

Shooting 1995

Wednesday 18 October

Paul's Place

Mantou report work

Hot, sunny, flawless sky +70

3:30 - 6:00 : 2½ hrs.

Hunted for the first in this grand covert - perfect with a fair number of grapes but no birds. This is my 71st season hunting grouse,

Mantou's fifth. A gorgeous bird dog but hunting in poverty of game.

Boy and I both forgot our whistles and had to rely on Mantou's good manners, and he behaved beautifully. Hunted without a jessy or skirt.

It is sad to see so gorgeous a covert and such a grand dog without a trace of birds. When we came out we found three cars - bow hunters - and I wonder if they have adverse effect on grouse?

Thursday
November 2

Cloudy, warm, damp
2 hr. - 20 min

Little Sandpiper / Seese

Mantou 2 probable prod.

Gleuna

scored 1 - 2 flocks

Have been laid up with back problem and leg cramp with no hunting since October 18th. Today was ideal grouse weather - cloudy and damp, quiet and threat of rain. Tried the old Jimmy Guthrie bottom along Little Sandpiper above bridge where Greg Seese scored brood of eight a month ago. Parked at old place above bridge - what memories - and hunted upstream to where Blue & I lost our grouse about 54 years ago! Today little change in cover. My leg very tender and awkward. A very light drizzle set in but soon stopped and was no trouble. We scored nothing and turned back to car.

Drove (1 day) to Glenna McCartney's and hunted up hill to rocks
and magnificent view at Powerline. (E)

leaf color is just except for individual hold-outs, but here the
reds — blueberry and smilax were glorious and what trees were hold-overs
were mostly reds with our small golden aspen. At Powerline the view of
decent Chestnut Ridge, a royal blue against gray sky.

We hunted through woods road then good cover, leg getting stiffer,
to end where it turns to open field. Hunted back in big field along deer cover.
At far end I sent Manton into thicket and tangled some with Angelica
berries. It was like the old days — when you sent Puff in and a bird was
there! There was a good chance he pointed, that boy seldom misses — for
a quince exploded closely but out of view and sounded as tho' it went in
direction of Powerline and road we had taken out. It fired us all up and
we followed around corner of cover on a woods road. At the Powerline there was
a low growth, extensive, of greenbrier, the reddest low. In the sunset light
that was breaking thru the overcast it was a glory of reds. Manton was out
of sight closely but concealed by the low greenbrier. Suddenly there
was a flush and our quince came into the open and gave me a wonderful
shot going almost left-crossing along edge of thicket and the Powerline,
and my arm locked halfway to my shoulder. Six^e Elvorn years after
I injured my right arm it is as helpless as then. It was a bitter moment.
We followed to the crest of the hill on top of the world, limping
limping miserably but came to Manton on point in the open right-of-way,
tail cramped from fear of fleshing. He held for a long moment while the
universe stood still, then moved in, still hot, while I lay worked around to
a woods road in the right. No bird but Manton's action told the story
of a landing, and then reflex.

By this time I was nearly immobilized with the leg cramp. 3/85
We reached the original road and big rocks and hobbled down the slope
to the car, once more passing the blueberry red and greenish scarlet and
the small aspen gold.

It was a short day but it was glorious for the color, and, above all,
for the action. What one grouse can get you! They fell one on the woods road,
very game about it, but fortunately not injured.

Monday 4 December

Jim Burris

Wanton 1 prod.

Sunny 40° cold

moved one - one flock

excellent work

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

The first day after a long layoff due to strained back,
big snow (18") and deer season. Chose this magnificent covert for
break-in (shake-down) traps, parking at foot of hill below Tracy and
Susan Waugh's cabin.

It was much colder than temperature reading at home.
Approaching (driving into) this covert, the views east and south
are magnificent, the biggest of the Chestnut Ridge mountains with massive
shoulders and giant valleys - breathtaking.

I had planned to hunt the mountainside below the road, but it
looked too steep for my maiden voyage, and we let Wanton work it while we
walked the road. He handled it well by going out the road and quartering the
upper and lower cover back.

It is not the best way. It has been out at extreme range when
he strikes scent, which was the case with his one productive of the day. He
pointed from the road into cover on upper side about Danny's cabin, a
nice point that drew from a sudden stop to a staunch one. We were
about fifty yards from him and hurried to him, but the grouse, through no
fault of Wanton's flushed about 30 yards in front. I lay dead and

Had a glimpse of the bird going well out - I had neither
did

(4) 95



Rather than follow - a mistake - we hunted out the road to the gate,
before swinging back to Deams cabin. Then, Winton struck scent in several
places, flagging to a semi-point, and finally after much running scent,
went silent in the gap in woods this side of the big field. It was a good corner
and I was certain it was a grouse - the grouse, for it was a logical spot for
the bird to have landed. It (too) was rough to get into the flock, and the
surroundings nearly killed me, coupled with the extreme cold that had my fingers
too numb to shoot. He eventually got up.

We had met Jim Burrows when we were getting started at the car, and
he said he had flushed two grouse in woods beyond the big field. We
had another point in edge of cover. These puzzle me. (Why in God's name can't they
be a bird.)

Worked up to the cabin where we had another of those quasi-points.
Stopped to speak to Tracy Wauke, then walked to station wagon at base of
hill.

A wonderful day to be out again - walked only about a mile and a
quarter but I was pleased the back didn't trouble me. A nearly full
moon saw us out. Good to regain confidence in myself. Day and I
nearly froze and yet it was only about 40°.

Jim suggested calling John George Bird Evans Papers for
permission to hunt.

Thursday 22 February

Overcast, 50°

3:35 - 5:45 / 2 hrs

Jessie Burris:

a big zero

Manitou

5/95

After an endless winter with some little cold days and almost solid snow since mid-November, we got a possible day, overcast and 50°, and took it to go to Jessie Burris. Other than a walk in the woods carrying a gun, it was disappointing with my back still throwing me off-balance. I hope this won't turn out to be chronic.

Hunted out to the Green land on the old road - Manitou hunting hard and intelligently other than a lot to see, but he comes in at the whistle, and I can understand his eagerness after this long blank winter.

Behind the Danny Burris cabin, as we were re-entering the woods after lunch, Manitou sprung into a sudden point almost at my feet and I thought my God it's going to happen. Doubled sideways and rock solid, he held while I got some pictures. That was it.

at Jessie Burris' he got us a story of Crowder and Roger Blaney securing 45 grouse one day earlier in season on the Green place! I really should call for permission next year.



EVEN EMPTY
IS GOOD

SUMMARY 1995

4 COVERTS - 2 GROUSE

GEORGE & KAY

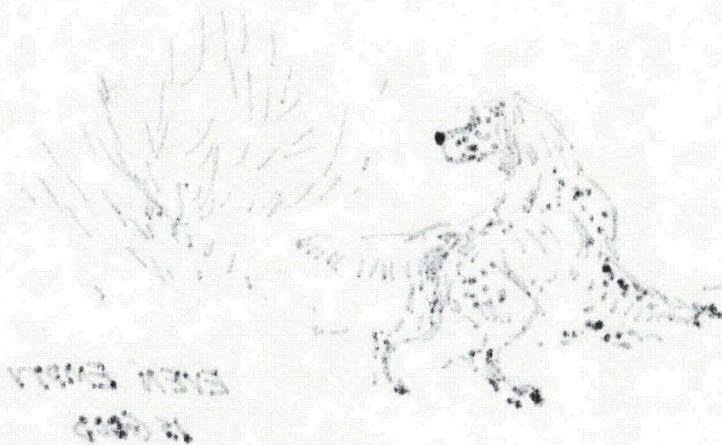
MOVED 2 GROUSE - 3 flushes

NO SHOTS

4 DAYS - 8 3/4 hrs.

Dismal

MANTON 3 PRODUCTIVES



LOCAL 1995

PAUL'S PLACE OCT 18-0

GLENNA (HOWDERSHELL) NOV 2 - 1.2.0

JIMMY GUTHRIE NOV 2-0

BURRIS DEC 4 - 1.1.0 / FEB 22 - 0

~~GLENNA NOV 2~~