



"If It's In Range- If You Can See It- YOU CAN HIT IT"

LUCKY McDANIEL TEACHES INSTINCT SHOOTING THAT MAY BE FIRST NEW WAY TO HIT SINCE DAYS OF MUSKET

By BOB WITT
Nashville Banner

SEEING, THEY SAY, is believing. And when I saw the unbelievable, saw Lucky McDaniel teach tyros to become proficient shooters within one hour, I had to believe.


McDaniel's copyrighted system is "Instinct Shooting," a method which thousands of his students, men and women, will swear by. Everywhere, shooters testify to new enjoyment of their scatterguns, new success a-field, and higher scores at trap and skeet. For Instinct Shooting, mechanically, is as simple as pointing your finger. The results, however, stagger the imagination.

For example, how long do you think it would take you to learn to knock a paper wadding from the center of a flying one-inch washer with a BB gun? At least long enough for your arms to become numb from trying, most likely.

As an instinct shooter, though, you would probably be separating the paper from the washer in 15 to 20 minutes. McDaniel's younger pupils with good vision, who think that isn't enough, are usually shooting tossed BBs with a BB gun after no more than half an hour with Lucky. Incredible? It sure is . . . to everybody but Lucky McDaniel.

Lucky starts pupils off with a BB gun mainly because they can quickly develop the habit of seeing the shot as it leaves the barrel. There is no disturbing noise or recoil with the BB rifle.

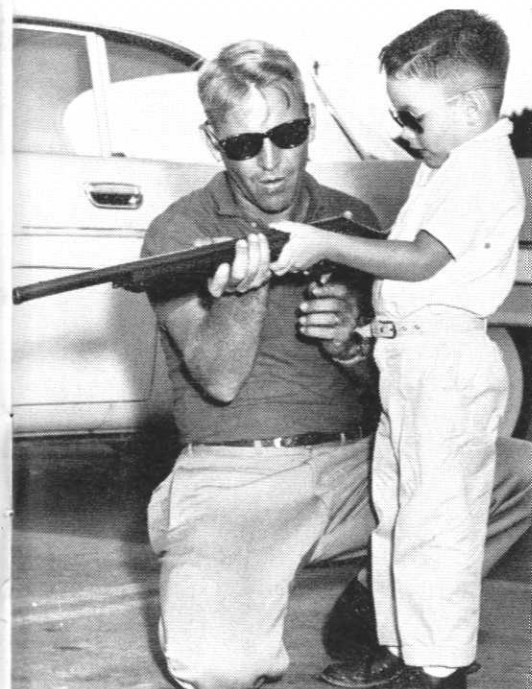
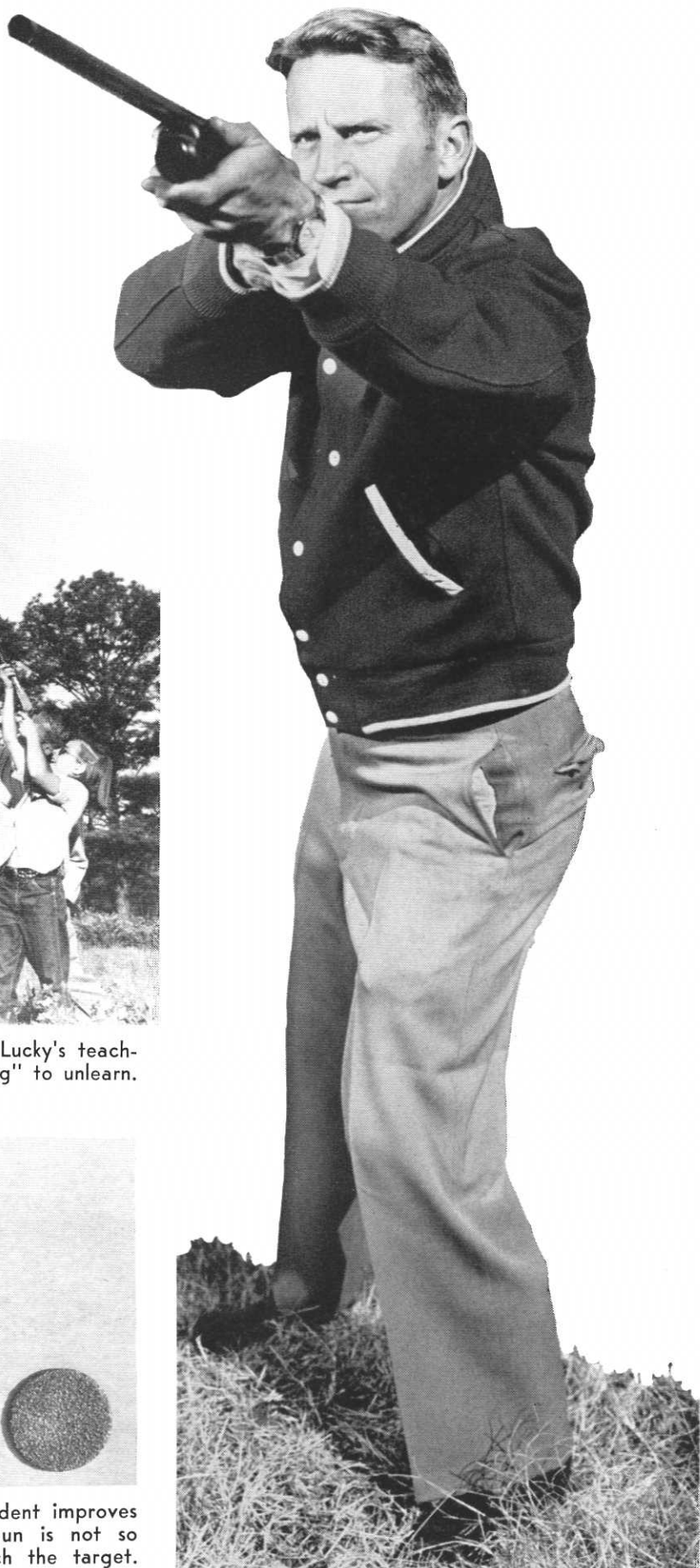
As soon as you can see the flight of your BB, the next step is to learn the proper gun position for Instinct Shooting. Rather than have you employ the conventional cheeking of the gun, Lucky insists that you lock it firmly in place with the side of your chin against the stock. About now, you may notice that there are no sights on the gun.



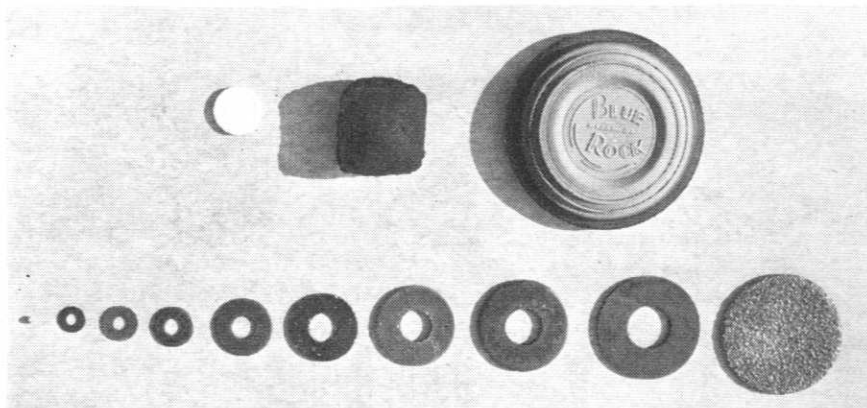
Proof: you see paper wad knocked from washer by impact of BB in Instinct Shooting test.



McDaniel and promotor Mike Jennings examine special Daisy sightless air-rifle of Instinct Shooting kit.



"Most patient coaching ever" was opinion of expert about Lucky's teaching methods. Kids learn fast, have few bad habits of "sighting" to unlearn.



Targets ranging from clay birds down to BBs are hit as student improves skill. McDaniel's teaching denies aiming. Head is high, gun is not so tightly cheeked as with regular aiming method: eyes watch the target.



Originator of Instinct Shooting was once tobacco salesman, outshot dealers on bets in order to overcome their sales resistance.



Air rifle begins new gun skill, and use even by kids will help shooting with all arms. At left, experimental BB gun Lucky made before arranging to use Daisy rifles in kit. System of aimless hitting, Army researchers hope, may offer new way to use rifle in combat.

Lucky brushes this off by simply stating that "they'd be in your way."

Now that you can see most of your shots and know how to position your gun for Instinct Shooting, you are ready to begin with the moving target.

Your first target is a solid metal disc about two inches in diameter which Lucky, crouched near your shoulder, tosses into the air about 10 to 15 feet high.

Most people will miss the first few and, all the while, Lucky will be quietly demanding, "Look at the top, look at the top of the target. Keep both eyes open."

"Most everyone," he says, "shoots under an aerial target because the gun is lower than the eye. I offset this by telling my pupils that if they're gonna miss, then miss over the top."

Remember, while you are shooting at this disc, you are not aiming, because there are no sights on the barrel. You actually have the gun chinned so that all you can do is look out over the barrel, not along it.

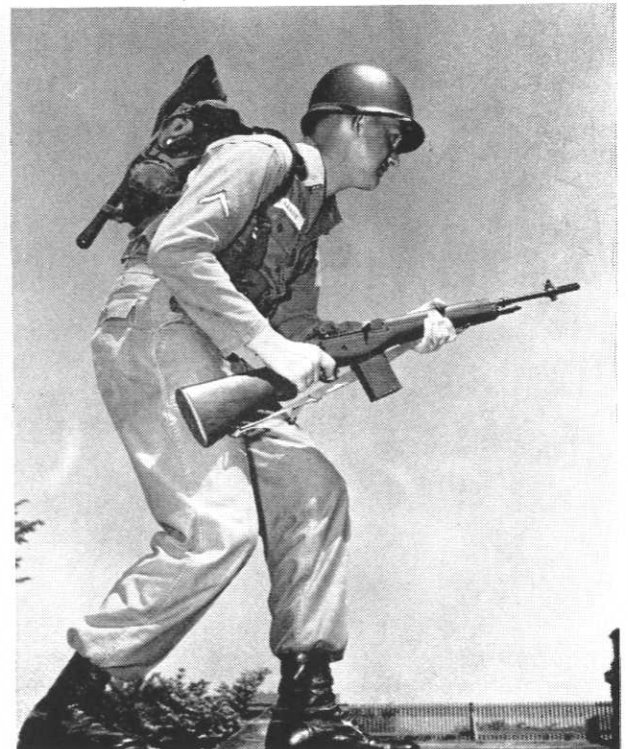
Your first surprise comes when, after a few misses, you suddenly hear the sharp little ping that signals a hit. "Now, we're in business," Lucky usually quips with a reassuring smile.

After the disc comes a metal washer, about 1½" diameter. Soon, hitting this, your confidence soars to new heights.

Here is where McDaniel slips you a fast one. He pauses briefly, pulls a piece of paper from his pocket and stuffs it into the center of the washer.

"Now look at the paper and hit it," he says, usually repeating those words as he tosses the washer skyward. Before you know it, you've scored again—another milestone with Instinct Shooting.

Gradually, the size of the washer is reduced until you are down to one about (Continued on page 40)



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THE LUCKY McDANIEL STORY

(Continued from page 18)

as small as a dime.

After this, you get the BB test if he thinks your eyes are of sufficient strength to follow its flight when he throws it up. "This is the supreme test of vision, confidence, and concentration," he explains.

Leaving the BB gun, McDaniel advances his pupil to the shotgun for the "graduation exercises."

The steps are basically the same. He starts slowly with clay pigeons gently tossed into the air. All the while, he is constantly urging, "look at the top of the target and shoot."

As you begin to hit with the shotgun—and it's usually a matter of one or two shots—the targets become more difficult. Lucky has by now picked up a hand trap and is sailing the clay pigeon out in every direction: duck shots, dove shots, quail shots.

Finishing touches are applied with small charcoal bricks. For one thing, they offer a smaller target. Also, Lucky can throw doubles, even triples, easily by hand.

And when you get your triple, what else do you need to know about how to shoot?

Stories about Lucky have been so numerous, a good deal of scepticism has been aroused among differently-trained shooters as to "how good" this man really is. Perhaps on the target range Lucky doesn't have a chest full of medals, for he has never followed the routine of competitive rifle, pistol, or shotgun. But some pretty hard-headed scientific shooters find his ideas and his results something a lot more than "luck."

Frank Connor, a civilian technical aid on the Downrange missile project working out of Patrick AFB, thinks McDaniel has "got it."

"He taught me how to quick draw and hip shoot a handgun," Connor says, "something I had been unable to learn with thousands of rounds of practice." Connor is pretty typical of the average "gun nut," a better than average shot, who cut his pistol teeth on a nickel plated .32 Hand Ejector which he used to toss into his bicycle basket along with hard-earned ammo and peddle out to his folks' place in the country for some shooting. When he's not working to aim the heavier kinds of missile hardware, Connor worked with Lucky; was once Lucky's shooting helper. "I know there are several people floating around who demonstrate or teach the quick draw and hip shooting, but I never knew any of them who could teach the whole works in four hours."

Another man sold on Instinct Shooting is tough, experienced Col. Lyman Davison, of the USAF security set-up. In teaching Air Police to shoot and hit, Colonel Davison has learned a thing or two about practical shooting. "If there's any defect in Lucky's teaching," he says, "it is that he over simplifies what you have to learn and be aware of in gaining real skill with a handgun. But I do know this much: we have taken men who shot all over the paper and, applying Lucky's principles, brought their groups right down like this," he reported, making a circle of his two hands, "and not only I but others in the outfit have found we are shooting a lot more over-90 scores with the pistol as a consequence. There's no doubt about it, this man has a system that works."

Whether the hunter and rifleman can profitably apply McDaniel's instinct shooting is a natural question. Veteran Idaho guide and outdoorsman Howard Sarvis, initiator of Trainfire, now studying small arms training systems at Fort Benning, not far from Lucky's home base of Columbus, Ga., unofficially checked out Lucky when the latter gave a demonstration at a turkey shoot of the Post Fish & Game Club. "Lucky spent about 10 minutes with me. I couldn't hit anything with the air gun at first; then I began to see the shot going and get the idea of the thing, under what I consider the most skillful and patient coaching I have ever witnessed. I got so I could hit that washer almost all the time, and then stepped aside as others were waiting. . ."

Sarvis noted that Lucky started with his BB gun throwing up a 2" washer about 5 feet in the air and hitting it. Then he switched to smaller objects, Alka Seltzer tablets, Life-savers and then aspirin pills. "He hardly ever missed," the Benning experts agreed. As to practical applications of Lucky's talents in these uneasy days, Sarvis is uncertain, not doubtful.

"Am I enthusiastic?" he asks. "I don't know. This . . . reminds me of Old Bill down at the service station who does my car work, hunts squirrels, claims to beat shotgunners though he uses a .22, doesn't even know what kind of sights are on his "raffle," not even sure he uses sights. . ."

"I want to see McDaniel do some shooting with an M-1 on a silhouette at 100 yards;

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then I want to see him do it with moving targets at that range or closer. I see no reason why he shouldn't. Those aspirin tablets figure out to around ten minutes of angle, which is a man at 200 yards. . . It may be there is a way to shoot the rifle at short ranges and, say, up to 15-20 moa targets, still or moving, that we have overlooked all these centuries.

"It will be quick as lightning and easy as pie. You don't even think about aiming; you just watch that target intently, either the bottom edge or the top edge, depending on whether it is on the ground or in the air. Your eyes are way above the barrel, just the end of your chin on the stock, and you had better forget how that barrel looks (that was my trouble, trying to watch the barrel and shoot it like a shotgun.) If you do nothing but watch the target, let everything else take care of itself, you will hit.

"If this works all the time, we had better tease it out, write it down, and learn how to teach it," concludes Trainfire Sarvis. And if Lucky's principles can be proved to work with heavy-caliber arms on a teachable basis, it may be that he has already done just that!

This incredible sharp shooter was born Bobby Lamar McDaniel on Nov. 9, 1924, on a farm near Thomason, Ga. The nickname, "Lucky," didn't come along until years later although, surprisingly, perhaps, it has no connection with his ability to shoot or teach shooting.

"I sorta grew that nickname around the pool halls back home," he modestly admits. "I never lost."

That, in a nutshell, goes a long way toward describing Lucky McDaniel. He is a man whose confidence takes second place to nothing in his total make-up.

He figures his shooting this way:

"If it's within range and I can see it, I can hit it!" It is amazing, too, how such self assurance rubs off on his pupils. This, no doubt, has a lot to do with the rapid way in which the beginner catches on to Instinct Shooting.

Six years ago, this blond-headed bundle of energy who, with his medium height and build resembles a college halfback, was a traveling tobacco salesman in South Georgia. But Lucky's switch to shooting might have been expected.

"An uncle gave me a 410-gauge single shot when I was five years old. I guess I developed a reputation as a fair shooter as I grew," he told me. "I began to capitalize on shooting, to some extent at least, while I had that salesman's job.

"Peddling snuff and tobacco, I remember times when I would go into a store, get turned down on an order and then resort to shooting to finally get the man to take an order anyway.

"If there was a rifle handy, I would use it. If there wasn't, we'd make arrangements to borrow one. Later, I learned to carry a rifle and BB gun along with me all the time. Anyway, the shooting deal went like this:

"I would bet the man I could throw a penny up in the air and hit it the first time. If I lost, I gave him a case of snuff or something else in my line. If I hit the penny, he would buy the merchandise. And I don't mind saying that I never did give any goods away. One day in Valdosta, Ga., Brooker Blanton, a former University of Georgia football player, and I got to talking about shooting. Before long, he asked if I would teach

him how to shoot. I agreed to try and he went out and bought 500 .22s. He burned powder and I threw cans of every description, pine cones and anything else we could get our hands on—with no results at all. I suggested it might be cheaper if we borrowed a BB gun and tried it for a while. It was here that I discovered how you can see the BB come out of the barrel.

"Brooker and I immediately saw that he was shooting under everything that I threw into the air. It didn't take us long then to correct his faults and he soon developed into a darn good shooter.


"Word began to get around. Before long I picked up more money teaching on week-ends than I made in a week with my traveling job. Two and two soon began to add up to four, (Continued on page 43)

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DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

(Continued from page 41)

as the saying goes, so I took the big fling, quit my selling job, and began teaching Instinct Shooting full time.

"Needless to say, I haven't been sorry one bit," he added.

A top shooter with skill like Lucky's, and patience to teach, didn't have to worry about a living. His talents were "a natural" for exhibition shoots under the guidance of Mike Jennings, a local promoter whose fame in the sports world is as wide as McDaniel's is in the shooting world. Jennings, who has Lucky under contract with his *Unlimited Enterprises* promotion firm, put a lot of big shows on the road including the Patterson-Rademacher heavyweight championship fight. Mike, no slouch with words, put Lucky's teachings into a book, "Instinct Shooting," (Dodd, Meade & Co., publishers); now markets a BB rifle kit which is almost as good as a personal lesson from Lucky.

Boxers and baseball players as well as football player Blanton have profited in their eye-reflex skill from Lucky's training. Last spring, Lucky gave lessons to members of both the Cincinnati Redlegs and Chicago White Sox teams while they were in training in Florida. And in a sensational season, the Sox won the pennant. Their hitting may be due partly to Lucky McDaniel, the man with the "most skillful and patient coaching ever. . ."

"I wasn't the least bit interested in the mechanical parts of baseball such as batting stance, grip, and other phases," Lucky told me. "My aim . . ." (and it's seldom he uses the word since it doesn't fit Instinct Shooting.) "was to improve their concentration and batting by teaching them to shoot my way, looking at the target."

The BB gun and shotgun are the prominent weapons in Lucky's instruction course,

but an obvious addition is a rifle. You would expect to hit with it what you could with a BB gun. Side arms are still another part of the tools of his trade. He has taught quick-draw and hip shooting to law enforcement agencies all over the southeast.

One patrolman in Prichett, Ala., credits Lucky with saving his life. The officer came upon a burglar trying to enter a store window by prying it open with a screwdriver.

When approached from the rear, the would-be burglar swung around, with the intention of planting that screwdriver firmly in the officer's chest.

Instead, the policeman put Lucky's fast-draw and hip shooting technique into action to drop his opponent right in his tracks.

With rifles and side arms, Lucky teaches his pupils to look directly under a still target.

"With either a pistol from the hip or a rifle against the shoulder, it doesn't make any difference," he says. "If that target is just sittin' there still, drop your eyes right under it and pull the trigger.

"Take a BB gun, for example. Step out into the yard, if it is large enough for safe shooting, and throw out a small match box or some other such object. Now, chin your BB gun, look to the bottom side of the target and pull the trigger. It should be a hit."

While he freely talks pistol and rifle target shooting, and will teach it if the occasion demands, you can't be in Lucky's presence long before learning that it is the elusive moving target that captures his fancy. When talking, his movements fall unconsciously into a rhythmical pattern of gun handling. He gestures frequently to explain his method of quickly spotting the moving target, chinning the gun and firing.

SHOP EQUIPMENT

(See also pages 6, 10)

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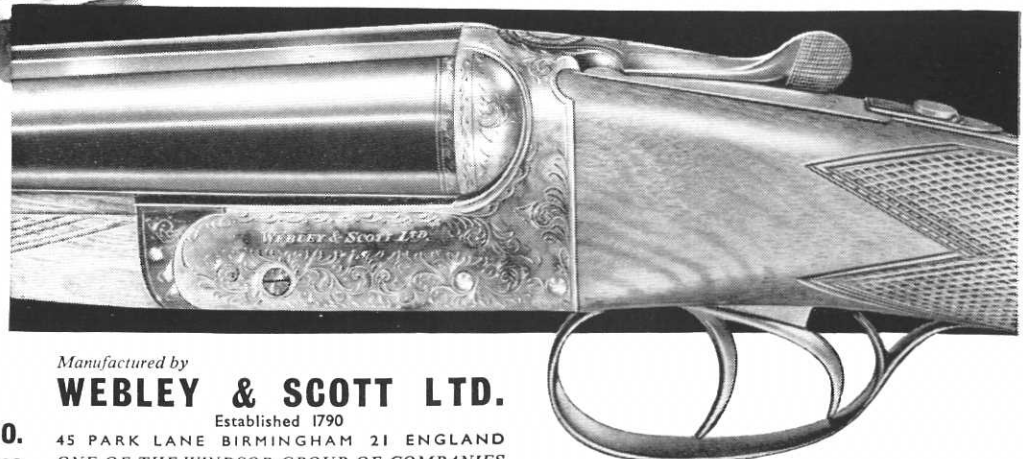
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GUNS QUARTERLY? Page 42

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(Continued from page 43)

"It's just like a prize fighter throwing a straight left jab with his right cocked for a followup," he points out. "He is slightly leaned forward with his left arm out (gripping the fore-end of the gun) and his right hand cocked just at his chin (where one grips the comb)."

"All the while, though, his eyes are on

the target," he concludes with a demonstrating pose.

How about leading the moving target?

"Never," Lucky barks with trigger-like response.

"The only—and I mean only—time you lead with Instinct Shooting is when you lead that dead game back to the stove after a good day's hunting!"



HE RODE WITH WYATT

(Continued from page 21)

Wyatt told me that Wild Bill was the finest shot that ever lived, barring none. He said Bill wore a brace of ivory-handled cap-and-ball equalizers which had been presented to him by Vice-President Wilson, rather a Senator Wilson then from Massachusetts, I believe. In Kansas City, I believe, or was it Saint Louie, the boys used to hang about what they called 'The Square,' after selling off the season's robes of buffalo and such. Then Wild Bill would unlimber to back up a bet by drilling a playing card across the street—wide street, mind you. He could also hit a coin in mid-air and draw-shoot with unflinching speed and skill. He wore both guns, said Wyatt, butt inwards, and drew by hooking the forefingers in the trigger guards, then spinning the guns over and lifting the hammers at the same instant. Odd way to shoot, wasn't it? Earp never made any comment on it, however. It must have suited Wild Bill, and killed a lot of men. He said that Hickok was a fine specimen of a man, haughty, proud, and he'd hunt a man through the streets like a tiger if his hackles were up."

"Did Wild Bill Hickok go blind of glaucoma? They say that he visited Cheyenne's post surgeon and has his eyes examined for the terrible disease. He shot his own deputy, you know."

"I don't know. It might be a cock-and-bull story."

"Mr. King, did Wyatt ever speak much of famed John Ringo?"

King shook his head. "I don't rightly remember. But I know that Ringo has been played up by TV and film to a point where he looked like a damned fool. Men wore the guns high on the hip, in the old days. Take a look at all the old photographs; they don't lie. And I never saw the kind of hats they wear on TV either. I met Bob Hope in Hollywood and also Hugh O'Brian on his set. The director asked me to watch them take a scene, and so I sat down and watched. Then the director asked me how I liked it. 'Well,' I says, 'it's all right I guess.' But when the sheriff said he'd confiscate them guns, that was wrong. I don't believe they'd have knowed what the word 'confiscate' meant in the Old West. No. Wyatt only referred to Ringo in relationship to Jesse James as being a cousin. The name 'Ringo' has a good sound to it, and the writers and TV men would eat this one up!"

"You said a while ago that most of the gunslingers were blue-eyed."

"That's what Earp told me; about ninety per cent of them were of the light-skinned, blue-eyed type of men. Bat was that way as I remember, for one. Did you know that he later became a sportswriter for the New York Morning Telegraph? Speaking of Masterson, he killed a man with a pistol in a fight over a girl, and got a slug in the leg.

This made him limp. So he bought a cane and became nicknamed 'Bat' because he used that cane on the heads of rowdy cowboys in the cowtrail towns of the early West. Bat also carried a second gun, a Frontier Colt. He wore it in a shoulder holster."

"Mr. King, Doc Holliday is about the most talked about gun-fighter of the Old West. How come? Did you know him?"

"Know him! How could I? I worked with Wyatt when he was in his fifties and I in my twenties. Doc Holliday died at Glenwood Springs in '97 I believe—in bed, mind you, of the T. B. bug. Sure, Wyatt talked of him. Doc was his best friend, and Wyatt often said that nobody, just nobody, was a match against Doc when he whipped out that old nickle plated .45 Colt. You see, Doc was dying of tuberculosis anyhow. He always told Earp he had nothing to lose. So he had the nerve of the devil himself at a gambling table or bar, and Wyatt said that nerve was half the battle in a showdown when the play was about to be made. He said Doc could kill a man over the slightest irritation. Many a man failed to die, however, due to Doc having respect for his friend, not wanting to cause trouble in Wyatt's bailiwick."

"Doc was a lawman too, a deputy to Wyatt?" I quizzed him.

"Never heard of it. As a matter of fact, Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp, his full name, was never a U. S. Marshal, as most people would believe. If you don't believe this, write S. A. Andretta, Assistant Attorney General of our Justice Department, and he'll tell you. Wyatt was a deputy U. S. Marshal in Tombstone."

"Have you ever heard tell of a gambling man by the name of Ben Thompson?"

Mr. King sat up in his chair and rolled a Bull Durham cigarette. A ring of butts was around his chair where he had been sitting and talking. "Wyatt spoke of him many times. Ben Thompson, sir, was perhaps the greatest gunfighting man that ever lived. He killed over 40 men, not counting those Mexicans when he served in Mexico under Maximilian, or Negroes. He started the legend of Wyatt Earp along the cattletails when his brother, Bill, killed Sheriff C. B. Whitney in the plaza of Ellsworth, Kansas, with two shotgun loads from a handmade English 12-gauge weapon. Earp made a boast that he'd not let the man Thompson 'tree the town,' so to speak, and found a badge pinned on his chest. Wyatt had the nerve, and walked out into the street and told Ben to throw down the gun. Ben conformed and later said there was something in the manner of that feller Earp, the way he told Ben that he'd kill him if he didn't. Ben lived on hunches but failed to follow one apparently when he and gunslinger King Fisher came to an untimely end in the old Jack Harris Saloon in San Antonio, Texas,