

Old Hemlock Foundation

Writings of George Bird Evans

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“... of all the authors I have worked with, George was the only one who not only wrote captivating stories full of sage advice and reflection, but also illustrated his own work—...”

Through this work, George made his thousands of followers learn about and come to love Old Hemlock; it became their vicarious getaway place, just as it was for George and Kay in reality.”

Steve Smith

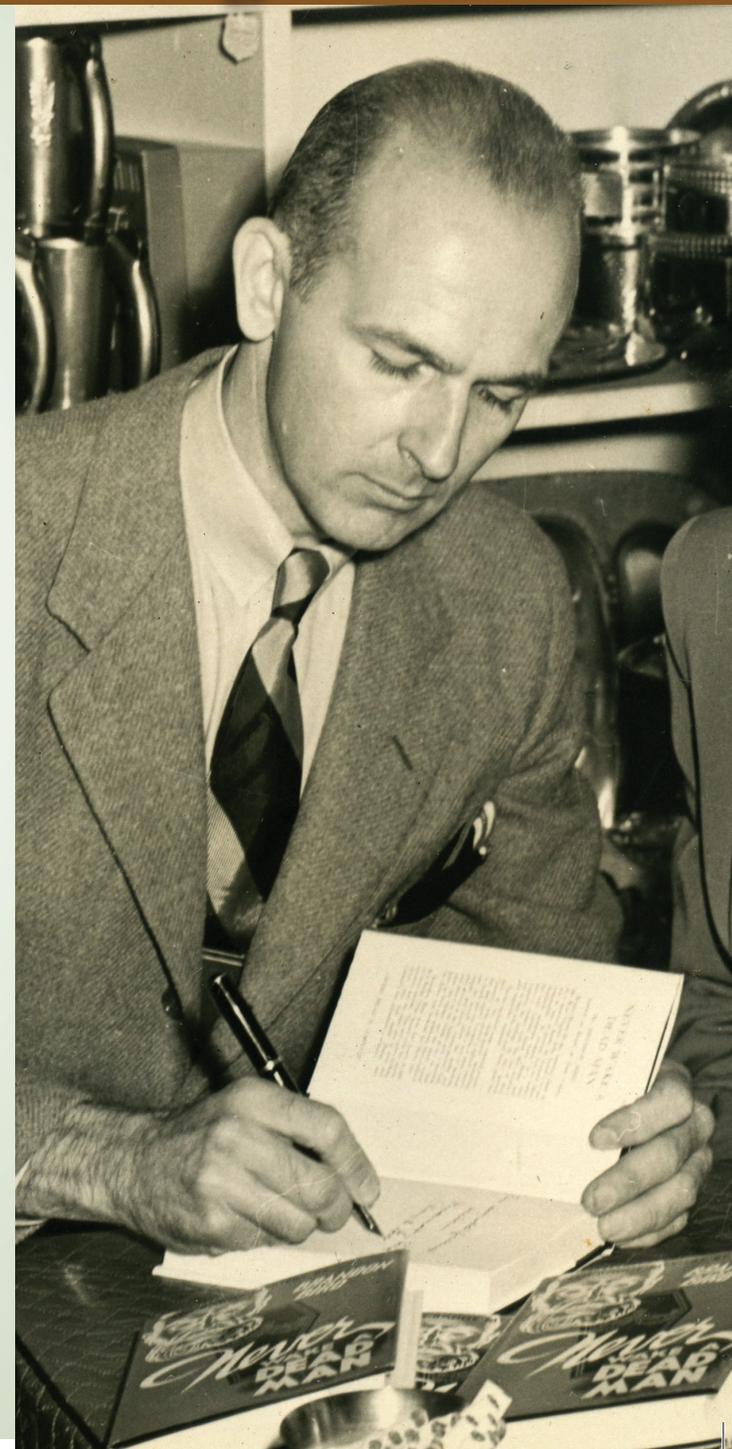
Publications Director, Village Press Inc.
Editor, *The Pointing Dog Journal*



*The wine of Autumn
whose bouquet permeates the coverts.
George Bird Evans*



The Old Hemlock Foundation's mission is to preserve and promote the legacy of George Bird Evans and Kay Harris Evans.





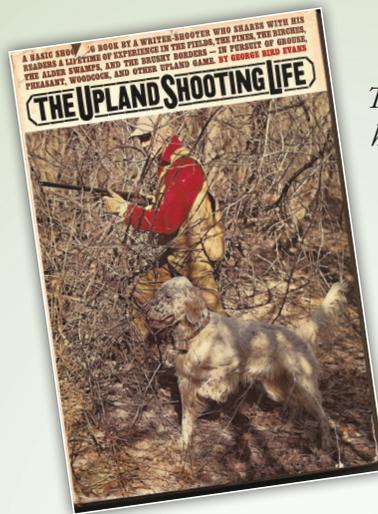
George began his writing career with Kay as suspense novelists. In their first, *Never Wake a Dead Man* (1950),

they chose the penname Brandon Bird (a name attached to all but the last of their novels) and modeled the main characters, Hamp and Carmel, after themselves. After publishing four more successful novels, Evans turned to a new genre, transforming his hunting notes into non-fiction books and articles. His first monograph, *The Upland Shooting Life* (1971), was a combination manifesto, autobiography, manual, and wildlife romance, laying out the Old Hemlock philosophy of hunting and life. This code of honor demands respect and fairness in the hunt: for nature, the dog, and, above all, the game being pursued. His writings and philosophy continue to shape the lives of sportsmen to this day.



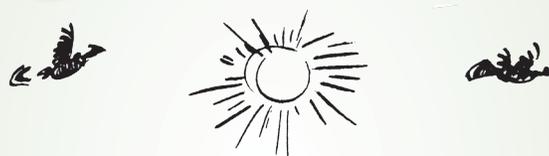
I know, as I've always known, that a gunner's paradiso lies within himself, involved in his attitude toward his dog, his reverence for his bird; the boundaries are mental, not physical.

—An Affair with Grouse



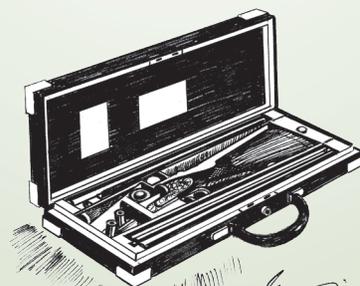
The term sportsman has no qualifiers "good" or "bad"; as a shooting man you are a sportsman or you are not.

—The Upland Shooting Life



Some men dream of wealth and power. I tell of days. Of woods taking me where they wanted to go, hawthorns scarlet with October, the lacy loveliness of hemlocks, old lanes gold with Autumn, fall colors like stained glass showing through the leaded lines of black branches, each tree a love, each leaf a now, the dry-bone look of maple twigs in winter, the silent snow. For more than seventy Indian summers I have begged each one not to go, even as I spoke, the leaves showered down around me.

—Grouse Along the Tramroad



George Bird Evans

As he placed menus in front of them, an olive-skinned singer stepped out of the darkness into the circle of light and music, her jet eyes glistening. One of the guitarists was plucking a shower of velvet notes from gut strings, notes that sprinkled around the girl while she swayed rhythmic bare shoulders, her aquiline nostrils dilated, large white teeth gleaming. The other guitarists began digging softly, fiercely at a seguidilla. Her voice poured out and rose like a flock of pigeons.

—Brandon Bird, *Death in Four Colors*

