with Kay, and moved few cock. Today with all the same except no birds, it had lost its charm.

After an hour, we returned to the car and drove up the long ribbon of ridge road ~~4 miles~~ to Fisher's Spring where we tried both sides. It is hopelessly grown closed with no way to hunt at, and we got up as the sun dropped into the treetops and the cold crept in.

Drove all the way to the Bear Rocks with the vast expanses more open in tundra ~~now~~ now spotted with small ~~open~~ <sup>open</sup> growing, alluring to magnify the sight of stall. The sun was well into sunset as we pitched down the 4 mile last face, with glorious views of mountains <sup>upon mountains,</sup> and the jagged skylines of

# North Fork Pot and New Creek Mt. growing higher as we dropped 11/94  
lower.

We drove the long Jordan Run Valley north ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> Scherr and the climb up Allegheny Front, all 34 curves, to the Top and Mt. Storm with its sunset dying far toward Home.

The top was a fine one in many ways, but without the woodcock it seems empty, with hellish footing to numb the soles of your feet.

Canaan Valley will not be the same without Tom Thompson.

Home to Old Henderson and then some stars above everything we love.

Thursday 3 November      Poplar House      Manton

Overcast, mild 60°

3:30-5:30 / 2 hrs.

No matter how we try, we seem always to be late. However, hunting woodcock, lateness is an asset.

We topped Kitzmiller Hill and leveled, only to find No Hunting notices blooming throughout. The Arnold Place now has a cabin where the old ruins stood, and after a respite, is once again plastered with notices (some hunting club, one more group's activity preempting the snipe hunter).

Drove down to the Poplar House, this time without notices and went all the way across Maple Run (now a huge swamp) and parked at the Edelman Place, also with a new cabin. Found the fence inhospitable, and while we considered going to the main land, was approached by a truck, complete with two camouflaged bow hunters, ~~and~~ with a large all-terrain in the open bed — a McLaughlin also said he'd talked to me on the Arnold Place. They had seen a grouse about the Poplar House coming down. Why can't it?

We decided to go back to the thorns below the Poplar House, but before we got going, another pickup with a single young man, equally camouflaged and equipped with an identical all-terrain came by without speaking.

We parked at the old Clydes Dais entrance on low flow woods and crawled through the new barbed wire where once there was Belt's red fence - now thrown down to rot. Why all these changes.

Hunted ~~west~~<sup>south</sup> along the lower margin and had a lovely point by Manton but empty. Nothing all the way for what used to be grand action.

Some few cow pads but no work, yet the cover is identical with what A was.

I had another good point, again empty, before climbing the hillside and angling back to the upper fence. Followed it back, after a pause on a log to cut lumber, fence too tight to permit man but open enough for dog to go about and work the good looking thorns in the Poplar House field at ~~west~~<sup>with</sup> end.

Came to where a blow-down had made an opening (crossing) possible and I joined Manton who went into a fine blackberry patch and hounded as usual went on point. When nothing material yet, he completed a mobile point with still no bird. I can guess what that does to his psyche and I know what it does to me and probably to my reactions of ever there is a bird, which I am beginning to doubt.

Hunted ~~west~~<sup>north</sup> and crossed back to rejoin Kay who had found a possible place to climb the fence.

Through Belt's corner, now without <sup>rail</sup> fence at a perfect time at end of day with no woodcock. I hoped I would never know such emptiness. On road, parted, while ~~the~~ <sup>George Bird Evans Papers</sup> car and

(14)

back, and when he came, he refused to search. Finally he would come  
~~any~~ enough to stay in and at last moved the woodcock which we had been  
looking for with no result. He still didn't pick it up but I saw it, its back  
plumage totally camouflaged in the ~~the~~ dried brown Hawthorn leaves like  
curled walnut shavings. I've never seen a more inconspicuous bird,  
partly covered with the leaves.

When it comes at last - a shot and clean hit done well - it is a  
balm to the stress of two blank seasons, and it is good. The lovely woodcock  
was a yearling hen, beautiful beyond words.

We finally moved on with Manton at a high and rocky top side above  
and to my left, and again he ran onto another cock that flushed  
toward us and then veered north too far out to have seen us.

Somewhat short of the sparsen thicket where I had my good luck  
in '90, Manton pointed in a clump of cover and I moved fast and above him.  
The cock flushed low, left-crossing and I fired, feeling myself behind.

We hunted to the north end with no result, and as we came to the  
outcrop of gray stone when we took a picture of my first bird in '90, we  
set up a similar composition - the cock, a red empty shell, the  
Nova Scotia bell, and the 25 low on the gray stone in sunlight, and later  
a shot with Manton and me.

at 3:20 we returned to the station wagon and drove to the Blackhawk Park  
and out toward the poplars over a horribly road, parking when it became  
impassable - waded out with heavy stones.

We were walking toward the poplars with Manton turning through the  
dense hawthorn/rack cover on our right, when we heard a flash, a noise, followed  
by another - then one cutting out over the road and sailing straight away -

cut of range! and going down into the left side of road near the  
pipelines. lovely night!

We failed to refuel it, and hunted on cut the road as what must  
have been the tramroad grade but with hemlock / oak cover on one side  
and a permanent right-of-way crossing. It ended with a beautiful  
trout stream in full flow, impassible to us but not trout, who  
hopped one and back, covering all Territory. We returned on dropping  
temperatures with the sun having gone down - a good day of sleep,  
and a great sensation to feel whole again!

Stopped at the Wynne Spring for water on the way back to the cabin.  
At bedtime, the Valley sky was alight with a grand Orion and Sirius  
blazing among a million stars.

Friday 11 November  
clear, mild, 50°  
2:30 - 3:45 }  
4:00 - 5:00 } 2 1/4

Stony River

Mantua 1 PROD

moved 2.2  
0

This has been one of the loveliest and longest Indian Summers  
in memory, with a Canadian sky full of stars and Sirius like a  
Robinovoor last night.

Decided to go home today, hunting the Stony River / Grassy Ridge  
country in the way. Every tree and fencepost plastered with No as usual,  
and so we drove on. At a <sup>upright</sup> ~~hug~~ <sup>blocker</sup> on the right at a newly stony road  
with - for a wonder - no notices, we drove up the gentle grade and  
came to a gate (locked), with a view of the lake far to the SW. There  
was an expanse of scrub growth and beyond a large expanse of  
dead grass, a knob of hardwood dotted with hemlocks.

When I stepped out of the car there was a low steady  
croaking sound I felt was a raven. It was constantly repeated and in  
one spot, and I had the unpleasant impression it was wounded and  
trying in some odd way to get human attention.

We walked through a total blank in the <sup>old year</sup> fence to the right of the  
peppergate and started into the ~~thick~~ thickety cover on the left -  
a uniformly short growth of witchhazel and hawthorns loaded with  
red leaves, in contrast to the barren thorns we found in the Valley.

after my rather brilliant shot yesterday I had a pleasantly  
flush feel of confidence today, and I followed Manton unhesitatingly  
the cover ahead. There were strange masses of <sup>lots of blueberry scrub,</sup> greasewood, and <sup>pr</sup> locusts  
dead red oak leaves with few young oaks to shed them.

after a thorough working of the area by Manton, we  
cut across the broad sweep of dead grass to the far part of cover, with  
a convincing point on the way near an isolated hawthorn that  
could have meant the grouse.

This seemed an ours-only covert, with not even a distant shot.  
on this holiday weekend, and we hunted it with a singular pleasure,  
coming to some great tree stumps cut years ago, and the remains  
of an ancient rail fence that kept showing in the woods from place to  
place.

I was telling Ray of Father's saying that grouse often lay beside  
such a fence, when I walked into a large woodcock on the edge of the  
woods - a flush that was gone in a moment, with Manton nowhere  
near.

We felt we'd properly covered the covert, and struck out for the  
distant car, where we paused and at length, with the raven no longer  
trying to tell us something.

at the corner corner we found new yellow notices signed Delbert

corner - at least this was personal and not some hunting club block of land.

The meter house where I hoped to park was either gone or submerged to an out-house sign something behind a Mason fence, and I felt a compunction about brashly parking there, and so decided to have I say let Maunton and me out and then drive somewhere out of view to pick me up after I'd worked the long spruce/hawthorn covert.

There was a wonderfully wild ambience as I plunged into the thorns below the road, with the vast sheet of Stony River dam far in the distance under a huge cloudless sky reddening toward the skyline as the post-sunset cold lit into my jacket.

Maunton almost immediately but went and stopped, crouched near a tangle of windfall and thorns, flagging in the odd way he has taken to doing before going solid. When he did freeze I walked in and while nothing <sup>came</sup> of it, it almost had to have been a recent flush. I say was still parked on the road above and through the trees, and I swung Maunton and followed.

The ground was carpeted with vivid red hairs, and if there had been grouse anywhere near, they should be here. Maunton was giving me difficulty keeping in touch, striking-out and heep on adrenaline.

Just short of the big spruce when I ~~lost~~ lost my left rotor cuff 17 years ago, Maunton pointed in a mass of thorns I knew would offer an impossible shot and it did, a cock that disappeared, then showed for a flash view as it made the upper branches - too brief to try for.



We didn't relocate it, though? <sup>Mount</sup> tried, and we finally came out of the  
magic forest and its red leaves scattered wide, and saw Kay parked at the  
foot of the hill. It is a glorious place, but the cock are simply not down  
as yet, and this our last chance this one more season. What are the  
fleeghts of yesterday?

We draw ~~down~~ <sup>some into</sup> a hot stormy sky, cloudless, glowing  
ahead of us — the lonely sunsets flames and dies,  
The giant valleys gulps the night . . . and a hen  
woodcock hangs on the hemlock wall of the porch tonight.

Wednesday 16 November

Pine Creek

Mount

Cloudy, cold, 40°

Day #1

2:00 - 4:00

0

At Cedar Pines again after the long drive from Old Hemlock  
yesterday. Today to an unnamed mountain top about 8 miles NE. Tom and  
David put us into a good looking flat grown to alien plantings of blue spruce  
and pines and many barberry bushes on a State Game Land. We found many  
white birch (none last time) and huge dead uprooted snag stumps of  
what must have been big spruce cut generations ago, some lined up in a  
fence effect (like N.Y. State), <sup>several</sup> ~~one~~ large white birch that had grown on these  
stumps still in the ground with the birch root clasping their hosts which are  
nearly rotted ~~off~~ away, leaving <sup>the</sup> cypress shaped birch alone.

The loop gave glowing promise of grouse here and I started out, shivering  
from the cold (had forgotten my quilted jacket) and from nervous anticipation. It  
was a grand looking place with old apple trees (so what?) and scattered hawthorn and  
some haws still on.

19/94

Mannton seemed to find scent. He had a good point at one place, going solid after an uncertain start, ~~then~~ holding while I moved to him near a fallen snag and some (brushy low) cover. Kay got a last exposure in her Nikon, then changed film under stress, reloaded and got another shot while Mannton held beautifully. But like all "game points" this season, there was nothing there - it is well on Mannton and me and Kay.

We circled around to the lane to the British and Hunting Club and took the trail Tom had suggested, with dense barberry and thorns on the left and pine woods on the right. At one place Mannton gave us another grand point that seemed certain and again was empty. Why?

at the last end at the foot of a hardwood bush we ran into <sup>two characters</sup> ~~two~~ <sup>turkey</sup> hunters coming out, both in camouflage and with guns of some uncertain parentage. The older one with a Dutch beard had moved a group of 6 grouse "way back" and shot one, turning up his butt end and putting his game pocket to prove it. Why?

We headed back toward the car through the pine woods - with huge white pines growing like multiple ~~(turkey)~~ <sup>(giant)</sup> three and four trunk complexes, with hundreds of seedlings of all sizes growing among fallen branches making walking difficult. I ~~became~~ was amazed to find I had lost direction in the maze and came out to the trail we had come in on - unusual for me.

We emerged on the big field to the west, only to hear a blast of shooting that sounded like two two-barrel shots but proved to be double echoes - David Hall had gone into the edge of the cover we had just hunted and moved, he said, 7 grouse. We had a third shot - all misses. Good's favorite son.

Does he ~~ring~~ imagine it? like religion?  
the trap was starting out in pattern.

Had dinner at their cabin as Tom ~~helped~~ <sup>George Bird Evans</sup> ~~gave~~ <sup>Papers</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>let's hope for luck tomorrow</sup>

Penns. bow season closed last Sat. with the opening of turkey season.  
George Bird Evans Papers  
West Virginia and Regional History Center

Thursday 17 November

Pine Creek

Wanton 3 PROD

(20)

Partly sunny to cloudy mid 50°

Day #2

1 BACK

2:15-5:30 / 3 1/4 hrs.

mixed 7-7

0

A 10 mile drive to a mountain-top State Game Land beyond Okome, noted white pine and laurel cover with much frozen fern, frost-browned to a burnt semina - lovely.

Tom Hokay had to take his Cherokee for repairs and we hunted with David Hall, who immediately put me on an open trail while he hunted the thick cover on the right.

Hay heard a distant flush in David's position but we walked for nearly a mile with no action in our area. Action finally came while I was relieving myself and a grouse flushed from <sup>a fern mass to</sup> the left of the path as Hay walked past a clear view ~~and~~ a grouse that had left me pass and Wanton had missed.

Wanton at first seemed puzzled by this cover but he had settled into beautiful cross-quarter work. We got him back and he found scent where the grouse had been walking.

Shortly there was a two shot report from David who seems to always find the birds although his shots are <sup>very</sup> optimistic than real. At this time Wanton gave us a very real looking point on the left of the path but which proved empty. Then he soon swung left again and pointed and seconds later a grouse flushed - only sound.

We finally came to the end of the Game Land at the border of the Otter Run Club land and joined David soon after another good looking point that again was frustratingly empty. The stress is monumental after so much anticipation and failure to see grouse. David had moved. a grouse, he said, before he met us.

21/94

After a bit of chicken breast, we started back west on the path,  
then David swung all of us south into some somewhat scattered pines,  
large and small where he felt some of his grouse had come. He was right, in  
Manton soon but went and hunted briefly before working us to reestablish.  
The grouse flushed out of sight right - crossing and Manton bushes. David  
dropped to one knee and fired at an impossible chance through brush and I  
saw a pine tuft cut off by his bottom in line with Manton and  
about 2 feet above his back. It was a stupid impulse and thoughtless  
and could have killed our Manton.

A second grouse flushed left across a clearing probably too far pushed  
but I might have tried but I was too shaken by David's careless shot. He was  
of the opinion he might have hit his bird (my dog) and he followed and  
had a flush he tried for and missed. There were, as he had said, probably  
reflected of the 9 he had missed.

Just as we were failing as clouds moved in and we all took the path out, with  
me walking ahead helping for the shot that was near. Manton pointed on  
the road far ahead and the grouse flushed across far out. Later Sonnet  
pointed when the grouse had left and Manton back pointed nicely.

There was a second grouse somewhere along the path, just where I can't  
now recall. If David was accurate, he had had 14 flushes; I had had 7, with only  
a clear view of one. David had fired 5 shells.

I think I have discovered why I'm not see birds up here, which I've  
others more than <sup>with</sup> all good intentions, they put me on easy footing  
on paths while they hunt the cover, where the grouse are. I want to try something else.

There was no apparent grouse food here except ~~some~~ <sup>some</sup> on the path and lower leaves.

Friday 18 November

Fog, drizzle 50°

2:00 - 4:00 / 2 hrs

Pine Creek

Day ~~1~~<sup>#3</sup> / Cont #1 Beulah Land

moved 3.3

one shot - 0

Manton 1 PROD 22

Tom & Kay gone home with car problems; hunted the first coveit separately, while David hunted the other section adjoining the Beulah Land Hunting Club.

We started through soaking wet <sup>deep</sup> grass and white pines and barberry bushes headed with drops of water with a fine mist descending. I had moved to the right down a slight decline when Manton pointed into a clump of hemlock / bushes along my left side. When nothing materialized, he worked in out of sight and within moments a grouse exploded off the bank, right-crossing in a beautiful offering. I went to and fired, not quite mounted perfectly to my satisfaction and missed, probably not enough ahead. It was the first shell I have fired at a grouse since the season of '92. The bird had disappeared in the dense pine and spruce stand to my right.

We worked down the open little draw past a rotting deer carcass and out into clumps of hawthorn among old apple trees, one with some fruit.

We hunted to the adjoining posted land and had a flush, heard not seen, from a half-grown isolated white pine. Followed across the cabled border but did not relocate.

Amazing luck, we hunted to the west edge of the large <sup>blue</sup> spruce / pine woods, hoping to recover the grouse I had shot at but didn't. We had almost reached the cars when David appeared and he suggested that we hunt back with him inside the woods and me <sup>retreat</sup> to try to recover my bird.

Ray went to the car. I ~~did not~~ hunted the east side back, while David magnanimously worked the inside again trying to put me my way. Brown almost never cooperate that way. Manton had gone into the dense hemlock clump of course when the #1 grouse had <sup>flushed and</sup> given me my shot, and I heard a flush out the far edge. I'm counting it a third bird, for you had to make the most of your birds these days. I do doubt if it was the #1 returned.

that was it. The drizzle, ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> had subsided, had come on again, and we arrived at the cars well humidified, although the clothing I was wearing had pretty well resisted it.

It is a beautiful covert although somewhat false with the large blue spruce and planting of tall red pines and many red-bordered barberry bushes that have taken over. <sup>There are a lot of blueberry scrub</sup> It is a game land planting but it did have two or three separate groups, but the far David counted on Day #1.

But I did get a chance to shoot. Wouldn't it have been nice if I had hit! Descending the mountain, the fog below us was spectacular.

Saturday 19 November

Pine Creek

Manton

1:40-5:25 / 3 3/4 hrs.

Day #4 / Okome

Fog in am. / clear & perfect later

made 2.2 (possible repeats of Day #2)

Returned to Okome State Game Land we hunted on Day #2, driving in a better road via Canal on north side and 4 1/2 miles.

This time I hunted the cover David had before when he missed a grouse. I heard a flush from a pine in the far end group of pines, and I walked into a group in the very corner edge where Manton had a point the last time.

Today David had to go home early, leaving us about 3:00. (Tom had gone Friday afternoon). It was nice hunting <sup>alone</sup> just the two of us and Manton, who had no points

We heard a double shot about where David might have been, but he later said he hadn't shot. We saw a young fellow on the path above and had heard him shoot once. (24)

Later as we started back, my having followed but failed to see the 2nd bird we saw cross the clearing, we talked to the other hunter, a blond boy in his twenties from York County, who said he had left a companion near the entrance. (hunting turkey) They were hunting "whatever", but was in for the bear season Monday.

The return back the trail seemed endless, with the sun already below the treetops when we started and the chill getting to us. Mauston never stopped hunting but tended to go too far ahead before cutting into cover. This is a strange place for grouse — mostly conifers and laurel and no food other than laurel leaves and very little crowfoot in the path. There are more grouse here in places in this vast expanse of mountains than at home, but please Tom and I are dumb, they are novices, counting jacks as birds. I am frustrated and disappointed, — one shot in two trips.

We kept pushing to beat the dark and at last, it seemed forever, as came to the station wagon. Our young friend and his companion are standing by their vehicle talking and I wondered why they hadn't gone. As they started out, I said to "hey," I honestly think those two were waiting to see if we got out all right," and I hurriedly waved them down to thank them.

It was one of the nicest bits of thoughtfulness we have encountered.

We drove the dirt road to Pit 414 and stopped at State Park Store to see Tom & Debbie Finstebain and ask, with some measurers, about this old settler Char. That individual was outside banking ~~at~~ for us

particular reason at the night. He looked, other than a certain  
twist to his neck, brighter and better than when we met him last year,  
with a good expression in his dark eyes that showed no evidence of cloudiness.

25/94

It was a heartening experience to see him and I think there may be a  
story there — "The Old Dog." I'd like to try. Tom and Debbie were  
cordial, an attractive couple.

There was a gala quality about this Saturday night, with the  
store full of men from the camps, ~~of~~ crawling with hunters in for the  
3-day bear season opening Monday.

We leave for home tomorrow but I doubt if we'll come back.  
Something there is that doesn't treat me well up here re finding game.  
Ten separate quans moved in 4 days hunting — one shot. Not good enough!

Thanksgiving 24 November Humberson Hall / Spruce Spruce Newton

Cold, clear sun, 38°  
snow on ground  
3:25 - 4:55 / 1 1/2 hrs.

A gorgeous day but a late start; the first chance to hunt in  
Pennsylvania Week. For a wonder we were not preempted, although an  
all-terrain vehicle had run through. There was a 2-inch snow on ground  
from last night's snow — more than at home.

We circled the clearing beyond the big spruce, getting enormous.  
Being late with the sun already dropping toward the treetops, we took the back of the  
mechanical beast as fastest walking and soon had a good point by Newton,  
but no bird.

Year before last this was great cover because it held about four  
grouse. Last year and today it was nothing without the birds.

It is inadequate as cover in that it has no food other than rubus, which  
I'm convinced is unsalted potatoes to a gnat.



It is a large exposure, even without going the full round, but I'll always feel close to it for the grand grouse we found in '69, Prairie's first season.

Halfway across to the west brink and the woods road I haven't found either this year or last, & we came onto bootprints laid earlier and followed them out as good a way as any. It was much longer than expected.

This event is used, for even on the brink road which the bootprints led to, there were tracks of a truck. All the while we hunted we heard the accompaniment of rifle shots - being sighted in for next week's deer season.

It was a disappointingly empty hunt, but good to be out in cold clear air, except that Day was uncomfortably cold. Must get her some insulated gloves but can't solve the problem of her cold nose!

Manton hunted well and at good range.

Friday 25 November

Augustine

Manton

cloudy to sunny, cold windy 38°

0

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

Zero to another of Wright Spruiger's reports. Drive back over fields to the SW corner - good quackeries in tall trees, 2 yellow shells. Somebody finds them but never I. Day drove the car over the lumpy grass field from place to place while Manton and I hunted the cover through mean footing and not a feather. at 3:45 I quit. I get sick of it.

Saturday 26 November

McClintock Ridge

Manton

Mild, sunny, 45°

0

2:00 - 3:00 (1 hr)

Wilhelm

4:00 - 4:30 3/4 hrs

0

Finally tried the McClintock Ridge area but, while good cover, it was papered with red notices - now for the incoming deer season. Came back to the adjacent triangle of land between the two roads - excellent quackery cover among medium large trees in a steep slope.

It is a grand limited covert but proved too difficult to risk Day's footing, 27/94  
and we returned to drive the oak down to pick him up at the bottom.

I had to laboriously pick every step from rock to rock while Maunton worked beautifully close and carefully. I don't think I took more than a few steps without seeing a wild grape on the ground and usually a bunch. At one place there was a clot of grapes strung out on one stem hanging on a stem bush when it had fallen.

I came to a large red oak that had snapped off fifteen feet above the ground, the huge tops lying beside it. My AYA measures  $41\frac{5}{8}$ " overall, and ~~we~~ scaled it at 37" diameter. I saw Maunton <sup>spiritually</sup> smelling the top surface of the broken off segment and found half a dozen grouse droppings, one large enough for a turkey. It hadn't been used for drumming but was an ideal site. The far side of the hollow became less rocky toward the bottom and I worked my way over and hunted down to where Day waited with the car. It was a beautiful covert, with the <sup>rich</sup> redness of oak leaves, and at least there was a grouse somewhere — a sad way to have to evacuate your quarry.

We drove down and around to the Sintonbury Road and tried to find a place to park and hunt the little Laurel Run hollow, only to find it worked with notices (Terry Davis) who had cleared it. Would like to hunt it someday. This is what grouse quarry amounts to any more.

Returned to Sam Wilhelm's and found two Virginia cars parked, which turned out to be Sam's son-in-law Matthews and grandson (Thebar's husband and son). Met them coming out of the woods — there for next week's deer season. Very pleasant and invited us to come back and hunt "anytime."

We took a short turn in woods (too large) up to an old heading clearing where the cover is poorer but is still too much. Returned as the sun went down behind trees. Distant view of Laurel Hill Mountain to the west magnificent. So ends my hunting in Pennsylvania. Somehow enjoyed it anyway.

Tuesday 20 December

Charlie Seese

Manton

28/94

Perfect weather,  
sunny cool 40° 2 hrs?

We haven't given the local West Virginia courts a fair sampling, being involved with Blockwater/Conaway and Paul track and local Penna. areas. Today we picked an ideal court - perfectly loaded with grapes and perfect moorland cover, and not one grouse or sign of one. That's about all there is to say, other than that Manton gave us perfect work at ideal ranges, and covering every possible place. The view of the Pine Swamps Knot was good, but we're not after views. It was good to be hunting after the three-week deer season imprisonment.

Wednesday 21 December Paul's Place

Manton

Another perfect day, sunny  
a shade warmer 48° 2 hrs? more 2-2 flushes  
no shots

This lovely court, still unspoiled. Hunted in the lower entrance and via the clearing between the pines. Manton was hunting down in the deep strippine gulch and they heard a grouse flush - I didn't - with no chance to follow.

Circled the clearing and to the south end when, as we approached the mud road (not so cut-up this year) as we neared it, a grouse flushed off the steep slope under the pine/autumn olive top where our year 1 nest found three. Ray glimpsed it against the sky as it topped out. I heard it clearly but had no view. My eyes were not their best today but I was not in the right position to see it.

We hunted to the bottom below the Gallows Road and east to the "new" fence, following the edge of the ground grape cover to the bulldozed grades. Out to the pond and back ~~and to the party road and through the walking~~

the road, road (a mud horror) to the county road and to the car, with a western sky in sunset that reminded us of Zetton's last hunt here.

At least we moved two quail

Friday 23 December

The Thorns

Maunton

Sunny cold 45°  
3:15-5:00 / 1 3/4 hrs.

moved 2-2  
0

Hunted the top to where a new house is being built, hearing a quail just this side of the site at the north end. The flush was a mere motion of shadow, no chance to shoot.

We followed the flush to the east edge without repeat, and stopped to set on the edge of the cover on the bridle of land. We had got a late start - too much the pattern of this season, and I was fighting a siege of imbalance (hypoglycemia), and we hunted the dim woods <sup>path</sup> south to the road, flushing #2 quail just above the road's margin. Maunton gave us grand work today, covering everything and within a comfortable range, but for some reason had no contact with either quail we moved.

Hunted the road west to the car. I hear most everyone say they are "moving more quail this season." So am I, up to more than nothing. Two ~~off~~ Wednesday, two today.

Monday 26 December

Roy Guthrie

Maunton

Sunny cold 45°  
3:00-5:00 / 2 hrs.

"2nd Day of Christmas"

Started from home with intention of hunting the Oak Frankhamer but found workmen moving some machinery and changed plan to hunt the other direction. The roads now traveled beautifully all the way to Little Sandy. We parked at the corner and hunted west to the big field along Barnes Run, then down through woods to the bottom path along Little Sandy. ~~old Maunton in the humbles and we~~

nearly froze.

Stopped to eat at stone cabin, refueled with footbricks across Little Sandy. climbed the gravelled road to the level of Huntington and grateful for the warmth. On top we turned east and hunted the good woods road along the crest above Sandy. Found new postings, separate names on each side, the south ones identified as Washington DC & Md.

Covered the good cover on the top flat and came to a new track with lawn and lawns of summer people.

To car and out, stopping at Daisy Ruder's who said land was being developed by American Heritage, (Fremontville).

Not a feather. One more count lost.

Wednesday 28 December

My 88th Birthday

Sunny cold, 40°

3:10-5:15 / 2 1/4 hrs.

John Burris

scored 3.3

0

Huntington 1 Prod.

My Birthday Hunt on top of The Mountain. Parked at foot of hill below Waugh's cabin and hunted out the road toward Denny Burris's (dead) cabin. Very cold but grand day in a series of grand weather.

Hunting the road, 1 day behind me saw what must have been a grouse flying toward us but in the good hillside cover below. Finally I went down and hunted it - large regional cover with excellent grouse and brushy.

I heard and saw a grouse lift in beam of sunlight, the bird "posting" but to quickly gone and too far to hunt. Mountain was there and I believe he may have had a point. (Our points are so far between I am calling it a production).

Finally descended thick brush and steep hillside (may not had been level) and climbed to the road. On top came to sign "Muller's Cave" No hunting.

Greer's. Looks worth investigating.

31/94

Could clearing with cabin. Denning Burris had shot himself last winter after we hunted here. Later today his father told me a man from Morgantown who had owned the odd A-frame with tower (ham radio station) had committed suicide then, strange relation.

I hunted the woods inside top field which I say held about. Then we cut to the road and hunted at the station wagon, seeing a grass cross high from top to below, far ahead of us. Don't know why we didn't get a point.

Stopped at Susan and Tracy Wayles and at Jim Purris's cabin - very cordial, cars empty. Like old times. A good day at \$8.88.

Friday 30 December

Paul Sutton's Mtn Manton

Sunny cold 37°  
3:00 - 5:30 / 2 1/2 hrs.

This is rugged hunting. Road at last leg so worked-out we parked at foot of hill near Miller's house, and climbed up. Then climbed some more up many tracks where deer hunters had driven. Out old log road to where we could climb the ridge and counted back south.

Come in here varies from medium to excellent with tangles of grapevines. No grapes visible on vines but scattered single fruit on ground most everywhere.

Came to turkey scratching. I kept climbing higher because cover forced us up. Finally reached clearing on top when we ate then turned back as we had done last time in here. This time we found a test-hole made down the mountain, gradually north and took it until it carried us too far around with north end cutting down over with light going fast, we crossed a narrow log road (old) that at last turned back up. Abandoning it, we came to what I thought was the lower road but gave it up when it climbed a bit. This was a mistake, and I found us near bottom of ridge among a jumble of small mounds I think had been ~~left~~ <sup>with</sup> deer ~~scrambling~~ <sup>scrambling</sup>.

we came to the pine planting above us, with recent mine drainage that told us where we were. (32)

Still some lot of walking but in ~~more~~ daylight and down rocky wooded-cut road to car. Not a feather in ~~the~~<sup>3</sup> miles of excellent cover.

I got so god-damned frustrated I wish I were religious so I could have somebody to blame. The game biologists aren't worth the anger.

Tim Muller, the young fellow who lives in the house and is grandson of Paul Fester, said last year ('93) he'd moved 7 quail on lower edge of the ridge just above the "field." (strawberry replacement.)

Friday 13 January

warm, clearing to partly sunny  
62°

2:30-5:45 / 3 1/4

Ock Frankhouser

month 1-1

Wet - 0

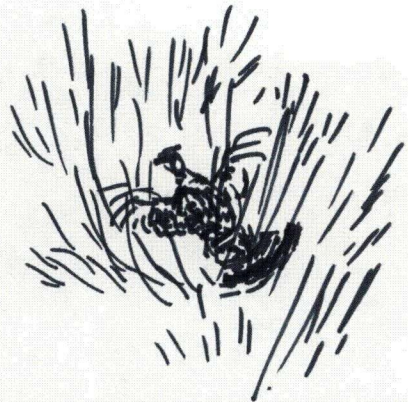
Newton

Parked at the entrance near the old house foundation, and hunted down the wooded ravine below the patch of hemes when Jim Nestor reported seeing grouse in deer season. Cover fair in spots but no birds all the way down to Barnes Run at the bottom.

Turned north and hunted up the narrow stretch of wooded border along fields (how many?) to where the woods begin, eating lunch on two small rocks on edge of field.

In spite of fair start we found the sun getting toward tops of trees on the Charlie Sease ridge across the valley.

We were hunting north, on a woods road at bottom of ridge with much evidence of cutting and tree-top brushpiles when a Newton, who worked beautifully today, came to us and swung into the thick cover on my left, immediately flushing a grouse. It was a nice shot, rising away-left and I swung up and part, firing. I would do the same again, but the grouse went on, showing as it flew back south across an opening and seeming to



EVERYTHING RIGHT

slant down as it disappeared. I am almost certain it was a normal flight but I should have fired the left barrel as it showed in the clearing. I seem to have closed my mind to second-barrel attempts and think I pass up a chance. It was, however, a high - only the 2nd shot this year and in the past 3 seasons - no way to keep in trim.

I wanted to explore the brush piles with leaves still attached and we started the climb up the ridge, working back and toward the top. The occasional old woods road was closed with tree tops and it required picking our footing around and over rocky woods floor. The sun had gone down into the western sky behind trees and we were losing daylight as we climbed higher on what seemed an endless hill. The car was good and Maunter worked it thoroughly but we had no further contacts.

At last we came to the brow of hill with new ridge above us, but we reached still another field grown to deep weeds and briars. Heading for the distant cleared field and the old farm, we finally came within sight of the isolated shed we had seen earlier from below.

We were still a long way from the car and getting tired from the outland climbing, but at last we saw our car, smaller than cars we supposed to look for below. It was quarter to 6 when we reached it, after maneuvering two intervening wire fences, one by rolling under a low arch corner the last by side method, sliding down the muddy bank. A good day but a hard one with enjoyment of a rest and very healthy exercise in good air.



Wednesday 18 January Little Sandy North  
clear sunny mid 53°  
3:00 - 6:00 / 3 hrs.

Maunton: good work

A late start dictated a near coast, and we drove back to the bridge on Little Sandy and hunted the north side. The day was glorious after a dawn with pencils of water on every twig. This is a grand coast, with hummock rhododendron / laurel on the first stretch of 1/2 mile to the powerline, and full of mirrors and the spots of O.H. nettles.

At the steep log road off the left side where I shot my #1 <sup>WV</sup> <sub>1</sub> Grouse in 1939 Open Day, Maunton worked into waist high rhododendron and pointed. He was convinced of game scent and I was persuaded. I walked in with his slowly moving steps by step in front but it was the old story - barren cover.

There is no reason why cover like this shouldn't hold birds. Crossing the powerline tangle we slowly hunted the log road gradually up through heavily marks of grouse, with Maunton covering my yard.

At the second trace ascending the left side we clambered through perfect cover to the old log road that parallels the top edge of woods and, after eating lunch on the steep hillside, we hunted the trace west to the powerline where on our Last Day in the Sixties I had pruned a trace of grouse under the standard poles with ~~Shades~~ <sup>George and Evans</sup> & Dixie backing, I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~missing the shot.~~

We stayed on top (think we should have taken the powerline down) <sup>35/94</sup>  
and from there were not in good luck until we, with difficulty, worked our  
way down over to the bottom path.

Once again we were well after sundown until we reached the car,  
following that grand white-water sound on our left. There was no justice.  
Mantou worked beautifully in range all day.

Monday 27 February  
cloudy, scattered showers  
mild 50°  
3:00-4:50 / 1 3/4 hrs.

Hoodershell  
0

Mantou: grand work

The Last Day? An ideal dump hunting day but another blank.  
Roger Blaney reported moving five here a week ago. We parked at  
Glennas, waiting in car until a shower stopped, with Mantou  
circling the area but returning to peer in the window, eager to go.

We checked on scent at top of hill on edge of powerline, but thought  
better. We hunted down the rocky right-of-way to the old Cupps woods  
road and east to the big field with pine planting.

Decided to return on lower level and hunted to right-of-way again  
and across on Keller's footing (concerned for 1 day's problem, though she  
did find. Her arm no longer impedes her - what a girl!).

All of this is good cover and what are the grouse people like Blaney  
talk about? Came to dog road west and up the branch road to top of  
hill. It seems incredible that we could have spent so much time in so small  
an area - caused by miserable rocky footing. This day was the story of  
the entire season, a bitter disappointment. Is it age? But with a dog  
working like Mantou, I can't feel it is. The grouse just aren't here.

Days Hours.

1994

|    |            |           |          |                             |
|----|------------|-----------|----------|-----------------------------|
| 1  | 2 3/4      | 1-1 0     |          |                             |
| 1  | 1 1/2      | _____     |          |                             |
| 1  | 1 1/4      | _____     |          |                             |
| 1  | 2          | 2/4 0     | 3 mod    |                             |
| 1  | 1 3/4      | 1/1 0     | 1/10     | 1 mod.                      |
| 1  | 1 1/2      | _____     |          |                             |
| 1  | 2          | _____     |          |                             |
| 1  | 1 3/4      | 2/2 -     | 4/5 2.1  | 2 mod.                      |
| 1  | 2 1/4      | 2/2 -     |          | 1 mod.                      |
| 1  | 2          | _____     |          |                             |
| 1  | 3 1/4      | 7/7 -     |          | 3 mod 1 back                |
| 1  | 2          | 3/3 1.0   |          | 1 mod                       |
| 1  | 3 3/4      | 2/2 -     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 1 1/2      | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 1 1/4      | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 1 1/2      | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 2          | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 2          | 2/2 -     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 1 3/4      | 2/2 -     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 2          | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 2 1/4      | 3/3 -     |          | 1 mod                       |
| 1  | 1 3/4      | 2/2 -     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 2          | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 2 1/2      | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 3 1/4      | 1/1 1.0   |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 3          | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 1  | 1 3/4      | _____     |          | _____                       |
| 27 | 56 1/4 hrs | 13/13 2.0 | 9/12 2.1 | 5 mod 1 back 7 mod 1 Killaw |

20 WV  
7 PA

BLACKWATER/CANAAN 6 counts 3/3

COURTLAND/FAR CORNER 025-0

BLACK BEAR THORNS 026 2.4.0/N10 4.5.1

GATES/POWER LINE 027-0

MALLOW 027.1.1.0 1.1.0

Dolly Sods 028-0

PARK/PIPELINE N10.2.2.0

MT. STORM 3 counts

POPLAR HOUSE N3.0

STONY RIVER N11. ~~2.2.0~~ 1.1.0

COSNER CORNER ~~N11~~ N11 1.1.0

PENNSYLVANIA 5 counts 10/12

PINE CREEK

#1 N16.0

#2 N17.7.7.0

#3 N18.3.3.0

#4 N19.2.2.0

Spring Spring N24.0

Augustine N25.0

Mc Clintock N26.0

1994 LOCAL

11 counts 9/9

MATHEWS 017  
~~017~~ 1.1.0

~~NICKLOW 021.0~~

~~SPRING SPRING N24.0~~

~~AUGUSTINE N25.0~~

SEESE D20.0

PAUL'S PLACE D21-2.2.0

THORNS D23.2.2.0

RAY GUTHRIE D26.0

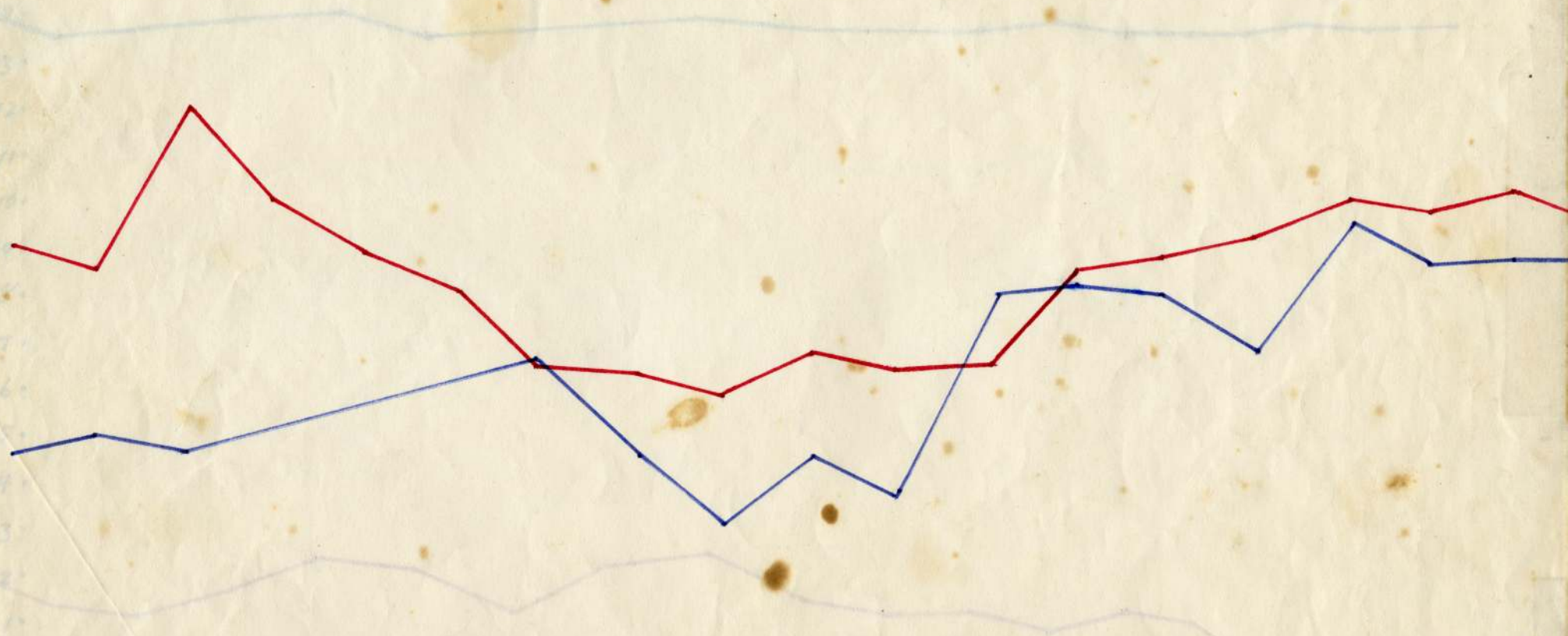
JIM BURRIS Dec 28 - 3.3.0

PAUL LISTON Dec 30.0

OCH FRANKHAUSER J13.1.1.0

LITTLE SANDY N. J18.0

HONDERSHOLT F27.0



|         |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |      |       |       |      |
|---------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|-------|------|-------|-------|------|
| '39     | '40   | '41   | '42   | '43   | '44   | '45   | '46   | '47   | '48   | '49   | '50   | '51   | '52   | '53   | '54  | '55   | '56   |      |
| 10/16   | 10/14 | 10/16 | 10/15 | 10/9  | 10/12 | 10/20 | 10/5  | 11/1  | 10/16 | 10/15 | 10/14 | 10/13 | 10/18 | 10/29 | 10/1 | 10/15 | 10/12 |      |
| 11/29   | 11/30 | 11/29 | 11/28 | 12/31 | 12/25 | 12/22 | 11/16 | 11/29 | 11/27 | 11/19 | 12/30 | 12/31 | 1/3   | 1/2   | 1/1  | 1/7   | 1/5   |      |
| 45 DAYS | 48    | 45    | 45    | 84    | 75    | 64    | 43    | 29    | 43    | 36    | 78    | 80    | 78    | 66    | 93   | 85    | 86    |      |
| 39 days | 42    | 39    | 39    | 66    | 64    | 52    | 37    | 25    | 37    | 31    | 43    | 65    | 49    | 54    | 59   | 70    | 71    |      |
| all     | 8.77  | 8.33  | 11.75 | 9.75  | 8.66  | 7.69  | 6.29  | 6.2   | 5.58  | 6.52  | 6.34  | 6.36  | 8.43  | 8.61  | 9.0  | 9.83  | 9.64  | 10.0 |
| W.Va.   |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |       |      |       |       |      |

— WW II —

