



My Days in the

SCHÜTZEN GAME

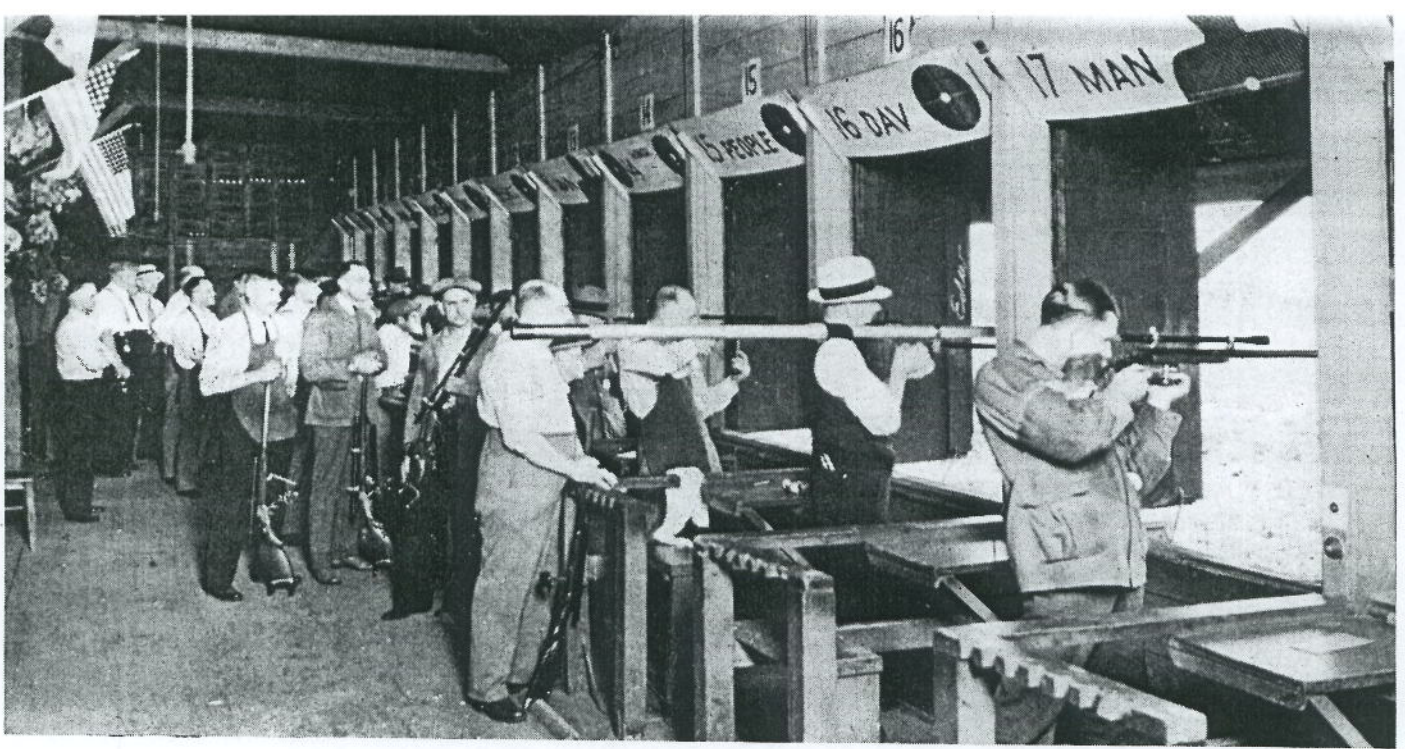
By Chris T. Westergaard

IN THE year 1906, at the age of 16, I came to the conclusion that farm life was rather drab and uninteresting. I ventured to the City of Chicago to seek a more eventful life. Walking down the street one Sunday afternoon with but a single dollar in my pocket and no job, I saw a billing on a saloon window that read, "Platt-deutscher Volkfest und Preiss Schiessen In Harms Park—Schiebe 25¢, Erste Preiss \$5.00, Zweite Preiss \$3.00." That was all foreign to me at the time, but the picture of a man with a rifle on that billhead impressed me as having something to do with a prize shoot. I had won first prize the year before in a shooting match in my native land of Denmark. Here, my ego told me, was a chance to make \$5.00, so I immediately took a streetcar to Harms Park.

The range was 75 feet, there were spaces for six targets, all shooting was done with metallic sights on the 25-ring target. The match was a re-entry affair of three shots on a target, the best target to win. I watched the shooting for some time and noticed one shooter making some good scores. He finally made a 74, and thinking it was unbeatable, placed his rifle in the rack and retired to the bar for a few beers.

A stand was open and I picked up his rifle and entered. My first two shots were 25's and seeing them through a spotting scope made me nervous. I dropped the rifle from my shoulder twice, trying to steady down for that third shot. A shooter waiting to enter the booth I was in was growing impatient and, poking me in the ribs, he remarked, "Ich will auch schiessen" (I want to shoot, too). I raised the rifle and fired the final shot and it was right on the button. "Fünf und zwanzig mit den hut" (25 with the hat, meaning a perfect score). Immediately someone shouted, "Katzennellenbogen, ein junge knabe hat dich geboten." (A young boy has beaten you.) The man turned with "Was?" and looked a bit crestfallen. He returned to the shooting stand and fired several targets but he could not equal that 75 I shot. He gave up and extended his hand to me in congratulation. The next day I got a job, but that \$5.00 prize paid my room and board until my first week's paycheck was handed me.

Sometime later, while loafing in a pool hall near North and Western Avenues, I heard shooting in the basement below. This was music to my ears and I immediately went down to investigate. I found a 75-foot range with eight firing



A match in progress at the Scheutzen club at Davenport, Iowa, in the early 1900's

booths and target carriers for convenience. There were about twenty shooters present and all had fine Stevens and Winchester Schuetzen rifles equipped with telescopic sights. The targets were the 25 ring, and printed at the top of each was "Norske Skyttelag" (Norwegian Shooting Society). Everyone was conversing in Norwegian. That, of course, was nothing strange, because in those days a person could hear conversations carried on in the streets of Chicago in about any language other than English. I was given permission to shoot at the club and immediately became interested in a membership. This was denied me because membership was restricted to Norwegians only and my nationality, although neighborly, was Danish. However, I was informed that a Danish Sharpshooters Association was located just a few blocks from there.

A few days later I made my way to the Danish Club with the thought that at last I had found a port of entry. There I found another well-equipped range and a gang of shooters equipped with fine Schuetzen rifles indulging in their favorite pastime. But, alas, again I was to meet with disappointment. I had not, as yet, reached the ripe age of 18. Rules were rules.

Sometime later, the annual tournament of the Indoor Rifle League was held. The shooters were classified in groups as A, B, and C. This was similar to the present-day Master, Expert, and Sharpshooter-Marksman. I entered as Class B shooter. But shortly I received another surprise. There was that man Katzennellenbogen, whom I had beaten in the hectic match in Harms Park. He was the Western Indoor 100-shot Champion, and he had me placed in Class A immediately. I wasn't getting away with anything.

Katzennellenbogen was for many years one of my best shooting pals. I paid him a visit in Milwaukee a few years ago, but since, like many others, he has left for the happy hunting grounds.

For many years I was an enthusiastic participant in the Indoor Rifle League of Chicago. I was a member of three different clubs, which gave me the opportunity to practice several times a week. In August 1910 I read about an annual 100-shot championship match, sponsored by the Central Sharpshooter Union of North America, which was to be held at New Glarus, Wisconsin. The conditions were 100 shots at 200 yards. I was determined to enter that match. I borrowed a single-trigger, single-shot .32-40 Winchester, transferred the telescope and palm rest from my .22 to the bor-

rowed rifle, and hid myself into the woods to sight the rifle in.

I bought 120 rounds of ammunition for that rifle and made the trip to New Glarus. As I left Chicago an old-timer remarked that I would return with the booby prize. It was the first shoot I had attended outside of Chicago, and I was a complete stranger to the crowd in attendance there. Judging from their equipment, that whole gang looked like champions. There were twenty targets in the pits and three shooters were squadded on each target, firing one shot at a time, alternately, all day long. Glancing at the bulletin board, I noticed someone had donated a bottle of champagne as the booby prize. Though I had no idea of what a good score at 200 yards consisted of, I was determined to match my two shooting companions for that champagne.

Whenever a contestant made a 25 on the target, the scorer in the pit would raise the American flag above his target. During the mid-morning shooting, I had raised the Stars and Stripes several times. One of the shooters asked "Who in hell are you anyway?" At noon we had finished our first 50 shots and the markers came in from the target pits. One of them asked the question, "Who is shooting on Number 2? The center is all shot out of the target." That was the target I was working on. Glancing up at the bulletin board,



Arthur Hubalek (right) and composite target (above) of his record score of 2484 x 2500 for the 100-shot match at 75 feet. Hubalek's record was made at the Zettler Rifle Club Tournament in New York on March 15, 1911



I saw the scores of the three high men. My two target companions and myself were tied for first place. These men were Senator J. G. Bardell of Highland, Illinois, and William Finger, the Wisconsin State champion. Bardell won the match that day, but I beat Finger. The real surprise came when the prizes were distributed. I was handed a beautiful new .32-40 Stevens-Pope Schuetzen rifle, full octogan muzzle-loading barrel, telescopic sights, powder measure, bullet mold, lubricating die—in short, a complete Schuetzen outfit donated by the Stevens Arms Company.

Being fully equipped for shooting, Dutch or Dane, the Chicago Schuetzen Verein invited me to join their Society. On the Sunday following receipt of the invitation, I went out to the Sharpshooters Park at Palos Park, Illinois. From then on for many years, I did not miss a Sunday there unless I was attending a match in some other locality. It was there I spent the most enjoyable hours of my existence.

I shall never forget that first day at Palos Park, when I tried out my newly won Schuetzen rifle. My knowledge of loading methods for the rifle was practically nil. I fired half a dozen times without seating a bullet in the barrel. If this had been done in a match, I would have been charged with a miss each time. Once, I was unable to find the false muzzle, but after a brief search it was located about fifty feet out on the range. I had forgotten to take it off. However, that particular shot scored a bullseye. One time I took my stand to fire with the ramrod in the barrel. On other occasions I fired with no powder in the shell. I studied Pope's muzzleloading instructions religiously and, although I shot muzzleloading for many years after that hectic day, I can't recall I ever made any such loading errors from that initial day on.

In the year of 1911, the Grand Biennial tournament of the Central Sharpshooters Union of North America was held from July 11 to 16 inclusive, at Monroe, Wisconsin. The tournament was a facsimile of the many other Grand tournaments which had been promoted over the country since that first Schuetzenfest at Highland, Illinois, in 1865. I had heard many interesting tales about these great Schuetzenfests held at New York, Charleston, N. C., Milwaukee, San Francisco, and other places, but I was not familiar with the procedure followed at these affairs.

The Chicago Schuetzen Verein invited me to go to Monroe as a member of its team. As I recall, there were about 150 contestants present. There were forty targets in the pit, and these were under constant fire for five full days without a lull. Blackpowder was used in those days, and the smoke and the boom of the guns for five consecutive hot July days was reminiscent of the Battle of Gettysburg.

Shortly before, the Dupont Company introduced a new powder, called Schuetzen Smokeless, which was supposed to replace blackpowder in the same bulk load. Preceding the Monroe tournament, I had tried out the new Schuetzen powder in my Pope muzzleloader. The results were very satisfactory and the powder more pleasant to shoot than blackpowder, so I had decided to use it at Monroe. The majority of the contestants were using blackpowder, and on the first day of the shoot I was deluged with questions regarding the load I was using. When I told them, it was more or less a revelation because the information they had heard was that Schuetzen powder did not perform properly in the muzzle-loading rifle. However, I was at that time using a sort of duplex load which consisted of a small priming charge of blackpowder with my smokeless powder. The loading was of no inconvenience as the Ideal powder measure Number 7 was equipped with two powder compartments. The priming charge was dropped into the case when the lever was thrown up and the main charge of smokeless dropped in as the lever was brought down.

The entire delegation at Monroe were the finest men you

cared to meet. They had a most enjoyable time. Whenever a competitor made a good score in the match, he would immediately march up to the bar with a few of his comrades and remark, "Gesundheit guter Schiezer." I had not as yet been initiated in the contents of a stein, and soon became known in that crowd as the 'Sodawasser' Norwegian. The crowd conversed chiefly in German. However, most of them were native-born of German and Swiss ancestry. The German language was merely the lingo of the game ever since its introduction in this country by their pioneer immigrant forefathers.

The official language used at the Schuetzen shooters' conventions down through the years had been German. At the convention there at Monroe, one man took the floor to offer a resolution that in the future the conventions be held in English. Thereupon a native Englishman got up and objected strenuously on the grounds that, should the German language be discontinued, the essence and spirit of the Schuetzen game would vanish with it.

A person who attended one of those old-time Schuetzenfests as a contestant had to have a fair-sized poke on his hip



Chris T. Westergaard with the Stevens-Pope rifle he won by placing second in the 1910 100-shot championship match of the Central Sharpshooter Union held at New Glarus, Wisconsin

to pay his entry fees, but he also fattened the poke considerably if he had any luck at all. There was no classification of shooters at these Schuetzenfest. You took your chances on even terms with the hot-shots. However, the program was so arranged that a certain element of luck played a big part. Those 1-, 3-, and 5-shot cards were not always won by the hot-shots and it was not uncommon to see an unknown walk away with the lion's share of the money. When this 'Sodawasser' Norwegian left Monroe, he was \$200 richer than when he arrived—just a lucky dub.

In my many years in the Schuetzen game, I have seen many dubs walk away with the grand prize of the Honor Match. Attending these Schuetzen matches for many years, I had the honor of winning the 100-shot championship on ten occasions, but during that time only once did I win that coveted \$100.00 prize on the Honor Target. I recall the time a young man came down from the Wisconsin woods for a shoot. He introduced himself to me and showed me a fine deer rifle



Chris T. Westergaard with his son August Westergaard, who was a member of the U. S. team at the 1949 International Shooting Union Matches in Buenos Aires, Argentina

equipped with a Linden stock carved of the elite in fancy wood. He told me tales of the deer he had shot with it. I remarked there was quite a difference in the size of a deer a few yards away in the brush and a bullseye the size of a dollar at 200 yards. In the tournament being held, I had made a score of 23-24-24—71 on the Honor Target. Up to a few minutes before the close, it looked like a sure win. The range official called for the deer hunter to fire. He had paid his entry but had not fired. He had put his rifle away in its case and said he did not care to shoot as he could not hit anything anyway. However, he was persuaded to fire and he made 23-24-25—72 and won the \$100.00 grand prize in the Honor Match. It was the only prize he won during the tournament.

I remember a match that was held at Davenport, Iowa. Chris Jensen of that city, referred to on the range as 'Diamond Jim,' was in the jewelry business and had donated a \$50.00 gold watch as a prize to the contestant who raised the greatest number of flags in the 100-shot championship match—in other words, the greatest number of hits on that 1½-inch 25-ring. Chris was generous to a fault and a practical joker as well. After the watch had been won, he remarked, "It's a \$50.00 watch but it did not cost me that much."

I had that watch on my mind all through that match. The flag was waving every so often in front of most everybody's target except mine. I fired the entire 100 shots and never raised the Stars and Stripes all day. A Wisconsin cheesemaker had 13 to his credit when the chips were down, and though an unlucky number among the superstitious, it won that watch.

I had finished my 100 shots and started packing my gear when an old-timer came down from the gallery and asked if I was through. I answered in the affirmative and he said, "You won the Championship." I said, "That is hardly possible as I did not make a 25 all day." "Perhaps not," he replied, "But I have watched the shooting all day and seen a lot of good shots, but you are the only one who did not make any real

bad ones." And so the old saying, "It's not the number of good shots you make, it's the bad ones you can eliminate." In spite of the fact that I had not made a 25, when the bulletin of the scores for that match was posted I was 40 points ahead of my nearest rival. The watch winner with his thirteen 25's was a near candidate for the booby prize. Thus ended the program of shooting for that tournament. Next in order was the Fest, distribution of prizes, the coronation of the winner of the King Match, the Beer Keg, and then all shooters joined in the singing of the old German song, "Oh Susanna, wer das leben noch so schon."

The Schuetzen game was shot at 200 yards in those days. It was a year-around sport, even in the cold climate of the Midwest winters. The shooting house was heated and firing was done through a shutter in the windows facing the pits. The target house was also heated. These were enclosed with the exception of the ports where the targets were exposed. In Chicago, we fired on the range at Palos Park every Sunday throughout the year. There was plenty of hot competition among such men as Frank and Gus Dullek, Snyder, Schweitzer, Huebner, Springutte, Katzennellenbogen, and others, who were all capable of making a score of 220 and better on the average of ten shots.

I fired many shoulder-to-shoulder 100-shot matches against various opponents around the Midwest. One match in particular is still impressed on my mind. I had won the 100-shot Championship in Wisconsin in the year of 1911, but a Mr. Paul Weinkauff of Wasusau, Wisconsin, had beaten me for the championship at Chicago the following year of 1912. Sometime later, I had made the remark that I would shoot Mr. Weinkauff a 100-shot match for a side bet of \$100. The challenge was immediately accepted. The arrangements were made to fire the match in Milwaukee on March 16, 1913.

Mr. John Meunier, an old-timer in the Schuetzen game, was there to witness the shooting. Meunier was 85 years of age and had but one eye. Selected as stake holder, he remained there all day long watching every shot fired from his position behind the shooting stand and holding the \$200 at stake in his hand. It was a stormy day of blizzard conditions. Weinkauff took the lead, and after twenty shots he was 31 points in the lead, and retained the lead until we had fired 82 shots, when the blizzard conditions outside were so bad we were unable to see the targets. Time out was called to wait until weather-conditions improved and targets were visible. In about an hour's time, the match was resumed and at that time, Weinkauff was still 18 points in the lead. I then performed a feat I have never since been able to repeat. I fired four straight 25's while Weinkauff failed to place his shots within the 12-inch black portion of the target. Instead of being 18 points behind, I was 18 points in the lead. I held that lead during the remainder of the match and won it by a score of 2108 to 2090. This was the lowest score I had fired in a match on the German 25-ring target at 200 yards. However, the weather conditions at the time accounted for that. Once during the match, a stiff gust of wind arose just as I fired. Old John Meunier asked what wind allowance I had made for the shot. I replied that I had held out in the 3-ring at 9 o'clock. The shot was a 25, which will give you some idea of the wind velocity and its effect on a 185-grain bullet at 200 yards on the day that match was fired.

In the year of 1914, World War I got under way, but for a couple of years the Schuetzenfest continued unmolested. The Germans were still singing "Deutschland Uber Alles" even on the rifle ranges. In the year of 1915, I did more match shooting than in any year of my shooting career. Three grand Schuetzen tournaments were sponsored that year. In preparation, I had Harry Pope make up two new barrels for me, a .22 caliber and a .32-40 muzzleloader, which could be used interchangeably on the same Ballard action. Harry was gen-

erally a year behind on his orders, but when I told him I wanted the barrels for use in these tournaments, I received them in thirty days from time of ordering.

The first of these tournaments was held right in Chicago, where I was living, to commemorate the Golden Jubilee of the Chicago Sharpshooters Association. The match was held in June. It closed with the usual ceremonies with Mayor 'Big Bill' Thompson acting as master of ceremonies at the Festival. At that tournament, we witnessed the thrill of a dub winning in a Schuetzen match. The Sharpshooters' Society had donated a large Silver Cup which was to be retained as a permanent possession by the winner. This match was a one-shot re-entry affair on a 50-ring target, all rings inside of a 12-inch black with a 1/8-inch white center counting 50. For four days, many expert Schuetzen shooters from the surrounding states tried their luck on this target. Several had 49, but there were no 50's. Just before closing time, an unknown stepped up with a Springfield with regulation service sights and all, fired one lone shot which hit the center 50, and won the trophy.

In July of the same year, the Grand Biennial tournament sponsored by the Central Sharpshooters Union of North America was held at Davenport, Iowa. It lasted five days. In that tournament, I believe I won the largest purse ever won by an individual at any of the biennial shoots. Though I was beaten in the 100-shot Championship Match and also the 10-shot King Match, I won first place in four of the big money matches, which included the Honor Match, and was runner-up in a few more. How? I don't know—just lucky, I guess.

During the summer of 1915, the World's Fair was celebrated in San Francisco to commemorate the opening of the Panama Canal. A Grand Prize shooting tournament was sponsored by the several shooting societies in San Francisco, and it was called the Panama Pacific International Shooting Festival. The shooting was continuous from August 8 to September 26, inclusive. Visitors could fire the entire match program at any time during the interval of those dates. The shooting took place in the then-famous Shell Mound Schuetzen Park, where several National tournaments had been held. This was one shoot I had looked forward to for some time.

By invitation, enroute to Frisco, I stopped to visit a number of Schuetzen clubs and was given a wonderful reception everywhere. I had shipped a thousand 185-grain .32 caliber bullets on ahead to San Francisco and had taken another thousand with me in my personal effects, which included my heavy .22 Schuetzen rifle, the extra .32-40 barrel, and loading paraphernalia which would permit me to shoot the long outdoor range and the indoor ranges as the case may be. Brother, was that a load to carry.

My first stop was at St. Louis, where I beat Tobe Watkins in a 100-shot match at 200 yards by a score of 2266 to 2159. Mr. Watkins had won the 100-shot Championship match in 1914 and 1916, and was one of the best shots in the Midwest. Thereafter, I shot in Kansas City, Denver, Colorado Springs, Grand Junction, and Ouray. Ouray is near the New Mexico border, and there was an active Schuetzen club in that locality affiliated with the Central Sharpshooters Union. It was the home town of the famous Arps brothers, Edward, Gus and Otto. These boys were born and raised in the Schuetzen town of Chilton, Wisconsin. I remained there for five days, and each morning they entertained me with a donkey ride up the mountains and every afternoon with a 50-shot Schuetzen match. The Colorado shooters were known to make some very high scores on those mountain ranges and I was anxious to see what I could do on a range a mile and a half above sea level. The range was protected from the wind by a mountain range a half mile still higher. On windy days, the scores were just ordinary, but on an ideal day there at Ouray I could

call my shots on a silver dollar. I shot my record score for 50 shots there at Ouray. It was 227-231-233-235-237—1163 at 200 yards.

Ogden, Utah, was my last stop enroute to Frisco, and there I visited A. W. Peterson, who was employed by John Browning, the autoloading inventor. I arrived in Ogden just before Peterson was to go off duty and we immediately decided to shoot a match for dinner on the indoor range. After a close match, I was ahead one lone point. Old Pete remarked, "Vel, I wanted to buy the supper anyway."

A month had passed since I felt the city of Chicago. I finally landed in San Francisco and remained there for almost a month. I was treated with every courtesy during my stay by a group of shooters who were very generous and hospitable. The shooting program was the same as other regulation Schuetzen matches. The prizes distributed on the Honor Match were the most gorgeous I had ever seen in any shooting match. There were 335 competitors and the cash prizes ran from \$250 for the top man to \$10 for the low man. Several shooters were present from the East and Middle West. The West Coast had a bunch of hot offhand shots, several of whom were shooting brand new Pope muzzleloading barrels.

In the 100-shot Championship Match, I placed 84 shots inside of a six-inch circle, and the whole string of 100 inside a ten-inch circle. It was not good enough. I was beaten by William Blasse of the Golden Gate Club. This gives the present-day shooter some idea of the ability of the old-time Schuetzen shooter at 200 yards.

Three months after leaving home, I arrived back in Chicago. My winnings in the three (Continued on page 44)

Katzenellenbogen, an early Schuetzen champ whom Westergaard beat in his first match, was an exhibition shooter under the name of Alf Malvern, part of the team of Malvern and Cook



Swift or .220 Arrow. Both rimmed and rimless versions are listed and there is a comparable case in each category, except a rimless Hornet. Thus there are suitable cartridges for the single shot as well as the bolt action—and each one of these cartridges will give equal accuracy in a given barrel, other things being equal.

If your choice is in the .22 center-fire class any one of the cartridges named above will serve you well. If your rifle is to be a bolt action, I would suggest that you only consider a rimless cartridge. In the higher velocity range this leaves you a choice of the .22-250, the .220 Swift or the .220 Arrow. I mention both the Swift and Arrow because they are extremely popular and the Arrow has a distinct advantage over the Swift due to its sharper shoulder, which prevents the brass in case neck from thickening and stretching as it does in the standard Swift case.

I still consider the 6 mm. or .240 caliber an orphan. In spite of some wonderful results with a few rifles using selected bullets, the majority of these rifles don't shoot too well. One of the large factors in the slow development of the 6 mm. is the lack of good 6 mm. bullets. There are none on the market at this writing. All good bullets must be handmade, and here again the maker is confronted with the task of finding good .25 caliber jackets to swage down and make his 6 mm. bullets from. When better jackets and 6 mm. bullets are available, the popularity of the 6 mm. rifles will increase.

Although the center-fire .22 caliber rifles have led the varmint calibers for some time, the .25 caliber rifles have come into their own in recent years. Some fine bullets with ample accuracy for varmint hunting have been made available, and this has added greatly to the popularity of the .25 caliber. One of the best .25 caliber cartridges is the .250-3,000 Savage. Another fine one is the .257 Roberts. Both of these cases, with good handloads, will hold their own in the particular velocity range in which they fall. I believe it is only natural, and I hope it will be considered excusable, that in a .25 case I personally prefer the .250 Helldiver that I designed myself. With little publicity, this case has become very popular; it really reaches out for those chucks that laugh at .22 caliber rifles. The Helldiver with 50 grains of 4350 powder will drive the 100-grain bullet at 3,500 feet per second, or the 87-grain bullet at 3,700 feet per second. A highly desirable feature of this balanced case is that 50 grains is about the limit of both case capacity and usable powder. I've designed the .25-'06W for those shooters who want larger case capacity. This cartridge is very similar to the Helldiver, but it holds more powder, is longer overall, and gives increased velocity.

About two years ago Harvey Donaldson introduced the .250 Ace and .250 Donaldson. The Ace is built on full length .250-3,000 brass and is an easy case to form and reload. However, the Ace has little more snap than the .250-3,000 and is not a long-range, flat-shooting cartridge. The .250 Donaldson is a similar case—using .257 Roberts brass which must

be shortened. The 100-grain bullet is driven at 3,307 feet per second and the 87-grain bullet reaches 3,534 feet per second. While it is better than the Ace for varmints I still like the long-range, flat-shooting performance of my own Helldiver; but of course, it's my baby.

The .25-'06W is a bit large in capacity although it will drive a bullet even faster than the Helldiver (100-grain bullet at 3,650 feet per second and the 87-grain bullet at 3,900 feet per second). The .250 Donaldson and .257 Roberts are in about the same category as far as handloading is concerned, as are the .250-3,000 and .250 Ace. Again, don't be misled by comments on accuracy. You will probably never see the Helldiver win a benchrest match because it is a varmint case. Benchrest shooters like to shoot at lower velocities and with heavy barreled rifles which would be most unpleasant to tote around the pastures. The rate of twist for a .25 caliber varmint rifle should be one complete turn in 12 or 14 inches. Such a twist is fast enough to stabilize even the fine 117-grain Sierra boattail bullet in the large capacity cases.

I believe that imperfect bullets are the cause of 90 percent of the inaccuracy of .25 caliber rifles. Recently a shooter for whom I had built a .25 Ace benchrest rifle, informed me that he was not getting good accuracy with handmade bullets in a fine RCBS swage. Groups were averaging around .900 inch at 100 yards. I suggested that he sort his bullet jackets (the copper cup, into which is placed the lead core before swaging the bullet) by turning a precision spindle on his lathe, then slipping the jacket over this spindle and testing the concentricity of the jacket walls by placing a dial indicator on the outside of the jackets. His findings revealed that the jackets were far from perfect. Using carefully sorted jackets, the average group size was soon trimmed down to .600 inch; with a little more experimenting these groups will probably drop even lower.

Very little experimenting has been done with the bigger bores such as .270 and .30 calibers. The standard .270 is hard to beat unless the handloader prefers a cartridge with a sharper shoulder. If a sharp shoulder version is desired in this class, the .270 Helldiver would be ideal. This cartridge, the .250 Helldiver necked up to .270, uses charges comparable to the factory .270 case with the exception of a maximum loading of 4350. Many good bullets are available in the .270 which give the handloader a wide variety of loadings. The old and time-honored .30-'06 is also a good varmint cartridge, particularly with the new 125-grain Sierra bullet. For longer range shooting, the .300 H&H Magnum or the Improved .30-'06 is hard to beat. The latter will add nearly 200 feet per second to regular .30-'06 loadings.

To sum it all up, pick your varmint cartridge with care but don't worry about accuracy. Be concerned with velocity and trajectory only. If you get your rifle from a reliable maker, you will automatically get a barrel that is accurate and fitted properly. The rest is up to you. ♦ ♦ ♦

Schuetzen Game

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tournaments at Chicago, Davenport, and San Francisco totaled \$1,000. A wonderful trip, which I enjoyed immensely, expenses paid, and a goodly lot of that green lettuce left over for good measure.

As World War I progressed, the sentiment against Schuetzen shooting grew steadily. Many gun-enthusiasts pronounced it as unmodern and as having no military value. The sentiment against Germany in those days may have had some bearing, as after all, the style of shooting was of German origin. As to having any value from a military point of view, we would all have to agree without dissent.

The War gave the Schuetzen game a severe jolt. The German language disappeared, the beer barrel went dry, no more crowning of Schuetzen Kings, the Stevens and the Winchester Arms Companies discontinued making Schuetzen rifles, and in short, the good old Schuetzenfests were "Ausgespielt."

It is with regret that this once-famous game should go the way of the buffalo. The spirit of many of the old-time Schuetzen shooters was immortal. I recall a very feeble and elderly gentleman who had fired in a match I was attending. As he was preparing to leave he came over to speak to me. After we had shaken hands, his grip became firmer, and with tear-filled eyes he said, "Westy, we had a wonderful time together while it lasted." ♦ ♦ ♦