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L.C. SMITH

Collectors Association

L.C. SMITH SPEAKS FOR ITSELF



The Journal of the
L.C. SMITH
Collectors Association

Fall 2010

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- Eagle Grade Production
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- California Side by Side
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“NRA Winners”

By Frank J. Finch, Jr.

What do you enjoy? Do you enjoy hunting, shooting or collecting guns especially L.C. Smith guns? If you do, it's important to pause a moment to reflect upon the value of supporting the NRA. The NRA is the only organization helping us to keep our guns by fighting to preserve our Second Amendment rights.

Several years ago, the L.C. Smith Collectors Association became an Affiliated Club Member of the NRA and was encouraged to display at the NRA Annual Meeting & Exhibits. LCSCA has chosen to support the NRA by exhibiting at their Annual Meetings for three consecutive years, winning the prestige's "Best Educational Exhibit" in the Classic Arms Category for two of the three years. Note: There were (32) gun collector clubs in attendance.

At 139th NRA Annual Meeting & Exhibits held May 14th through the 16th, 2010 in Charlotte, North Carolina, the theme focused on preserving our **American Freedoms** with a record attendance of over 72,000 attendees. The event hosted more than 455 exhibitors, 32 gun collector clubs, leadership forums, seminars & workshops, fund raising auctions, banquets, dinners, excellent speakers and professional entertainers.



The LCSCA's focal point for this year's exhibit, titled, "Quest for the North Pole", featured the L. C. Smith Grade 5E 12 gauge carried by Admiral Robert E. Peary on the S.S. *Roosevelt* in his quest for the North Pole in the expedition of 1904-5. It was visited by many of the thousands of show attendees who were interested in entering the booth and view the beautifully restored Peary gun





which was enhanced by the copy of the historical photos and newspaper articles, replica instruments and equipment and a scrapbook containing copies of Adm. Peary's expedition photos.

There were two large Fact Boards, one of which displayed an enlarged copy of the New York Times of the period detailing the route and events surrounding the expedition to the North Pole. The other, detailed an overview of the 23 years of effort expended by Adm. Peary to reach the Pole. To provide a sense of magnitude of this accomplishment, an excerpt text of the Fact Board prepared by Mary Anne follows:

“The Quest for the North Pole”

Robert Edwin Peary

May 6, 1856 – February 20, 1920

The quest for the distinction of being first to reach the North Pole, the northernmost point on the earth in the middle of the Arctic Ocean with a depth of 13,410 feet, intrigued explorers who regarded this feat as the last prize in the Northern Hemisphere.

In 1893, Robert E. Peary, a US Naval Civil Engineer, attempted his first expedition to the North Pole. In 1898 -1902 and 1905 -1906, two more expeditions followed but fell short of the mark.

For the 1905 arctic expedition to reach the North Pole, George Crocker gifted \$50,000. The funds purchased Peary's new three-masted steamship schooner, the S.S. Roosevelt, with a reinforced steel bow designed to sail among masses of moving ice.

In the SS Roosevelt ship's manifest, dated May 12, 1905, Captain Robert Bartlett recorded Peary's L.C. Smith 5E 12ga. Shotgun on Ledger #2, page 6. This manifest documented that the L.C. Smith Shotgun #8785, the personal property of R.E. Peary, was aboard the SS Roosevelt during the 1905 arctic expedition.

His final attempt to reach the pole began in 1908 on the SS Roosevelt, along with Henson and 22 Inuit men, 17 Inuit women, 10 children, 246 dogs, 70 tons (64 metric tons) of whale meat from Labrador, the meat and blubber of 50 walrus, hunting equipment, and tons of coal.

In February 1909, Peary departed their anchored ship at Ellesmere Island's Cape Sheridan, with the Henson, 4 Inuit men and 130 dogs working to lay a dogsled trail and supplies along the icy torturous route to the Pole (Inuit methods). Only five of Peary's men, [Matthew Henson](#), Ootah, Egigingwah, [Seegloo](#) and Ooqueah, achieved the feat.

On April 6, 1909, Peary established “Camp Jessup” allegedly within five miles (8 km) of the North Pole. In his diary for April 7, Peary wrote: “The Pole at last!!! The prize of three centuries, my dream and ambition for twenty-three years, Mine at last.”

Peary was given a Rear Admiral's pension and the thanks of Congress by a special act of March 30, 1911. He was commended for his persistence and perseverance as America's foremost Arctic explorer. Peary received honors from numerous scientific societies of Europe and America for his Arctic explorations and discoveries. He retired to Eagle Island, Maine. He died in Washington, D.C., February 20, 1920 and is interred at Arlington National Cemetery.

Our display was possible with the combined efforts of our members. Admiral Peary's 5E, along with several artifacts were graciously supplied by LCSCA Board Member Skip Dunlap. Other display items were provided by Chris Dunlap, Frank and Mary Anne Finch. Mary Anne's eye for attention to details and flower judging experience, along with her hard work during the planning and set-up phase helped create a Winner! Frank and Chris were “on board” manning the booth throughout the entire three day event.

Participating in the NRA Annual Meeting reaffirms that NRA members are like you and me! We want to celebrate our American freedoms! We, as Americans, have the Right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness! The US Constitution gives us the Right to Bear Arms! Therefore, in these times it is necessary to support the NRA. And most of all, I urge you to vote for pro-gun candidates in the November 2, 2010 mid-term elections! Our “guns” depend on it! Let's all do what Wayne LaPierre says: “Stand up for what you believe... and raise Hell!” **Vote!** 

Eagle Grade Production

by Jim Stubbendieck

The icon for the Eagle grade was a small eagle engraved on the top lever, but application of stippling set the engraving of the Eagle Grades apart from all of other grades of L.C. Smith shotguns. The stippling process produced a “frosted” background providing dramatic emphasis to a ringneck pheasant in flight on the right lock plate and a mallard drake on the left. Stippling was used on the frames in combination with scroll.

Recent summary of the LCSCA records revealed that total production was 539 (Table 1), which is different from the production figure of 581 in Brophy’s *L.C. Smith Shotguns* and repeated in Houchins’ *L.C. Smith: The Legend Lives*. The numbers for all gauges are relatively close to the Brophy summary, except many fewer 20 gauge Eagle Grades appear in the records (76 compared to Brophy’s 111). We will never know how Brophy counted entries, but our data were collected by going through the records on a computer screen, line by line, three times.

Barrel lengths varied from 24 to 32 inches. The 10 gauge with 31-inch barrels and the 12 and 20 gauges with 24-inch barrels are one-of-a-kind, as is the 20 gauge with a nonselective Hunter One-Trigger. A single Eagle Grade with a swamp rib exists, but this rib type is not identified in the records. Long Range Eagle Grades are relatively uncommon (26).

The Eagle Grade was produced from 1912 through 1934 (Table 2), although the Hunter Arms Company changed a shotgun that started as Specialty Grade into an Eagle Grade in 1939 to meet a customer’s request. Most (443) were made in the 11-year period from 1919 to 1929. The changing economy following the Stock Market Crash of 1929 may have resulted in the lack of demand and discontinuation of the Eagle Grade.

Table 1 L.C. Smith Eagle Grade Summary.

Gauge	Total	Frame Size		Barrel Length (inches)						Options*					
		Regular	Feather	24	26	28	30	31	32	E	O	N	B	V	LR
10	3	3	-	-	-	-	-	1	2	1	1	-	-	-	-
12	413	310	103	1	20	58	178	-	156	375	223	-	91	69	26
16	47	12	35	-	6	27	11	-	3	46	13	-	-	-	-
20	76	4	72	1	26	32	8	-	9	71	44	1	7	6	-
Total	539	329	210	2	52	117	197	1	170	493	281	1	98	75	26

*E Automatic ejectors
 O Selective Hunter One-Trigger
 N Nonselective Hunter One-Trigger

B Beavertail forend
 V Ventilated rib
 LR Long Range

Table 2 L.C. Smith Eagle Grade Production by year.

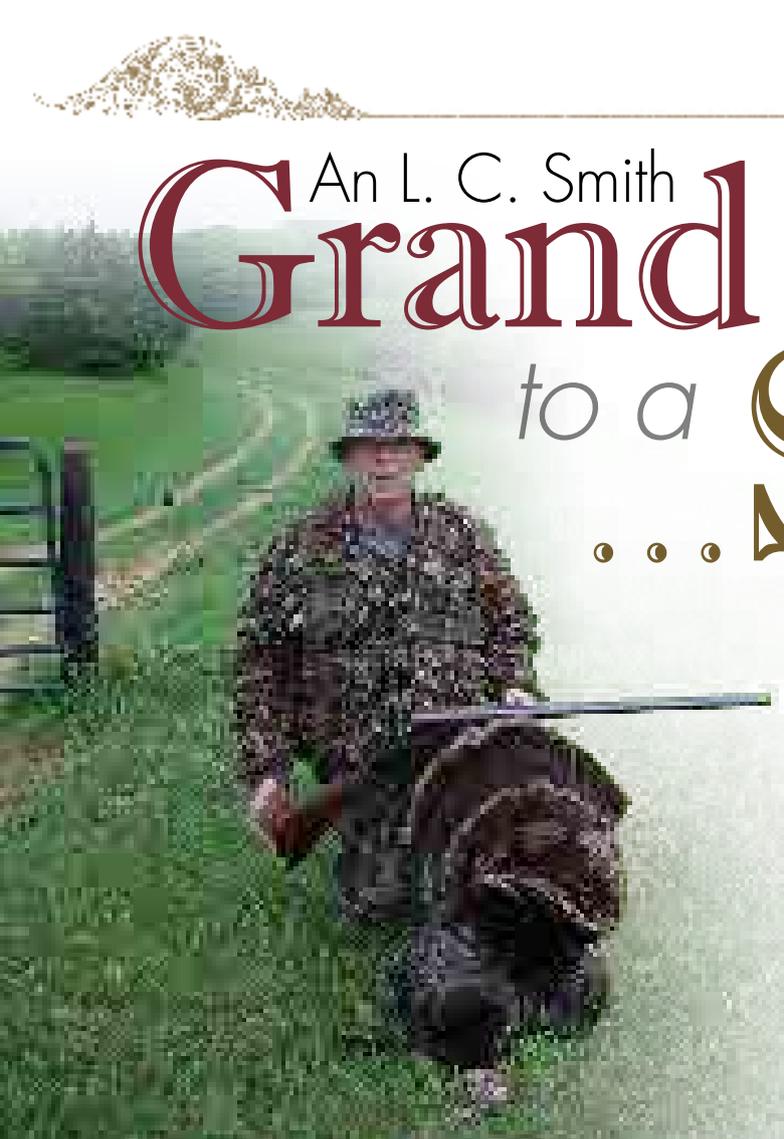
Year	Production
1912	2
1913	27
1914	19
1915	9
1916	12
1917	8
1918	6
1919	38
1920	49
1921	31
1922	34
1923	38
1924	66
1925	68
1926	47
1927	27
1928	23
1929	22
1930	9
1931	8
1932	1
1933	2
1934	2
1939	1*

*Changed from Specialty Grade to Eagle Grade

Membership Renewals

By Chris Baumohl

For those of you receiving a renewal notice with this issue of the Journal, the cut off for the NEXT mailing list (and your renewal to stay current) will be **October 19th**. I will need to have RECEIVED your renewal by that time so we can prepare the list and submit it to the printer. Failure to do so will result in the fact that you will not be on our latest membership list and therefore will not receive the next Journal. I process the renewals almost daily so if you get it to me in time, I will get it processed!



An L. C. Smith
Grand Slam...
to a
...**Super Slam**

*What a Fun and
Exhilarating Journey!*

Part II



March 30 and 31, weather is turning ugly; raining and more rain in the forecast. I typically won't hunt in the rain. I don't want to get my guns wet and I don't care to get wet. I was using both hasty blinds and just sitting by a tree and getting soaked didn't appeal to me. It was raining when we went to bed the night before opener; Sue said she didn't care to go if it was raining. Well, 0415 hrs rolled around and I could hear the rain on the camper. To go or not to go? That was the question. I got up, camo-ed up and headed to the lease in the rain. I pulled up to the gate and just sat there. I wasn't sure I even wanted to unlock the gate and go in. As the rain beat upon the roof of the truck I must have dozed off. When I came to it was getting light and still raining quite heavily. I cranked the truck up and headed back to the campground.

It continued to be wet and rainy for a couple days and I stayed out of the wet. I drove to the lease and studied it from the gate with binoculars but didn't



see anything moving. It was hilly ground and tended to get quite muddy. The forecast improved; on Friday afternoon it started clearing off, the sun came out and perhaps a little drying took place. I knew for sure the next day, April 4 was the day to go into the woods. We got up early, the sky was full of sparkling stars and it was a drop dead beautiful morning. We headed to the lease, entered through the gate and over the first little hill to hide the truck from the road,

gathered our gear and started the half mile walk back into the woods. What a spectacular morning, beautiful sky, the Whippoorwills were singing and I just knew this was going to be our morning. I told Sue that the turkeys were as glad as we were that things were drying out. It was a muddy walk in some places. As we moved through one of my favorite strut zones I was tempted to stop there and make a set up but something told me to keep going. I had a plan

and I was going to play it out. As I write this now I can still hear the Whippoorwills of that morning. We got to the top of the final hill and proceeded with our set up. I set the single hen decoy out about 20 yards from where I'd be sitting in the third tier of pines just back from the clearing. Sue sat about 15 feet off my right shoulder, back from the clearing with a good vantage point for visibility.

We were all set up now and it just started to break light. The Whippoorwills had silenced; they always do as light breaks. But then we heard the beautiful old Hoot Owl, he was still there from last year and before we knew it the woods was a buzz with little birds flitting here and there. All of a sudden at 6:30 a.m. we heard him, the beautiful gobble of a mature Tom. We had to have walked past him as we made entrance to where we set up. He was about 80-90 yards away and perhaps 30 yards off the trail we had walked in on. He was really sounding off. I lost track of the number of gobbles around the fifty mark; another Tom was gobbling perhaps a hundred yards behind us, the woods were getting lively. After several gobbles I gave three strong yelps back with my Steve Mann box call and he came right back at me. I yelped back and then did what old Wayne Bailey suggests; after you yelp at him, shut up. They heard you and they marked you. Overuse of the call is a common error for many turkey hunters. Old Tom continued to gobble and then things grew very quiet. Oh, you could still hear the Pileated woodpeckers, the song birds and crows. One thing I really like about this lease is there are a number of quail there and they were putting out some beautiful sounds as well. I think everyone was happy the rain was over.

By now it was a little after 0700 hrs and no turkey sound for several minutes. I decided at 0720 hrs to break the silence and started a soft yelp and to my surprise the old Tom bounced right back with a bold and loud gobble. He was over the hill in front of our set up; maybe 40-50 yards away. He just kept gobbling and was on the move in

our direction. All of a sudden I saw movement coming at the crest of the hill and up popped three hen heads followed by a Jake all moving toward the hen decoy. Then appeared the majestic and beautiful Tom. By now, my heart was pounding, I tried to stay motionless yet kept the old 16 on the Tom as he moved ever closer. He was strutting and spittin' and putting on a show. The other birds were at the decoy but I was locked on the Tom as opposed to watching them. I was glad my wife was getting to see the show.

I let it go on for a few minutes and then decided it was time to deliver a message. A light squeeze on the front trigger and he was down for the count. 0740 hrs with a bird in the bag. I was so intent on watching him I don't know how the other

birds reacted. We ran out and admired what had just been a text book perfect turkey hunt with a great Tom as the reward. The Tom had a 10" beard, 1" spurs and weighed 16 lbs 8 oz. All the time we're gathering this information I enjoyed the aroma in the air of the old paper Winchester shell that had just done our dastardly deed. I love that smell. We took field pictures and then put the L.C. Smith 16 ga. away. It had completed its work. Thank you, Lord.

The rain set back in the following day and Monday was the beginning of Masters Week. We were only 40 miles from the Augusta National Golf Course and for the past several years Masters week controlled our time as we host Corporate Groups to that event and other activities in the area.

No more turkey hunting for a week.

Now I'm thinking of the next bird and decided the gun of choice would be the L.C. Smith 20 ga. Crown with 32" barrels. It's a good shooting gun and patterned much like the 16 ga. I felt very comfortable taking a Tom at 34 yards or less. Ammunition would be Remington high brass Express 1 oz load of #6 shot. We just needed a break in the weather. With the Masters behind us we could focus again on turkey hunting. Well, the weather didn't cooperate. I went to the woods with my daughter-In-law Michele We sat in the rain, an absolute down pour for one afternoon and then we called it quits. We'd neither one give in for fear of a bunch of kidding about being a light weight in the days ahead, so we just sat there and got drenched and never saw or heard a single turkey. The turkeys were the smart ones; probably under a big old pine tree staying dry.

Then following day the rain continued so I didn't go to the woods. That afternoon I drove to the lease in the rain and sat at the gate glassing the area to see if any birds were moving. Officer Baker happened to drive up; he and I were talking about the weather, etc. and right before us not 25 yards, two big toms and 3 hens walked across the path in front of us. We just sat and laughed. It continued one heavy rain after another and I felt we had run out of time. The next day we packed up the RV and headed north for the Wisconsin season.

We got back to our home state; cleaned gear and put things away. Then started focusing on the approach to getting a bird when our season arrived. We received permission to hunt a couple different places but decided on the Sumner Hill which we knew was rich with birds and was also close to home. The high plateau of the hill was where a series of beautiful ridge lines came together. The ridges and their adjoining side hills were covered with many big old majestic Oak trees, a fair amount of large pines, many berry bushes and several old wild apple trees. The owner actually took the time to walk

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me through the area and give me the benefit of his fifty plus years of knowledge of the land. He grew up there and the property had been in his family for three generations. It is a gorgeous timberland inhabited by deer, turkey, fox, squirrel and birds of all kinds. Talk about being on God's front porch, this was surely it. I did some additional scouting in the insueing days; my son Roger helped me set up a blind in what we considered to be "just the right spot". I was now ready for my season to begin.

Finally, tomorrow was the day. The third period of the Wisconsin season. We had the 20 ga. fitted with a camo gun sock. All gear was inspected and in the shoulder bag, the range finder is in the vest pocket as is a special slate call made for me by Dr. Jack McCullough, Director of the Fellowship of Christian Sportsmen. A couple of other slate calls and two different box calls are also packed. I learned early in the game of turkey hunting that several calls in the woods only

increase your chances at a bird. With excitement building, I didn't sleep well at all, but at 0400 hours, I'm up and ready to go; I can't believe how early it gets light here in Wisconsin.

I drove to the Sumner valley and parked in front of the owner's home at 0500 hrs. Then made my way through the woods up the very steep grade to get to the hill top where about 15 acres of pasture was accessed by several ridges from various directions; just a beautiful piece of land. I made my way along the edge of the pines and around the corner tree to the blind and got all settled. Decoys were in place and I was comfortably in the blind which had been in position now for a couple days. The woods came alive with a hooting of 'ol mister big eyes, followed by the various song birds and pileated wood peckers. It made me feel like I was in the right place and soon I'd be getting the 20 ga. bird. I sat through first light and was greeted by three beautiful deer that came within 15 feet of my blind just standing there and studying

it; finally moving on. I made a few yelps and clucks as the woods were absolutely quiet from a turkey standpoint. I sat there for perhaps two hours and all of sudden I saw a beautiful hen approaching my decoy; my luck was about to change, surely a Tom would be close behind. Not so. The hen played around there for almost 30 minutes and then sauntered off in the direction from which she came. I sat quietly for another hour or so and then decided to make a move. I headed across one ridge and made a few locater calls but heard nothing. I took seat under a big old Oak tree and just sat for perhaps two hours enjoying the morning and then after checking my watch decided it was time to go for lunch. I returned to the woods late afternoon and again found it to be quite sterile. I guess today just wasn't my day.

I followed the same scenario the following morning and experienced much of the same; total quietness. Mid morning I decided to move and went the other direction from the blind and snuggled in under a big pine tree and intently watched the pasture and surrounding oak trees. It was mid morning and I noticed a big Tom at 150 yards coming out of the woods and going to the middle of the pasture next to a large old gnarly apple tree that had obviously been there for decades. I looked through the binocs and noticed rubbed out ridges where cattle had laid and lingered. The tree provided shade in the middle of the field and apparently the turkey felt secure there as two other Toms appeared at the tree and eventually several hens and a couple jakes showed up. I thought, "WOW, this is it!" I watched for perhaps 30 minutes; then made a couple yelps hoping to gain their interest, thinking they might see my decoy and come my way. No such luck. They hung around the apple tree for about an hour and then went north up along the timberline and traveled parallel with the ridge. I thought as they walked along the ridge I might have a chance but they wouldn't give me the time of day. They only came within about 80 yards of my





position under the pine. Soon they were all out of sight heading north along the ridge to do what turkeys do. It was time to go have some lunch and rethink things. After lunch I decided to move the blind to the east tree line which would give me better view of the 'ol apple tree and the oak ridge from which the birds had appeared. Unfortunately the owner of that ridge didn't permit hunting so I couldn't work that area which I thought would be pretty good.

Day three and still no bird but I felt things would get better. I arrived at the blind early and settled in after putting the decoy in place. It was so peaceful listening to the neat early morning sounds. Just as light was breaking I looked out, and here comes a fox toward the blind, perhaps thinking he could get the decoy. I thought about shooting him but decided to just scare him away as he got closer so as not to disrupt the woods with a 20 ga. blast. It was just shortly after that when I heard a



gobble, then another, but they were down the ridgeline where I couldn't go. I made a few yelps but felt it a lost cause because they were 200 yards or more away. I enjoyed listening to them and gave them an

occasional yelp but then everything went quiet. I just sat and watched and waited. And waited, and waited. All of a sudden I noticed activity out under the 'ol apple tree and the gathering was taking place. First a





big old Tom, then a couple hens, another Tom, a Jake and then more hens. I watched, put out a few sounds and they started moving my direction.

It seemed like it took forever, but eventually I had five hens in near the decoy. The Jake came within three yards of the blind. The Toms, three of them and a few hens hung up at 111 yards. Then one Tom started moving in and hung up at 76 yards. That was it, the hens and Jake by the blind and decoy departed and joined the others as they headed over to the north ridgeline and were gone. I did notice an unusual bird that stayed out by the Toms; it had a nice beard but no real coloring. It stayed close to the larger Tom. I thought that was rather peculiar. This pretty much ended the day. I went in for lunch returning in the afternoon and never had sight of a turkey. Time was running out as I had only two days remaining in this season and I had to take a Turkey during this season to stay in the game. I have an additional license for the next to last season but if I don't fill during this season I'll come in a bird short. I must get a bird during this period.

Day four and much of the same; good gobbling down the forbidden ridge line; birds showing up under the apple tree and after a couple hours they head out across the north ridge. Disappointment was starting to set in. I thought about what had happened and decided if I was going to get a Turkey on the Sumner Hill I would have to meet them at the 'ol Apple Tree. So, that afternoon I went to the apple tree and prepared a hasty blind. I pulled up some limbs and other blow down and felt like my outline would be well concealed. I thought that putting the full camo blind under the tree might be a red flag. I then decided I needed to get to the 'ol apple tree well before first light. Get in there, set out one hen decoy, get in place and absolutely don't move. The plan was set; it was breaking light about 0500, so I'd get to the blind by 0415. When the birds arrived about 0600 to 0630, I'd be

there to greet them. All that remained now was the execution phase.

Day five, May 3, last day of season. Sunday morning and church started at 1030 hrs. I knew the plan would work. I'd have a bird in plenty of time to make church. I told my son about things and he suggested he'd like to go along to watch and maybe take some pictures. His license was for the next season. I thought great, he could sit up in the original blind from where I'd been over seeing the 'ol apple tree activity the previous mornings and he'd have full view of everything. We headed to the Sumner Hill very early. It was a beautiful morning with the temp at 44 degrees and no wind. I made my way quietly to the 'ol apple tree and son Roger went 150 yards the other direction to the blind. I put a decoy at 18 yards and then settled down behind the hasty blind trying to get comfortable.

As day began to break I started scanning the majestic oaks along the ridge edge. Song birds were singing and the old owl hooted but not a single turkey gobble - not even down the forbidden ridge line. As day continued to awaken and light became more cooperative I suddenly noticed a large turkey setting up in an oak tree about 65-70 yards out. A really nice looking bird, but no gobbles. It continued to stretch its neck and look around but in total silence. As it got lighter I could see that it had a nice beard, yet heard no gobbles. He continued to search the area stretching this way and that in total silence. I decided to give a couple yelps on the slate but received no response. He sat motionless. Then at 0550 hrs the bird decided to fly down. A neat and beautiful sight right out in front of me at about 50 yards. He was a great looking bird with a long beard, just standing still looking around. My heart started pounding; still no gobbles from anywhere. Then a soft yelping occurred behind me; the bird in front started looking past me to see what was going on. I watched intently trying to figure out what we had here; a Jake with a

big beard or a poorly colored Tom. It was obviously the same bird I had seen the day before out with the big Tom.

The bird started walking my direction towards the decoy and perhaps the hen behind me which continued to yelp softly. As the bird got closer to the decoy, decision time was approaching. This was the last day of my season, I had a nice bearded bird now within shooting distance....decision made, take it. And I did. The 20 gauge sounded off as I squeezed the front trigger and the bird dropped. A 26 - 28 yard shot. I hurried out to check it and saw Roger coming down from the blind. I rolled the bird over and checked the beard and quickly looked for spurs. No spurs! Roger arrived and immediately identified the bird as a bearded hen. Certainly a legal kill but I wanted a Tom. We measured the beard and it was just over 10" long. We both thought, "nice beard", especially for a hen. We took some pictures and then headed for home. We had the bird dead on the ground a few minutes past 0600 hrs. We could get it checked in, cleaned, have some breakfast and still make it to Church. Another great morning in the woods; a super reward; a good way to end that season.

On the following Tuesday I called one of the wild Life Biologists at the Baldwin, WI DNR station and discussed the harvested hen. He told me about twenty percent of the Eastern specie hens have beards but they are usually only 2-3 inches long. Bearded hens do breed and their hen off spring do not necessarily have beards. He stated that the record bearded hen that he was aware of was taken some twelve years ago and the beard measured 11' inches long. So, this was a good bird taken with an L.C. Smith Crown grade 20 gauge with 32" barrels. The Remington Express shell with 1oz of #6 shot performed very well. One step closer to the goal. Thank you, Lord.

Now I've got some time for additional planning, because my next Wisconsin

season isn't for a couple weeks. I knew there were at least two big trophy Toms on the Sumner Hill. Yes, I would continue to hunt this area because it was rich with birds. I just have to figure out how to get them. Maybe it's at the 'ol apple tree. Decisions, decisions. The first decision was made; the next bird would be taken with the L.C. Smith .410. Now to develop an action plan. The next decision made was to move the blind based upon how the birds had been traveling - get it closer to their exit to the north ridge. My son and I moved the blind about 80 yds North and closer to another apple tree the birds seemed to congregate around during their move. Other than that, just go hunt and continue to maintain good camo discipline as well as noise and movement discipline. Even in a blind this is extremely important. The wait began and the next ten days seemed to really drag.

The next day, May 13, I could start hunting. The forecast predicted rain all day but I'd be in a blind so I decided to go any way. I typically won't hunt in the rain. Headed for the Sumner Hill early with all gear, the Smith .410 and a great deal of determination. The weatherman was correct and the rain came about 0715 hrs. I was in the blind so figured I'd stay dry. It rained and rained. No site or sound of any turkeys. It let up a little about mid morning and sure enough turkeys began to gather over at the 'ol apple tree. I yelped at them a few times and they looked my



way. As the rain let up they started to move; then it began to just pour, I mean really hard. I was keeping dry and I thought, "what a good opportunity to observe what the birds do in a downpour." It was interesting; the hens remained out in the pasture scratching and pecking at the ground while all 3 Toms and the Jake went to the tree line and found overhead protection. When the rain let up they came back out, as it came down with more authority they went for cover again. I watched this for about an hour. The rain didn't let up, the birds all finally went into the timber and at the first letting up of rain I headed for the truck. Of course greatly disappointed but at least I saw some birds. That evening when checking the weather I found that rain was to stop early evening, but cold and windy was the order of business for the next couple days. I rethought my plan. Before going to bed I made the decision; go in early and straight to the 'ol apple tree. It was time to get this thing done.

It seemed like 0400 came around really fast; I rolled out of bed and got a weather check. The weather was extremely windy out of the north with a temperature of 40 degrees. I drank a quick cup of coffee, checked gear, then off to Sumner Hill and straight to the 'ol apple tree. Walking up the path with the wind blowing hard it was really quite cold. I began to wonder if I'd dressed warm enough for the morning. I arrived at the 'Ol apple tree at 0505 hrs. I placed a decoy out front at about twenty yards and nestled down into the hasty blind. The wind was blowing so hard it just whipped the decoy every which way. I immediately snuck out and retrieved the deek and hurried back to the blind. A few minutes later the gobbling began. It was 0525 and it sounded like the bird was right on top of me. This old boy was gobbling one right after another, and seemed very close. As light was breaking I started scanning the big oaks along the ridge edge and there he was maybe 65 yards from me. I could barely see his outline and he was in a tree just east of where the bearded hen had been a few days

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earlier. He was roosted on a limb that was horizontal with the ground about 20 feet above ground. As I thought about things, I was surprised I didn't bust him when I came in as the wind was blowing from my back right to him. In retrospect, I'm sure he heard me. He continued to gobble and gobble and by 0540 he was very visible. The beauty of this Tom and his long beard could be defined even from this distance. At 0550 I took Pastor Jack's slate call and did the Charlie Elliott cluck two times and then quiet. The bird looked my way. I was cold and shivering as I tried to stay absolutely motionless.

Thankfully this old tree was quite large and had a bunch of little branches growing out in the lower area which provided good concealment. I found out later the tree was 50+ years old and was indeed a favorite loafing spot for the pastured cattle. The turkeys must have felt secure gathering here each morning in the middle of the pasture with shade and a good dusting area. I thought to myself, "here this guy is maybe 60 yards from me and in the previous days the closest I could get him was 75-80 yards. Now I have him almost right on top of me gobbling non stop in a heavy cold wind."

At 0610 hrs I picked up motion in my peripheral vision on the right and there was a gorgeous hen walking within 7-8 feet of me heading down to the tree the Tom was in. Needless to say, I froze. The last thing I wanted was to get busted. She went to the tree a clucking and purring and stopped right under him. He continued to gobble and then started strutting back and forth on the horizontal tree limb but wouldn't fly down. After 7-8 minutes she went over the ridge and into the timber. Then at 0625 hrs the same thing happened when a hen came in from the east; while she was under the tree the Tom continued to gobble and strut but remained in the tree. She too, tired of the show and departed when he refused to fly down. Another Tom was gobbling to the SW about 150 yards and she headed in that direction. This guy just sat in the tree and continued to gobble. I was extremely cold by now and wondered if he was ever going to fly down; should I charge the tree and try a shot in the air? Not with a .410. Many ideas ran through my mind but I decided to tough it out and just stay put. The Lord has been trying to teach me patience and he was giving me a good dose of it this morning. I just sat there and enjoyed the show and what a show it was. Over an hour went by and he hadn't flown down. I carefully got the slate and striker and again gave a couple of clucks followed by three yelps – he gobbled several times and looked my way but just sat there. I could see that beautiful beard blowing in the wind and it was now light enough and the way he was standing I could make out a nice set of spurs. I was at a loss at what more I could do other than just wait – wait I did.

At 0657 hrs he seemed to be getting fidgety and turned around on the limb. I thought, "Oh no, he's going to fly down behind me". He continued to gobble and then stood very tall, what beautiful

sight, and at 0705 hrs he finally flew down – behind me. I slowly turned my head and could see him behind me looking in my direction. He knew something was up in the 'ol apple tree area. He stood in all his majesty about 30 yards away, stretching and puffing up and strutting. I needed an 18 yard shot, not a thirty yard shot. I ever so slowly started to turn to my left and fortunately the enormous size of the tree gave me good cover. I finally got worked around and set so I could get a shot off. When I looked back, he was gone. Suddenly he appeared from behind a bush which was closer to the tree. He was looking right at the base of the tree where I sat wondering where the hen was that earlier had been clucking and yelping. I immediately did the eyeball guess on distance and estimated the bush was 18 yards away which was a killing shot. I decided that if and when he reappeared I'd trigger down. After what seemed like an eternity he stepped from behind the bush and immediately started toward the tree. When he had taken about 4 steps I gently pulled the front trigger of the dainty little .410 and down he went. At 0715 hrs I had the .410 bird. Needless to say, I was elated! What a beautiful bird - what a reward for patience. Words can't express the excitement and exuberance I felt. I'd been working on this guy now for over two weeks.

After getting calmed down I put the range finder on the bird from back at the blind and it was a 14 yard shot. I then fired up my cell phone and called my son in Montreal and shared the news with him. This grand old Tom had a 12" beard, 1 5/16" spurs and tipped the scale 24 pounds 8 ozs. It's now 0730 hrs and I needed to get him to the check in station and get a couple of pictures. It was time to start thinking about the 10 ga. bird.

There were no more Turkey licenses available in Wisconsin so it's off to Nebraska to see what Trent and Mike had lined up in the woods for me. I put all the gear in the RV along with the Smith 10 ga. and headed west, which is about a 400 mile trip. 

Coming next the final edition, Part 3.



L.C. Smith/California Side by Side Shoot

By Dean Rasmussen

The L. C. Smith/California Side by Side sponsored Statewide Shoot held May 28th -31st just outside Yosemite National Park in Coarsegold, California was a huge success for the L. C. Smith Collectors Association. The shoot was held at the Sun Mountain Gun Club which is probably the most beautiful, best managed club in California. All targets are shot on the honor system which gives the club a special feeling.

Over twenty L. C. Smith members participated in the event displaying over sixty different Smith's and shooting in all events. Smith's literally dominated the event.

Dr. Ron Gabriel donated twelve of his books "American and British .410 Shotguns" which were used to thank the organizers and new members. With this incentive eight new members were signed up.

The club sponsored and awarded two L. C. Smith trophies. The Peoples Choice Award for the "Best Smith Gun on Display" went to member Jerry Mele and "High Overall Score Shot with a Smith Gun" in the shooting events went to Robert Szerwo. Congratulations to Jerry and Robert!

Thank you to our members Robert Szerwo, Art Vella and Bob Devlin our L. C. Smith Collectors Association point people for managing an excellent event and to Jerry Kitto for being the overall organizer of the weekend event.



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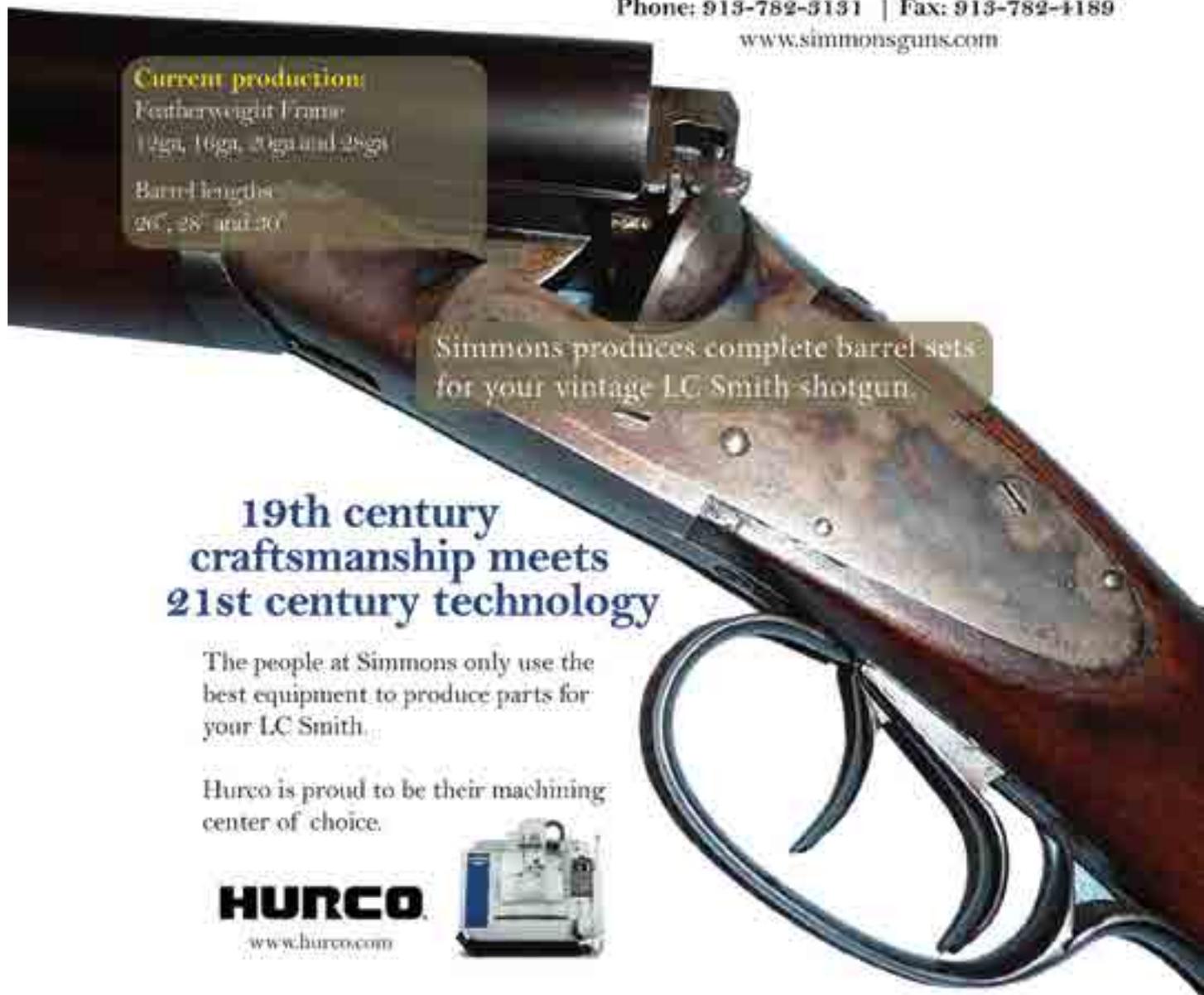
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2010 Fall Southern SXS Classic Championship

By James Fincannon

The 3rd annual **AMERICAN CLASSIC TEAM CHALLENGE** will be held October 22 to 24, 2010 at the Backwoods Quail Club in Georgetown, SC.

L.C. Smith will have a display with the theme being - "ODD AND UNUSUAL CONFIGURATIONS" featuring mid-grade guns, such as, Ideal grades, Field grades, Fulton box locks, etc. Anyone wishing to contribute to the club display is requested to bring their gun to the L. C. Smith table. We are seeking attendees wishing to display their .410 Fulton, Fulton Special, Hunter Special, Ranger guns. Please post on the "Forum" or call with any questions or notification of your attendance and desire to display your guns.

The venue will be the same as last year with two 5 Stands, Compact Sporting, Traditional Sporting, American Manufacturer

5 Stand events. LCSCA would like to take back the winning honor this year. Optional Quail and Pheasant Shooting may be arranged in conjunction with the weekend shooting events.

Members will be staying at the Quality Inn, 210 Church Street, Georgetown, SC. (phone 834-546-5656) When calling reference the Backwoods Club discount. The address of BACKWOODS QUAIL CLUB is 647 HEMINGWAY LANE GEORGETOWN, SC 29440. Go to www.backwoodsquailclub.com. or www.deepriver.net for more information.

CONTACT: James Fincannon MOBLE # 828-320-1197 (If no answer leave message). Bob Flemming MOBLE# 828-446-3141 (Sun. Mon. Tue. only!)

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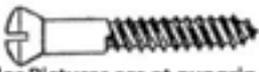
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2010 Board of Directors Election

"Updated from Tom Archer's previous article"

As most members are aware, the LCSCA Board of Directors is composed of seven (7) life members. These directorships were never intended to be "life appointments"; and, in that regard, our founding Directors established our associational by-laws whereby at least two directors rotate off the board each year. Members must then select, from among its membership, individuals to fill those positions; each to serve a three-year term. There are two primary qualifications for every individual wishing to serve in this capacity. First of all, LCSCA by-laws require that all directors MUST be life members. Secondly, every life member seeking a directorship MUST be enthusiastic about his willingness to serve (meaning WORK!). As there are seven directorships, the LCSCA has three (3) directors rotating off the board every third year.

Our club By-Laws call for the Executive Director to appoint a nominating committee to select a slate of candidates for presentation to the general membership for a vote. It has been beneficial

to our club that our board has representation from all geographic areas of the country. This year, Jim Stubbendieck and Len Applegate agreed to work on the nominating committee to prepare a slate of individuals to be elected to fill to the positions of our two directors rotating off the board on December 31, 2010. Those directors whose terms expire are Chris Baumohl and Mike Lewis. Mike, due to work commitments has decided not to run for reelection but Chris has agreed to run again and remain as club Treasurer.

We thank Mike for his service to the organization. Mike Harris, our L.C. Smith Team shooter from Gum Spring, GA has agreed to run for the BOD. The nominating committee has prepared a slate with Chris and Mike as candidates. The ballot will allow the membership to write in two names of their choice if they wish. Please remember any write in name must be of a Life member willing to WORK on the BOD for the benefit of the LCSCA.

Note: **Ballot below. Kindly mark your vote and return.**

Bio Mike Harris

Mike Harris is a 58 year young native of Gum Spring, VA, living there with his wife and three sons. Mike has been in the Mechanical Contracting business for forty years. Additionally, he is active in the farmland and timber land real estate investment arena.

Mike is a Life Member of LCSCA, member of the NRA, member of the National Sporting Clays All-American Team for the last two years and has been a member of Team LC at the L.C. Smith vs. Parker Challenge Cup for several years. Mike has assorted Smith guns from A2 down to his first Field Grade and has collected various Hunter Arms memorabilia including Hunter Arms shooting trophies. He is an active waterfowl hunter and part time farmer. As a director, Mike would seek opportunities to enhance organizational growth and continue efforts to promote the sale of additional advertising in our club Journal.

Bio Chris Baumohl

Chris Baumohl is a native of Lexington, KY and now resides in Huntsville, AL with his wife and son. He is a target shooter, bird hunter and shotgun trader. Chris earned a BS in accounting at Indiana University. He is a partner in G-Squared, LLC and serves as the controller for Victory Sweepers, Inc. Raised in the Bluegrass, Chris grew up with a grandfather who cherished the shooting and hunting heritage and an encouraging father who exposed him to many different and collectable arms. Thus stimulated, this passion for hunting and shooting continued to grow and eventually led to an interest in American doubles and his first L.C. Smith, a 1947 20 bore Field Grade. Today, he owns a modest collection of Smiths. He has served as the LCSCA treasurer since January 2007. As a director, he would seek opportunities to enhance organizational growth, encourage fellowship, and continue efforts to promote research into the history of the L.C. Smith gun.

2010 LCSCA BOD Ballot

The Nominating Committee recommended the following life members to serve on the LCSCA Board of Directors with terms commencing January 1, 2011 and expiring December 31, 2013:

VOTE FOR only Two:

Chris Baumohl

Mike Harris

Write in: (MUST be Life Member)

Return no later than November 1, 2010 to:

Len Applegate, 7572 Overglan Drive, West Chester, OH 45

2010 Events

DATE	EVENT	LOCATION	POINT PERSON	CONTACT NUMBER
9/23-9/26/10 9/23/10	Vintage Cup	Pintail Point Queenstown, MD	Skip & Chris Dunlap	32-899-1498
10/22-10/24/10	Fall Southern Side x Side American Classic Team Challenge	Backwoods Quail Club Georgetown, SC 29440	James Fincannon & Bob Fleming	
11/6/10	7th Annual Turkey Shoot	Prince Georges Trap & Skt Glen Dale, MD	Roger Domer	301-233-4877
11/13/ 11/14/10	Tulsa Gun Show	Tulsa, OK	Jim & Don	

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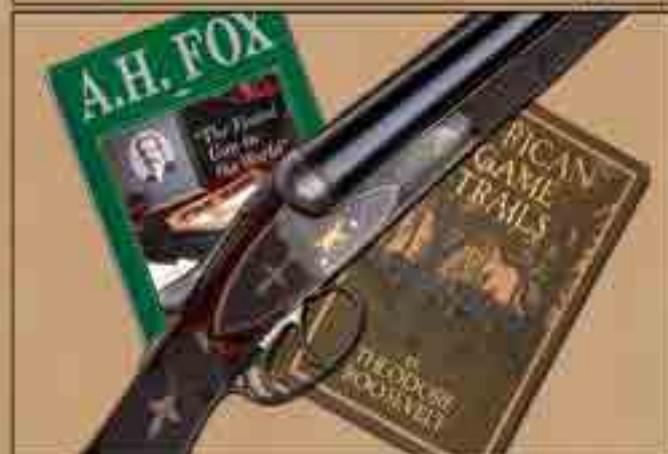
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