
Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Volume One, 1993

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Vol. 1, No. 1

June 1993

With this issue, I am abandoning the editorial "we" along with reference to Gunsite in the title since I no longer exercise control over the output of the Gunsite Press. What may henceforth appear as "*Gunsite Gossip*" will be a censored and abbreviated version of my periodical commentary. Times change, and secretarial assistance, along with access to the class room and the firing range, is now denied me. I must work on a somewhat different basis. However, I will attempt to keep the commentary coming and we will see what turns up.

I have in hand a pretty fascinating document from New York entitled "A Firearms Discharge Assault Report, 1991." It is so thick that tabulation is impractical but it is certainly interesting to note that the law enforcement establishment seems to have forgotten about the use of sights, providing they ever knew about the use of sights. Again and again we have reports of shootings at ranges of 5 feet and under in which many shots were exchanged with no hits.

I suppose it must be accepted that the majority of people who opt for a job in law enforcement are not interested in marksmanship and only people who are interested in marksmanship can be counted on to hit what they shoot at. This is hard for me to accept. I can sympathize with Simon Bolivar, when on his death bed, he sighed, "I have plowed the sea."

Not long ago it was easy to tell who the bad guys were. They carried Kalashnikovs. Now it is much more complicated, but one thing is sure – any man who covers his face and packs a gun is a legitimate target for any decent citizen.

As time passes we discover that there are a good many readers who have not been to school and who are puzzled by our reference to "The Mozambique Drill."

I added *The Mozambique Drill* to the modern doctrine after hearing of an experience of a student of mine up in Mozambique when that country was abandoned. My friend was involved in the fighting that took place around the airport of Laurengo Marquez. At one point, Mike turned a corner was confronted by a terrorist carrying an AK47. The man was advancing toward him at a walk at a range of perhaps 10 paces. Mike, who was a good shot, came up with his P35 and planted two satisfactory hits, one on each side of the wishbone. He expected his adversary to drop, but nothing happened, and the man continued to close the range. At this point, our boy quite sensibly opted to go for the head and tried to do so, but he was a little bit upset by this time and mashed slightly on the trigger, catching the terrorist precisely between the collar bones and severing his spinal cord. This stopped the fight.

Upon analysis, it seemed to me that the pistolero should be accustomed to the idea of placing two shots amidships as fast as he can and then being prepared to change his point of aim if this achieves no results. Two shots amidships can be placed very quickly and very reliably and they will nearly always stop the fight providing a major-caliber pistol is used and the subject is not wearing body armor. However, simply chanting "two in the body, one in the head" oversimplifies matters, since it takes considerably longer to be absolutely sure of a head shot than it does to be quite sure of two shots in the thorax. The problem for the shooter is to change his pace, going just as fast as he can with his first pair, then, pausing to observe results or lack thereof, he must slow down and shoot precisely. This is not easy to do. The beginner tends to fire all three shots at the

same speed, which is either too slow for the body shots or too fast for the head shot. This change of pace calls for concentration and coordination which can only be developed through practice.

Mike Rouseau was later killed in action in the Rhodesian War. May he rest in peace!

"Look out, they've guns!"

"Who, the wackos?"

"No, the Feds!"

Perhaps you have noticed the warning from SIGARMS which insists that the hammer on the Sig must always be dropped by the decocking device and never by the thumb. This is curious in view of the fact that for many years the Walther people always recommended that the weapon be decocked with the thumb and not with the hammer dropper. This is still more evidence of a world in which we are to depend on machinery rather than upon ourselves. Dropping the hammer with a decocker is usually safe. (Just be sure the weapon is pointed in a safe direction when you do it.)

Lowering the hammer with the thumb is always safe if the operator is safe. Of course, if you must assume that the operator is inept, then decocking with the thumb is not safe. We dinosaurs prefer to put our trust in our own abilities rather than in any reliability of a mechanism which can fail.

I learned from Bill Buckley's *National Review* that a new technique that store owners are using to cleanse the atmosphere is the broadcast of good music at high decibel levels. It appears the Brandenburg Concertos at full blast are quite sure to keep the scene free of street people.

I suppose nothing can be done about the erroneous assumption that hand held fully automatic fire is somehow more efficient than aimed fire. As I used to demonstrate, when I had a teaching job, quick semi-automatic fire is far more likely to produce results than bursts. Thus the preoccupation of the Feds with the idea that is it somehow an offense against God and man to convert a semi-automatic weapon to a fully automatic capacity is simply a manifestation of ignorance. If a man is shooting at me, I would much prefer that he were on full auto than carefully holding and squeezing. The automatic option is the greatest encourager of the spray-and-pray technique, which I have long done my best to discourage.

Note that among the other changes instituted here at Gunsite, I no longer have any control over the products of the gunsmithy. You're on your own!

"The society of late twentieth century America is perhaps the first in human history where most grown men do not routinely bear arms on their persons and boys are not regularly raised from childhood to learn skill in the use of some kind of weapon, either for community or personal defense – club or spear, broadsword or long bow, rifle or Bowie knife. It also happens to be one of the rudest and crudest societies in history, having jubilantly swept most of the etiquette of speech, table, dress, hospitality, fairness, deference to authority and the relations of male and female and child and elder under the fraying and filthy carpet of politically convenient illusions. With little fear of physical reprisal Americans can be as loud, gross, disrespectful, pushy, and negligent as they please. If more people carried rapiers at their belts, or revolvers on their hips, It is a fair bet you would be able to go to a movie and enjoy the dialogue from the screen without having to endure the small talk, family gossip and assorted bodily noises that many theater audiences these days regularly emit. Today, discourtesy is commonplace precisely because there is no price to pay for it."

Samuel Francis

As Heinlein put it,

"An armed society is a polite society."

Note that in Israel today the Israeli region of IPSC prescribes the training necessary for the acquisition of a pistol permit.

According to *Health Magazine* the most popular assault weapon in the United Kingdom is the beer glass. Naturally, there is now a move afoot in Britain for "beer glass control."

You may recall I reported a few issues ago on the activities of the "Mad Bambiist" who has apparently been roaming the woods of the Mid–West murdering hunters and fishermen. One Thomas Lee Dillon has now been apprehended and indicted in Noble County, Ohio. Police suspect he may have slain as many as ten outdoorsmen in Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. That will be an interesting case to follow.

There appears to be a movement afoot now in Southern California to drive the regulators wild by observing the speed limit. When Tina VanCuren was passed on the freeway in her Alfa Romeo by a Yugo, she decided the time had come and organized the National Civil Obedience Day. There may be some merit in this sort of action, but there certainly is a danger of being rammed from behind if you drive less than about 70 on the freeways of the LA basin.

J.D. Jones, the prominent advocate of pistol hunting, dropped by the other day to show us a most curious ballistic development. He has taken the 223 case, blown it out to 30 caliber and installed a match bullet inside which takes up practically the entire case. A pinch of the proper powder pushes this bullet out the muzzle at subsonic velocities, thus permitting silent fire. There have been similar endeavors in the past, one of which I developed myself, but this one is unusual in that it is adapted to the M16 rifle, hence the finished cartridge will work through the magazine system of the M16. J.D. assures me that when the piece is fitted with the proper noise suppresser, a full magazine of 30 rounds may be sprayed out the muzzle, with good short range efficiency in dead silence. I am not clear about the tactical niche of silent full auto fire, but there it is, if you want it. It sounds like the sort of thing the *BATmen* would be interested in.

A while back I queried the *family* about the origin of that quotation, "I speak of Africa and golden joys," with which Theodore Roosevelt opens his classic work on African hunting. It was gratifying to receive a whole sock–full of answers from readers of these pages. It turns out that line comes from *Henry IV* by Shakespeare and is attributed to one "Ancient Pistol." Curiously, the statement has nothing to do with the "golden joys" that Roosevelt was talking about, but TR certainly picked the right statement for the right place.

"The government and its lap–dogs in the media are naturally focusing everyone's attention on David Koresh. That is a red herring. The attention should be focused on the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, as well as on the Federal Bureau of Investigation."

Charley Reese, from the *Conservative Chronicle*.

Last year I received a most interesting letter from an Irish mercenary in Croatia discussing the situation in that land. He said he found the work fascinating, the country beautiful, and the people charming. He noted that while the English language was not common amongst the men, all the girls he met seemed quite fluent. Mostly, of course, these were militia–types. He could not give me a return address because he naturally did not know where he would be, but just this last week I got another letter from him in Ireland, whither he had

gone at the expiration of his contract. The soldier home from the wars clearly wanted a bit of rest and recreation in his green and pleasant homeland, but it was not to be. He discovered at once that one cannot breath free In the UK nor in Ireland. In effect, personal weapons are outlawed and a man who is any sort of a man cannot live without his personal weapons. After going the rounds at great length attempting to obtain a 6mm rifle for deer stalking, our correspondent has about given up. He intends now to emigrate to Israel. The situation in Israel may not be of the best – especially for a goy, but at least in Israel *one is permitted and encouraged to fight back*. Israel may be a lock–step theocracy where one must speak Hebrew, but at least one is permitted to fight back and that, in the last analysis, is the absolute measure of liberty.

Certainly we live in "interesting times."

The following illuminating epistle was prepared by one Raymond Bonner and passed along to us by George Mandes. You might keep it at the ready for any situation when you may run into a hunter–hater:

"From a conservation perspective it can be argued that hunting should be promoted over tourism. While researching a book on conservation in Africa, I discovered that ecologically tourists do more damage than hunters, and not because there are so many more of the camera clickers. They speed across the plains in their minivans tearing up the grass, creating dust bowls and cutting ugly ruts. Then they surround a lion pride or rhino, reducing the animals to fright, boredom or what sometimes seems like tears. In effect, man–as–tourist is taking the "wild" out of the wildlife of Africa."

The heroic recitation held at the sconce at the time of the last GAS was such a great success that I am now looking for a method of repeating it. In order to see if this is indeed a good idea, I would much appreciate your interest in the proposition. As of now, I think that Theodore Roosevelt's birthday would be the appropriate occasion and I would be glad to set up a time and place if the faithful want to participate. Let me know!

In connection with the numerous incidents with American deer over the past year, we note that one Mr. Popeye Golossi was recently run over by a herd of kudu not far from Port Elizabeth, suffering bruised ribs, bruises to face and head and some loose teeth. The press first suggested that he was attacked, but kudu do not attack people. These were simply trying to get from point *A* to point *B* in a hurry and found Popeye in the way.

That piece I reported about a restaurant owner in Marysville, Indiana who smoked a goblin with a cylinder–full of 357s without result, has been criticized by a couple of correspondents as being unbelievable. Interestingly enough, my friend just called the other night to ask me some more questions about the kind of weapon he should use to protect his establishment. I told him that people had been expressing doubts about his story and he said that all they had to do was to check with the records of the Marysville Police Department. Among other things, his story was so bizarre that I couldn't possibly have invented it myself – nor could he.

"The dead take with them to the grave only that which they have given away."

Anonymous

Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 2

June 11, 1993

Editor's note:

Items enclosed by [] were editorially removed from the *Gunsite Gossip, Vol. XIII, No. 10*. To the best of my knowledge this is the last issue of the "Commentaries" that were published by Gunsite. (Barry)

Summer Solstice, 1993

It may not be exactly couth to open this commentary on a personal note, but the situation seems to call for it. I discover, to my disgust, that certain squalid fictionalizers have started circulating rumors about my health, for reasons that escape me. However, to set the matter at rest, I had a full physical in March of '93 and seemed to disappoint the examiners a bit when they could find nothing wrong with me, apart from a cataract in my left eye. I have now been told, by various rumors, that I have had a stroke, that I have meningitis, and that I have a terminal cancer. All these people need is a voodoo doll to stick pins in.

[There is nothing physical whatsoever to interfere with my continued performance of duty as I have done it for the past seventeen years. The issue in this private war is not physical nor economic nor professional rather it is moral. Time will tell.]

Note that Para-Ordnance is now promoting a "slimline", version of their double-column 45s. The effort to slimline a double column frame would seem discouraging, but slimlining per se is an excellent idea, as we have developed it at Gunsite. The only thing wrong with the 1911 pistol is that it is just too big for some hands. The only thing it really needs is a smaller butt, as with some entertainers we could name.

Members of the old Gunsite *family* will be interested to learn that one of their number, Dr. Peter Goldman, late of Springfield, Massachusetts, has now pulled up stakes and emigrated to one of the country suburbs of Cape Town. The Countess and I know that country fairly well, and we agree that it is one of the most desirable places in the world in which to settle. It marvelously combines a beautiful rural lifestyle with all the necessary appointments of a big city. In Cape Town there are magnificent hospitals, great libraries, a symphony orchestra, and a ballet troop. In the countryside, the fruits and vegetables are outstanding and contribute to some of the finest wines in the world. The precipitous skyline in all directions is a never ending delight to the eye. There is marvelous deep-sea fishing in False Bay, and medium game is available in profusion at a couple of hours drive.

The drawback, of course, is political. We simply do not know what sort of a constitution will define life in South Africa in the immediately forthcoming years. When you see, however, what is being done to the United States' Constitution in Washington even as you read this, it might lead you to consider taking your chance in South Africa.

The only other American expatriate I know who lives in South Africa is Peter Hawthaway Capstick. He may not be a Gunsite *family member*, but he certainly qualifies for honorary status.

We wish good fortune to all concerned, and we expect to be visiting with him down that way in less than a year's time.

[Many people have asked us why the last issue they got of "Gunsite Gossip" was limited to four pages. The situation is complicated but basically it goes thus: I prepare a full six page issue at the regular times. This goes first to *Guns & Ammo* Magazine, which has the rights of first refusal upon what I used to call "Gunsite Gossip." Then I issue a full paper to the new owner here at Gunsite and to several dozen people on what is temporarily referred to as the "select list." It is only those people who will read what you are reading now, since I can count on the new owner to delete anything from my copy which does not please him. That is the reason why "Jeff Cooper's Commentaries" filled six pages last issue, but "Gunsite Gossip" only four. I am bound by contract to write "Gunsite Gossip," but what I write for my friends is my own business.

Note that the copyright restriction on the last page of "Gunsite Gossip" does not apply to "Jeff Cooper's Commentaries." I am a preacher, not a tradesman, and the further my word is spread the better I like it.

Guru teach, Guru not sell.]

I wish to thank those two dozen or so readers of *Guns & Ammo* who wrote in to tell me the source of Theodore Roosevelt's quotation about "golden joys." As I said the first time, I thought the statement must have come from the ancients, but if it did it was borrowed by Shakespeare and put in the mouth of "Ancient Pistol" in *Henry IV*. It is interesting that the character speaking the line in the play had nothing in mind similar to the feelings of TR, thus the quotation comes across at a higher artistic level than it did in its original guise.

In Detroit, not long ago, a suspect was beaten to death by cops with flashlights, so immediately the chief of police forbade his cops from carrying four-cell flashlights. Presumably a three-cell light is all right. Here we have a classic manifestation of definitive hoplophobia, "It's not the act, it's the instrument!" How people can behave this way with a straight face is beyond me!

Wasn't it depressing to note how D-Day passed with no observation except by a couple of old codgers who went to Omaha Beach in a memorial visitation. As the twentieth century slides into its closing years, it seems obvious that society as a whole has lost all sense of proportion. Can it be that the whole human race is in need of another world war in order to sort itself out? Ugly thought.

It turns out that representatives of the Moscow Militia Trade Union believe that they should keep their weapons at all times. They expressed the opinion of all personnel for reasons that there have been more frequent attacks on militia workers off duty. They are resisted by supervisors who feel that allowing firearms off duty would lead to massive numbers of lost weapons finding their way into the black market.

Militiamen, however, insist that by that way of thought citizens should have their cars impounded each day after work, since many of them drive while drunk.

Let us devoutly hope that reason may eventually pervade the bureaucracies of Eastern Europe. We in the West, however, are not setting them a particularly good example.

Down in Texas recently, we discovered the magnificent "hill country." We had heard rumors, but we had never visited before and we can attest that what is said about this marvelous region "is all true, and more and better besides." High, green, rolling and well-watered, it is uncluttered with people and thickly populated with wild game. In addition to the native Texas white tails, there are fallow deer, sikh deer, axis deer, aoudad, mouflon, black buck, and nilgai. In contrast to the usual visualization of Texas, there is so much water that it sometimes gets in the way. The wild pigs are threatening to get the upper hand. The occasional towns are strongly Germanic in tradition and given to beer, pretzels, wurst and umpah music.

I refuse to tell people how to get there. Better they should find out for themselves.

The media, with full aid and comfort from the administration, are endeavoring to sweep the Waco atrocity under the rug. We must not let that happen! The best treatment of the episode I have seen appears in the periodical "*The New American*," Vol. 9, No. 12 for 14 June, 1993. This is a magazine that I rarely see, but I suggest you go out of your way to obtain a copy.

Their address:

"The Review of the News Incorporated,"
770 West Hill Blvd, Appleton, WI54915.

Extracts:

"Make no mistake about it; Gun control laws increase the power of government and the criminal element over the average citizen, and serve no other purpose. The Branch Davidians hadn't assaulted anyone. They lived peacefully in the community. Except for the federal gun laws, they would all still be alive."

"FBI Director William Sessions asserted that 'the American public expects that law enforcement will deal with those people who have broken the law.' He is right. And that explanation includes – and indeed should begin with – those federal officials who violate both the spirit and the substance of the constitution they are sworn to uphold."

It is a painful subject, but has anyone at all seen anything resembling an autopsy report on the four *BATmen* who were killed in the opening assault? If they would tell us what exactly killed those people we would be better able to decide the critical issue of who shot first.

[I wish to thank most profoundly the innumerable *family members* who have written in to express their concern over the way circumstances have altered at Gunsite. Your thoughts are very comforting and I wish to reassure all hands that all is not lost. There is a way out of this morass and the Countess and I will find it.]

A group of us old codgers recently got to kicking around the important questions about the reasons men fight. Fighting, of course, can be hazardous to your health, and when one puts himself deliberately at hazard he must have a reason. We came up with the following tally:

1. Protection of the home. This is probably the best reason, and cannot very well be faulted on either political or religious grounds. Men fight their best when they see strangers invading their native fields, farms and cottages.
2. Religion. Absolute faith in absolute truth is more powerful than self-interest, and when God is on your side you need have no fear of death.
3. Professionalism. Elite units, such as Napoleon's Old Guard, the British Grenadiers, the United States Marine Corps, the Spanish Legion, have always distinguished themselves out of a sense of group superiority. They were taught from the first that they are better than other people, and it is then necessary for them to demonstrate that fact beyond doubt.
4. Loot. Men have always fought for fortune, and as much as it is frowned upon in some circles, the loot motive lead the armies of the steppes to conquer the world.
5. Escape and Excitement. The life "of quiet desperation" which seems the lot of so many can be alleviated by running away to sea or joining the Foreign Legion. Men do not often choose to die for the sheer excitement of it, but once they have fallen into the cauldron they often do very well.
6. Patriotism. The love of country is a difficult thing to identify, especially when one is called upon to fight at vast distances from one's country. Nonetheless, political idealism has often served as a very

good motive. The American Expeditionary Force in World War One is a good example. It must have been pretty complicated for a doughboy to explain to a Frenchman or a Belgian just what he was doing in Europe, but he must have had some notion that he owed his life to the Stars and Stripes.

7. Pride. Pride is not quite the same as professionalism since it is an individual matter. The Medieval knight, the Renaissance duelist, and the fighter pilot are examples.

8. "Peer Pressure." This is the lemming instinct, "Everybody is doing it." I do not believe that this motive stands up well in the face of terror, but it can certainly get people in the right place to experience it.

Your contributions on this matter are invited.

[A good number of enthusiasts have checked in to ask about the possibility of another *Heroic Recitation*, but not enough to activate physical preparation. A site must be selected, and one at which some shooting is possible. Out of the wreckage I have salvaged some thirty odd acres over in Ravengard which might suffice. And then, of course, there are other schools where I am not forbidden to perform.

I am thinking of a date on or about Theodore Roosevelt's birthday, which is 27 October. At such time as I have two dozen applicants reasonably firm, I will proceed further.]

Nothing is interesting if you are not interested.

Ian McFarlane, our man in Botswana, reports that the bureaucracy in that third world country has performed as expected by lousing up its new hunting regulations. They took so long to decide on what everything that was to be done was going to be done that it was impossible for the outfitters to sign up clients in time. They have now gone back to the previous system, which worked very well, but, of course, invited tinkering by the pencil pushers.

The African nations realize, of course, that hunters are a better source of income than tourists, but when you start turning things over to committees it is unreasonable to expect good results.

In what may be the ultimate parody of the age, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms has prepared a medal to issue to the *BATmen* of Waco (so help me!) I have seen it pictured in the press. It is in the form of a star. Shouldn't we refer to it as the "Herod Star?"

[On that subject, I reported a while back that Gunsite had never trained a *BATman*. I was wrong. Under the new administration, one was certified, but not by me. The change should read,

"No *BATman* has ever been given a diploma signed by Jeff Cooper."]

We bear sadly of another fatality with dangerous game. According to Howard Pollock, past president of the NRA, Sam Foure, a park ranger, was killed in Kruger Park in April by an elephant.

According to the story, Sam was backing away from a bunch of cows and calves while escorting his fiancée, and in doing so he practically backed into a bull. According to policy he whirled and tried to fire a frightening shot over the head of the animal, but he was inside critical distance and it just reached out and grabbed him.

At long last I had a chance to spend some time with the distinguished gun writer Finn Aagaard. Among the many good things resulting from that meeting was the discovery of how to pronounce his name. I was informed that in Norse the double "a" sound is pronounced "aw," as in paw, thaw, claw. Also, in Norse, the terminal consonant is silent. Thus Finn's last name is pronounced "Aw-gore."

Have you noticed how modern adventure action depends to a huge extent upon the notion of the unarmed victim? If the adventure writer could see himself clear to fit out his protagonists with proper firearms and the skill to use them, however, he might not have any plot to work with. I note specifically that no guns were permitted on the island featured in "Jurassic Park," except in the hands of the PH, who naturally wasn't there when needed.

I have never been taken with the idea of selling a gun. When you possess a firearm, you possess something of importance. If you trade it for cash, you have lost it – and the cash in your hand will soon be gone. Sell something else!

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Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 3

1 July 1993

Independence, 1993

July is not one of the better months – too hot in the northern hemisphere and too cold in the southern. It also is the month when the wilderness areas are at their worst clutter, with city people scampering around throwing pop cans in all directions.

Nonetheless, it is the month in which we celebrate the signing of the Declaration of Independence, in which it was set forth unmistakably for posterity that human rights are not granted by man but rather by God, and that when any government or institution threatens those rights it is the duty of the people to abolish it. That is an idea especially pungent at this stage of America's political devolution.

On a recent and delightful visit to Finn and Berit Aagaard in Texas I discovered that the Clifton bipod showed up well at the recent *Keneyathlon* at the Whittington Center. I have never had occasion to use a bipod on a live target, there being nearly always too much grass or intervening vegetation to permit firing from a position that low; however, I have taken several field shots from the prone position, and if you can use prone you can use a bipod, especially one that vanishes when not in use.

In that connection, I notice a rebirth of shooting sticks in both Africa and Europe. I have a pair I whittled out when in junior high school, but never found to be of much use in the woods. Carrying a rifle has always been enough of a chore in itself without carrying awkward accessories.

In unforested, high grass country, the portable rest may have some use. I have never hunted such terrain, but the high grass of what is now called Namibia did call for the repeated use of the tree rest when I was there last.

All these matters will be fully considered in "*The Art of the Rifle*" at such time as I get around to writing it.

"The society of the late 20th century America is perhaps the first in human history where most grown men do not routinely bear arms on their persons, and boys are not regularly raised from childhood to learn skill in the use of some kind of weapon, either for community or personal defense. Ours also happens to be one of the rudest and crudest societies in history, having jubilantly swept most of the etiquette of speech, table, dress, hospitality, regard for fairness, deference to authority, and the relations of male and female and child and elder under the fraying and filthy carpet of politically convenient illusions. With little fear of physical reprisal, Americans can be as loud, gross, disrespectful, pushy, and negligent as they please. If more people carried rapiers at their belts or revolvers on their hips it is a fair bet that you would be able to go to a movie and enjoy the dialogue from the screen without having to endure the small talk, family gossip, and assorted bodily noises that many theater audiences these days regularly emit."

Samuel Francis, in "*Chronicles*"

The recent marketing attempts to sell laser pointers for pistols should be viewed askance. We tested such devices here at the Ranch some years ago when they were much more expensive than they are now, and we discovered that the principle disadvantage of the laser is that it is slow. When you present a pistol properly and pick up the flash sight–picture, you do it in one smooth stroke. When, on the other hand, you present a laser–equipped pistol you must hunt around for that orange dot on the target, which takes more time than the acquisition of the flash sight picture. The time increment between the two systems is admittedly slight, but one wonders why one should install an expensive gadget in order to create a slight disadvantage.

Please feel free to paraphrase and disseminate anything that you may read in this paper. I am a teacher, not a salesman, and it is my pleasure to see my teachings spread far and wide. "Die Gedanken sind frei!"

When they were first introduced twenty odd years ago, I was particularly impressed by the Remington Short Magnums – the 6.5 and the 350. These two cartridges were achieved by shortening the Holland Magnum case up until it would fit easily into a short bolt action, such as designed for the 308. At the time I thought this was an excellent idea and I still do, but the two cartridges failed to attract any attention with the general public. (An exception may have been in Alaska, where the 350 Short Mag was an immediate success and is now a valued collectors item.)

The 6.5 started its 120–grain bullet at around three thousand foot–seconds from its abbreviated 18.5" barrel, providing what might be termed "a Pocket 270." One might ask wherein a Pocket 270 is superior to a Regular 270? And the answer would be handiness. The Remington 600 carbine was the immediate ancestor of the modern Scout, and it was the weapon upon which the weight criterion was established at 3 kilograms (6.7 lbs, sights and all). It seems to me that anyone who has climbed after sheep or goats or chamois or ibex would find a Pocket 270 to be the piece ideally suited to his task.

The 350 likewise, with its 250–grain bullet, formed the base for the Super Scout, a medium–bore instrument capable of taking on all heavy game short of buffalo and the pachyderms.

I immediately began experimenting with the 350 and my success was most gratifying. I took a number of large animals with it, including kudu and moose, and while no one man's experience is ever broad enough to establish empirical conclusions, I made contact with enough people who had used the same weapon afield with equal success on elk, bear, and zebra. These conversations, of course, formed the basis for the foundation of the "Fireplug Club," which is still going strong throughout the world. I never cared much for the Remington actions, due to both extraction and ignition problems, so I shifted over to the ZKK 601, which was designed for the 308 cartridge but will take a slightly longer round when desired. John Gannaway thereupon loaded the 250–grain Swift Partition bullet about an eighth of an inch farther forward into the Remington case and this was encouraged to feed into the ZKK action. This combination was the base for the Lion Scout which distinguished itself in Africa just last year.

If the 6.5 Remington Short Magnum may be made up into a "Pocket 270," the 350 Remington Short Magnum may be made up into a Pocket 375, starting its 250–grain bullet at the same velocity as its big brother's 300, but in Scout configuration.

Unfortunately the Pocket Magnums never really caught on, and today they are in effect obsolete. This seems too bad as they really did occupy a tactical niche that is not filled now.

Please note the following extract from the "*Gunsite Gossip*" in its very first issue, which was August of 1981:

"The essential difference between the American Pistol Institute and its numerous imitators is that we are primarily interested in advancing the art, whereas they are primarily interested in turning a dollar. We are in no sense against the profit motive, but we wish to assure all of our

friends and associates that our primary motive is not in their money, but in their peace of mind. Our recorded corporate purpose is now: To conduct research and experiment into the techniques and design of smallarms and to impart our conclusions in training programs and publications."

When money becomes the objective, truth is abandoned.

The Guru

Family member Dennis Tueller has suggested that we hold our next declamation session up at the Buffalo Bill Museum in Cody, Wyoming. Certainly this is a lovely place and it would lend an excellent atmosphere to the occasion. However, it is a long way off for most people and we are not certain about the location of a convenient place to shoot. (I assume that there will have to be some shooting in connection with the event.) Another venue which has suggested itself is the Whittington Center in Raton, New Mexico. I am looking into this at the moment.

Firepower

In studying into the background material for the forthcoming Babamkulu Enterprise in Africa next year, I have gone rather deeply into the two startling British reverses in 1881 at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. (We plan to visit the sites next May.) These two incidents took place on adjoining terrain within three days of each other and point to lessons which should have been learned a century ago, but still have not got across to many people who should know about them.

Consider the "butcher's bill." At Laing's Nek the British attacked a Boer defensive position at a crest of a saddle (nek is what we would call a saddle in the American West) with about 450 men, following a small but violent artillery preparation. They were repulsed with a loss of 150 dead – against 14 for the Boers. On the occasion immediately following, the British seized Majuba Hill by means of a night march involving something over 500 soldiers. In the morning, they were thrown off the hill by a Boer force of about the same size. In this action the British lost 280 dead, including their commanding general. The Boers lost one man, plus another who died some days later of his wounds.

Now, just what was going on here? This was a rifleman's war, and the people on both sides used personal weapons of about the same character – breech loading single–shots using large–caliber black–powder cartridges rather similar to the American 45–70. In the first instance, the British were attacking and they were smashed. In the second instance, the British were defending and they were also smashed. Wherein lay the advantage? Odd as it may seem, it is my opinion that this tremendous disparity in efficiency derived from the fact that the British were soldiers and the Boers were civilians.

The British troupers were "soldiers of the Queen" from the Kipling period in India. They dressed well, marched well and did not lack for courage. What they did not do was shoot well. They were given pretty good guns and they were taught to load them, shoot them, and maintain them, more or less by the numbers, but being taught to shoot on the range in the military is not the same as being brought up with a rifle.

The Boers were by no means soldiers. They were pioneer farmers and the sons of farmers. They were reluctant to slaughter their own livestock when the countryside provided them with unlimited game. Their ammunition was always scarce and hard to come by. They had learned from childhood to hit what they shot at – every time. They shot to put meat on the table, and they shot on Sunday afternoons for prizes. Across the board, they may have been the finest body of marksmen ever fielded by any nation at any time. Their marksmanship was practical marksmanship, such as I have been endeavoring to teach throughout the latter half of my life. They seemed to have understood fully the basic rule of the rifleman, which is only hits count.

(Funny how that principle was brought back to us from Grenada and Panama.)

The British had organization, discipline, resupply, signals and some artillery support. The Boers had their rifles, their horses, their biltong and their skill. They had no uniforms and they had only the vaguest sense of organization. The British regarded them as a bunch of uncouth, ignorant, illiterate peasants who could never stand up to the might of the British Empire.

And see the results! Using approximately equal weapons, the civilians shot the soldiers to pieces – on both offense and defense.

The lessons that ought to be learned here, I think, are three. First, men fight their very best when they fight to defend their homelands against a foreign invader. Second, when it comes to imparting of skill the public sector can never equal the private. Third, marksmanship is an art to be cultivated rather than a commodity to be issued.

And, just think of it, the British never complained to the media about being outgunned!

In discussing Scout construction with Brent Clifton I discover that great attention must be given to the precise alignment of front and rear telescope rings. If these are not exactly coaxial, unwarranted stress will be exerted upon the tube when the weapon is fired and the barrel and action flex in relation to each other. Special care and special instruments are necessary to assure that these matters are taken care of, and lack of such care may be the reason that we have had as much failure in Scout scopes as we have. Ideally, there should be no moving parts within a telescope sight, but until we get both the sight manufacturer and the mount manufacturer to work together on this with the manufacturer of the weapon itself, prospects for the ideal Scout sighting system are not good.

We are creeping up on the Scout, and we have some excellent individual examples in the field right now. Nonetheless, the search for the "platonic ideal" of Scout Rifle will continue as long as I have anything to say about it.

"Most of our harmless and genuine joys in this life are those which find their source in primitive instincts. A man who follows his natural inclinations, with due deference to common sense and moderation, is usually on the right track. Thus the sport of hunting is one of the most honorable of the primeval instincts of man."

Archibald Rutledge

I have had a chance now to look at the Auto Ordnance double-column slimliner, and it looks good. The bulk is surprisingly low for a double-column pistol, and if this piece stands up to hard usage it may actually be the preferred personal defense weapon of the future.

Things do not promise well in the land of the Magna Carta. The new policy in British jurisprudence is to assess fines on the basis of the wealth or income of the offender. Thus a reasonably successful man may be punished severely for an offense which would draw no more than a token fine from a proletarian. Truly the class system is alive and well in Socialist Britain.

In that connection, let us turn back the clock a bit. In the year 1369, Edward III, one of England's truly great monarchs, issued the following order:

"Cause public proclamation to be made, that everyone strong in body at leisure time on holidays use in his recreation the bow and arrow and learn and exercise the art of shooting –

forbidding all and singular on our behalf that they do not after any manner apply themselves to the throwing of stones, wood, iron, handball, football, bandyball, cambuck, or cock fighting; nor to other such like vain plays which have no profit in them, under pain of imprisonment."

Edward Rex, Westminster, 12th day of June

After observing the public hysteria which seized the media here in Arizona in connection with the recent basketball season, I can't but think we have been going backwards for quite a long time.

It was interesting to observe the Attorney General coming forth to "accept full responsibility" for the atrocity at Waco. One wonders what that means. When one accepts responsibility, one accepts appropriate punishment for one's transgression. The Japanese have a long tradition of the proper means of accepting responsibility. It is conducted by means of a short, sharp knife. I have such a piece in my armory and I would be glad to part with it in a good cause, such as appropriate use by the Attorney General.

We talked recently with Karin van Graan at Engonyameni in the Eastern Transvaal. She told us she couldn't put Danie on the phone at the time because he was out with a party of pistol hunters. They had tagged a blue wildebeest (which is a very hard animal) four days previously with a 44 Magnum and they were still on his trail. Pistol hunting is certainly a worthy pastime, but obviously not for everyone. The fact that you can row across the Atlantic (with a certain amount of luck) doesn't make rowing across the Atlantic a good idea.

"Fear of death will not prevent dying – but it may prevent living."

Anonymous

In a recent paper, we listed a number of reasons for which men fight. One reader took exception to us in that we did not list liberty as a primary motive. As in all philosophic discussion, much depends upon semantics, so I suppose the first thing to do here is to define "liberty" so that we can examine our position. In my view, liberty is that condition which exists when men make their own laws, either directly or indirectly, and are protected from bureaucracy or despotism by unbreakable rules.

Now then, I have fought through a couple wars and a larger number of fighting situations and I have never yet encountered a man who felt that he was fighting for liberty. That doesn't mean that this cannot be a motive, but I did not list it because it seemed so very unlikely to me. I think we could say that the colonists at Bunker Hill were indeed fighting for liberty. I think the Boers in South Africa were fighting for liberty, but I don't see anyone doing it now. Singhalese are not fighting for liberty. The Iranians are not fighting for liberty. The Somalis are not fighting for liberty. The Serbians are not fighting for liberty. Moreover, no American I ran across in the Pacific war nor in Korea felt he was fighting for liberty, and I don't think that anybody on either side in the Vietnamese affair thought that he was.

Thus it is that I do not regard the idea of liberty as a primary motivating force in man's history of combat.

I did leave out one major consideration and I will hasten to insert it now. That motive is hatred. Hatred is a big one, and it appears more often than the rabbit people would like to admit. In my own limited experience in the Pacific war, hatred was the primary motivating emotion of the American forces.

"I have over the past thirty years been one hundred percent in favor of Gun Control – achieved through proper stance, controlled breathing, and smooth trigger squeeze; applied repeatedly until the threat is neutralized."

Fred D. Haggard, Kansas City

It appears that the Finns have come up with a new upper-level medium cartridge to be known as the Lapua 338. This cartridge launches a 250 grain bullet at 3000 feet, in the same power bracket as the 375. We are unclear about the tactical niche of this cartridge, which is claimed by the factory to be a good sniping device. Doubtless it is, but then so is a 30-06 or a 375. An interesting feature of the 338 Lapua, however, is that it does not feature a belt. The case is smooth.

I recently received, with profound pleasure, a letter from Susan Coltman, the wife of Ollie Coltman who survived the buffalo pounding which I wrote up in *"Another Country."* When you recount another man's adventure you are almost certain to get it wrong. The important thing is to avoid getting it wrong in important ways, and I was delighted to learn that the Coltmans approved of the way I set it down. I quote:

"We have had Ollie's adventures written up before and opened your book with trepidation. To say we were delighted is an understatement indeed. You captured the right amount of spirit and horror. It was as genuine a piece of writing as we could have hoped for and we thank you sincerely. Because of this, we enjoyed the rest of the book immensely, knowing that you would have treated the other stories with respect and truth."

That really made my day!

Susan goes on to give us an account of her visit with Ollie up to Zambia, which country, of course, has been "beyond the pale" ever since the collapse of the British Empire. The following extracts of Susan's letter will give you a picture of liberated Africa in 1993.

"We have had a week in Zambia again. A week of being sucked into the very juices of Zambia, chewed up and spat out. The very greenness of Zambia was a surprise. The intertropical convergence had whipped up great clouds and hurled them down onto the plains of Zambia, saturating everything. The rivers were distended and spread out into huge wetlands and marshes. The vegetation had responded to some primordial clock and had grown like prehistoric forests. The grass stems were as thick as fingers and stretched up to the telephone poles. They were like fields of bamboo. Everywhere the people have planted mielies, sweet potatoes, yams, pumpkins and summer vegetables. Even on street corners and the road verges. Vines threaded their way through the tree tops like demented serpents. The air was heavy with the scent of vibrantly growing and composting vegetation."

"But what havoc this bumper rainy season has played on the rotting and debilitated fragments of infrastructure left over from the colonial era!"

"The moldering old buildings, windows broken and paint peeling, are strung together like beads by a series of potholes of varying depth. There are no rules of the road as there are almost no roads. The main road, called Cairo Road (by some hugely optimistically minded government expatriate official who refused to believe that he was wasting his time in Africa), is still quite good. Someone is even trying to plant grass under the trees in the middle island. As for the rest, the cars go singly, weaving their way from one side of the road to the other in a futile effort to save the springs and shock absorbers. Sometimes there is nowhere to go but slowly through the potholes. If your car gets too dirty, you can always get it washed at the road side car wash where some blithe spirit has punched a hole in the main water supply and is gaily using up the water free of charge!"

"let your imagination run riot and still you will not imagine Lusaka. It is beyond the scope of

the western brain living in order and prosperity. Imagine life in a country where the majority of people do not earn enough in a day to buy a loaf of bread. The country ticks on overseas aid, which is taken grudgingly and then squandered."

"The people, as usual, were friendly but ineffectual, worn out and shabby, with the senior Government Officials as shiny and brilliant as their new Mercedes and Toyota G Wagons bought with donor money given for social welfare or other worthy programs."

"We stayed with friends that have tourist concerns on the Zambezi River. White water rafting on the Zambezi below the Victoria Falls and canoe safaris on the Zambezi river downstream from Kariba. These people are storybook characters, yarns picked out of the books of Hemingway. Lew Games, a reluctant American who has lived in Africa nearly all his life, at 63, is a hunter from the Africa of old, wrapped up in old towel and sweat stained shirt of weeks of wearing. Dale, his wife, forty something, looks like an old leather saddle, well used and comfortable. In ancient shorts and too tight shirts, she is sizzling with energy, barking out orders in colorful language, chain smoking and swilling tea. A marvelous cook, directing the four staff in the kitchen through a haze of sundowner brandy and water. Lew sits in the house at night wrapped up in his whisky and memories. The horizon swells from the house to the Zambezi Valley, miles away, brooding under the heavy clouds, wondering why the clock stopped – why progress and order slipped away? And in our bedroom some Zambian citizen, deprived by the system that he voted for, surreptitiously helps himself to our dirty clothes and takes them away to augment his own wardrobe. We only find this out when we get home and feel cheated by the whole Zambian experience."

"19 April 1993 was the first time since the Spanish Inquisition that people have been burned alive for their religious beliefs."

Alec McCol, in *Soldier of Fortune*

We all flew down and visited Clint and Debbie Smith at the opening of their splendid new academy at Thunder Ranch in Texas. If this is an example of the culmination of my life work, I can rest easy about the future of the art.

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 4

16 July 1993

The Time of The Lion

It was just a year ago, on 5 August in 1992, that I scored on the lion that is now the glory of the Sconce Armory. It was a wonderful experience, and I will be forever grateful to Danie van Graan of Engonyameni for setting it up for me.

That whole adventure last year was marvelous and I still find it hard to believe that everything turned out so well. This was due in large measure to the expert administrative effort of Barry Miller. It is good to know that he will be administering us again next May. We now have eight participants for the Babanikulu adventure. Remember that the cut off date for deposits is 15 September.

I have been aware of the handguns made by Korth in Germany for some years now. This organization maintains that it produces pistols without regard for cost, and thus comes up with the perfected item. That is an interesting idea and I was quite pleased just this week to be asked by a factory representative if I would like to evaluate the product. This may work in rather neatly with the Tenth IPSC World Shoot to be held at Bisley in England in mid-September. It may take an act of Parliament to get a German demonstration pistol into England to be shown off at a sporting event, but we will pool our resources and give it a try.

I suppose everybody by now has heard about the way Mike Royko socked it to Tom Foley, Speaker of the House. Foley had urged his colleagues to support Bill Clinton's money package and wound up declaiming, "It is now time to stand and deliver!" What neither Foley nor any member of the House (or of the press apart from Royko) caught was that this command "Stand and Deliver" was the notorious order of English highwaymen who wished to initiate an armed robbery. "Stand and Deliver" means essentially "Your money or your life," and this is what Tom Foley has handed out to the American people. Most appropriate, don't you think? We have always known that the tax-and-spend people in Washington were out to rob us, and now we hear it from their own leadership.

Mike Royko's observations on this matter appeared in his column, which has now been copied, paraphrased and widely distributed. Ol' Mike is not our most favorite pundit, but he sure hit the target with this one.

Family member Jack Buchmiller points out that since 1967 about 200 convicted felons have been executed in this country, as opposed to 80 odd suspected miscreants at Waco.

A while back I referred to Israel incorrectly as a "lock-step theocracy." *Family member* Dr. Tom Berger has pointed out my error to me and I wish to make amends. The term "lockstep theocracy" might well be applied to Saudi Arabia, and certainly to Iran, but while Israel is indeed a religious state, it does not insist upon religious conformity. The point I was trying to make is that a goy would not find himself socially at home in the republic even if he managed to learn Hebrew, which is a very difficult language. In any case, I overspoke. Shalom!

Now I must confess to still another error. When I said that the combustible case of the 120mm gun of the M1A1 tank could be ignited by a cigarette, I was wrong. Colonel Clint Ancker, who is in a position to know,

tells me that the case is coated with a fireproof finish that takes quite a bit of heat to set off. In an incident he spoke of, a long primer tube on the base cap accidentally came into contact with a new round after ejection. That primer tube is really hot and a disaster occurred.

Clint further informs me that smoking is absolutely forbidden in and around any armored vehicle. I take heed, but I have known smoking regulations (as well as other regulations) to be violated from time to time. Keeping people from lighting up when on night watch in the jungles of the South Pacific was a continuous headache. (Which causes us to wonder just how fire proof the new Voere caseless cartridge may be.)

The Clay Bird Exercise here at Gunsite during its good old days was one of the high points of the rifle program. Certainly a rifleman is unlikely to have to take on a target of that type for serious purposes, but a man who can mount up and bust a clay with his hunting rifle is a real master of the snap-shot, and here at Gunsite was the only place where he could learn such things.

Now, however, the Clay Bird program has been abolished as unsafe by Colonel Bob Young. The old order changes indeed.

We would like to think that the Clay Bird Exercise maybe revived by either Clint Smith or Naish Piazza. It was a feather in our cap and we miss it.

From *family member* Curt Rich:

I am told now that all 120mm guns are required to have the following warning on the barrel: a federal law requires this warning. "Do not stand in front while gun is being fired."

Did you hear of that proposed wedding on Kodiak Island in which the bride and groom will bind their vows by giving and receiving personal 22 caliber pistols? I have always thought highly of Alaska, except that it rains too much. Possibly the 22s in this case will be stainless.

I note with both puzzlement and delight that I seem to be a member of the Texas State Legislature. In a letter to the editor in the *San Antonio Express News* for Sunday, June 27, 1993, the author of the letter grants special thanks to handgun bill sponsor State Representative Jeff Cooper, Republican, Houston. And here I did not even run for office!

I point out again that under the new management at Gunsite I am editorially gagged. The straight word goes out as "Jeff Cooper's Commentaries," but what appears as "*Gunsite Gossip*" is systematically expurgated.

If you wish to communicate with me, please use either the telephone or our newly installed personal fax machine in the bedroom of the Sconce. The number in both cases is:

520-636-1168.

To the various *family members* who have requested to be put on the select list for "Jeff Cooper's Commentaries" I must point out that I am forbidden to put out bulletins or information for money, and I cannot very well carry the financial load of my own newsletter out-of-pocket. I suggest that all the faithful pass the word freely.

Dr. Charles A. Luxenberg reports from Israel that children on field trips are required to be accompanied by a specified number of adults who are required to be personally armed at all times.

I have checked out with the people at the Whittington Center near Raton, New Mexico, and I find that they would be happy to welcome us on the occasion of *TR Declamation Day*, which I have tentatively scheduled for the weekend following TR's birthday, which occurs on 27 October.

Those of you who were in attendance will remember how much fun we had at our poetry recitation last February. Everyone enjoyed himself so much that the cry went out, "Let's do this again!"

So I will try. First I will try to get Dr. David Kahn to cruise down and help set up a mock up of a Kenayathlon contest so that we will be able to walk through and try our hand with our Scout Rifles. Next I will endeavor to set up some amusing pistol challenges for those who have not taken the rifle course. Next I will endeavor to organize a couple of seminars on such pertinent topics as: "Why men fight."

And then, of course, we will set up the *Declamation*. Please don't feel intimidated by this. You don't have to write your own poetry. (Most homemade verse is lousy.) Second, you don't have to memorize the entire piece, although it sounds better if you do. We will try to have prizes or recognition for every possible class, even including any liberals who may wish to show up. Larry Larsen has reserved "The Grave of a Hundred Head". Otherwise, the range is clear.

There are good Olympic-type accommodations for \$15.00 a night and food maybe catered if we get enough applications.

Before finalizing this enterprise I must be sure of some twenty odd participants. More, of course, would be merrier. Mark the dates – October 30, 31 – and sign right up. I would appreciate a speedy response on this since I have to let the people at Whittington know.

I report deep personal sorrow at the death of old-time *family member* Richard Coombe of Australia, Killed in the operation of his helicopter service in Northern Queensland at the age of 50. Richard and his wife Kate were married in Prescott under the sponsorship of Jeff and Janelle Cooper, and subsequently we visited with them at their home in Virginia when Richard was on duty with the Australian Embassy in Washington.

Richard was an Orange Gunsite graduate, a fine shot and a gallant man. We extend our most profound sympathy and condolences to Kate and her two daughters.

"Death comes with a crawl, or it comes with a pounce, but whether he's slow or spry, it's not the fact that you're dead that counts, but only, how did you die?"

I suppose no one now has not seen "Jurassic Park." I find it fascinating, however, that no viewer, commentator nor critic has thought to take issue with Spielberg's choice of a police riot gun as a dinosaur repellent. Some dinosaurs were pretty small and a single slug from a 12-gauge might be just the ticket, but then, of course, you have old *T. rex*.

Maybe we can have some input on the ideal anti-dinosaur piece up at Whittington. Remember that lizards are not readily susceptible to shock. I know from personal experience that the 44 Magnum is a bad choice for iguanas.

It appears that the coyotes are setting up a considerable howl in Los Angeles and vicinity. The current population is estimated at five thousand and, of course, coyotes adapt easily to the lifestyle of the Hollywood Hills. They make out very well on a diet of domestic cats and dogs, with an occasional infant thrown in for seasoning. They could be rapidly thinned out, of course, by homeowners with shotguns, but such an idea cannot even be expressed in the presence of the bunny-huggers of the show business. The City of Los Angeles has been trapping them in a haphazard way for some years, but now a board of commissioners has

ruled this out completely. What happens next is anybody's guess. The current view of the regulators is that any steps taken to alleviate the problem will invite lawsuits, so a strong positive decision was taken to do nothing. That's what we like about politicians – their conspicuous moral courage.

Those of you who are signing up for the Babamkulu expedition next May will be pleased to learn that the Swift Bullet Company now has offerings in 30-caliber. These are available in 150, 180 and 200-grain weights. For Africa I suggest the 180 in the 308, and the 200 in the 30-06. I have had great success with the 250-grain 36-caliber Swift, but I don't know how the smaller missiles will perform. They will probably slip right through an impala or a springbok without expanding, but we will see. The 36/250 is what slew the lion, but I must reserve judgment on the 30 calibers.

Many of you know that Allan Swanson and his father Jim placed first and third in the last Kenyathlon. These gentlemen are old-time Orange Gunsite graduates and can be expected to do good things with a rifle whenever called upon. When reporting the occasion, they expressed some surprise at the curiously low level of gun handling displayed by many of the contestants. Hardly anyone seemed to know that one works the bolt with the butt in the shoulder. No one except our people thought of using a tree rest, although on at least two firing points it was the obvious way to go. It is pertinent to point out that the one long shot taken at Engonyameni last year was grandson Tyler's impala – from a tree rest. The range? Long. Tyler held at eye level. That indicates a drop of around twenty inches from a 200-meter zero.

It does seem that generalized rifle marksmanship is almost a lost art. There are people who can shoot off the bench, and there are people who can display area fire at 600 meters with the poodle shooter, but practical rifle marksmanship, which is concerned with first-shot hits rather than volume of fire, appears to be going the way of cultivated conversation.

Randy Weaver's acquittal offers one small ray of light in this dark night of the federal ninja. As you know, the feds stormed his house on suspicion and murdered his wife and young child in the process. Then they proceeded to haul him up for murder because they thought he shot one of their men. As it turns out, it seems most likely that they shot one of their own men, but they are the last people in the world to admit this.

Bo Grits was recently interviewed on a radio station in Los Angeles covering this subject. This recording seems to have a fairly straight-forward account of the occasion. Nothing as yet has been done with the agent who deliberately shot to death an unarmed woman and her child. As far as I can tell, he has neither been transferred nor fired, but what he deserves is obviously a long jail sentence rather than official disapproval – and he apparently is not even going to get that.

It will certainly be interesting to see how this turns out. Nothing as yet has been done with the narc who shot Dick Scott to death in his home in the Ventura Hills, and no one as yet has been called on the carpet for the Waco atrocity.

How long are the American people going to put up with this sort of thing? It is popular, at this time, to compare the behavior of our uncontrolled federal agents to that of the Nazis in the Third Reich. It may be that this is a valid comparison, but the Nazis are long ago and far away, whereas the ninja in the US are right now in full-cry and apparently without fear of any sort of control. They move mainly at night. They conceal their faces. They use overwhelming firepower and they make almost no effort to identify their targets. They are scarier than the Nazis – who at least never concealed their faces.

I recently had an occasion to study an "ode to the double rifle" appearing in a prominent periodical. The author is convinced that a double rifle is the only satisfactory sporting arm. And he goes into his case at length. Now, I readily admit that double rifles have a certain charm, and under certain specialized circumstances, considerable utility, but it is well to leave their advantages where they can be seen and

evaluated, without making statements that impugn the sincerity of the narrator.

The double rifle, indeed, is shorter than any repeating rifle by the length of one cartridge, assuming identical barrel lengths. This can be important when hunting dangerous game in thick cover.

It is true that the double rifle is quicker with the second shot than any manually operated repeater. The difference, however, is slight. A properly operated bolt gun can be back on target and ready by the time the shooter can recover from recoil, if that recoil is severe. When I had occasion to fire two quick shots from a heavy bolt rifle on buffalo in the Tamafuta country in '87, my companions both reported that it sounded like I was using a semi-auto. When my granddaughter, Lisa, laid out her first impala at 162 steps from sitting, she had worked the bolt and was back on target by the time the empty hit the ground.

As I see it, however, the biggest disadvantage of the double gun is its sighting system. The author of the ode just mentioned seemed to feel this didn't matter, since in a dangerous game situation one does not sight anyway, but simply points and pulls the trigger. That's what he said. One should not get too personal in discussions such as this, but I must point out that I have seen buffalo killed at 15, 11 and 9 paces (the last example being my own), and I took the lion at 12. You don't really need good sights at distances such as this, but in every case sights were used. To suggest that one does not use sights on dangerous game is to invite disaster. The fact that strange things have taken place does not repudiate this. If you are not going to use the sights, just make sure the muzzle is touching the target.

From the *Prescott Courier* via the *Associated Press*, Johannesburg, South Africa:

"A newspaper told of a family on vacation who stopped at a routine police checkpoint. The father was asked if he had a gun. No, he replied. The officer exclaimed, Why not? and lectured the man on the dangers of traveling unarmed."

"Not long ago at the entrance to a government building I handed my purse to a guard for checking. Your gun is in here?, he asked, with a smile, and returned it without looking inside. There was no gun inside."

"In over 15 years of knocking about in Africa, we have been continually gratified by the intelligent manner in which personal firearms are supervised. Of course this may all change if Mandella's boys get into power."

Kevin Wilmeth

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 5

3 August 1993

Dog Days

We can tell that these are truly the Dog Days when all the dogs and cats are afflicted with what we used to call "the hot floppies." This is not a simulating time of year, but it does afford such luxuries as vine ripened tomatoes and corn fresh off the stalk, which are certainly enough to make up for a good deal of unpleasantness. The heat wave seems to be general throughout the lower 48, and we can't think of a really enjoyable place to go shooting. I suppose it is better to be too hot than too cold, but still we welcome the forthcoming turning of the seasons. I expect to be in England in September for the Tenth Annual World Shoot of the International Practical Shooting Confederation, and I feel reasonably sure that whatever it will be at Bisley it won't be too hot.

Did you note the piece recently about the concept of the Makarov 380 as the perfect defensive pistol? I might put this forth as an excellent candidate for the *Waffenpösselhaft Award* for 1993, except for the intrusion of the Springfield Armory single-shot target pistol in rifle calibers. What will they think of next?

Recently a *family member* (who does not wish his name broadcast since he is a full-time lawman) was in attendance at a military smallarms school. This was considered an elite organization to which only the *crème de la crème* were invited. It was conducted by the Defense Department, which might have put us on the alert.

When our friend showed up for work with his 1911 it was immediately explained to him by the teachers at the school that what he was carrying was obsolete, irrelevant and immaterial. It would handicap him in the conduct of the training. Naturally, being one of the enlightened, he stated that he would try and struggle along. In the final shooting exercises our friend was so far ahead of the rest of the school that he was, in effect, in a different category. This did not endear him to the management.

In view of the continued propaganda effort on the part of our ill-wishers who insist upon our poor health – both mine and that of the countess – I was given some excellent advice by Dan Dennehy. He advises me to take two aspirin and call him back in a year. Eventually, of course, we may indeed come down with something. As of right now, however, we feel positively "bully."

To those of you who have not yet seen it, we most strongly commend the tape "*Waco: The Big Lie*" produced by,

The American Justice Federation,
3850 South Emerson Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana 46203.
Telephone: 317-780-5204
Fax: 317-780-5209.

This is the unexpurgated record of the atrocity at Waco, and while it does not have all the answers, it certainly poses all the questions. To see the federal ninja pouring a torrent of minor-caliber pistol fire into the side of a building with no targets certainly raises one of the questions. To see one of the boys shoot himself in the leg

while climbing a ladder asks another. But the big one, of course, is why the United States government, in its majesty, saw fit to declare war upon a group of citizens guilty of no offense.

The only defense that the feds have suggested up to now is that the whole thing is a hoax. When you look at the tape, see if you think that it is.

If there are any members of the *family* who have not yet read "*Meditations on Hunting*," by José Ortega y Gasset, it is certainly time to remedy that defect. This is the classical answer to the bambiists, and it is stated in such clear, powerful prose that it leaves no response other than maudlin emotion.

Did you note that Bill Sessions was fired as a Director of the FBI for the wrong reasons? His disregard for the Constitution of the United States was not called to question, only the fact that he seems to have been caught in some small financial transgressions. This suggests how we finally put away Al Capone for income tax evasion.

Now we need the heads of Reno and Higgins. Note that Senator Larry Craig of Idaho is hard at work on that one.

In that connection, note the following private transmission from Bill Berlat in Tucson, Arizona,

"An incident you might appreciate. Upon my return to the office I found that the BATF, with the assistance of the local SWAT team, broke into a client's home, unannounced, late afternoon, concussion grenades and all. My clients are very reputable folks living in a fine townhome project near their restaurant. After pinning my client to the floor (a 79 year-old lady) they proceeded to extract a daughter from the shower with her children. The son, who was not discovered, and who saw no identifying markings nor any announcements of police, was about to shoot the man who was guarding his mother when the *BATman* lowered his weapon and he could see the marking on his chest. I can only imagine, with some horror, what would have happened had Jimmy shot him. Needless to say all were emotionally damaged. Response – sorry, we had the wrong address."

(At least they said they were sorry. Usually they don't.)

I have had several inquiries about the slide-action 223 now being built in South Africa. This piece is a clear-cut evasion of the South African prohibition of semi-automatic center-fire rifles – an expedient designed to control the profusion of AK47s smuggled down into the Republic from the communist nations to the north. As far as I can see, it has no advantages over any other 223 except that it is legal in South Africa, and in Britain where a similar prohibition obtains. If anyone in this country feels he needs a street sweeper, I strongly suggest, as I have in the past, the GPR (Gunsite Police Rifle), which is a Model 94 Winchester in 30-30 or 44 Magnum, equipped with proper sights.

From *family member* Vern Foreman the following anecdote about the Texas Rangers,

It seems that on 10 May 1920 Ranger "Kiowa" Jones filled out his scout report. The form called for various things, such as number of miles traveled, arrests made, names and so on. And one of the blanks called for "disposition of prisoner." Jones wrote in long-hand, "Damn bad I had to kill him in a gunfight."

(See how lucky Rodney King was to escape with his life.)

What does one do when he finds himself inadvertently involved in a bank robbery? We had a *family member* recently who handled this problem well. When people started shooting next door, he ducked out to the street, produced his piece and took cover behind a parked car. Oddly enough, in this case the police arrived before the bad guys got away. Whereupon our friend simply holstered and cleared out. He did not get involved, yet he did not abandon his duty as a good citizen. He tells me he would have shot if circumstances had called for it. In any event, he was ready, and that's what he learned at school.

Do you think that authors should know something about the subjects they write about? The answer to this question used to be an unqualified Yes, but standards have slipped in this area as in so many others. When fiction writers get involved in weaponry they apparently take the view that since their readers don't know anything about it either, they can speak freely. I suppose this doesn't matter much in a day when nobody reads anyway.

We all ascribe to the doctrine of the one-shot kill. Icing one's target instantly and painlessly with one round is a noble goal. Be aware, however, that things do not always work out as planned. Whatever you are shooting at, be instantly ready with your second shot. You need not use it, but have it ready. In the case of the bolt-action rifle, the piece should be reloaded and back on target by the time the empty hits the ground. Granddaughter Lisa demonstrated this, to the delight of all concerned, last year in Africa.

The matter of the idealized bolt-action keeps coming up. None such is available today, probably because very few people understand the bolt-action rifle, and the manufacturers are unwilling to take a chance on the production of anything unusual.

Not that there is anything mysterious here. It would indeed be odd if we were unable to improve upon a concept which was basically a creation of the 19th century. It is certainly true that a dozen or more "modernized" bolt-action rifles have appeared in the last couple of decades, but oddly enough they do not seem to have been designed by people who shoot much.

Let us consider a few of the desiderata which should be available in a bolt-action designed for the 21st century.

A bolt-action should be glassy smooth and instantly operable. The bolt should have a 90 degrees throw, but it should start at 45 degrees below horizontal, as in the Krag, thus obviating the need for a bent bolt handle to stay out of the line of sight. Reduced rotary movement offers illusory advantages in that it increases camming pressure and sacrifices ease of operation.

A modern bolt-action should be instantly convertible from right to left-hand operation. About one customer in six is left-handed, and should not need to put in for special consideration.

The bolt-action should use two, horizontally-opposed locking lugs. Its extractor should not interrupt the circle of the bolt-face, nor should its ejector. (Again, note the Krag bolt-face.)

The modern bolt-action should include a magazine cut-off, a device which I have found eminently useful all my shooting life (which goes back a long way).

The modern bolt-action should feature a rotary box magazine with a shoulder detent to avoid masking soft-point spitzers flat while waiting their turn. (Personally, I would prefer something on the order of Savage 99, but the Mannlicher-type – if made of steel – would do as well.)

The modern bolt-action should permit direct feeding into the chamber without use of the magazine.

The modern bolt–action should feature a strong, simple, single–stage trigger, releasing without apparent motion at 50 oz or a bit less.

While I have certain reservations (along with my good friend and mentor Ian McFarlane of Okavango) about mechanical safety latches, it would be impossible to sell a rifle that did not include one. It should be operable with either hand. It should not extrude from the rifle to catch on things (as is the case with the Winchester three–position safety.) And it should disconnect the trigger and sear from the striker, while at the same time positively locking the striker. (People who count upon a safety latch to render a firearm inoperable are living in a dream world.)

The modern bolt–action should be available in three lengths – short (308), standard (30–06), and long (505 Gibbs).

And last but not least, the modern bolt–action should be factory–fitted with an integral ghost ring aperture sight mounted in the receiver bridge, as was the case with the old ZKK. Telescope sights are here to stay, but they do not invalidate the need for reserve iron sights, and those iron sights should be efficient, as opposed to the V–shaped arrangements now considered factory standard.

There are a couple of extra considerations involving the fitting, bedding and trigger adjustment of the modern bolt–action, but they go into the shop manual.

I don't suppose anyone is going to pay any attention to this sort of thing. Marketing will always be a more important factor to the manufacturers than excellence of design. Besides, the weapons we have been using since the turn of the century have given us excellent service. Still, it is nice to speculate upon the search for excellence. Even if nothing comes of it, it makes good campfire conversation.

The following quotation was sent to me by Marti Tueller (Mrs. Dennis Tueller) and I find it most comforting during this troublesome interlude.

"As to the abuses I meet with, I number them among my honors. One cannot behave so as to obtain the esteem of the wise and the good without drawing on oneself at the same time the envy and malice of the foolish and wicked, and the latter is testimony of the former. The best men have always had their share of this treatment, and the more of it in proportion to their different and greater degree of merit. A man, therefore, has some reason to be ashamed of himself when he meets with none of it."

Benjamin Franklin, 1767

We get the following information in a clipping furnished us by *family member* Dr. Sylvain Fribourg.

It seems that only last June on the "Miracle Mile" (an area that the Countess and I used to frequent in our early days) a goblin attempted to break into an apartment armed with a pistol. He ordered the man to lie down on his face so that he could be bound. I have always wondered how you manage to tie somebody up when you have a firearm ready in your hand. This problem hadn't occurred to the goblin who could think of nothing better to do than to stick the piece in his belt. When he then attempted to proceed with his enterprise, the woman of the couple simply hauled out his pistol and killed him with it.

The news account remarks in some amazement that the woman in this case "had never used a gun before." She didn't have to, since the piece was a *crunchenticker* and all that she had to do was haul back on the trigger. This is the second case we have heard of in which the good guy destroyed the bad guy because the bad

guy had opted for a double-action automatic pistol. Such goings on!

Family member Ken Pantling, from Norwich, raises an interesting question. When you "black-ball" an applicant for admission, are you being racist, or sexist, or both?

Family member John Schaefer, of New Jersey, warns us of forthcoming action by Hillary Clinton against lead. She is evidently agitating the EPA in this matter. The idea is to shoot down small shooting ranges.

Theodore Roosevelt Day at Whittington Center, New Mexico, is now quite firm. The program seems to be expanding and we will now endeavor to program "The Wind and The Lion" as well as other tapes of consuming interest. Our seminars will discuss several of the psychological aspects of weaponcraft as well as the future of the art with rifle, pistol, shotgun and squirt gun. Contributory ideas are most welcome as we hope to honor TR in a manner which would bring him satisfaction.

The dates, again, are: 30, 31 October.

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 6

2 September 1993

KAL 007 Memorial

The Cold War may be over, though there is reason to doubt this, but even so, evil has not disappeared from the world simply because of the demise of the evil empire. In some ways we live in even darker times than in the forties, for in those days we could identify the enemy, and during the Cold War he was pretty obvious even though we were not fighting him in major battles. Today, however, we are harassed by enemies of so many forms that it is difficult for us to unite in resistance to them. For example, a recent letter from the NRA staff to a member who was asking about the response of the Association to the Waco atrocity opined that the American people are more afraid of street crime than they are of rampant and irresponsible governmental tyranny.

I do not know who can speak for the "American People" – certainly not I – but street crime I can handle, whereas if I resist the ninja I will almost certainly perish. No reasonably competent man need be afraid of crumbly little punks in big cities, but those people in black masks breaking down your doors in the small hours of the morning and backed up by armored vehicles and helicopters are too much for the householder, even if they do tend to be overweight and bad shots.

These are dark times indeed, and we bear up as best we may.

Among the things that help us bear up are the traditional delights of late summer – fresh garden tomatoes and corn only minutes off the stalk. This is indeed a bad time in the history of the United States of America but, however that may be, its old-time bounty is there for those who can appreciate it.

We are back from the NRA Whittington Center in New Mexico filled with enthusiasm and anticipation for the *First Annual Gunsite Reunion and Theodore Roosevelt Memorial*, now firmly set for the last weekend in October. The Center can accommodate us for all sorts of shooting exercises including a miniature version of David Kahn's *Keneyathlon*, and in addition we will have the Waco tape, various philosophical discussion groups, and as a climax, a whole evening of declamations in honor of our twenty-sixth president, the late, great Theodore Roosevelt, whose birthday falls on the 27th of the month. While we want as much action as possible, you need not recite if you do not so desire – though we wish you would. (Comfortable accommodations for NRA members are available at \$16.00 per person per night – 2 for \$28. You cannot very well beat that.) Ammunition is available for sale at the Center.

Such of my books as are now in print seem to be in the process of being discontinued by the new owner. Get them while they last!

We note with sadness the passing of Jack Lott, one of the more significant riflemen of the recent past. American shooters, especially those interested in the pursuit of big game, owe Jack a considerable debt for his pioneering engineering in cartridge design.

We can but hope that there are plenty of buffalo, and lion, and rhino, wherever he has gone.

"Do you know the advantage of a bolt-action rifle? You do not have to wait for gas to cycle the action."

Ric Wyckoff

Hearty congratulations to Mike Plumb of the Columbus, Ohio, SWAT Team! You may have seen the excellent photography that was taken of an action in which Mike shot the pistol out of the hand of a street goblin with his service rifle. No one mentioned the range, and I doubt that it was great, but the action was carried out expertly and we all admire the officer's performance. The Chief of Police of Columbus attributed this success to excellent training, but we should note that training does not make for excellence. Excellence in any activity is a product of talent and dedication. Training helps, but by itself it is not enough.

A roadside billboard in Central California now proclaims,

"Remember Weaver and Waco. You may be next!"

The ground swell builds up all the time.

This fashionable buzz word "sensitivity" is beginning to gall. I do not see sensitivity as the necessary attribute of a considerable man. We may search through history for manifestations of sensitivity in the great without particular success. Pericles, Xenophon, Socrates, Caesar, and so on down through Washington, Napoleon, Roosevelt, and Churchill were not distinguished for sensitivity. Thinness of the skin seems to be one of the paramount troubles of the age.

I am pleased to report the presence of a genuine trophy buck pronghorn residing these days somewhere between the Sconce and the highway. His horns are "three ears high" which makes him a genuine prize.

We read now of a new 338 Lapua Magnum. This very powerful cartridge was designed by the Finns especially for long-range sniping and puts out a 250-grain bullet at 3,000 feet per second (against about 2,700 for the similar Winchester Magnum). This is all very impressive, but one wonders if it is any particular improvement over the 375 Holland. In any case, it is now available as a hunting cartridge and should land neatly in the same box with the 375, which we have had around since 1912. These big medium cartridges are highly regarded by a great many men of deep experience, but I remain dubious. They are extravagant for ninety percent of your African shooting and inadequate for the other ten. That is just my subjective opinion, of course.

I expect to be in Europe during mid-September, so the next issue of this paper will be a little late.

In our rifle programs here at Gunsite we used to emphasize the snapshot to a degree that surprised some of our students. The question arose as to whether there was any real need for a rifleman ever to be able to place a single round almost instantaneously on a small target at short range. Clearly this is not a common requirement, but any completely qualified rifleman ought to be able to meet it. Our test here was the flying clay bird going straight away, with the shooter commencing at standard ready and abreast the trap. This problem is not likely to be encountered in field work, but if the shooter can mount that rifle instantly, tracking with his left eye and shooting with his right, so as to take the bird exactly at the top of its arc when it is for a split second effectively stationary, he has mastered a skill which can upon rare occasions serve him supremely well. I have now seen the snapshot executed four times in the field, to the immense delight of the onlookers, and I was much pleased the other day to be able to bring it off once again on my own. Ground squirrels are free-fire targets here at the ranch because of their agricultural destructiveness and their tendency to carry bubonic plague. The kill zone with a 22 is about the size of a 50 cent piece and in this instance the beastly scampered across the terrace and flashed up to the top of the wall where I was able to take him fairly through

the shoulder in a time I would estimate as just over a second. I do not recount this to boast, but only to point out that training on the snapshot should not be overlooked. With practice it becomes quite natural.

We are all profoundly grieved by the brutal and hate-motivated murder of young Miss Amy Biehl in Guguletu township outside of Capetown. Here indeed was a classic "hate crime," since the perpetrators have boasted that she was killed just because she was white.

There are various sociological implications in this tragedy which I will not go into here, but I will only point out that if Miss Biehl had been graduated from Gunsite, she would be alive today. It should be understood that we taught more than just marksmanship in our programs here.

California has turned up yet another subspecies, properly termed the "mugger/hugger." At his trial, Reginald Denny, the truck driver who was pounded almost to death in the Los Angeles riots, was seen happily socializing with the perpetrators' family. This may be an act of truly Christian forgiveness, but under the circumstances, it seems more than a bit sickening to some people.

General Shalikashvili, the prospective head of the US Army, is, as his name denotes, of Georgian extraction. (Stalin's true name was Dzhugashvili.) Now it turns out that a group Nazi-hunters has discovered that the general's father was an SS officer in World War II. (He was described in the press as a major in the SS, but the SS did not have such rank. He was probably a sturmbahnfuhrer.) Those who follow such things know that the Germans gathered together ethnic divisions from all over Europe in which men of the same linguistic and cultural background could serve together. The Georgian SS division conducted itself with distinction in normal military action, but a good many people seem to think that anybody who was ever a member of the SS was automatically a war criminal, and they seek to tar the new American Chief of Staff with the Nazi brush. Apart from the fact that the general never knew his father, having split with his family for the United States early on, the notion that the military record of a father should be held against his son is a little too biblical for my taste.

Bumper sticker:

"Only criminals, dictators and democrats fear armed citizens."

Family member Alvin Hammer asks us if the 7x57 Mauser cartridge will do for general shooting in Africa. And the answer is, it certainly will. It was the cartridge of choice for Karamojo Bell, who shot most of his hundreds of elephants with it. That does not make it an elephant gun, but it does mean that in the hands of a good man the 7x57 is all that anyone could wish. For African shooting one should be careful to select a particularly hard bullet, since a high-velocity quick-expander may well blow up on the shoulder bones of a wildebeest or zebra.

Probably we play around too much with cartridge design. This is an acceptable hobby, but rather meaningless in regard to hunting efficiency. Americans are in general overgunned for deer, and thus become used to using extremely flat-shooting, almost explosive bullets which tend to achieve clean kills – and that is good. However, if you take pains to ensure bullet integrity, almost any light or medium caliber will give good service for general shooting in Africa. This is not, of course, to advocate undergunning for dangerous game.

Did you catch that Harris Poll which concluded that one out of ten American young men had fired at a human target? It has been observed that if that is true some 300,000 shots were fired to achieve about 360 hits. This is a level of marksmanship which would leave the United States helpless in the face of a determined invasion by Eskimos. So much for the Harris Poll.

On our way over to the NRA Whittington Center we had occasion to cross the northern sector of New Mexico, from left to right. In doing so we discovered New Mexico Route 64, which is one of the loveliest highways I have ever seen. The terrain is mountainous and varied and since there is hardly any reason for anyone to traverse that part of the country, there are very few cars on it. We strongly recommend it to those of you who operate good cars and like to drive.

I have often preached that the proper antidote to fear is anger, and I see no reason to change my opinion on this. However, there is another mental condition that serves as well or possibly better, and that is concentration. I have discussed this matter at great length with people who are in a position to know, and I am not without experience of my own, and I can state positively that when you find yourself facing deadly danger, your ability to concentrate every mental faculty upon doing what needs to be done to save yourself leaves no room for fear. If it happens that return fire is the best solution to your danger, you are fortunate, because if you have organized yourself properly your total preoccupation with your front sight and trigger control will have become automatic; and therefore you cannot fear your enemy's bullet since you are simply too busy concentrating on hitting him. I think this truth is incontrovertible, but we certainly see that large numbers of people who get involved in street fights, on either side of the law, have never heard of it.

We read of a bad scene in Assam with an elephant. As you know, elephants domesticate fairly well, but they are awfully big and strong, and when they lose their tempers there is hell to pay. This beastly, possibly because he had been reading newspapers, completely lost his cool and proceeded to kill seven people in his own village and then to swim up the river to another village where he smashed up thirty houses and killed fifteen more. (And he did not even have an "assault rifle.")

"You only live once, but if you work it right, once is enough."

Fred Allen, via Mark Moritz

In reading the trade papers I discover there are still people who do not realize that the effect of gravity upon bullet trajectory is the same whether the shot is taken uphill or downhill. When a bullet is fired horizontally the effect of gravity pulls it straight down toward the center of the earth as its velocity decreases. If it is fired upward or downward the time of flight to a given horizontal range is decreased slightly. Therefore the gravitational effect is decreased and the bullet prints a little high. The difference, however, is so slight as to be almost immeasurable until the direction of the shot varies at least 45 degrees from the horizontal. Such shots are demanded almost never.

As hunting season approaches, it is well to remember that it is not necessary to conduct all your rifle practice on the range. All sorts of things may be simulated at home, especially including the acquisition of position, bolt work, and the use of the sling. One particularly good drill is to sit before the television with the rifle across your lap and to use the commercials for dry practice. Anytime a zero or an o appears on the screen it is up to you to pick it up in your sights, squeeze off a perfectly delivered simulation, snap the bolt and hit it again before it leaves the screen. This is a very effective way to balance speed against precision, since you must not squeeze off a miss, but you do not know how long that zero is going to stay on the screen. I do not watch a lot of television, but I try to get in a couple of weeks of this every time before I go hunting.

We learn from *family member* Eric Ching, who visited the factory at Steyr, that very little progress has been made on the production Scout. A totally new action is being designed, and may be ready to test in '94, but no sighting system has been attempted at Swarovski and the years roll slowly on. If you want a Scout, best get it made up on your own action.

To straighten out a certain misapprehension, these commentaries are the primary property of "*Guns & Ammo*" magazine. They are then made available to Gunsite Press as well as to those few on the "select list." I am

prevented from publishing them commercially myself, but anyone else is welcome to them – after G&A has had first crack. I want to put out the word without the interference of intermediaries.

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

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21 September 1993

Special Bulletin – World Shoot X

As Honorary Life Chairman of the International Practical Shooting Confederation, I was invited to open the ball at the Tenth World Shoot conducted by the Confederation at Bisley, England, during the third week in September this year. It was an impressive occasion involving 525 contestants from 37 countries (this does not include 34 contestants who entered but were disqualified for various reasons.) There were 35 separate courses of fire. In view of the very large number of competitors, this resulted in the expenditure of a great deal of ammunition. Somewhat to my surprise, there was no trouble in getting the personal weapons in and out of England – at least none that came to my attention.

As was expected, the Americans swept the board, taking the first six places overall, the team competition, and first and third places in the real gun category. An American was also highest placed female contestant. Since the game as originally conceived was invented in the United States and since there is a much larger shooting population here, the advantage of the United States in this sort of thing may be expected to continue.

The new Champion of the World is Matthew McLearn, who edged out Rob Latham in the shoot off. In my opinion, the real winner of the occasion was Ted Bonnet, who shot the top score with a perfectly standard service pistol. Practical shooting was originally conceived to be exactly that – practical – but ten years of increasingly unreasonable course design and continued disregard of the power factor in competition equipment has given the field to what some people refer to as rooney guns, which are expensive, unwieldy, and essentially unsuitable for any defensive purpose. They are all fitted with advanced forms of electronic sights, which must be fed from batteries and, which while affording outstanding speed on successive shots, are somewhat of a handicap in acquiring the all-essential first shot out of a leather.

However it is not my intention to denigrate the outstanding performance of the master marksmen who showed up for this occasion. It is true that perhaps the bottom half of the field should not really have endeavored to compete, but the people in the top quadrant must be acknowledged to be very good shots indeed.

In conference assembled, the site selected for the next world champion event will be Brasilia, 600 miles up in the hinterlands of Brazil.

At the conference the distinguished current president of the Confederation, M. Jean-Pierre Denis of Belgium, announced his positive intention of serving only one more year as president. The job of president of IPSC is intimidating, and Jean-Pierre will be very difficult to replace. The Confederation has one year in which to come up with a successor, and as of this moment, I can think of no man who is qualified in every respect to take over the task. Of the half-a-dozen who are possibly technically qualified, there is no one who does not have difficulties with available time, health, wealth, and political acceptability. Clearly such a man will be discovered in due course, but he will be hard-put to follow in Jean-Pierre's footsteps.

The future of the Confederation may be expected to be impeded by various sorts of national and international regulators, who basically object to the concept of practical shooting. The closer practical shooting competition comes to reality the more they object to it.

Personally, I had a fine time. Our accommodations were excellent, and I was able to get in some splendid sightseeing after I had surveyed the courses of fire sufficiently to have an opinion. One thing I discovered to my considerable amusement was the fact that with the heavy, compensated, reduced power, optically sighted instruments in common use, the spray-and-pray technique employed on double stop-plates quite frequently results in stopping the wrong plate. Personally, I feel that the Confederation might well consider going to the 22 rimfire cartridge since there is no attempt at this time to relate the activity to defensive combat. The 22 would be vastly cheaper and even easier to machine-gun.

The top six serious shooters in the contest were: Ted Bonnet of the United States, Brian Enos of the United States, Max Wiegand of Germany, Bob Gates of the United States, Bob Adam of the United Kingdom, and Vidar Nackling of Norway. These people deserve our most serious commendation. Altogether there were 50 competitors who chose to use full-duty sidearms as specified in the Standard Division.

Bob Gates not only used a duty gun, but he used a full-power load, so in a sense he may be considered the moral victor of the tournament.

One thing the British do well is beer. There is plenty of it and it is full-flavored. I saw one competitor – after hours, of course – wander out of the bar with a bottle of Budweiser(!) in his hand. Now Budweiser is all very well in its way, but drinking it in England is like playing croquet in the Olympic Stadium.

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 8

29 September 1993

Hunting Season

Now here we come to October again, which is certainly the finest month of the year, in most of the northern hemisphere. Despite the rather disgusting states of affairs which we observe throughout the world and the nation, hunting season gives us a chance to renew our faith in the grandeur of life. In addition to the joys of the chase, we can look forward to absorbing the snap in the air which comes with the change of seasons, in the turning of leaves, and in setting for ourselves tasks which seem somehow more fundamental and satisfying than those of our daily lives.

Let us all thank God for hunting season, one of the endangered aspects of life which may serve to preserve our sanity.

Most of you have seen my report on the Tenth Annual World Shoot of IPSC held in September at Bisley in England. I will not repeat that notice here, but I will point to a number of side effects which were evident and most enjoyable. Among other things, I discovered Slovenia (?). This country, newly freed from behind the Iron Curtain, comprises the northwest segment of the Balkan Peninsula. It is defined by the Slovenian language, which is like no other in the area except for its Slavic base, but one can get by there, to a certain extent, with German, since Slovenia was part of the Hapsburg Empire for centuries. I talked at some length with the Slovenian regional director for IPSC and I was much attracted. The country seems to be heavily forested and well-watered. It also seems to be a great place for hunting, and I was informed that there are four thousand registered hunters on the lists. We talked at length about the Scout Rifle concept and about practical rifle competition soon to be held in the country. Unlike almost any place else in Europe, there seems to be room in Slovenia – enough space in which to establish serious shooting ranges. I have not worked out any details as yet, but I am going to see for myself about verifying all of these goods things.

At Bisley I was privileged to spend some time with General Denis Earp, ex-chief of the South African Air Force, who is now Director of IPSC for South Africa. We spoke of many things, but one that interested me was that he is a one-gun hunter – he uses his 458 for everything – thus avoiding the need to pack extra ordnance when in the field. As he puts it, "The 458 will kill a springbok just as well as a lion, so why bother with anything else?" I have never been an admirer of the 458 Winchester Magnum cartridge, but I think the general may have a point here.

I discover in my historical wanderings the curious fact that for people long deprived of table salt, gunpowder may serve as a passable, if not superior, substitute. Upon reflection, this is not so terribly outlandish. The principle ingredient of black gunpowder is KNO_3 , which is, in itself, a salt. As a matter of fact one way you identify KNO_3 – "salt peter" – when searching for ingredients, is to taste it. It is a salt and it tastes salty. When you have done without salt for a long period of time, you may not notice that it does not taste very good. (I guess the minor ingredients of gunpowder, charcoal and sulphur, may be simply disregarded if your need for salt is overwhelming.)

We read that an unfortunate young German tourist who had elected to "sleep out" near the Etosha Pan was recently scarfed up by a couple of lions who slipped him out of his sleeping bag in the middle of the night.

It is certainly not a regular thing for lions to eat tourists, but tourists should remember that it does happen, and there is not much that can be done about it.

We read in the *Washington Times* of some character in the vicinity of Washington, DC, who has raped three different women, always wearing black and armed with, of all things, a cross bow. Now how does one go about his sexual jollies when he is armed with a cross bow? Apparently the instinct to fight back has been all but bred out of the American people. Either that or the law of the survival of the fittest has been repealed.

As we approach the birthday of Theodore Roosevelt we are tempted to enjoy as much of his writing as we can. I was shown the quotation that follows in connection with the popular discussion of "The Multi-cultural Society."

"The one absolute certain way of bringing this nation to ruin, of preventing all possibility of its continuing to be a nation at all, would be to permit it to become a tangle of squabbling nationalities."

So now we are putting two valuable policemen away in the slammer for hammering upon a drunken muscleman who was violently resisting arrest; whereas the federal agent who shot Amy Weaver squarely in the face with a sniper rifle while she was holding her baby in her arms is walking around loose. That strikes me as most curious. If this is indeed "democracy", perhaps it is time we were looking around for something better.

Bumper sticker seen in Prescott,

"Forget 911, dial 1 357."

I see no real reason for gender categorization in the shooting sports. There is no reason at all why a man should be able to shoot better than a woman, yet we see ladies' classes and ladies' prizes as practically universal in shooting sports. For physiological reasons, it is necessary to separate boy swimmers from girl swimmers, and boy racers from girl racers, but the management of a firearm grants no edge to a man over a woman. If we have decided to slip girl fighter pilots in amongst the boy fighter pilots – as it appears we are about to do – there seems to be no reason to separate boy rifle shooters from girl rifle shooters – yet we continue to do so.

The Tenth World Shoot at Bisley was completely dominated by what the shooters call "race guns", which have almost no resemblance to sidearms. These pieces are characterized by vast size and weight, by recoil reduction devices, by very light loadings, and, most of all, by glass reflector sights. I studied the matter at some length at the World Championship, and I conclude that these electronic sights provide quicker pickup of multiple targets while being slightly slower on the first shot. Since the courses of fire do not require initial speed, but do call for the highest possible speed in engagement of multiple targets, they are a definite advantage in the kinds of contests which are being offered by IPSC today. The fact that these devices are totally impractical for any defensive purpose means that they are out of concept with the true notion of "practical" shooting. I suppose this is no disaster in itself, but it has two very significant faults in considering the serious use of the sidearm. First, and most troublesome, is the fact that it relieves the shooter from the responsibility of concentrating on his front sight, since his front sight and his target are visually in the same plane. This means that the aspiring shooter will never learn how to manage a duty gun as long as he does all his work with an optical sight. A second serious matter is the cost. The "rooney guns" which dominated the World Championship are fearfully expensive, thus keeping newcomers who might become interested from entering the sport. Another aspect of this type of shooting is the blatant encouragement of "spray-and-pray" which is the curse of the age. This was most apparent when I saw a great champion, with international

reputation, spray so copiously at a pair of pepper poppers that he hit the wrong popper and lost the point. Regardless of medals won, this is not a serious way to shoot a pistol. This is not a serious way to save one's life.

Recently we glimpsed a bright red Ferrari driven by a conspicuous "flash bird" with top down. The combination of the brilliant color of the car and the bright golden mane of the driver was set off by the personalized license plate, which displayed the two words, "WAS HIS."

It would appear that the media are desperately attempting to sweep Waco under the rug. Let us hope this takes more sweeping than they can handle. The success or failure of the National Health Plan or of NAFTA are trivial considerations compared to the menace of the federal ninja making war upon American citizens on no stronger grounds than suspicion of bad behavior.

We are thankful for the policies of Colonel Bob Brown, publisher of *Soldier of Fortune*, who is determined not to let the matter drop.

We simply must do something about these fat men with face masks and MP5s who shoot down unarmed citizens. Personally, I would not think that the American people would stand for this, but then I am a member of an older generation which took the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution with more than a grain of salt.

I hear that small arms ammunition in South Africa has practically disappeared from the store shelves. Either people are wisely stocking up, or some arm of the government has decided to cut off the supply.

In that regard, I advise you to keep your own stocks in good shape. Our enemies may not be able to abrogate the constitution just yet, but there are economic and political means by which they may dry up our ammunition supply.

"When two opposing sides of an argument are presented, one by an honest man and the other by a liar, the liar usually wins, simply because he is not inhibited by the truth."

The Guru

I was fascinated recently to read in a bulletin of the NRA Members Council of Laguna Niguel and South County, that one Boyd Gibbons, Director of the Department of Fish and Game, is strongly opposed to hunting dogs with bears. Upon reflection one can see that the hunting of dogs with bears in California might well cause problems. Among other things, those bears can go right through a chain-link fence, to say nothing of a house trailer. At least if you are going to hunt dogs with bears you should confine your sport to the most remote parts of the state.

We read in a recent news item from Britain that officers from Scotland Yard's elite firearms team foiled an attempted armed robbery on Barclays Westminster Bank. These highly trained specialists were armed with MP5s and achieved conspicuous success. There was special praise for Police Constable John Benson, who shot himself in the groin as he jumped from a Landrover to chase two of the suspects.

"He did a great job," said Detective Superintendent Albert Patrick.

A great job indeed! One wonders how he would do a bad job.

I was treated to a great example of the wonders of modern technology when I landed at Heath Row and discovered that my luggage had not. After a short conference with the lost luggage people the computers were

brought in, and in no more than thirty seconds the attendant explained to me, with an air of triumph, that my luggage was located in Dallas, Texas, USA. Wonderful! On previous occasions when my luggage was lost, it took quite a while to discover where it was. Now they can tell you almost immediately. Of course that does not get you your luggage.

Those of you who are honing your rifle skills should bear in mind that while you certainly should put your target out with one single shot, the true test is your ability to make that second shot ready instantly. No matter what the circumstances are, when you fire a shot for blood it should become so automatic for you to snap that bolt that you do it without thinking. By choice you should be reloaded and back on target before your empty strikes the ground. I have personally been defeated by failure to observe this rule in the field. Do not let it happen to you.

It has been suggested that the reason that our federal ninja wear face covering on raids is that they are not American citizens. The suggestion is that UN troops of other nationalities are being employed on these nefarious affairs so as not to be liable for prosecution in the United States. Now this may be a farfetched idea, but when the feds will not level with us we must be free to draw our own conclusions.

I thought it was fully understood by now that when making an arrest you do not tell the suspect to do anything – such as raise his hands, drop his gun, or turn around. You tell him not to do anything – to remain absolutely stationary. When the sheriff who killed Donald Scott told Scott to drop his gun, Scott moved his hand, whereupon he was killed. That may have been exactly what the sheriff wanted, but Scott was guilty of no crime and only appeared with a pistol in his hand when people broke into his house without warning, which is a perfectly natural reaction.

I note with some dismay that the deputy in question has been exonerated of all suspicion in this occasion.

In viewing the current dismal state of our society, we can admire the wisdom of our Founding Father John Adams, who said,

"Our Constitution was made only for a moral and a religious people, it is wholly inadequate for the government of any other."

Montesquieu insisted that the essential element of democracy, without which it could not operate, was public virtue. Public virtue is not with us today; thus it may well be that the collapse of our political and social order is not far off.

Awhile back we reported that when one has a proper license in South Africa, he may carry his pistol only if it is concealed. I have been corrected in this by a couple of authorities who have informed me that if a pistol is worn openly in a holster designed for the carrying of that pistol, it is legal. The idea is that you may not wear a pistol stuck in your belt.

Our *Theodore Roosevelt Reunion and Oration Party* now has a list of thirty aspirants. We look forward to it with great pleasure, and we only wish that the birthday of the great man were properly celebrated throughout the nation and not just at our shooting center. Remember that the dates are 29, 30 and 31 October, and get your application in now to Mike Ballew at Whittington Center if you are coming. It should be a truly joyous occasion.

Can anyone reading this paper come up with anything – any single act – that the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms has done that needed doing? Even if it were not suspected of committing atrocious acts against the people of this country – as it is now – it is not apparent to me that any of its other activities are in any way contributing to the welfare of the Republic. And yet, even without atrocities, it is costing us money. Here, if

there ever was one, is the right place to retrench.

God only knows what is in store for the future of South Africa. The press would have us believe that Mandela is as good as dictator already. This may be true, but I am not convinced. I cannot see that there are too few men of goodwill in the Republic to allow it to become totally trashed, as have all of the other nations to the north. Mandela himself may prefer to preside over a ruin than to see his nation prosper, but we can seriously hope that Mandela does not speak for the majority – of any race.

Finn Aagaard, just back from Africa, speaks as follows:

"If a political solution that everyone can live with can be arranged, the Republic's potential is unbounded. Just think of what South African initiative, technology, know-how and drive can do for the rest of Africa! I would venture that South Africa is black Africa's last, best hope."

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

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October 1993

TR Week '93

The month of October has fully lived up to its billing, at least in the Southwest. The turning leaves have never been more beautiful and *family members* have reported back conspicuous success in the field. In that connection, some discussion has arisen about the use of the 270 on elk. We have kicked this around at some length with John Gannaway, brother Jay Marks, and *family member* Steve Lunceford, and we conclude that if you cannot flatten your elk with a 270, you probably cannot flatten him with a 375 either. Bullet selection has much to do with this. The more or less standard 130 bullet for the 270 is probably a bit light for animals in the 500 to 1000 pound class, but the 150, if properly constructed, should give no pause. Both Steve, and the late, great Jack O'Connor, have shot up the place in good style in Africa, and our good friend and host, Ian McFarlane of Okavango, maintains that he fed his family for over twenty years with this cartridge. Personally, I consider the 270 to be the ideal deer, sheep, and antelope cartridge. I would not select it as first choice for Africa, but I certainly would not complain if that is what I had.

Does anybody know why the current breed of half-educated journalists insist upon referring to a "9 millimeter, semi-automatic handgun" when the word they are groping for is "pistol"?

It is interesting to hear certain kinds of people insist that the citizen cannot fight the government. This would have been news to the men of Lexington and Concord, as well as the Mujahedeen in Afghanistan. The citizen most certainly can fight the government, and usually wins when he tries. Organized national armies are useful primarily for fighting against other organized national armies. When they try to fight against the people, they find themselves at a very serious disadvantage. If you will just look around at the state of the world today, you will see that the guerillero has the upper hand. Irregulars usually defeat regulars, providing they have the will. Such fighting is horrible to contemplate, but will continue to dominate brute strength.

I learned from a recent re-reading of Dante's *Inferno* that he reserved the seventh circle of hell for those who betrayed their benefactors. How appropriate, just at this time!

This "family values" concept seems to be burgeoning amongst the counterculture. Just recently in Phoenix a professional burglar went about his business accompanied by his wife and children. (Was he perhaps thinking of the statement, "The family that preys together, stays together"?) In any case, when he was shot dead by one of his victims in broad daylight, his wife, who was driving the getaway car, and his children, who were interested observers, were much upset. One observer opined in the newspaper that you should not shoot people for stealing stuff. It gives one to wonder. Obviously, the constituted minions of the law are doing little about people who steal stuff. Perhaps it is indeed time for "the militia" to take over. Remember that according to the Founding Fathers the militia is constituted of all the people, except for a few public servants.

The interview with Gordon Liddy, back in DC, was most pleasurable. He is a man of the same stamp as Sir Thomas More and Solzhenytsin, among others. The motto of such people is, "Do your worst, I do not coerce!" The human race is honored by such.

"One man with courage makes a majority"

Andrew Jackson

Following is a sentence passed by Judge W. Wyatt McKay of Trumbull County, Ohio, via Mike Royko:

"When you slithered out of your hole that day, and you spewed your venom all over this defenseless 12-year-old girl, you made this court's top 10 hit list. In a way, the best sentence this court could give would be no sentence at all, because if you left this courtroom I don't think you would be alive 10 minutes. You are nothing but a weed, a weed among wheat... And when we have a weed, it's my job to eradicate the weed, because if you don't you will choke the wheat. Therefore, I'm going to take you off the streets for just as long as I possibly can. It means you aren't even eligible for parole until you're 92. That leaves only one more count, aggravated robbery... You stole this little girl's bra as a souvenir, probably to brag about it to your friends later on. Well, I'm going to give you a souvenir of Trumbull County justice. And that is, you will receive a maximum sentence of 10 to 25 on the aggravated robbery for the stealing of that bra. And I hope that if you last 25 years in prison that you remember that souvenir."

"Get this scum out of here!"

From looking at the photographs in current periodicals, I gather that they have not heard about *Rule 3* at Camp Perry.

In view of the significant importance of the second shot to the humane hunter, I cannot but wonder why we do not see more double rifles in use by the muzzle-loading people. The reason probably is availability and cost, but money matters do not seem to trouble the "rooney-gunners" in international competition.

Those of you who still may have not gotten the picture about what has taken place here at Gunsite since April of this year can get a good view of things by reading the chapter titled, "The Scouring of the Shire" in *The Return of the King*, which is the last volume of the Tolkien Trilogy. In effect, Saruman has taken over the shire, but let all note what became of Saruman.

It is interesting to note the whimpering tone of journalists and commentators when they speak of battle casualties. Any man who puts on the uniform and takes the oath certainly must be aware that his violent death in action is a distinct possibility. The soldier asks for no sympathy, but what he does need is a legitimate military objective handed to him by his commander-in-chief. No fighting man has ever resented the deadly perils of his profession as long as he was truthfully told the merits of his cause. As the Romans put it, "Dulce et decorum pro patrim mori est." But you really have to understand what is meant by "pro patria."

We learn with great interest from J.P. Denis in Belgium that the PPC people have come up with a new design for a sight for the Scout Rifle. As you know, a big problem in creating a modern Scout is partly the absence of a suitable action, but more importantly the absence of a proper sighting system and a mounting system for that sight. *Family member* and IPSC founder, Roger Swaelens, of Brussels, is due over here next month with samples. It is furiously to hope that we have something here.

"The Senate judiciary committee in 1982 recommended they get rid of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Here's the problem. There are 4,600 BATF agents. And they would go, according to their bureaucracy, to one of two other agencies if they were to dissolve the BATF. And that is to the Secret Service or to US Customs. Customs and Secret Service said, no, they wouldn't accept the (BATF) agents. They called them, `substandard.'"

"So these (BATF) people are civil service employees and you just can't fire them. They couldn't turn them into mailmen. And so very frankly we came to a Catch-22 situation because since we don't have an Al Capone running illegal liquor – the BATF was brought on board for that purpose – there's no major problem anymore with tobacco or with firearms, then the BATF now this year – 1993 – has a \$400 million budget. And, to stay in business, the BATF tries the best they can to get as many cases as possible to justify continuing."

"So if Clinton wants to cut the budget, let's start with the BATF. And let's find some way to get around this civil service problem of what to do with these 4,600 officers."

"You know we've got for example 6,500 FBI agents who were dedicated as counter-intelligence. They used to follow Russians around. Well, now that Yeltsin is our friend and Gorbachev is the man of the decade, literally these 6,500 FBI agents are out of a job."

"Now they have reassigned 1,500 FBI agents to track gangs. Well, this means you've got Effrem Zimbalist, Jr. basically looking after people that are spray painting the sides of schools. But that still leaves 5,000 FBI and at least 4,600 BATF who are looking for something to do."

Bo Grits

To "blackball" a person has traditionally meant to veto his admission into a private club by casting a black ball into the box. In this curious age of "political correctness" one wonders whether the term "to blackball" should be considered racist, sexist, illegal, immoral, or fattening.

The Babamkulu lists are now closed, and we have on the rolls two aspirants who have not yet qualified with the rifle. If everybody shows up who has signed up, we will be faced with some interesting administrative problems. However, problems are meant to be solved, and I do not feel intimidated by these. We have a great program set up, and a lot of good people working on it, and I expect that a glorious time will be had by all.

An international conference on practical rifle competition is tentatively scheduled for spring of next year. This offers the promise of setting up a series of guidelines and parameters which may prevent practical rifle from going the way of practical ("impractical") pistol. We will see what we can do about that and keep you informed.

Back in *the Dark Ages*, the United States Federal Bureau of Investigation occupied a place of glory in the eyes of the young. The FBI under John Edgar Hoover was an organization to be held up as a goal for young men of sufficient "patriotism, valor, fidelity, and abilities."

Now then, see what has happened! In addition to its various other transgressions, such as the Randy Weaver disaster in Idaho, the FBI has now come out for the disarmament of the American people, and has issued an official press release totally exonerating the Bureau for any sort of transgression in the Waco atrocity. I do not suppose there is anyone who has not seen the Linda Thompson tape of the action of the Federal ninja at Waco. The attempt to clear the Feds of any sort of misdemeanor in that episode completely destroys the credibility of the Bureau. Lo how the mighty are fallen!

The following situation report on South Africa was just faxed to us by Barry Miller:

"The political situation here is much as anticipated. The ANC is improving its stance on a daily basis in terms of economic policy."

"The PAC are currently a political joke. They have large support from the youth and radical element but are disorganized. At this stage, they are not a force to be reckoned with. This may change later."

"There is an element of the ANC that is scary. This is the communist/liberal faction that pop up their heads every now and then with pathetic suggestions and policy statements. It appears that a lot of this is used as vote catching material."

"We are still on stream for a coalition government for the next four or five years. This means change will be very diluted."

Anyone who knows anything about marksmanship knows that it is something one does not boast about. You may remember that Billy Dickson always attributed his long shot on the Indian to pure luck, and this was always called mere modesty on his part. Other examples will occur to you. However, if you would like a conspicuous case study of how it was done, consider the famous "Tinian shot" delivered during the occupation of Saipan and Tinian during the Pacific War.

When we had taken Saipan, it was planned to move across the intervening straight and land on the north end of Tinian Island, utilizing as much supporting artillery as we could muster, in addition to aerial bombardment and naval gunfire. To bring this off we moved all of the guns available on Saipan to the southern tip of the island and set them into position to fire across the straight on targets selected as appropriate. The smallest guns were placed as far forward as possible. In the case of the 75 millimeter pack-howitzers, this was right on the beach. Now the 75 millimeter pack-howitzer is not much of a cannon. Its principal virtue is that it is light and compact and can be moved around in difficult terrain with minimum effort. It fires a 3-inch shell at high angle to a fairly modest range – say, 2,500 yards. When all was ready, the signal was given to commence registering across the straight, starting with the little guns first. One battery of 75 pack-howitzers fired one round, which arched over the separating water and came down almost vertically.

It so happened that I was present at this time, riding offshore some 3,000 yards to the east of the straight. I was looking right at the point of impact. The result was unbelievable. The first thing I saw was a white, hemispherical flash, perhaps 500 yards in diameter. Out of this boiled a huge black column of smoke thrusting skyward into the traditional mushroom cloud. There was no sound, but we could see the shock wave moving out towards us across the water in a curved pattern. In a moment that shock wave struck the escorting destroyers and heeled them radically over in the water. The curve raced on towards us and we turned away and covered our ears. What hit us then is indescribable in words, but it was a sensation one is unlikely to forget.

What evidently happened was that first ranging shot from the 75–millimeter battery had found its way down some sort of ventilating shaft into the main ammunition depot on the north end of the island, and everything went up together.

I never heard what reports were circulated around amongst the artillerymen on Saipan, but one can guess at a number of appropriate wisecracks:

1. You want me to do that again?
2. Now you guys with the big guns can have your turn.
3. That was Number One gun. Now I am going to try with Number Two.
4. Why didn't I think of that last week?
5. Everybody break for chow.

And so on. That was the "Tinian shot." Anytime you feel like bragging about something, keep that one in mind.

The following update on "Miranda" is submitted by *family member* Steve Munden.

"You have the right to remain helpless. Should you choose to waive this right, anything you do may be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an assailant. If you cannot find one for yourself, the court will release one for you."

Hard as it may be to believe, there are still people around who do not know about the "ghost-ring" sight. This sighting system was described in the early decades of the twentieth century by both Townsend Whelen and Karamojo Bell. It is so far superior to any form of open sight, for either snap shooting or precision work, that there is simply nothing to discuss. Yet, the manufacturers of the world have not heard about this, and they keep putting sighting systems on their rifles as issued over the counter that are little better than useless. As far as I know, there is no rifle in the world which comes from the factory to the shooter with a ghost-ring sight installed. Back in the `20s and `30s, before the public gave up on iron sights completely and went to the telescope, there were some good sights on commercial rifles. The last that I know of was the retractable aperture on the ZKK actions from Brno in Czechoslovakia. Those have not been available now for at least fifteen years.

It is certainly true that the telescope sight in its various forms is a superior system for most field rifle shooting, but telescopes break and a truly serviceable rifle should be equipped with a set of iron sights which will do the job in the event of glass breakage. This, of course, points to the ghost-ring, but as of now you will have to make it up yourself.

Sad to say, no one seems to be able to build a satisfactory butt magazine. I have been using same in both light and medium rifles for some ten years with great satisfaction. The butt mag is one of those things that you do not appreciate until you have had a chance to use it, but unfortunately it calls for custom design.

Family member Brent Clifton offers one as an accessory which he designed slant-wise to accommodate long cartridges. (Both of mine, built here at Gunsite by John Mahan, are limited to short cartridges.) However, the first models of the "slant-cuff" gave problems. Brent will have a revised 30-06 version for examination at Whittington on TR Day.

Family member Dr. Werner Weissenhofer reports from Vienna. It seems that a felon armed with a 357 revolver robbed a bank. As he left the bank, he was accosted by a policeman whom he murdered with one shot. Great excitement ensued, with the felon taking hostages and racing madly around from one store to another. When the forces of law and order had been mobilized and surrounded the goblin, a policeman volunteered to trade himself to the goblin for two hostages. This offer was accepted, at which time the felon fired at the policeman and seriously wounded him. The forces of law and order opened up with everything they had, which was mostly AUG and Glock fire. Shortly, the goblin killed himself with one round. He had fired three times and achieved three hits. The police, according to their official report, fired 1,261 rounds without drawing blood.

At one time, we used to refer to an event of this sort as a "Chinese Fire Drill." Later we came to call it "Father's Day in Harlem." After the interment of the Ayatollah Khomeini, we began to call it "An Iranian Funeral." Now, I guess we can call it "A Viennese Bank Robbery."

As I have often stated, if someone wants to shoot at me, I sure hope he does it on full-auto.

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 10

15 November 1993

Thanksgiving, 1993

As we celebrate our traditional festival of thankfulness, we Americans may ponder a bit on what we are being thankful for. I do not think it seemly to dwell, at this point, upon the individual disasters with which we are beset, since gloom-saying never accomplishes anything worthwhile. The times are indeed very dark – probably darker than any time since the founding of the Republic, but while we all do our individual best to hold back the tide of disaster, we should in truth take a moment to remember the good things that we enjoy. It is fitting that Thanksgiving should be celebrated at a feast, because come what may, we all have plenty to eat. In truth, there may be Americans here and there who are temporarily on the ropes, but they are exceptional and unusual. On the contrary, the thing that most foreigners observe first about Americans is that they are uniformly too fat. No, hunger is not our problem, but the loss of our liberty is. So while we do our best to hold back the political night which threatens us, we can enjoy our traditional feast with family and friends – realizing that the news is not all bad.

"Being a pacifist between wars is like being a vegetarian between meals."

Coleman McCarthy, via Pam Clapp

One affair which leaves us all with happy memories to celebrate was the *First Annual Gunsite Reunion and Theodore Roosevelt Memorial* held at Whittington Shooting Center at the end of October. As Winston Churchill is said to have said of the Grand Canyon, "It exceeded my expectations, and they were very great." Likewise, our little party at Whittington Center turned out even better than we all expected.

Thanks to Dr. David Kahn, all hands were treated to a sampler of the *Keneyathlon*, which is an example of one form of practical rifle shooting which may become worldwide. The President of IPSC, Jean-Pierre Denis, has appointed me Vice President in Charge of Rifle, and I have promised to do my very best to prevent IPSC rifle shooting from becoming perverted by the gamesmen, as has been the case with IPSC pistol shooting. A conference has been scheduled in Prague for next spring, which I am to conduct. The problems facing international practical rifle competition are numerous, but I think with goodwill and intelligent application, much can be accomplished to overcome them.

Other outdoor events at Whittington included a rather simplified pistol contest, a session on sporting clays, and a clay bird rifle party set up in a box canyon. The consensus was that we must have two full shooting days next year, if not three, because a single evening's recitation session simply will not accommodate many more participants than we had, and next year we may double that number. Moreover, we were only able to touch lightly upon our seminar sessions and did not address some of our announced problems at all.

In 1994, we will simply have to expand the enterprise, which we plan to hold before rather than after Theodore Roosevelt's birthday. We will not be able to fit the entire operation into a weekend, so plan your autumn vacation now and find the time.

I am not going to hand out kudos at this point for the various extraordinary histrionic performances given us by the *family*. There is obviously more theatrical talent available amongst our shooting friends than we had

dreamed of. I cannot avoid mentioning, however, Paul Kirchner's original verse competition, "The Ballad of Slick Willy," which figuratively brought down the house.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to Mike Ballew and his crew at Whittington Center, as well as to the national defender of our freedom, the National Rifle Association, whose efforts secured for us this splendid edifice with which Americans of the future may preserve their traditions.

"Americans have gotten the message that life is easier if they don't think straight."

Florence King, in *National Review*

As all members of the *Fireplug Club* are aware, the 350 short Remington Magnum was a superb idea that has been surprisingly unappreciated by the shooting public. It is, to my mind, the ideal medium-bore, striking a blow somewhere between the 30-06 and the 375 in a short, light, handy carbine nicknamed the "Fireplug" because of its squat appearance. Its cartridge fills a definite tactical niche in a way apparently few hunters, domestic or foreign, understand. It brought off what might be called a snow-job in Norway some years ago, and I have used it extensively in Africa since. A 36-caliber 250-grain bullet starting at 2400 foot-seconds from a "Super Scout" does what needs doing – on everything short of buffalo. Last year at Engonyameni, it penetrated a large and muscular lion end for end, entering his right cheek and coming to rest in his left hip joint. Using the Swift partition bullet, it mushroomed perfectly and lost no weight.

There is a little confusion about the ballistics of the Fireplug. The cartridge was designed for the very short Remington 660 actions, which require the 250-grain bullet to be inserted very deeply into the case, reducing its available powder capacity. However, when I built up the Lion Scout on the ZKK 601 action, we found that the bullet could be loaded an eighth of an inch farther forward than factory ammunition, permitting a slightly larger powder charge. I have nicknamed this cartridge the 350/360 Short Magnum, and the ammunition I took to Africa last year started that 250-grain bullet out of the 19" barrel at a measured 2500 foot-seconds (taken 15 feet from the muzzle). Riflemaster John Gannaway put this arrangement together for me, and he is of the opinion that 2500 feet in that short barrel is a bit much. Test cases showed extrusion into the extractor groove and could be used only once. However, John loads his own Fireplug to 2400 feet and finds that his cases stand up to repeated reloading. I do not know if that extra hundred feet is worth the trouble, but the results are very nice indeed.

I go into this matter at some length because I recently noticed in the "Shooter's Clinic" of *Magnum Magazine* that the 350 Remington Magnum was listed as starting a 250-grain bullet at only 2200 feet per second, which may not be a serious discrepancy but it does an injustice to the cartridge.

Our grandson, Tyler Heath, is now in the middle of his first year at the University of Mississippi. Tyler had a pretty good selection of universities, but he picked Ol' Miss partly because the authorities have no objection to his bringing his shotgun aboard the campus. Ty is a good wing shot, and the quail hunting opportunities in and around the university are not to be dismissed lightly. (The University has acquired the reputation – justifiably we hope – for its abundance of beautiful coeds. We advised our grandson to pick a rich one.)

"The two essential requirements for complete terrestrial happiness are a good appetite and no conscience."

Selous

Doubtless you have heard of the decision of the Chancellor of the University of Massachusetts to abandon the Minutemen logo as the university's symbol. A small but noisy group of protesters seem to have brought this about, maintaining that the American "minuteman" of the revolution was "sexist, racist, and violent." No

doubt! And, if our 18th Century ancestors had not been sexist, racist, and violent, our nation would not exist. I guess that we really have met the enemy, and he is us, in Pogo's classic expression. Thanks to God, we Americans do not fit into stereotypical categories.

On a poster brought by Dr. Tom Berger to the *Gunsite Reunion*, we read the following:

"Lord, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to hide the bodies of those people I had to kill because they pissed me off."

We pray that it will not come to shooting in South Africa, but if it does – God forbid – consider who is likely to win between a group armed primarily with AK47s and no skill in their use and another group armed with sporting rifles and considerable skill in their use. Numbers would not matter particularly in such a confrontation. Formal armies can defeat other formal armies, and they can put down mobs of agitators, as in China. They cannot defeat a population completely armed with simple old-fashioned rifles. What the disarmers never recognize is that episodes like Tiananmen Square can never occur if every citizen maintains his own rifle in his house, as in Switzerland.

That Federal Agent who deliberately shot an unarmed and defenseless woman in the face while she was holding her baby has not yet been brought to justice. Is anybody doing anything about that?

"A cooling-off period for handgun purchases requires a number of unlikely assumptions in order to work. First, the potential murderer – denied a handgun immediately – must then decide not to buy a rifle or a shotgun, which the Brady Bill will allow him to do. Then he must not know how to buy a handgun on the black market, or how to obtain one from friends, relatives or acquaintances. In addition, the type of murder he intends must not be one for which readily available alternative weapons, such as knives, automobiles, or bare hands, will work. Finally, the person who was literally ready to commit a murder on Day One of the waiting period must calm down by Day Seven and stay calm from that day forward."

David B. Kopel, in *Policy Review*

Having been mildly annoyed by the commonplace salutation, "Have a nice day!" for some years now, we were delighted recently when, after filling our tank and taking our money, our local friendly fuel dealer waved at us and said, "Shoot straight!" We intend to adopt that expression, and we hope that our friends will too.

As political darkness continues to fall, we admonish all the faithful to get an 03. Even if you already have an 03, get another one. The loonies on the left are so terrified of "assault weapons" (which they cannot define) and "handguns" (which they can) that it behooves the population to assure the nation not only of a chicken in every pot, but a 30-06 in every closet.

Note that you do not have to acquire a 03A3 at the gun show. The A3 modification, with its stamped, solid floor-plate and two-groove barrel, is not quite as good a rifle as the original 03, though it may indeed have a better sight. However, they both will do, and either will serve as a splendid base for a customized version of the "Pseudo Scout." Hit the next gun show and pick up yours while there is still time!

According to newspapers, Bambi has been having a particularly good season this year. It appears that three moose killed a driver who foolishly rammed them in the dark up in Maine. A 5-point buck muley took after a hunter in Wyoming and put him in a sick bay. And two men fishing in a north Texas lake were run over and scuffed up by a white-tail. I do not know whether the animals are becoming more inspired or whether the newsmen simply find more to talk about. I cannot help regard this development as rather cheerful. If you

choose to go hunting, keep your guard up.

Now it seems that Voere of Germany is offering a self-loading sporting rifle in caliber 9.3x62 – this cartridge being a sort of junior grade 375. I cannot think what the tactical niche of a self-loading 9.3 might be, but there is probably somebody around who will buy one, if only to be the "first kid on the block."

At Whittington I was asked, quite reasonably, by *family member* Art Hammer if there was not some inconsistency in my emphasizing stopping power in handguns while favoring medium power in rifles (short of buffalo guns.) Good question!

The answer is essentially conceptual. A pistol is a defensive instrument, designed to stop a fight that somebody else starts. It is strictly an emergency device called for in an unpredicted emergency. The shooter has to respond to an action initiated by another, thus he needs all the emphasis he can properly control.

The rifle, on the other hand, is normally an offensive instrument with which the shooter has the initiative and is carrying the play to his prey. Hence the rifleman can shoot with great care, placing his bullets properly. He needs only enough power to insure proper penetration into the vitals of his target. Blowing down trees on the far side is an extravagance.

The pistolero defends. The rifleman attacks. The problems are different.

Evidently, what we need in Somalia is another Herman Hanneken. If you do not know about Herman Hanneken, look him up in "*Fireworks*."

At the SCOPE Conference we attended in Buffalo, New York, as guest speaker, a young man was honored for successfully defending himself and family after he had been shot twice in the forehead with a 22. We saw the pictures and the two holes were quite close together and almost centered between the hairline and the eyebrows. The victim fell down, but was able to pick himself up, move to another room, seize his shotgun, and dispose of the would-be murderer. I guess the moral is, do not worry about your condition, make your assailant worry about his condition.

"I can appreciate people who are scared of government. We ought to be scared of government."

Judge Bowers, Colorado

We encountered what may be the ultimate in chutzpah. Down at Whittington, we were shown a BATF baseball cap crediting the wearer with attendance at "The Waco Siege." Though we cannot believe it, it appears that at least some people in the nefarious organization are actually proud of what took place in Waco. One wonders if the KGB ever issued uniforms commemorating the massacre of the Katyn Forest or if the guards at Dachau or Buchenwald were issued commemorative T-shirts.

We note in passing the demise of Eric Hartmann, the highest scoring air-to-air pilot of all time with 352 confirmed victories. No one will ever match that record again, since the circumstances will never be repeated.

"The truth is that any good modern rifle is good enough. The determining factor is the man behind the gun."

Theodore Roosevelt, 1910

Several correspondents have asked us about the slide-action 223 from South Africa. This piece was produced to get around the South African prohibition of self-loading rifles. It is the Vektor H5 manufactured in Bloemfontein. I do not know how much it costs, nor whether it may be imported into the United States. Also, I do not quite know what you would do with it after you got it, but I will look into the matter further if you wish.

We are sorry to report that two Oriental visitors to South Africa were killed by lions in a game park last month. Apparently these people had been taught to fear tigers, but they did not understand that lions are not to be trifled with either.

On an inflationary note, we discovered at a motel in New Mexico that "free" ice now costs 25 cents a shot.

The legal discussion about whether a "fanny pack" constitutes a concealed carry received a setback in Arizona recently, when a local court decided that it did. We have been trying to get a respectable concealed carry rule in Arizona for many years, but every time a bill is presented it is amended out of all reason by the hoplophobes in the state house. Well, we keep trying.

George F. Will opines in *Newsweek* that Americans are a nation of cowards and shirkers, observing that we have surrendered our streets – as well as our dignity – to the goblins. He points out that, concerned with street crime, we choose to throw money at it rather than to fight. Money is not the answer. More cops cannot help. They can't be everywhere at once. More prisons cannot help. Modern prisons don't scare the bad guy. The only thing that can help is will – the will to fight back. If we have truly lost that, there is little hope for our civilization.

Hillary seems to be working on the notion that lead, in and of itself, is an environmental pollutant. You see where she is running with that? If this notion is not stopped at once, all small arms ammunition – not just bird shot – will be placed off limits.

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Jeff Cooper's Commentaries

Previously Gunsite Gossip

Vol. 1, No. 11

10 December 1993

Christmas

'Tis the season to be jolly, so let us make every effort – despite the disgusting situations we have got ourselves into. People get the government they deserve, and we Americans voted in the current administration back in November of last year. We hope we are satisfied.

However, it does no good to complain. The place to do our complaining is at the polls. At home now and among friends, we should all strive to develop the maximum amount of good cheer in the places where it will do the most good.

"Hark the Herald Angels Sing!"

Pearl Harbor Day slipped by without much notice. I daresay a huge number of our population has never heard of Pearl Harbor and has no idea of what it is like to live in a nation of unified purpose.

Apparently the Nips are playing it smart by entreating us to give up our guns. That would indeed be a proper revenge for their defeat. They could not destroy us in battle so they are now doing their best to destroy us politically by abrogating our constitution. They cannot accomplish this by themselves, but they are getting a lot of help from our own wimp culture.

I was able to examine the proposed "IPSC Scout Rifle" displayed here at Gunsite by M. Daniel Dekaise of Belgium. It is a nice try, but it is not the answer. The obstacles standing in the way of Scout development at this time are two: the lack of a proper action and the lack of a proper sight. All experimenters must deal with what is available, and these basic components remain out-of-reach. Scout II ("Sweetheart") incorporates the Sako action and the Burris sight, both of which will do, but they are not ideal. The major block in the enterprise is the lack of a perceived market on the part of such manufacturers as have enough industrial capacity to do pioneering work. The only people who really demand a production Scout Rifle are the people who have shot the existing prototypes at enough length to discover the advantages of the perfected product. We just do not have enough people in that category, though those we have are forceful in their enthusiasm.

Certainly "Sweetheart" is a delight to use, but until I can enlighten about five thousand people (with money) about this, the prospects for a Production Scout remain dim.

Well, Semper Fi (I got mine).

Our recent comments about various battlegrounds in Southern Africa have been widely misunderstood, which is, of course, my fault in that I did not make the matter clear. Marksmanship had little or nothing to do with the outcome of the actions at Isandhlwana or Rorke's Drift, and the astounding victory of the Boers at Blood River was not a matter of marksmanship, but rather one of gun handling and fire discipline. The places where marksmanship was indeed the issue were the parallel battles of Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill. In those actions the farmers hit what they shot at, and the redcoats apparently did not. I delight in exploring these matters and I would be delighted to conduct a graduate seminar on the subject.

This matter of proper gun handling seems to be totally neglected by the world's shooters, both public and private. This is nothing new. The subject was never impressed upon me as a lad, either in ROTC or Basic School. Safety, yes – to a degree, but correct tactical manipulation I do not remember. It has been marvelous over the past twenty years to see how the inculcation of proper gun handling has enhanced the scene in the game fields. The people I have certified have brought relief to the outfitters, satisfaction to themselves, and joy to me.

On the subject of certification, I would like to make it clear that I have never certified a member of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. I understand that the new management has put up the badge of that peculiar institution in the classroom at Gunsite, but that was none of my doing.

The Federal agent who shot Vicki Weaver in the face, deliberately, while she was unarmed and holding her child is named Lon Horiuchi. Remember that name. He is still walking around loose. That man must eventually pay for his crime, here or hereafter. Lon Horiuchi.

In this age of illiteracy it is a pleasure to learn that several of the readers of Cooper's Corner in "*Guns & Ammo*" are meticulous about their Kipling. They accuse me (correctly) of a slight mis-quotation of that line about "shooting like a soldier" in *The Ballad of East and West*. I herewith apologize. Those lines have been so much a part of my memory for so long that I did not in truth look them up carefully in the text. *Mea Culpa*. (However, I really do feel that my very minor changes make the verse swing just a little better. That is terribly presumptuous, so I apologize again.)

And also we learn from Britain of the learned opinion that this girl who hacked off her husband's service equipment and threw it away can never be brought to justice "because the evidence will never stand up in court."

Family member Colonel Sverker Ulving of Sweden reports that he took three "deer" at long range this season, with his 308 Scout, all one-shot kills. He apologized for the ranges involved, as he properly should, but I think what we have here is a peculiar situation. I think those deer in Sweden were not roe deer, but rather reindeer up in Lapland. That country is generally flat and devoid of cover, and exorbitantly long ranges are sometimes unavoidable.

I would like to make it very clear at this time that I have not retired. The rumor mill at the new management continues to work overtime. These people need to explain to various inquirers why I am no longer teaching at Gunsite. The reason I am no longer teaching at Gunsite is that I have been directed not to by the new owner. I am forbidden to "compete" by the terms of the sale, but competing involves money and I am not accepting fees for personal appearances. I like to teach. I feel I know how. There are people who need to be taught, and I will continue to reach them. There are other schools around and the good ones are conducted by friends and disciples.

(One of the more curious rumors that has got back to me from the front office is the reason I am not permitted to teach is that I am rude to the students. *Family members* will take due note of the reliability of such output.)

On the subject of mendacity, I recently overheard a most illuminating anecdote concerning a visit of a Mafioso to a client. He is quoted as saying,

"The reason I do not like businessmen is that they lie. In my brotherhood we do not lie."

I think I prefer an honest bandit to a dishonorable entrepreneur.

From David Westerhout in Mugabestan we hear with sadness of the demise of Colonel Dudley Coventry, late of Rhodesian SAS. You will remember Dave Westerhout as one of the founders of IPSC and the operator of the World Shoot in Rhodesia in 1977. Dave was SAS and served directly under Colonel Coventry, whom he admired extravagantly.

Colonel Coventry was killed in his bed in his house in Harare. His head was beaten in with the butt of one of his own rifles by an intruder who broke into his house in the night. With all due respect to a great man, we must ask ourselves what he was doing with his guard down? All of us, from Harare to Hollywood, have a duty to the God who gave us life to look out for it. The war is never over, and peace is an illusion. Those of you who attended the old Orange Gunsite will remember the Shoshone refrain:

"Over here, over there, everywhere,
today, tomorrow, always:
Bad men there are.
Hate you they do.
Kill you they will.
Watch out you better!"

At our great Reunion and Memorial, we had a chance to consider the *Keneyathlon* of family member Dr. David Kahn. The idea of combining a marksmanship event with a cross-country run is an excellent one, and the site at Whittington Shooting Center allows a great deal of ingenuity in proposing challenges. This event, which has been held for several years now, may constitute a foot-in-the-door towards the establishment of a new era of rifle marksmanship. David deserves all of our kudos for putting the thing together.

There are certain complications in the operation, however. One is that it does not sufficiently reward portability of equipment, nor ease of use. It has been suggested that this might be countered in next year's event by requiring each contestant to carry a 35lb pack in addition to his rifle and ammunition. Personally, I would rather see something that gave an edge to handiness in the weapon itself. The standard test for the Scout rifle is for the shooter to hold it out shoulder high in one hand and keep it there for sixty seconds. If you cannot do this without hurting, the rifle is too heavy – not too heavy to be shot in the contest, but too heavy for continuous hard daily use. Of course, the stronger the man the easier it is for him to pack a heavy weight, but then that is what athletic contests are about.

Does anybody happen to know what the position of the American Civil Liberties Union is in regard to the federal ninja?

From Germany we hear a number of curious new developments. One is the "22–Russian" cartridge, which seems to be a sort of 22–PPC, though not interchangeable. I do not know what one does with a cartridge like this, but there it is.

The second new development is a Mauser version of the P35 Browning designed specifically for target shooting, with all the goodies including a long slide. Here again, I do not see what one wants with a heavyweight, 9mm. target pistol, but perhaps there is a class specially designed for such pieces.

And third, Heym is now featuring the hammerhead, quick-detachable, sling socket that we have been using on all the Scouts here for five or six years. To the best of my knowledge and belief, the Heym organization is the first major manufacturer to feature this obviously superior system.

We certainly have slid into some sort of slough, politically and intellectually, when Winchester is coaxed into removing an expanding bullet from its line of products. Expanding bullets have been available since this time

last century at least. Apparently, the term "Black Talon" was unnerving to the wimps, but why in the name of common sense must we give the time of day to the wimp establishment!

It now appears that the Brits are going to take judicial action against some of their troops who apparently were found to be rude to the enemy in the Falklands. "Mustn't be beastly, Old Man."

"The wimp factor is also part of the racket (law enforcement) picture. Handcuff everybody because no officer is safe until every last taxpayer is dangling in irons from dungeon walls (at which time the officers will all slowly perish from malnutrition, but this corollary is pointedly omitted from the text.)"

Dave Hanley

The passage of the Brady foolishness was a foregone conclusion in Washington – despite its blatant unconstitutionality – as soon as we lost the election of '92, thus it comes as no surprise, What is really awful is the unblushing profession that while the bill itself will do nothing at all, it is still necessary to "make a statement," as if the legislators meant that they were going to do something. You and I will not be inconvenienced by any five day waiting period, since we already have our guns, as all proper members of the United States Militia must have. The idea that our lawmakers—can profit from doing something silly, and admitting that it is silly, makes one more than ever doubtful about the merit of the democratic process. Alcibiades pointed out that it would never work, and that was some four–hundred years before Christ. Perhaps he was right after all.

As we noted in a previous issue, this has been a good year for bambi's revenge. There have been a couple of new alligator incidents in Florida, and some more trouble with the moose in Alaska. *Family member* Brad Ackman also tells us that a polar bear recently broke into a cabin up on Alaska's north slope and chomped vigorously on the householder. Obviously, people who wish to become victims will have their wishes granted.

"Our ancestors, fearing the danger posed by future generations of Lobsterbacks, insisted upon the Second Amendment guaranteeing all of us the right to own the same kind of weapons that a would–be tyrant could use against the people, and although their uniforms are not red, the BATF and the FBI agents who attacked David Koresh and Randy Weaver have committed atrocities never dreamed of by George III's Hessian mercenaries. The Hessians did not murder women and children."

Alice Fleming, in *Chronicles* magazine

"Distrust and caution are the parents of security."

Benjamin Franklin, via Joel Ebert

It was amusing, in a grim sort of way, to watch the hoplophobes accelerate the business of their feared foes, the gun dealers. The message delivered by the Brady Bunch was evidently, "Citizens, arm yourselves, the Clintons are coming!"

I am sometimes asked why we have not given more thought to the concept of a self–loading Scout rifle. The fact is that up `til now no self–loading action has been produced which is light, simple, and compact enough to meet the weight requirements of the piece. A second point is that semi–automatic fire is of little concern to a man acting alone unless he is in danger of being overwhelmed by a hoard of iron–age types armed with edged weapons. I would never be opposed to the concept of a self–loading Scout, however, if I thought I

could get it without drawbacks.

Given the present climate of public opinion worldwide, it may be as well not to jiggle the scales. Perhaps we had best let the crazies on the other side scream and yell about "semiautomatic" weapons and not tell them about a bolt-action Scout. What they don't know won't hurt them – in this case at least.

The ANC in Africa has now announced that if the Conservative Afrikaaners do not behave themselves, the communists will have no alternative but to "roll in the tanks." In case these people have not discovered it, this is no way to win friends and influence people. They are well on the way to orchestrating a military alliance between the Afrikaaners and the Zulus, who, incidentally, are boycotting the present transitional parliamentary structure.

You will be pleased to learn that we have achieved tentative approval for the *Second Annual Gunsite Reunion and Theodore Roosevelt Memorial* at Whittington Center on 21, 22, 23 October, 1994.

We were delighted to read in a sci-fi piece by A. E. Van Vogt that in one of his futuristic societies personal firearms were available for purchase freely to all citizens except police and soldiers. Now there is an interesting approach for the new mayor of Los Angeles.

"All of us who are concerned for peace, reason and justice must be keenly aware how small influence reason and honest goodwill exert upon events in the political field."

Albert Einstein, via Rod Henry

Now is the time for all good men to stock up on ammunition and deck the halls with boughs of holly. ***Merry Christmas To All and To All a Good Sight!***

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