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L.C. SMITH

Collectors Association

L.C. SMITH SPEAKS FOR ITSELF



The Journal of the
L.C. SMITH
Collectors Association

Winter 2010

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Special Points of Interest:


- Executive Director article
- From the Editor
- 2010 Board
- Super Slam Conclusion
- Future Events

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Timely Blessings

By Frank J. Finch, Jr.

 It's the time of the year when we give thanks for all the blessings and reflect on our good fortunate to live in a country that supports life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

In the spirit of the season of giving thanks, a big "thank you" to Julia Rogers of Rogers & Associates, PC for giving a "heads up" to us to a recent IRS requirement that all nonprofit organizations must file tax returns regardless of their annual gross receipts. Prior to the adoption of this law, organizations with gross receipts of \$25,000 or less were not required to file.

Julia described the issue as follows:

"Historically, small nonprofit organizations such as LCSCA did not have to file any paperwork on an annual basis with the IRS. Most of these were groups such as yours and local little league clubs that handled modest amounts of funds and operated informally. However, in an attempt to update their database of nonprofit organizations, the IRS implemented a requirement that all organizations must file on an annual basis or risk losing their nonprofit status. Although this requirement was well known by many tax preparers, many of these smaller organizations were unaware of the requirement. As of October 2010, thousands of organizations will no longer enjoy the nonprofit status and must reapply to the IRS to continue as a nonprofit organization."

In addition to alerting our organization, Julia was kind enough to prepare our 2009 Form 990-EZ for filing as required to preserve our club's nonprofit status. In this case, it was a "timely blessing"!

While manning our club displays at gun shows around the country throughout the year, I'm often asked my opinion on gun collecting and choice of double guns. My response has been that I prefer a vintage Smith to any "new" gun. Smith guns have not been manufactured in sixty years, except for a few years by Marlin, thus the amount of available guns are limited. Of the finite number of Smith guns made, searching for a rare and high conditioned Smith gun is like Don Quixote seeking the impossible dream.

The best approach for beginning a Smith collection is to review the information available on the lcsmith.org website; to refer to Col. Brophy's and John Houchin's books; and network with other Smith gun enthusiasts on the Forum as well as at club events.

The desire to collect Smith guns is often driven by the appeal of their mechanical ingenuity, artistic features and historic associations. The possibilities of collecting guns are virtually unlimited;

but the consideration time and finances must be defined. The best rule-of-thumb on purchasing vintage guns is to purchase the highest quality and condition you can afford.

Having done your homework, the next order of progression is "hands on". It's time to visit a gun enthusiast's collection, a dealer specializing in vintage doubles, or a nearby gun show. A gun show, such as, the Tulsa Show, with hundreds of tables displaying and offering the sale of thousands of antique guns is an enlightening and unforgettable experience. Also, the Southern Side by Side and Vintage Cup, among other side by side events, offer opportunities to handle some fine Smiths.

Judgment and good common sense should take precedence when assessing the issues surrounding the purchase of that double gun. Verifying the reputation of a dealer or seller is a requirement. Remember that the guarantee, either verbal or written, is only as good as its source.

As an alternative to the ups and downs of the stock market, collecting a vintage Smith double gun, while being used and enjoyed and taken care of properly, will only increase in value over time.

During this season of timely blessings, we are grateful for our friends and family; we remember our servicemen and women and their huge sacrifices for our freedoms; and we appreciate our bounty. Thank you for your appreciation of LC Smith guns, your camaraderie and your sporting time with our organization!

As the old Hunter Arms ad with the owl stated: "A Wise Choice – Shoot A Smith".



From the editor . . .

Farewell Message

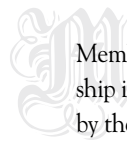
I hope that you have enjoyed the new Journal format that we have been producing for the last 2 years. A time has come where I need to step aside and allow someone else to continue on with the duties of Editor. I have enjoyed working with various members who took the time out of their busy lives to contribute articles, images, and info for publication. Without such members, our Journal would be nothing.

As the outgoing Editor, I would like to ask one last request from the membership. Please take the time to help out with future Journal editions. It is quite simple; take some pictures during a

hunt using one of your Smith guns. Write an article telling us about that day, etc...and send it to the new Editor. If you have a gun that you want to showcase and discuss with the membership, take some images and compose an article. We as L.C. Smith gun lovers, LOVE to read and see others experiences hunting and collecting. It has been a pleasure serving in this position. Please support your new Editor, David Williamson.

Respectfully,
Jason G. Harrison

2010 Board of Directors Election



Members of the board are elected by a vote of the general membership in November of the year for three year terms. To be considered by the membership for election to the board, potential candidates must be life members of the L.C. Smith Collectors Association.

Terms are staggered so at least two are up for election each year. This year Mike Lewis and Chris Baumohl terms expire and Chris decided to stand for reelection. The nominating committee proposed one other life member, Mike Harris, to complete the 2010 ballot. Seventy-one ballots were returned with 70 votes cast for Chris and 69 for Mike. Mike Harris is the newest member of the LCSCA Board of Directors and Chris Baumohl returns for another three year term. Congratulations to the winners.

The 2011 members of the Board of Directors of the L.C. Smith Collectors Association are given below with their contact information.

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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 **February 18th**. 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!



Crown Grade Production

by Jim Stubbendieck

The Hunter Arms Company advertised the Crown Grade as being “manufactured with a view to pleasing the most critical” and “sure to satisfy the taste of the most fastidious of patrons.” Many people feel that the Crown Grade is one of the most attractive of the many grades of L.C. Smith shotguns. The source of its name is a gold crown inlay on the top lever. The Crown Grade was a continuation of the pre-1913 No. 5. Other than the gold crown inlay, few changes were made to transform the No. 5 into the Crown Grade. The primary engraving pattern was two pointers in an oval on the right lock plate and two setters in an oval on the right lock plate. Since this was a “made to order” shotgun, there were a number of variations.

Recent summary of the LCSCA records revealed that the total production was 846

(Table 1) which is different from the production figure of 890 in Brophy’s L.C. Smith Shotguns. 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. One additional .410 and two additional 16 gauge Crown Grades were discovered. Careful searching did not uncover the three other 10 gauge shotguns that Brophy reported.

Barrel lengths varied from 24 to 32 inches. The lengths of 24 inches (one shotgun), 27 inches (two shotguns), and 29 inches (one shotgun) were rare. Most (794) had automatic ejectors and selective Hunter One-Triggers (663). None were fitted with nonselective Hunter One-Triggers at the gunworks. Only 19 were made in the Long Range configuration.

Fifteen were shipped with a second set of barrels, but I suspect that many more were sent back to the factory for a second set of barrels. Three have serial numbers that duplicate serial numbers of Field Grade shotguns. One 12 gauge was ordered with an “extra small forend” in 1922. In that same year, another 12 gauge was ordered with damascus barrels. Eight were shipped with Krupp steel barrels (all in 1917).

The Crown Grade was produced from 1912 through 1950 (Table 2). The greatest production period was from 1925 through 1929 when 392 (46% of the total) were finished. Undoubtedly, the changing economy following the 1929 stock market crash reduced sales of this made to order L.C. Smith.

Table 1. Crown Grade production by gauge, frame, barrel length and options.

Gauge	Total	Frame		Barrel Length in Inches							Options						
		R	Fw	24	26	27	28	29	30	32	E	O	N	B	V	SSP	LR
10	2	2	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	2	-	-	-	-	-	-
12	625	492	133	-	14	1	84	1	204	321	593	500	-	337	300	28	19
16	67	10	57	-	14	1	32	-	14	6	67	46	-	20	3	24	-
20	145	-	145	1	41	-	48	-	29	26	125	110	-	48	32	16	-
.410	7	-	7	-	1	-	6	-	-	-	7	7	-	-	1	1	-
Total	846	504	342	1	70	2	170	1	247	355	794	663	-	405	336	69	19

Table 2. Crown Grade production by year.

1912	3	1922	23	1932	9	1942	5	Frame R – regular weight Fw – featherweight Options E – automatic ejectors O – selective Hunter One-Trigger N – nonselective Hunter One-Trigger B – beavertail forend V – ventilated rib SSP – single sighting plane LR – Long Range (3-inch chambers)
1913	21	1923	47	1933	4	1943	0	
1914	7	1924	37	1934	4	1944	4	
1915	7	1925	76	1935	8	1945	13	
1916	11	1926	73	1936	4	1946	10	
1917	17	1927	93	1937	6	1947	0	
1918	3	1927	78	1938	3	1948	23	
1919	17	1929	72	1939	14	1949	8	
1920	32	1930	36	1940	14	1950	5	
1921	40	1931	16	1941	3			



Grand Slam... to a ... Super Slam

By Carl B. Beers

What a Fun and Exhilarating Journey!

Part III

I hunted with Trent and Mike last year. They have some super Turkey timber along the bluffs of the Missouri River; some of the most beautiful and game rich hills and hollers I've ever had the privilege to set foot in. They told me on the telephone they had several turkeys working and there were several days of season remaining and licenses available. I arrived at the Pheasant Bonanza lodge late afternoon of May 22; got set up in their campground which is very nice and even has wireless internet available which proved to be very helpful a bit later on. I met with Mike Burton and he briefed me on what was working. He had already placed blinds in two different timbers and knew there were birds all around. Mike is a great guide and a super woodsman. He has a keen sense of what's happening in the woods and I always feel comfortable with him. The fact that he's an old retired Army guy just adds to his credibility.

Mike thought we should leave camp at 0500 hrs and head east a couple miles to one of my favorite timber lots which is hill after hill, ridge after ridge of huge, beautiful, mature oaks trees with a smattering of other timber mixed in. He already had a blind in place and had been scouting it the last several days. At 0500 we were wheels up and on our way; Mike was always on time. We had to go about a mile back into the timber. We drove the first bit going through two gates and at the third gate we parked the truck and

started our walk which was perhaps a half mile up and down some hills on a well worn cow path. What a gorgeous morning. We immediately heard owls hooting, and about 85 yards along the trail we had deer snorting at us just off the path. It's starting to break light and turkeys are gobbling everywhere. The most beautiful sounds you can imagine coming from down through the valley. We were 75 yards from the blind and in the midst of gobbles in trees almost right beside us. Mike said we couldn't get to the blind and told me to take a position just off the path by one of the oaks and he'd get under a big pine tree about 10 yards further west. I did so and we were set up. We had two birds gobbling within 50 yards of us and we figured at least 16-18 more gobbling up on top the ridge and down through the valley.

We sat for what seemed like an hour but it was only a few minutes. Mike had crawled out front and placed a decoy on the far side of the path. We had a gobbling tom coming in from the north and another coming in from the west and behind Mike. I could hear everything but could see nothing. Since Mike was above me to the west a bit, he could see both birds. He was wondering why I didn't shoot the one from the north which I never did see. However, I did pick up the one coming in behind and further up the hill from him. I was going to have to shoot in front of Mike but the bird worked to the decoy out in front so that was



okay. When the Tom was about 26-28 yards out front by the decoy I decided it was time to shoot. I was all excited because we were 20 minutes into our first hunt and already a trophy tom is out in front; I pull the front trigger on the Elsie 10 ga. and flat out missed the bird. It was an absolute gimmie and some how I missed it. It was gone in a heart beat, not even a chance for a second shot. How do you think I felt? Bummed, I mean totally bummed and though Mike said nothing I could see the disappointment on his face as well. That bird could have completed the L.C. Smith Grand Slam. Nuts, Nuts, Nut.

Well, we regrouped and got on up to the blind. Getting settled inside I continued to express my disappointment as Mike tried to console me. The woods had gone absolutely quiet. Not a sound except for an occasional crow calling. We sat there until about 0930 hrs and then decided to go in for breakfast and let the woods rest. After discussion, we decided to let the woods rest for the remainder of the

day. Late that afternoon Mike put me in a transition area where birds were known to travel at days end on their way back to their roost. I sat out my decoy and stayed there until dark and never saw or heard a turkey. After getting back to camp and visiting with Mike he had decided to go



to a different timber the next morning where he had placed a blind earlier. He was thinking we'd have a good chance at another bird. He wanted to leave a little earlier so we planned to depart about 0445 hrs.

May 24 - Needless to say, I was ready when Mike came to the RV. The first thing I did was apologize again for the previous days poor shooting skill. He said, "okay now, time to throw it off." Let's get going and by the way,

we're going back to the same place we went yesterday. He said he just had a feeling about that ridge. We'd had a light rain during the night and it was cloudy and over cast . We did the same routing, through the gates, stopped at the third one and started our walk. As we got to the point we started hearing gobbling the day before, the welcoming committee began and we started hearing gobbling from all directions about 40-50 yards out. We hurried and got to the blind. Mike set out two decoys, a hen and a Jake, at 20 yds and we settled in waiting for first light. We heard gobbling in every direction. We responded with a few clucks and yelps getting instant feed back and then we shut up. It was 0525 hrs and effective two way communication was taking place. We actually heard the birds fly down at 0545 hrs and then things went totally quiet. It started to rain but at least we were dry – still no bird talk. I felt our great start was turning sour. At 0610 the rain stopped as quickly as it had begun. We did a few soft yelps and then at 0622 hrs I saw a hen about 30 yds to the right of the decoys. Then another hen followed by still another; at that time one hen saw the decoys and started running right toward them. The next thing we know there are two Toms and a Jake going wide open for the Jake decoy. We sat and watched the show; I pulled up on the larger Tom and waited for them to separate. I triggered on him and he went down. There was a lot of activity out front and the birds scattered. The other Tom went off to my right and just then Mike shot at the one I had knocked down as it was starting to try and run off. He shouted to take the other Tom because he had a license with him so the 10 ga. spoke again and the other tom went down and stayed down. At last! The L.C. Smith Grand Slam was complete at 0625 hrs May 24th. We collected the birds, exchanged some high fives, took some pictures and started our walk to the truck. What a perfect morning the



Lord had provided us in the woods.

Mike and I headed to town to have a nice breakfast and talked about the exhilarating morning we'd just experienced. He was pleased that he had gotten to play a part in the accomplishment of my goal. I spent the rest of the day at the camper and getting caught up on some e-mails and business communications that needed attention. Mike and I had dinner together that evening

and we talked about going out the next morning and taking another bird. Perhaps this time with a Parker I'd brought along.

I told Mike that about 8 months ago I'd found out that there were a few L.C. Smith 8 ga. guns made but that they were very scarce. I had tried to run one down by calling several people around the country that I know deal in such pieces but that I'd come up with nothing. I had many people looking for a Smith 8 ga. but to date had found nothing. So, we decided to go the next morning at 0430 hrs with a Parker.

Later that evening I put a message on the L.C. Smith web sight that I'd accomplished the Smith Grand Slam in eastern Nebraska and that I hoped I could make it a Super Slam but I was unsuccessful in locating an 8 ga. After posting the message I went to bed all worn out. I woke up early, thinking the previous day's excitement must have kept me awake. At 0410 hrs I decided to check the computer before Mike's 0430 arrival. When I opened the computer up the first thing I found was a message from Dr. Jim Stubbendieck saying he had an 8 ga. L.C. Smith, that he lived in Lincoln, NE and that I should give him a call sometime after 0800 hrs. He provided two numbers. Mike pounded on the door at the prescribed time and I told him what I'd just read. I said, "let's delay going to the woods until I call Jim a few minutes past eight". We'll have a better idea of what's up after that call is made.

Needless to say, I called Jim just after eight; he told me he had an 8 ga. L.C. Smith. It wasn't for sale but that I could borrow it. Unreal, that a person would loan such a fine and rare gun to someone he didn't even know. We discovered we were about two and a half hours apart and he even offered to meet me half way. We discussed ammo and again Jim went above and beyond by agreeing to load some shells for me that would handle a turkey.

ATTENTION: LC SMITH SHOTGUN ENTHUSIASTS

Simmons Gun Repair, holder of multiple patents and pioneer of the free floating ventilated rib, is now producing complete barrel sets for the vintage LC Smith shotgun. These barrel sets are complete, fit to your receiver, rust blued, stamped, and proofed by Simmons.



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Olathe, Kansas 66062

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www.simmonsguns.com

Current production:

Featherweight Frame
12ga, 16ga, 20ga and 28ga

Barrel lengths
26", 28" and 30"

Simmons produces complete barrel sets for your vintage LC Smith shotgun.

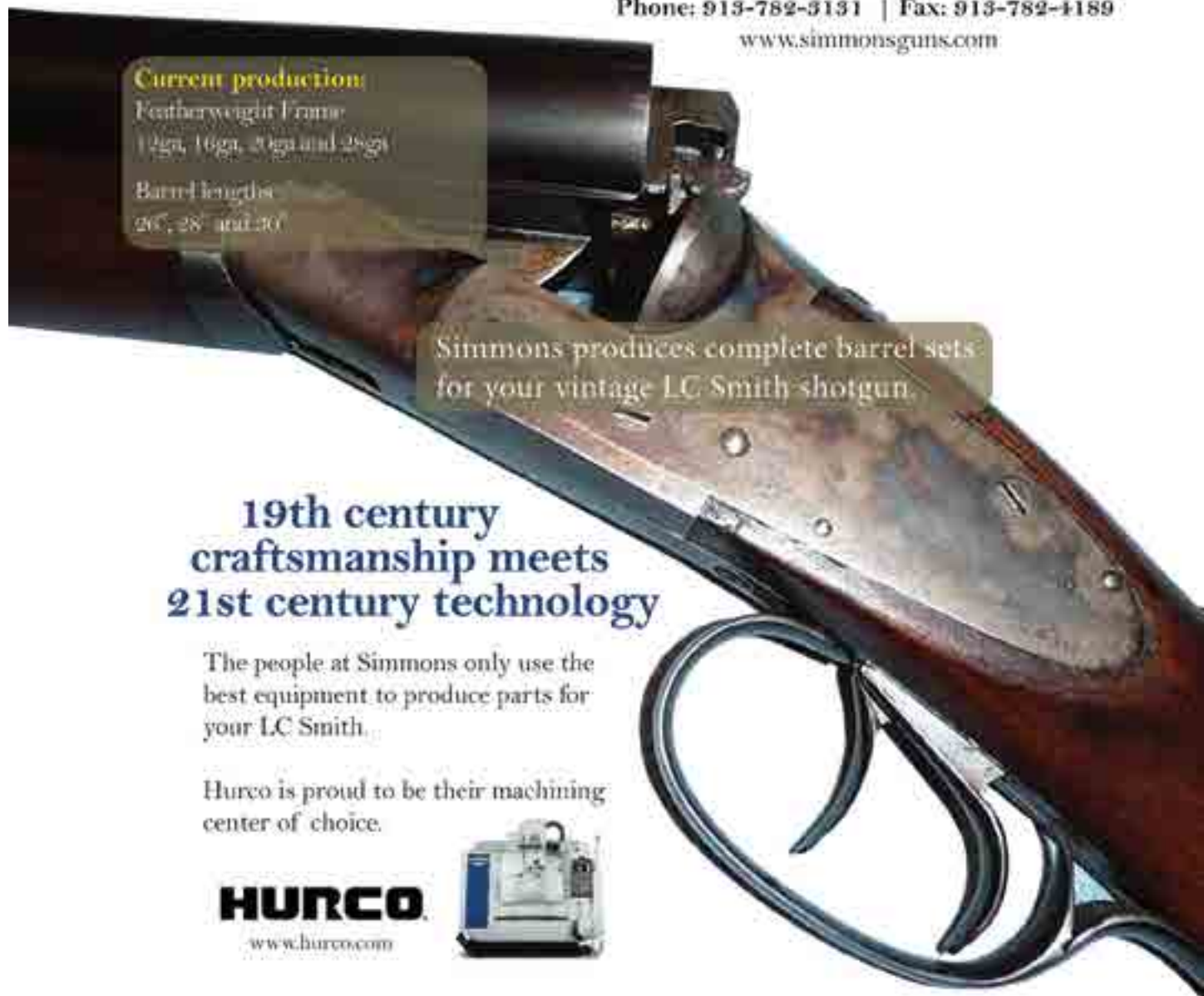
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The people at Simmons only use the best equipment to produce parts for your LC Smith.

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Things were set; we would meet in the Omaha Cabela's parking lot at high noon and I could pick up the gun. I then got with Mike, asked him if he'd like to go along and I'd tell him all about it. He did.

We met Jim in the parking lot; he showed me the gun and it was absolutely beautiful. An 8 ga. grade two Smith with 32" Damascus barrels weighing in at fourteen and one half pounds. A real brute. And he was loaning it to me. Jim had loaded several shells telling me to shoot a couple to get used to it. What a great man. Mike and I departed and discussed our strategy as we headed back to the lodge.

Mike placed me in another transition area late that afternoon in hopes of getting a big old Tom. No such luck. I quickly discovered that the Market hunters using these guns years ago had to be in shape to tote them around. At over fourteen pounds it was a great plenty for this 70 year old man. But, what a gun! I went out the following morning; really hot weather had set in driving the birds deep into the woods and we just couldn't find them. After going in for some lunch we found out that there was a possibility of our hunting in Nebraska with an 8 ga. gun might be illegal. After checking the Nebraska DNR web page we found that to be true. The last thing I needed was having this fine and rare gun confiscated for my illegal activity. And I was reminded, "Ignorance of the law is no excuse." The hunt ended then with no Super Slam. Back to the drawing board.

I checked the web sights for Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. The only state mentioned that permits hunting turkey hunting with an 8 ga. is Kansas. The problem was that I had run out of time. I had a business commitment that had to be taken care of. So, arrangements were made to get the gun back to Dr. Stubbendieck. Upon returning it he told me I could borrow it any time. That still seems unreal. After giving it some thought I decided I'd go for the Super Slam by

taking a bird in the fall season down in Kansas where I had fall hunted a couple years prior. I called Ravenwood Lodge outside of Topeka, Kansas and talked to Ken Corbett. We put the hunt together; he told me Cletis was available again as my guide and I would go down there from South Dakota after finishing the corporate pheasant hunts I had scheduled in October. I was all pumped again and looking forward to fall turkey hunting season with great enthusiasm!

October finally came and my hunting schedule was looking good. Grouse hunting in northern Wisconsin the early part of the month; then off to South Dakota for pheasant hunting and finally head to Kansas on October 26. I arrived at Ravenwood Lodge the after-

noon of the 26th excited about the hunt. I had retrieved the 8 ga. Smith from Dr. Stubbendieck, had the ammunition, had fitted a camo gun sleeve to it. We were ready to hunt. One slight problem; during the early month grouse hunt I took a fall in the woods and really messed up my hip which had been bothering me for a couple years anyway. I was a hurtin' pup. Doctors provided me with pain medication to make it through to hip replacement surgery scheduled in November, but right now even that wasn't helping a great deal. I was experiencing some difficulty in getting around well. Ken picked up on it right away and told my guide, Cletis Cailteux to get the four wheeler and use it to move me around to the blinds they had set up in turkey transition areas. Cletis had been my guide on a previous hunt and he's an excellent guide who enjoys the woods and turkey hunting. He had been monitoring the birds and knew their movement habits. Now if they would only cooperate. The weather was cold and rain was in the forecast. The first morning in the blind we had zero activity.

A nice morning in the woods; saw some deer but no turkey. We went in for lunch and out to a different blind in the afternoon. Again, several deer and a group of hen turkeys came through but I was wanting a Tom. I decided to hold off on shooting. As perhaps you know, fall turkey hunting is totally different than spring; Fall hunting is basically an ambush. Find their movement areas and being creatures of habit you'll usually meet them there again and take one. I know you can find them, break them up, then sit and wait for them to re-gather but we chose not to hunt that way.

The following morning we went back to the original blind. It was cold and windy but the blind provided good protection. Slightly before noon a group of birds appeared in the distance and sure enough there were a couple of Toms in the group. I waited and waited and they didn't come to what I felt was a killing range. They were way off to the right so in order to get a shot I'd have to try it left handed. I shot a turkey that way a couple years

ago and was successful so if necessary I felt I could give it a try. I waited and waited for the birds to come closer; I estimated they were at 55-60 yards but they weren't coming my way. I decided to try a shot left handed, after all I was shooting an 8 gauge. I took my time and sighted up as good as I felt I could and squeezed off the shot. A lot of excitement with the birds but I didn't touch a feather. Great disappointment. I got out of the blind and walked to the area and found no indication a bird had been touched. Ken came a bit later and picked me up to get some coffee and get warmed up a little and of course he heard the shot and hoped I had harvested a turkey.

We discussed the shot; he asked me if I'd patterned the gun. I had to reply, "No" as I didn't want to waste any of Jim's shells and I knew an 8 ga. would kill something at 30 yards. That's the distance at which I usually take a shot. Ken said, "we're going to pattern that gun before you go back out". We did and found at thirty yards it was shooting left 8 inches and high about the same. As a right handed shooter being off to the left suggests it wasn't a flinch. So, after warming up a bit, and a bite of lunch, Ken drove me back out to the blind. It had gotten colder and a stiff wind was coming in from the east. Again, the blind provided good protection.

I sat there for what seemed an eternity, watched three deer come out and two walked right over to the blind as if to say, "what's this all about?" You could tell the minute they got my smell, they were gone. At 1550 hrs I noticed a group of turkey working in from the left. I watched with excitement and hope; hoping there would be a Tom in the bunch and that they would come close enough for a shot. I waited and watched and counted; 17 birds, all hens. A hen was a legal harvest but I wanted a Tom. As I watched and thought, I made the decision to take a large hen because I was running out of time. I picked out the largest bird, estimated the range at 38 yds, placed the gun high and left 8" and squeezed the trigger. She dropped and it was done; at 1600 hrs October 28th. A nice 14 lb 5 oz hen. At last, a bird with every gauge of L.C. Smith manufactured. I was mildly elated but still had some disappointment, as I wanted a nice Tom. There was still at least an hour of light remaining so I stayed in the blind. No more birds came by. Ken picked me up at dark and it was time for dinner. We discussed the possibility of hunting the following

morning as my permit allowed for two birds. We set the time and I'd be ready to go at 0500 hrs. I was in the blind before first light and it started raining almost immediately. I had asked Ken to pick me up at 1000 hrs. I sat there in the rain which got heavier and heavier. I never saw a turkey or deer, nothing. Ken picked me up right on time. I packed up and headed toward home.

As I headed back east I thought about how much fun this entire endeavor had been; about all the wonderful people who had helped make it possible. About all the memorable times in the blinds, under the old apple tree, the time two wrens actually landed on the barrel of the 20 ga. Smith as I sat motionless up against their tree. The fox and deer who didn't even know their space had been violated. Yes, I had accomplished the goal but it was only with the help of many others and ultimately as a result of all our gracious Lord has done in creating the outdoors in its magnificent beauty for me and others to enjoy. The 2009 Turkey Season has been a good one for me and my family members. I hope it was good for you as well.

Notes and Lessons Learned: Dr. Dave Rozier's Parker Grand Slam, DGJ, Vol. 10, Issue 1, pg 84.

Guides & Outfitters: Always check them out and don't be afraid to ask for references. Then call the references.

Pattern the Gun: Always pattern the gun you plan to use with the ammunition you'll be using.

Camo your Gun: It's always wise to cover any gun, especially a vintage gun with a camo gun sleeve. Remember, a turkey has eye sight 10 times better than that of a person. Same with their hearing; noise management and movement discipline are critical when turkey hunting.

Turkey Calls: All turkey voices are not the same much as human voices are not. Always have a variety of calls available; a bird may respond to something different than the first one you use.

Turkey Eye Sight: Always think of the turkey as looking at you through binoculars. Far superior to human vision.

Hunting in Rain: Birds do move about during light rain. Use of a blind is especially good for the hunter during rain.

Any comments, thoughts or questions regarding the Super Slam Journey, feel free to contact the writer at: cbbeers@att.net.

L. C. Smith Gun Information

Gauge	Grade	Barrel Specs.	Shell Specs	Shot Size	Load
.410	Field	28" F/M	Federal Paper – 3"	#5	11/16 oz.
20	Crown	32" F/M	Remington	#6	1 1/8 oz.
16	Field	32" F/F	Winchester Western – Paper	#5	1 1/8 oz.
12	Eagle	32" F/M	Remington	#5	1 ¼ oz.
10	Grade 2	32" F/M	RST	#5	1 1/8 oz.
8	Grade 2	32" F/F	Brass – Hand load	#6	1 ¾ oz.

September Pheasants

By: Chris Dunlap, LCSCA Life Member

Our adventure started as a chance meeting during an upscale Super Bowl Party in Miami, Florida back in February 2009. Mike Dunlap was invited by Sal Roseland, owner of R&R Pheasant Preserve out for a weekend hunt and told to bring some friends along. Busy work schedules and conflicting vacations kept the hunt on hold for eighteen months. Finally we were all able to carve out a long weekend in our schedules for the trip.

With the L.C.'s packed and shipped out and the ammunition ordered from RST on its way all we could do is wait. Finally, on September 9th, our party converged on Bismarck, North Dakota. Frank Finch, Chris Baumohl, Ed Hock and myself met up at baggage claim. After brief introductions and greetings we were blasting down the road towards Seneca, South Dakota and R&R Pheasant Lodge.

We arrived late Thursday afternoon and were greeted by Sal Roseland, owner of R&R Pheasant. He gave us the grand tour and showed us to our accommodations. Sal and his family own and operate over 18,000 acres of farmland in central South Dakota.



Each year they set aside 6,000 acres strictly for their hunting operation. The accommodations at the lodge were nothing short of amazing. The rooms were adorned with pheasants, trophy whitetail bucks, elk and pronghorn antelope mounts. The food was hearty, stick to your ribs, nap inducing and delicious. We enjoyed watching college football on the big screen and shooting some 5-stand when we weren't out chasing pheasants.

Friday morning came and we awoke to a dreary forecast. It had rained extremely hard all night and the wind was gusting to 30 mph. We met our guide Jason at breakfast and began preparation for the morning's hunt. We would be hunting strips of standing corn and sorghum that were 50 yards wide and about a half a mile





long. Our four legged companions would all be Labrador Retrievers that either belonged to the lodge or our guide. The object was to place a blocker at the end of the strip while the rest of us pushed the birds to him. Occasionally a bird would erupt from the cover during the walk down and a loud “Rooster” or “Hen” would follow. Once we reached the last forty yards or so of each strip we would hold station and allow the dogs to put up all the birds that had been pushed. The result created a massive explosion of feathers and cackles in every direction. After a short two and a half hours we had reached our limit of 25 pheasants and headed in for a nap inducing lunch.

With the first day’s hunt over and half of the day remaining, we decided to take advantage of the complimentary 5-stand out behind the lodge. After a few rounds at the traps we inquired about a little dove hunting. This was not in our package, but Sal and Jason were more than




happy to show us to a field where we could swat at a few doves in the evening hours. As day one of our trip drew to a close, Mike Dunlap, the last member of our party arrived just in time for the evening meal. We filled him in on all the fun he had missed and spent the evening watching some football in the lodge and partaking in a beverage or two.

Day two of our three day hunt started out much better than the first. We awoke to blue skies and a gentle breeze blowing in off the prairie. After another rib sticking meal we were off to the fields with our guide and the dogs. We hunted back and forth, and up and down the strips of corn and sorghum as we had the first day. After a short three hours or so we were once again headed

back to the lodge for lunch. With lunch complete and our bellies full we decided to head back out for some more dove hunting. We hunted until suppertime and then headed back out for a little more after our evening feeding. Between four of us we managed to bag eighteen of the little guys before darkness fell upon us and forced us back to the lodge.

On our last day of our hunt we started out early in an attempt to get in as much hunting as we could before Mike had to depart. We moved to a new area and hunted in the same manner with the addition of a patch of switch grass and a shelter belt made up of spruce and ash trees. It took us quite a while but we managed to bag our limit of 25 roosters. By the end of the hunt it was a toss up as to who was worn out the most, us, the dogs or Jason.

The trip was a refreshing break from the old grindstone and a great way to start off the 2010 hunting season. Old friendships were rekindled and new ones made. Plans for the next gathering began before this one ended. Our guide Jason did a fabulous job and just might have been infected with the L.C. Smith bug. After remarking that we may be “under-gunned” by shooting with a 20 gauge at the start, he is a firm believer in the little 20’s after the hunt.

Anyone interested in booking a hunt with R&R Pheasant can contact Sal Roseland at (605) 436-6782 or by visiting their website at <http://www.r-rpheasanthunting.com>. 

2010 Events

DATE	EVENT	LOCATION	ARRIVAL	POINT PERSON
12/30/10	Informal Christmas Shoot	Leigh Valley Shooting Clays	12/30/10	John Bleimaier
2/1/11	St. Hubertus Luncheon & Smith Display	Los Angeles Men's Club Los Angeles, CA	1/31/11	Dean Rasmussen
2/26-2/27/11	Louisville Gun Show	KY Fair and Expo Center Louisville, KY	2/25/11	Cliff and Len
3/20/11	Sunday LCSCA Spring Shoot Group Dinner	Carlisle Hotel Carlisle, PA	3/20/11	Rev. Charlie Brooks
3/21/11	9th Annual Spring Shoot	Carlisle Fish and Game Carlisle, PA	3/21/11	Charlie Brooks
4/29-5/1/11	Southern Side by Side	Deep River Sht School 284 Cletus Hall Rd. Sanford, NC 27330	4/28/11	TBD (Shooting)
4/29/11	Annual Meeting	Deep River Club House Sanford, NC	4/29/11 At 5 PM	Frank



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The image features two double-barreled pistols, likely .45 caliber, resting in a dark, textured gun case. The pistols are positioned diagonally, with the top one slightly behind the bottom one. The background of the case is a dark, woven fabric. To the right of the case, a vertical strip shows a serene landscape of a lake at dusk or dawn, with a dark shoreline and a calm water surface reflecting the sky. The overall color palette is dark and moody, with highlights on the metal barrels and grips of the pistols.

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