By Barrett Tillman

How many times have you heard it? “I just don’t have time to get to the range anymore.”

Well, pardner, how much time is enough?

When living in my hometown in Northeastern Oregon (population 950), I developed The One-Shot Rifle Drill. I also called it The Shooter’s Diet because eating lunch or dinner literally could be a hit-or-miss affair.

Here’s the drill:

I’d drive five miles to the ranch, stopping at an intersection of a state and county road, half a mile from our rifle backstop. One of the permanent targets was a steel bowling-pin shape about 30 inches high and 19 wide. I allowed myself one 150-grain .308 handload for my Steyr SSG. If necessary I’d dope the wind (usually 1 to 1-1/2 moa, mostly full value from the right), move off the road, assume sitting or prone without bipod, and tetch off. The great thing about steel of course, is that you get immediate feedback. Bang….smmmack!

Man, that felt good at 880 yards. The last summer I lived there, I dropped one out of seven or eight tries. (Overestimated the midrange wind, but that’s how you learn.)

However: my deal with myself was that if I missed, I skipped the meal and mowed the lawn. Or something. In any case, I could complete the evolution in less than 15 minutes.

Today I don’t have that luxury, and need to use a public range most of the time. Now, it might be fun to burn through a bagful of pistol magazines, and it may be comforting to confirm your rifle’s zero, but most serious shooters have something specific in mind for each range visit. To me, part of the challenge is to check several boxes in one short session, making optimum use of (often limited) time.

Since moving to the big city I’ve found that a dedicated rifleman can accomplish multiple tasks with surprisingly little ammo in a short time. I’m fortunate to live near one of the finest public ranges in Free America, and being self-employed in a high-risk profession (freelance writer), I have an immensely understanding boss. However, what I’m going to suggest should apply to many readers with access to a high-power rifle range on weekdays or on slow weekends.

Previously I had a pal and unindicted co-conspirator who was always ready for a range session, so I got spoiled for the nine years we were pards. But he up and died on me at age 46, so I lost my best friend and spotter all at once. That tragedy forced me to become more self reliant, though a mutual friend and life member of The Gun Culture has filled some of the void.

I begin by confirming my 100 or 200-yard zero with a cold-bore shot off the bench. If my call matches a first-round hit on a reasonable-sized target (i.e., a small steel circle at 100 yards or high-power chickens at 200 meters) I reckon it good and switch to kneeling. I’ll fire one out of seven or eight tries. (Overestimated the midrange wind, but that’s how you learn.)

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