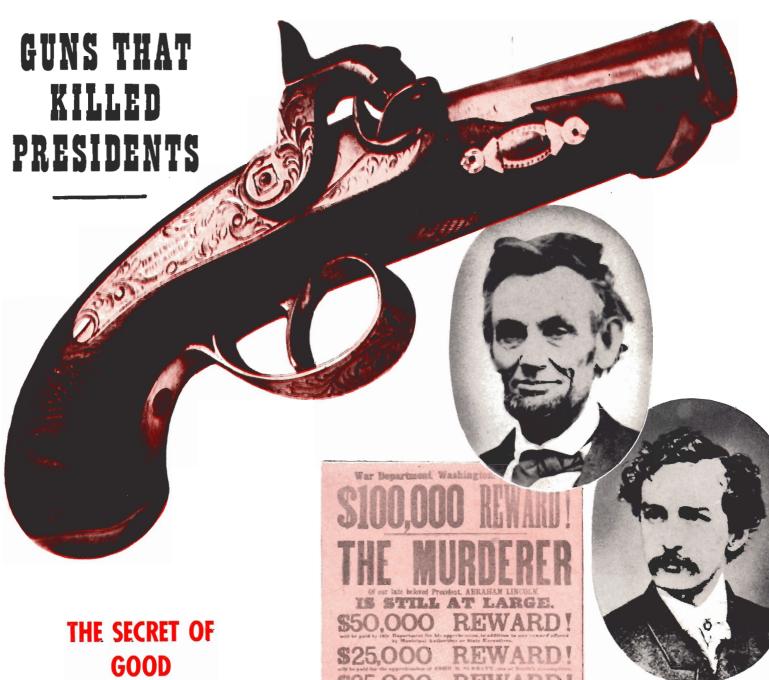


WINGSHOOTING

BROWNING'S REVOLUTIONARY SHOTGUN





FIGHTING MEN OF THE WEST . . . GEN. SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN

On garrison duty in the West, he learned the Indian's ways and led one of the most effective campaigns in California "terrorizing the Indians into honest habits." On the trail of Yumas in 1851, he found silver instead but until 1855 had to keep chasing Indians rather than digging silver. For five years then, silver came out of "The Great Heintzelman Mine"—\$900 per ton—until the Civil War called him to command the 3rd Corps, Army of Potomac. Others dug out \$2 million during the war. Today the mine is still there, 15 miles west of Tubac, Ariz.

APRIL 1955

Volume One

No. 4-4

Guns

MAGAZINE

IN THIS ISSUE...

shooting	
WHEN TO BUY YOUR SON A GUN	
collector	
GUNS THAT KILLED PRESIDENTS	
hunting	
HUNTING WITH A HANDGUN. Alfred J. Goerg THE SECRET OF GOOD WINGSHOOTING. Bob Nichols MY FAVORITE GUN. Adlai Stevenson and Paul Brown PETTICOAT SAFARI William C. L. Thompson ONE-SHOT CLUB	12 22 31 32 48
western	
THE MURDER GUN OF POWDER RIVERHerbert O. Brayer	36
departments	
GUNS IN THE NEWS.	31
CARTRIDGES, guips, quotes, queriesStuart Miller CROSSFIRE, letters to the editor	39 41
MATTER OF FACT Edward A. Joseph	49
TICKER TALKPARTING SHOTS	50 50

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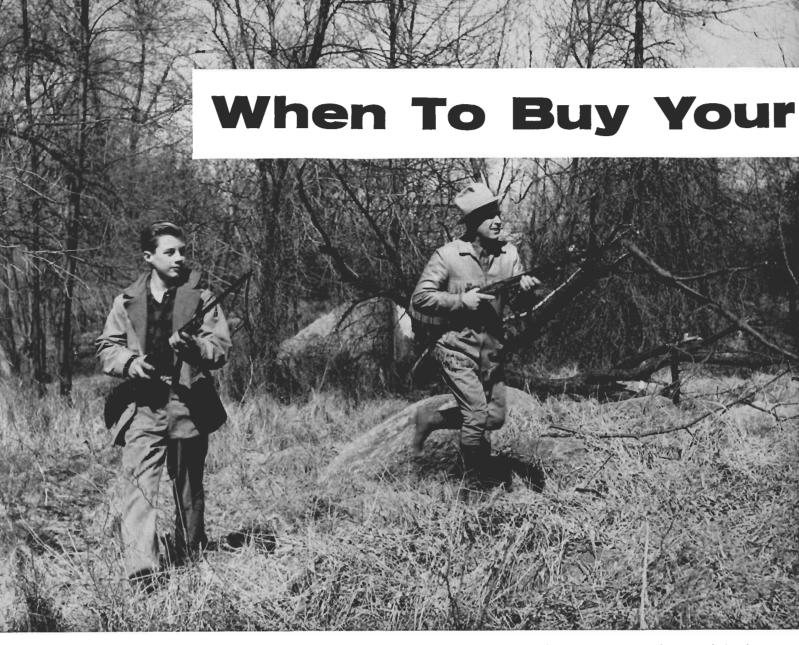
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COVER

The gun that killed Lincoln was a product of gunsmith Henry Deringer of Philadelphia, who made weapons to defend the weak. But instead they became the tools of gambler, crook and at last, assassin John Wilkes Booth. See Page 16 for the Deringer story.



Father and son team in the field show proper method of hunting with partner beside you, not in front or behind.

I have seen them in the courts, and sitting silently at the long tables in the police stations, emotionless, without a trace of expression on their faces. The dockets list them as "suspect, homicide," but they are only children. They are young boys, some only five or six years old, others teenagers, but they all have something in common—with a gun they have killed someone.

You read the stories constantly in the newspapers—
"Son Kills Mother With Rifle" or "Youth Slays Sister In
Accidental Shooting." And you watch your son sitting
before the TV set with a cap pistol, chasing bandits along
with Wild Bill Hickock and you wonder: "When—if ever
—should I buy my son a gun."

There is not a father in the land who has not faced or will not face the dilemma. For a boy the urge to own a gun is natural and there is no more-appreciated gift a father can give his son than his first gun. A President of the United States once said: "I remember with some pleasure my first kiss, my first job, and my first gun, but of the three the gun provided more lasting delight."

But the delight of a gun has too often turned into

tragedy if the giver does not give more than just the gun; he must give himself, too. With the gun must go the father's working knowledge of how to handle the weapon—and especially when and where. Giving a boy something of yourself along with the gun makes an entirely different story than the newspaper headlines of grief. A father, a son and a gun can make a story of warm human companionship, of sharing common and lasting interests despite age barriers.

Because the sport of shooting can be tops in character building and teaching responsibility, there is a time to give a boy a gun. It is a time which differs among children, but in many ways it is pretty definite. The answer to the question of when to give a boy a gun is pretty much like the one that intelligent educators give to the question of when to tell a boy about sex: basically the answer is when he asks.

The asking indicates a certain maturity and understanding as well as desire and these cannot be ignored by parents. I know I'll get a lot of raised eyebrows on this one, but the truth is there. Desire for a gun is normal and

Son A Gun

EVERY FATHER MUST DECIDE THAT QUESTION SOONER OR LATER BUT MORE VITAL THAN WHEN TO GIVE GUN IS HOW TO MAKE THAT GIFT TO AVOID DISASTER AND GRIEF

By HARVEY BRANDT

Unlocked gun rack, box of shells, a curious small boy spell carelessness and "accident" that can be avoided.



Shotgun nomenclature is part of essential firearms training given to Dover, N. H., high school students by David Dupee of state conservation department. Students are warned against ricochet shots on water, stones (right).







Safe methods of carrying guns are demonstrated in field exercise by group of young hunters walking abreast.







Correct ways of crossing fences are practiced by New Hampshire student hunters during outdoor session. Every gun is unloaded, with the bolt handles lifted or bolts retracted. The shotgun slide handle indicates the breech is fully open and gun empty. Gun is placed across fence before crossing. Such precautions take little time, and do not prevent taking advantage of 'good shots' while hunting.

healthy in a normal boy. This urge should not and as a matter of fact cannot be ignored.

But Dad should realize that some natural urges have to be regulated as to time and place.

A gun alone is an inert machine; it, like a parked auto, cannot injure or kill. But like an auto in the hands of an irresponsible, untrained person, nothing is more likely to cause death than a loaded gun.

Auto drivers, according to law, are licensed after a period of instruction. They are supposed to be grown-up people. Unfortunately, there are many people behind the wheel who belong instead in a high chair. Some of these same people often get behind guns, too, and the results are just as disastrous. They are people, who are mentally or emotionally childish, who have no perception of cause and effect.

These are the people who give conservation people sleepless nights. They are mere boys . . . sometimes not different than your own boy.

And this is where every parent must decide in his own mind—is my boy capable of handling a gun intelligently, even with full safety instruction? Just as some adults should never drive—and are so ordered by state highway officials in charge of auto licenses—some boys cannot handle a gun.

Consider some of the experiments of conservation officials in placing reflector studs on stumps. These stumps have been shattered by rifle fire in the course of a night, as the reflectors resemble the gleam of a deer's eyes in the light. This shooting at night would have been illegal even if the target happened to be a deer. Disregard for the rules of the game is as serious in adults as in children; in grown-ups it is a problem for the law but in children it is something to be recognized by parents before handing a dangerous weapon over to a youngster.

Then there is the accident-prone person, as psychiatrists call them. He is the one who puts a charge of buckshot into the back of a hunting partner when he stumbles over some invisible twig. He is the joker who ends things for himself or for someone else . . . "shot while cleaning his gun." The important fact that it is *impossible* under *any* conditions to fire a gun *accidentally* while cleaning it seems

not to bother these licensed murderers when the coroner asks the questions. And they go off free . . . and most of them are mere boys . . . your boys.

And yet there is a bright side to this coin. And that is that a gun and its correct handling can be the medium to teach a young person that he is not the center of the universe, but must live and let live, must learn to obey the rules of the game, must be a part of the whole world of people who want other things than to worship and cuddle him. In short, a gun is a way of growing up. But it is not an overnight project, and it does demand much from you—the father.

Certainly it is a mistake to pretend to your young man that guns are not for him. Every part of our culture emphasizes guns; it is there all around him, everywhere he turns. Cap pistols of startling realism are a part of every make-believe street battle of would-be Cisco Kids. Some actually duplicate the methods of loading and firing the real ones. One New York legislator became so alarmed by the facts of armament around him that he proposed a law banning the sale of toy pistols because they were too realistic.

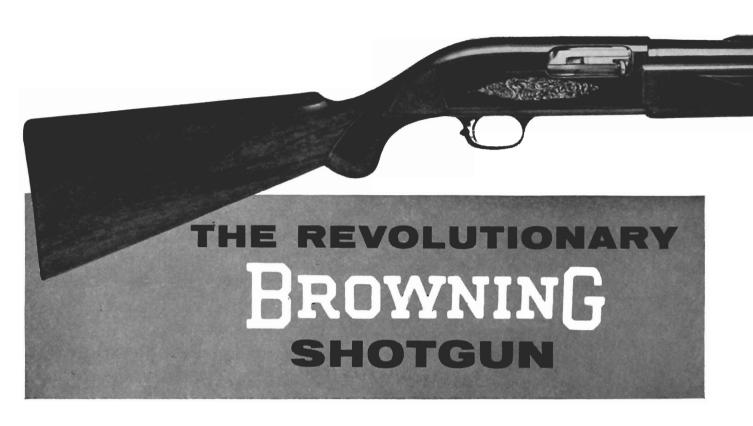
It is true that to give a child a gun like these is to say in effect: "Go ahead, when you want a real gun, you can have it, and this is the gun that will train you." If a parent give a boy a toy gun, he gives the child an impression that "guns are toys," not the fact that this is a toy. A young child cannot consciously know the difference unless educated to the reality of what guns are.

Some parents make another mistake—giving their sons an air rifle or pistol. But their mistake is not the giving of an air rifle, for air rifles can be valuable target and sports items. Their mistake lies in giving the air rifle, and thinking to themselves that it is "only a toy."

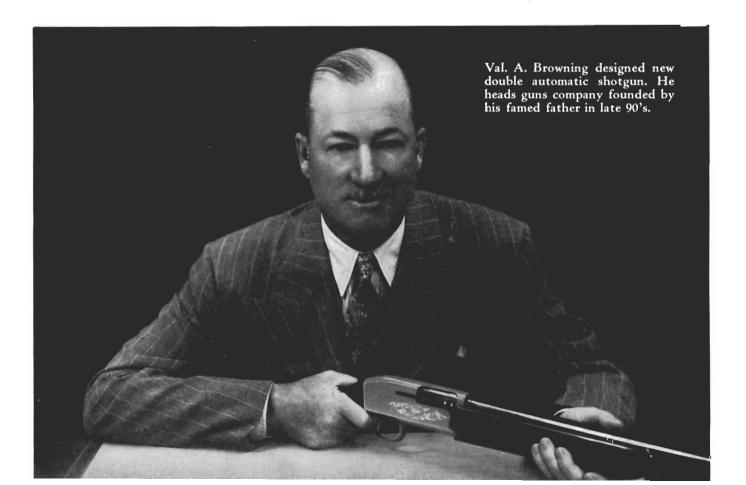
Police today are more than disturbed over child vandalism committed with these air rifles. The tiny BB has not enough energy to travel far, but it is powerful enough for shooting out street lights, killing song birds and domestic pets, breaking window glass in autos, schools and homes. It is the police who get the kicks when these things happen. Drastic steps have been taken to correct the problem through legislation (Continued on page 44)

Manchester, N. H., high school students learn principles of gun safety during class conducted in school gym.





DOUBLE AUTOMATIC IS SMOOTH AND STREAMLINED, ELIMINATING UNSIGHTLY RECEIVER AND LONG RECOIL, AND UNLIKE OTHER AUTO SHOTGUNS, IT SHOOTS TWICE



By COL. CHARLES ASKINS

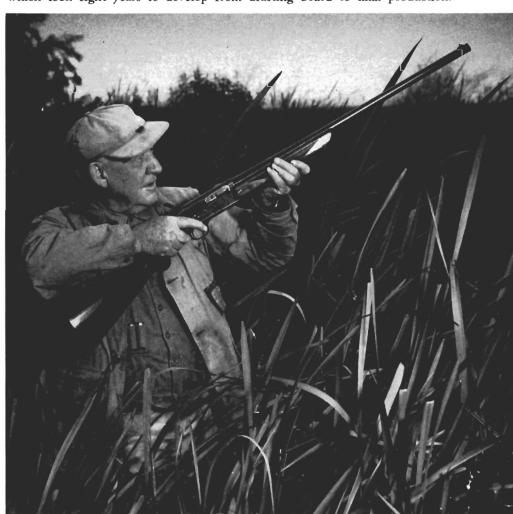
To offer the American shooting public an automatic shotgun that only holds two shells takes a lot of guts. The Browning Arms Company has done that very thing. And not, mind you, a 5-shot or even a 3-shot self-loader with a plug in the magazine but an honest-to-god autoloader without any magazine at all!

This shooting iron is called the Browning double automatic.

The gun is the result of the inventive genius of Val Browning, son of the greatest firearms inventor the world has ever known. Old Man John delivered up the first and just about the only successful automatic shotgun around a half-century back. But the old bucko wasn't perfect. When he whamped up his corn-sheller, he put one of the most hideous shoulders on the stern end that has ever graced a piece of ordnance. And to add insult to injury, he built the gun on the long-recoiling principle. It remained for son Val, an inventor in his own right, to eliminate not only the unsightly receiver but the long-recoil system as well.

Distinctive recess rib is mark of new gun, which comes in field, duck, skeet, trap styles.

In duck marsh, veteran hunter M. L. Cummings tries out new shotgun, which took eight years to develop from drafting board to final production.



The new "double automatic" is as streamlined as la Monroe, as smooth handling as a good Purdey, and it only shoots twice.

When John Browning came along with the first self-loading 12 gauge, there were duck limits of 25 birds per day but nobody noticed them. There were bob white restrictions too but the game wardens had to cover seven counties and were never near. A head count of all the shooting men in the country totalled less than a million by count of licenses sold; of this number at least three-quarters were crying for a gun that would hold more than two shells. The grand old Mormon from Ogden gave it to them.

Because the 12 gauge cartridge has a lot of oomph,

Browning decided he had better tie barrel and breechblock together until the shotload got cut of the barrel. This he did, the tube and the bolt remaining locked together through almost three inches of recoil. After all this travel, the two are cammed apart and the barrel returns to battery, while the bolt returns a bit slower picking up a new live shell as it moves along. All this banging and bouncing around of the gun's innards do not exactly please the shooter. There is a lot of vibration, springs squeak and sing, steel bangs on steel, the forestock shudders and when finally all the ruckus quiets down the marksman can fire again. He can shoot provided he has schooled himself to look over the huge and unspeakably ugly shoulder at the butt end of the receiver. Old John really hung a duzy on this gun of his!

The new double automatic by son Val licked these two objectionable features.

The receiver is now sleekly rounded at back and the recoiling system has been modernized. The objectionable 90-degree shoulder has disappeared from the receiver and now it is curved and flowing. The self-loading system is bent to the short-recoil principle. Instead of barrel and breechbolt traveling together through some 3 inches of movement, the two are now locked in union for something less than a halfinch. Then the lock is cammed out of position, the barrel moves forward into full battery and the breechblock is free to extract and eject the spent shell and subsequently chamber the live round. It sounds simple but it took eight years to perfect and a quarter of a million test rounds to prove.

I have pumped an entire case (500) of shells through the Browning especially for Guns Magazine in a period of two days. Part of the shooting was done with the standard (73/4 lbs.) model and the remainder with the lightweight (63/4 lbs.). I have hammered out a dozen rounds of skeet and patterned both weapons through exhaustive tests at all ranges from 20 yards up to the standard 40 paces. One of my guns is bored full choke and regularly shoots 80 per cent, the other is modified and shoots full choke more than half the time. I have fired field loads, skeet loads, express loads and magnum charges through both guns. Neither has ever faltered or hitched once.

I ground the standard gun to a halt when I poured a box of sand into the action but when the gun is clean it



Hunter M. L. Cummings sizes up double automatic (right) compared with earlier Browning Magnum 12 Superposed and Automatic-5. Browning says new gun requires 12 seconds to take down.



never bobbles. I have turned 'em upside down, on their sides, fired the two cushioned in the palm of my hand, placed the stock in my belly, against my forehead, and otherwise tested for both sure functioning and strength of recoil. The kick of this new Browning is unbelievably soft. The jar and shock has been so smoothed out and delivered in such a prolonged sequence as to seem very appreciably lighter. It is a sweet thing to shoot this double automatic!

The receiver is the shortest on any repeating shotgun; as a result the trigger is set way forward. It can be reached comfortably by a man with long fingers but for the gent with a small hand and short fingers it is a stretch. It makes him reach up on the small of the stock too far.

The barrel is very loosely fastened to receiver. The barrel latch is a simple bar of steel which rises and is locked into place and actually serves only as a stop to keep the tube from moving too far forward. (Continued on page 46)

Val Browning drew up design for new gun in shop in Ogden, Utah. He still

works on milling machine (above), on which father made inventions. Standard model of new double automatic with plain barrel sells for \$123.



Kneeling support to ensure a kill is okay in handgun hunting. Twohand hold should always be used.

Hunting With A Handgun

SMALL GAME CAN BE TAKEN WITH SIX-SHOOTER, WITHOUT TOO MUCH MEAT SPOILAGE—AND IT'S MIGHTY HANDY IF HUNTER IS 'TREED' MINUS RIFLE

By ALFRED J. GOERG

S HOOTERS as a special breed of sportsman shoot off their mouths just about as frequently as their guns. Arguments about rifle calibers or which shotgun is best for pheasants fly thick and fast whether around a campfire or in a clubhouse. But for the hottest argument among nimrods, mention hunting with a handgun. You will get so many differing opinions, you would think everybody and his buddy had years of experience afield with a pistol.

It seems that the less known about the subject, the hotter the discussion becomes. The fellow who dares suggest that a six-shooter is good for game will probably be collared until he admits he was crazy to even think of the idea. But he may be the stout-hearted minority man who stands up stubbornly and sells his opinion to doubters.

Actually there is no need for argument. It boils down to an "either/or" deal—either it is possible to use a handgun for serious hunting, or it is a foolhardy stunt. For my part, I'll take the first conclusion: it is possible to hunt with a handgun. This is not a hasty opinion, as I have delved rather deeply into this neglected art.

Last fall I went into the mountains carrying a .357 S & W Magnum revolver with a 6" barrel, using high speed hollow points. Ask even your most experienced rifle hunter what such a load will do to a grouse and he



Two-handed hold in standing position is useful when shooting in high brush.

will tell you, "It'll blow 'er all to 'ell." But such is not the case. Of course, there is no reason to go to such a large caliber for game of this size. It is common knowledge that satisfactory results can be accomplished with a much smaller caliber, such as even the .22 rim fire short high speed hollow points.

The .357 Magnum is mentioned because it is not "common knowledge" what the results will be. The average exit hole will be approximately $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches across if shot by a hollow point lead bullet leaving the muzzle around 1400 feet per second and the grouse is at an average distance, say twenty yards away. It is a good thing to know that smaller game can be taken without too much meat spoilage when hunting for larger game or predators with the .357 Magnum.

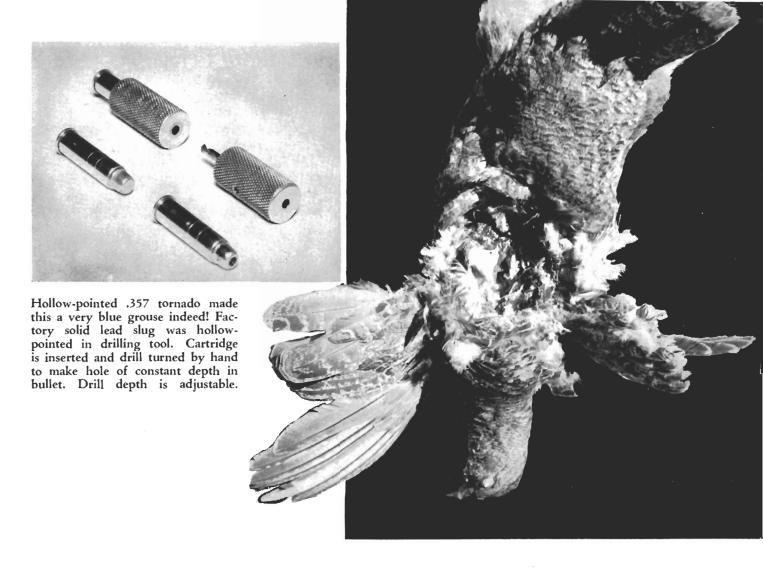
Late in the afternoon one day I knocked over a big black bear with a .270 rifle. He was feeding in a berry patch on the opposite side of a canyon. My 11-year-old son was with me and it took us about 15 minutes to work our way over to where the bear's fall down a hill had been stopped by a large log. It is always safest to approach a potentially dangerous animal from above, which we did. As we neared the bear, he started to rise. I quickly boosted the boy up a tall stump and handed him the rifle, instructing



Where rocks or trees permit, using support gives maximum accuracy. Shooting up to 70 yards can be done this way with killing effect. Gun should not rest on supporting stone, as this varies impact point.

Grouse hit at 30 feet with solid lead .357 bullet is damaged little more than if hit by a high speed .22 hollow point. Revolver is S & W .357, 6" barrel, with Sanderson grips.

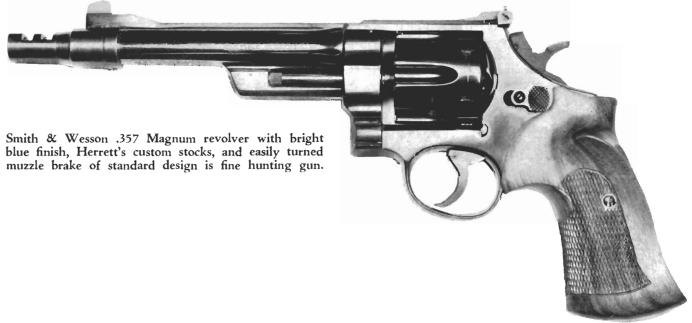




him not to fire unless otherwise instructed by me. I field test shooter's supplies and the job requires taking a great number of pictures. Unbuttoning my jacket so that I could quickly draw the .357 Magnum revolver from its shoulder holster, I moved in the camera. As the bear attempted to get over a log, I shortened my distance from 12 feet to six feet. He immediately made a lunge for

me but could not move fast enough on his front legs alone as his back was broken. He relieved his frustration by clawing and tearing at everything within reach. I finished him with the revolver using a 125 grain hollow point bullet aimed at the base of the ear. Death was instantaneous.

A hunter that uses a revolver must hold himself in



check so as not to take shots unless he is entirely sure. His shooting distance and stalking ability must be equal to that of the archer. In accuracy he will generally exceed the archer, and the bullet will deliver many times the shocking power of an arrow.

A sixgun hunter who restricts his shooting range to 50 or 60 yards for deer and black bear can equal or better the accuracy and deliver the shocking power of many rifle shots in open sage brush and alpine country. The handgun will shoot closely, but artificial aids to accuracy are not only permissible, but often necessary. The purpose is not to wound game needlessly, but to make efficient kills at practical ranges. Prone positions, where the ground is clear enough, offer the maximum in holding aid. Holding on a rock or stump, through the crotch of a tree limb, or simply in the cup of the hand in a sitting position, should be used if possible. Different methods of grasping the shooting hand with the other will vary the point of impact. The gun itself should not be allowed to touch any steadying surface: rather, the free hand should be cupped about the bottom of the butt, and the back of the hand rest on the knee, ground or tree.

The gun I like best for this type of hunting is the .357 Magnum revolver. Colonel D. B. Wesson of the Smith and Wesson Arms Co. developed the .357 Magnum cartridge and then built a gun around it that was capable of handling the pressures. Confident that he carried a one-handed game rifle, he shot grizzly in the Rockies, moose in Canada, and sea lion in Alaska. This .357 Magnum is the hardest-shooting handgun in the world that is made commercially. Both Smith and Wesson and Colt are currently making revolvers to handle the cartridge. Although the Colt revolver is a bit lighter in weight than the Smith, it still handles the high pressure cartridge very well.

The cream of the handgun crop is perhaps the Smith and Wesson model with the highly blued finish. I have used one of these extensively. On it I have tried two different custom-built grips. One was built by Herrett's and the other by Sanderson. Although both are very different in appearance, they fit equally well, having been made from the same hand pattern. These grips are a necessity if any amount of target shooting is done, as they allow a uniform recoil in the hand without injury.

Along with these grips I have used a detachable muzzle brake when practicing. This greatly reduces recoil, although the muzzle blast is increased so far as the shooter is concerned. While hunting, it is not necessary to use the muzzle brake, as not many shots are fired, unlike target shooting.

The only revolver cartridge loaded to maximum velocity and with the best—but far from perfect—bullet is the standard .357 Magnum in lead. This bullet has a flat nose and sharp shoulders which break down tissue much more satisfactorily than a round nosed bullet. Ordinary round-nosed loads may fall in the same category of hunting with full-patch rifle bullets. This is nearly everywhere declared illegal. The reason for this is that an animal may easily be wounded by such a bullet, but not necessarily killed instantly. Full patch slugs do not expand, and have a tendency to drill right through, rather than stop and deliver all the punch to the animal. The ordinary lead bullet at low veloc- (Continued on page 41)



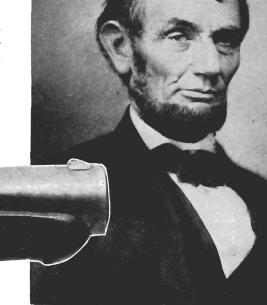
Versatile .357 Magnum cartridge can be used successfully on small game or large. Solid lead factory loads do well on grouse, small animals, and hollow-pointed bullets make short work of black bear (below).



GUNS THAT KILLED



Lincoln was killed by John Wilkes Booth (below) with cap-lock Deringer, now in the Lincoln Museum in Washington in former Ford's Theater where President was shot.



ASSASSINS USED CHEAP, OFTEN-DEFECTIVE FIREARMS TO SLAY THREE PRESIDENTS, MISSED IN PLOTS TO KILL THREE OTHERS

By WILLIAM B. EDWARDS

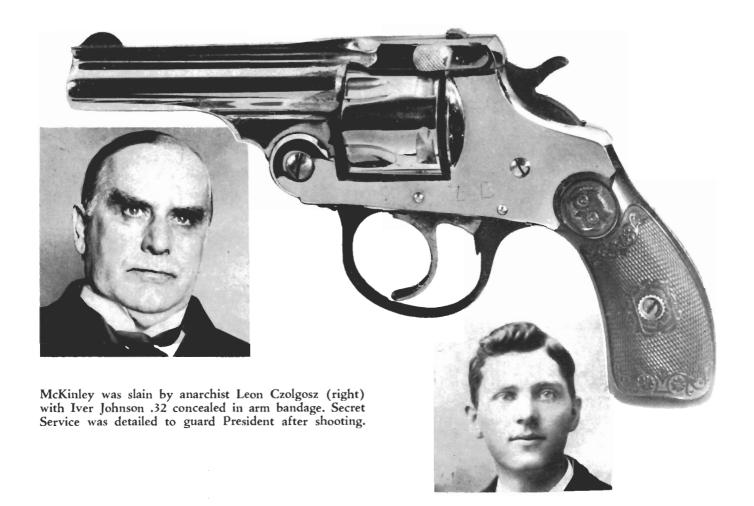
NINETY YEARS ago this month, the nation was shocked by the news of the first assassination of a President in America's history. Fortified with slugs of brandy, actor John Wilkes Booth wrote his name into history by slaying Abraham Lincoln with a single shot from a cap-lock Deringer on April 14, 1865.

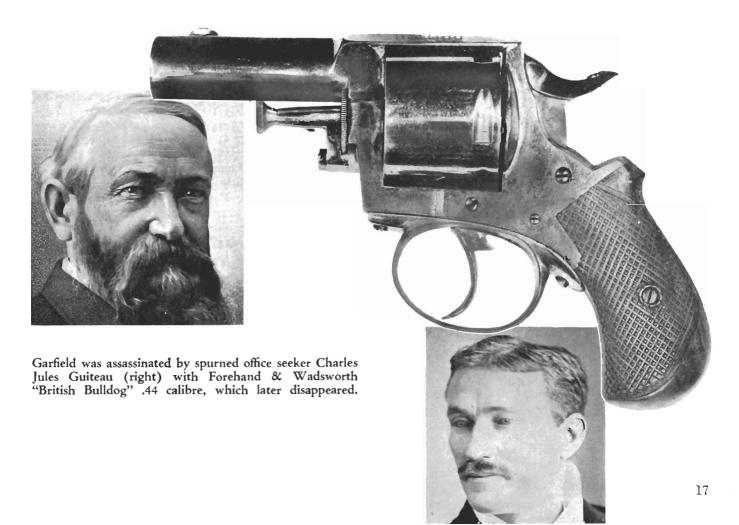
Since that infamous day, assassins have taken the lives of two more Presidents—James A. Garfield in 1881 and William Mc-Kinley in 1901.

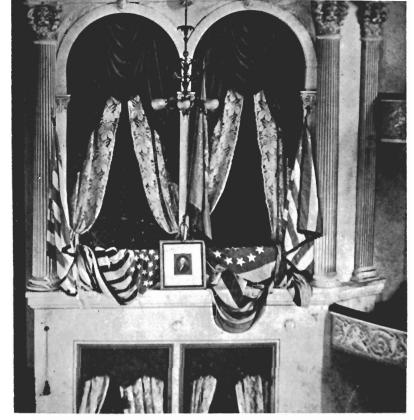
To collectors, the guns that killed these three chief executives have become much-discussed even though not uncommon items. Oddly enough, these historical weapons are not particularly collector's items. Only the Deringer pistol has achieved any prominence, and that as much because of the career of the maker, Henry Deringer, as its use in Lincoln's assassination.

In all, six attempts have been made on the lives of our Presidents, all of them with firearms. Aside from the three successful shootings, assassination tries were directed against Andrew Jackson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and most recently on the life of









Box where Lincoln was slain still has bunting on which Booth caught his spur, fell and broke his leg. He shouted: "The South is avenged."

Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was killed, is located on Washington's Tenth Street, is now museum, where assassination relics are kept.



Harry Truman. Ironically, assassins succeeded in killing three Republicans but missed in shooting at three Demcrats.

The firearms used by assassins should have an interest to gun collectors, who might choose to gather examples of each type of gun. Certainly no weapons would have a more intimate association with our history than those used to "kill the President."

While in the U.S. assassination is relatively rare compared to places like Latin America, Asia and behind the iron curtain, it has become increasingly a problem to the Secret Service in recent years. As the U.S. has become a more important world power, terrorists have found the President a convenient target for their hysteria and hate.

Historically, assassination goes far back into history to the days of the Crusades shortly after the year 1,000. The word itself originates from the "ha-shish-ins," who were hopped-up hirelings of the Old Man of the Mountains who used them to do his dirty work after getting them high on hashish (or what is known as marihuana in this country). Historically, under governments ruled by one man, it has become a convenient expedient to change governments. Sometimes war has been the result, such as the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand at Sarajevo, Serbia, in 1914, which started World War I.

Throughout the ages, expensive killers and fine weapons have done the dirty work of assassination. At Marseilles, France, in the early 30's, visiting King Alexander of Jugoslavia was blasted by an assassin firing two fullyautomatic Mauser Schnell-Feuerer pistols, which then retailed for over \$100 each. But in America, richest country on earth, when murder is to be done, killers seem to look to the budget. The demented, the half-witted, the grudge-bearing seem to seek out guns of low price, poor quality, and even defective mechanisms, with which to do their killing. Consider the gun which killed Lincoln.

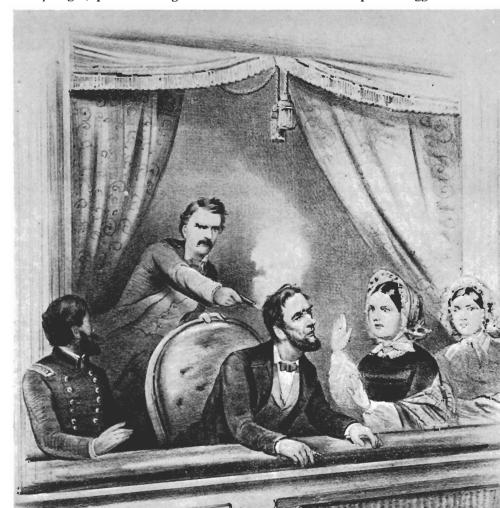
The wielder of that Deringer was a rich man. His father, Junius Brutus Booth, was the famous British-born actor. His brother, Edwin, was at the peak of his success, acclaimed as America's leading actor. John Wilkes Booth himself was pretty much of a ham, but this has never been a deter-



How McKinley was shot by assassin Czolgosz is shown in wash drawing of period. Czolgosz wrapped gun in bandage around his arm, a device revived recently by comic strip hero Dick Tracy to kill one of hoodlum Rughead's gunmen.

rent to a stage career. At an early age he was earning more than \$20,000 a year. During the Civil War, he engaged in highly profitable blockade running, and took in a little on the side as a spy. He called himself a "Confederate," but was yet accepted by Washingtonians. And he killed Lincoln with one of the cheapest guns he could get, a single shot Philadelphia Deringer!

Henry Deringer's pocket pistols were special purpose weapons, designed to be sold and carried in pairs. When small Colt revolvers sold for about \$20, Deringer's smallest pistols cost less than \$10 a pair. Of good workmanship, they were among the cheapest firearms available. But Booth's particular gun was not in very good condition. Old photos taken by the War Department indicate that the chip was out of the forestock and the hammer screw broken off at the time of the shooting. The broken screw head might have been a major hazard on a pistol destined for such important business. The square shank of the tumbler, over which the hammer fits, often wears loose in the hammer hole. The cap screw is very necessary to hold things together. If Booth had carried that gun in his With bodyguard gone, actor Booth walked into President's box on Good Friday night, placed Deringer behind Lincoln's head and pulled trigger.



pocket, cocked for any time, the hammer might have worked off the stud and the pistol could not have fired.

A furtive, suspicious Booth, engaged in a bit of impromptu gunsmithing right outside the President's box, might have aroused the slowest onlooker to inquiry. But John Wilkes Booth, noted actor, confident with a firm expression and a working Deringer in his pocket, would have been questioned by no one. And so he was not noticed and he reached Lincoln's box at Ford's Theater easily.

He opened the door—it was unguarded—and quickly stepped inside. He had left a wooden brace in the foyer of the box and he jammed the door shut with it. Through the inner door, he moved to the accompaniment of the

mediocre prose onstage. Lincoln's attendance at the third rate play, "Our American Cousin," has never been satisfactorily explained. Muttering "Sic semper tyrannis" (Thus always to tyrants), Booth placed the pistol to Lincoln's head and pulled the trigger.

The "crack" of the little .44 was partly muffled by the thatch of Lincoln's hair. He slumped forward silently, to die in a coma hours later. Major Henry Rathbone rose to apprehend Booth, but the madman slashed out with a spear-point knife and the major fell back bleeding. Leaping some 12 feet to the stage, Booth twisted his leg as his spur caught in the bunting at the balcony of the box. He snapped a bone in his leg but hobbled off to his waiting horse, brandishing the knife.

Booth, the vain sensationalist, must have been irked when he realized how few people in the audience understood what had happened before their eyes—many thought it some part of the play. He needed public recognition of his deed—needed to be caught and "appreciated" as the killer. He even thought he could "clear his name" in Washington!

Through Virginia and Maryland, his devious trail had shaken off the pursuers. He had every chance to escape, and live

anonymously on the frontier. But he made the error, probably deliberately, of telling people at the Port Conway Ferry that he was the man who had killed Lincoln. No real trail, and then Booth dropped a major clue! He wanted glory and received hate. Where before, not many at the theater had known it was Booth who did the shooting, now the whole world knew. Vanity? Who can say—he wanted to leave the stage in glory, but he only left it in a burning barn, a bullet through his neck, a broken Deringer mute testimony to his moment of infamy.

The Deringer has not been fired since. It is still in the hands of government authorities, having been in the War Department, the Library of Congress, and now deposited in the Lincoln Museum which is in the old Ford's Theater building in Washington.

President Garfield was not killed so sensationally, though the death of a President is always news. His killer was an unimportant little man named Charles Jules Guiteau—a lawyer, religious fanatic, and office seeker. President Garfield in an interview refused Guiteau's petition for a consulship in Marseilles. Perhaps Guiteau had de!usions of his own importance; perhaps he fancied this refusal of a petition was a direct personal affront. Whatever his reasons, revenge seems to have been his motive for slaying Garfield.

President Garfield had scheduled a train trip north from Washington, on the 2nd of July, 1881. Guiteau learned of this, and went to the Baltimore & Potomac station to await the President. Garfield arrived shortly after 9 a.m., and there before the ticket window he walked to his death—two shots from Guiteau's British Bulldog revolver.

Garfield actually did not die that day. One shot passed harmlessly through his sleeve, but the first one had done the job. It had made an abdominal wound which was to fester and pour its poisons through the President's system until finally. on the 19th of September, he died.

Guiteau had been taken into custody at once. A popular pastime for newspaper illustrators of the time was to show Guiteau in a variety of choice settingsbehind bars, or perhaps in a cartoon clutching a revolver with "A Model Office-Seeker" caption. His trial was unnecessarily long-Guiteau had some ideas on how his defense should go. The inevitable verdict came at last. On June 30, 1882, the trap popped down and with the soft thud of the hangman's knot against his skull, Guiteau left life.

The revolver Guiteau used is something of a mystery weapon.

Accounts describe it as a "British Bulldog" revolver. Line drawings in the newspapers show it as a variety of weapons. The type originated with the Birminghan, England, pistol makers, Webley & Scott, and one picture shows such a gun complete with the Webley flying bullet trademark. Others show the general "Bulldog" type of weapon, including the Forehand & Wadsworth pistol of that name, then so popular in the lower-priced trade.

Where the Garfield gun is now, is a mystery. It has a rumored history which includes (Continued on page 42)



Posters offering \$100,000 reward for capture of Booth were circulated through nation after assassination. Booth later boasted to ferryman about size of reward.

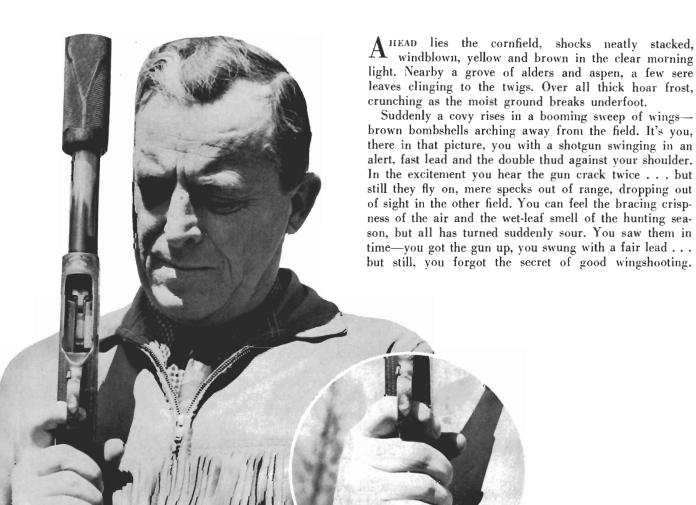




Walther P-38 was also used by Puerto Ricans to shoot up Congress and in attempt on Truman's life when he lived at Blair House.



By BOB NICHOLS



In proper trigger finger position, the forefinger grasps the trigger near the first joint. Wrong position is seen in circle,



Starting in proper position, hunter pivots keeping weight on left foot.

CORRECT TRIGGER CONTACT AND TIMING COMBINED WITH GOOD LEADING IS COMBINATION THAT CAN'T FAIL IN HITTING MORE BIRDS OUT IN THE FIELD



Keeping weight on left foot, shooter can aim in any direction after game.



Maybe you get a few more cracks at good ones, and maybe your shot pattern connects, and maybe they fly through the holes. Driving homewards, you wonder . . . shotgun shells aren't exactly cheap today. It does not take Scotch perception to see that the only way to break even is to do more hitting and less missing.

More hits, less misses in wing-shooting may depend on a simple little trick that deserves to be identified as the *hidden* secret of good wingshooting. This trick is so innocently concealed under the many other elements of shooting routine that potentially good wingshots may go through years of disappointing performance in the field, without ever suspecting the real reason why they flubbed their shots.

All the obvious tricks of good leading, smooth gun-swing, and so on, the average gunner already knows

about from preliminary experience on the skeet range.

Even with these, some mystifying misses can result from poor trigger-timing. How to improve trigger-timing, particularly how to insure against bad trigger-timing as far as possible—this is the hidden secret of good wingshooting a lot of gunners have never even heard about. And asking questions sometimes has not helped them learn.

Here is an example: Sometime back in one of our shooting and fishing magazines I noted a correspondent asking the shooting editor how to hit better with a .22 rifle from the off-hand standing position. In his reply the shooting editor wandered all around Robin Hood's barn, finally winding up with the "advice" that the correspondent should condition his trigger squeeze to coordinate with his eye. What kind of double-talk is that? Anybody who could get any help from that "advice" could squeeze blood out of a turnip.

I had scarcely laid aside that shooting and fishing magazine when the afternoon mail arrived, bringing a letter from an acquaintance of long ago who one year had been



named a member of an All-American five-man skeetshooting team. His letter was mainly of the usual this and that and other things; yet one sentence stood out, where he wrote, "As a skeetshooter I always pulled my trigger with the ball point of my index finger."

Exactly where the "ball point" of the index finger is, may be conjecture, but we may be sure that this high-ranking skeetshot always pressed off his trigger from a point of contact very near to the tip of his trigger finger. In so doing he got the fastest and most uniform trigger-timing the gunner can possibly achieve.

Let's look at the fundamentals for a moment. Let's see how vitally important this hidden secret of fast and uniform trigger-timing really is. All that most beginners hear about at their introduction to the sport of wingshooting, is how to lead 'emhow to get the shot pattern out, ahead of, and into the path of the flying target, which of course includes smooth gun-swing, too. But regardless of the type of flying target, feathered or clay, wingshooting offers a simple problem in the orbit of space, motion and time. Neither arithmetic nor linear measurement is involved. The trained eye-to-brain-to-trigger reaction solves this problem in a flash. The eye beholds the target, the brain leads it, and the trigger finger kills it.

Many gunners go through a lifetime of wingshooting experience, without ever suspecting that good wingshooting is necessarily a two-phase function. It is a simple trick comprised of good leading-and good triggertiming. Such gunners always do much more missing than hitting. Season after season they go through disappointing experiences, perhaps feeling that they are only victims of an unkind fate. Yet the "cure" for missing may lie right in their own handsright in their trigger-fingers, to be exact. So let's look at a typical example of the not-so-expert gunner who is still floundering along with the notion that good leading is all there is to good wingshooting.

If his trigger timing is not positive, is not uniformly obedient to the eye-to-brain reflex, then the trigger will not be touched off at precisely the right instant. His previously established correct lead is no longer any such thing: the target will have flown past the spot where the gunner expected his shot (Continued on page 45)



Good wingshooting does not depend on gun price. All good weapons are Stevens Model 94, an inexpensive \$23.50 shotgun; Stevens Model 530, a medium-priced \$65.75 double-barrelled shotgun; and Stevens Model 620, a higher priced \$75 single-barrelled pump gun.

CARRIED 150 YEARS BY BRITISH INFANTRYMEN, NO GUN ENJOYED MORE AFFECTION OF SOLDIERS THAN THESE FAST-FIRING FLINTLOCK MUSKETS

British-made Brown Besses of 1760 are dusted by attendant at armory in restored Virginia capital of colonial Williamsburg, where they are stored.





First issue arm of the "Minute Men" was Brown Bess. American colonials fought in many battles and then took muskets home at harvest time.

BROWN BESS:

LADY WITH A MILLION LOVERS

By JAC WELLER

In all History no weapon ever gained the love of men who carried it more than the Brown Bess musket introduced into the British army about 1700. No gun was ever used longer by a first-rate power than this standard weapon of the British infantry for more than 150 years. Before Brown Bess was retired into museums, this lady who spoke with fire won the undying love of more than a million soldiers who used her in Europe and America.

Consider the talents of this lady: in eight hours at Waterloo on June 18, 1815, a mere handful of Britons killed more of their enemies with Brown Bess than the armies of the whole British empire ever did with small arms fire in any 24 hours in either world war.

Brown Bess came into being in the days of ponderous matchlocks and pikes. Regular infantry at the end of the 17th century was a weird association of armoured pikemen and lighter, more active musketeers. They could present a hedge of pikes to charging armoured cavalry and their matchlock muskets, once the matches were burn-

ing well, gave them a fair volume of fire. The musketeers hovered about the flanks of the slow-moving pikemen and protected them from hostile fire during their advance.

Relatively light flintlock muskets had been in use in war for some time before 1700. They were at first called calivers to distinguish them from the much heavier, more ponderous, and more powerful muskets, which usually had a matchlock. The latter weapon was cheaper and more satisfactory for battlefield use.

It was John Churchill, Duke of

Marlborough, who is popularly supposed to have originated Brown Bess very early in the reign of Queen Anne. Under him major British armies appeared for the first time in the field with infantry armed only with light flintlock muskets and bayonets. The pike and the pikeman's half armour weren't used. New infantry tactics were based entirely on fire power and movement; the slow and complicated maneuvers of pikemen and musketeers were abandoned forever. Under Churchill, every single musket could be discharged in one devastating volley at a word of command. Reloading was done rapidly and efficiently. A charge could be made with bayonets, quickly fixed after the last volley.

Brown Bess, carried by every private soldier in the infantry battalions, became the sole reliance of the British infantry. Its fundamental characteristics as a weapon remained unchanged for 150 years. It weighed around ten pounds which is about the maximum that can be carried by the average soldier on long marches and then be used in action without a rest.

Bore diameter remained constant at about .76 caliber; however, the standard ammunition fired from it was considerably smaller. The bullets were usually about .70 caliber. With such ammunition, it was capable of fast firing in precise volleys by disciplined infantry. It was never intended to have any great accuracy. The tactics of its use and the traditions of the British Army did not call for aimed fire. The entire piece was easy to produce, sturdy, and reliable. Brown Bess would continue to function throughout any battle without cleaning.

Around the middle 1700's, British infantry began dividing the labor of

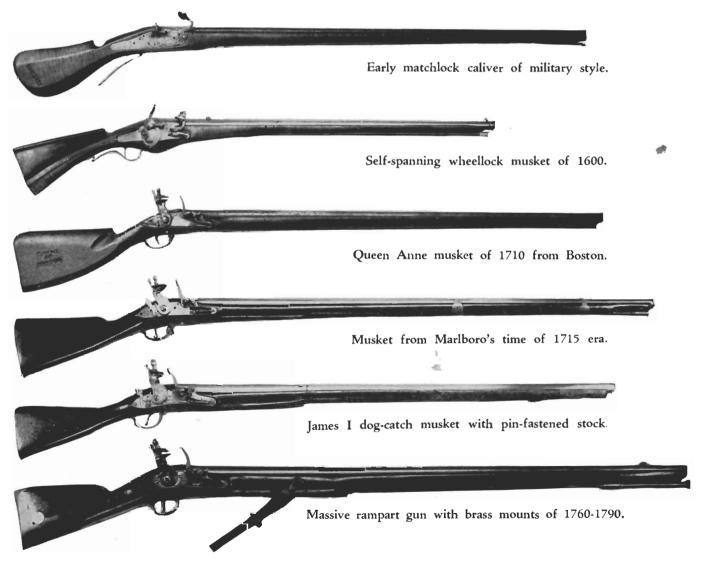


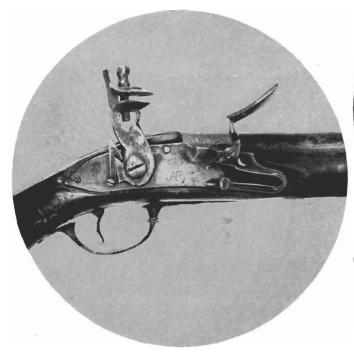
Foot soldier of George II carries banded musket of early pattern. Same gun was used by revolutionists.



"Embattled Farmers," armed with Brown Besses taken from forts, were mowed down by volley fire at Lexington in 1775 but learned loading drill of musketry and soon returned as good as they got in battle.

Evolution Of British Musket





Queen Anne musket from Boston has double-neck cock shaped smaller than that on dog-catch William III musket.



First standardized British musket was this dogcatch flintlock gun from reign of William III, which had flat double-neck cock and safety dog.



One of the earliest of its type, 1717 Brown Bess has goose neck cock, with high comb and fluted stock, and sling swivel on brass guard bow.

loading and firing between the different ranks. Sir James Wolfe's victorious forces on the plains of Abraham outside Quebec brought the system to a peak of efficiency unique among all armies at the time. Originally, Wolfe's system allowed one-third of the muskets in each battalion to be discharged by the front rank at the rate of one volley every few seconds for a considerable period of time. While the front rank was firing, the rear rank pushed a new cartridge down the barrel with a ramrod which they retained permanently in their right hands. The middle rank took care of priming and adjusting the lock, including occasionally installing a new flint.

In battle this plan had obvious disadvantages. Casualties disrupted the three-man teams. The loader's ammunition was quickly exhausted; someone's musket was missing a ramrod. Individual loading techniques were developed in a few years so that the idea was abandoned.

The Brown Bess fought with both sides during the Revolution. Thousands of them were in arsenals and in the

hands of Colonial militia at the start of the war. Smallwood's Maryland Line and Haslet's Delaware Contimental infantry were armed with Brown Bess muskets purchased new in 1775 from British gun makers.

American musketry tactics were as good as the British. In losing Bunker Hill, we inflicted 40 per cent casualties on the attacking British force in less than two hours. The 1st Maryland Line at Guilford Court House broke a battalion of



Duke of Marlborough is credited with introducing Brown Bess to "Tommy."

the British guards. In the earlier actions, we made up for our lack of precise loading techniques with accurate fire at unusually close range. Israel Putnam's admonishment, "Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!" proved quite effective. Later, Baron Frederick von Steuben taught the Americans to stand and deliver volley for volley with British regulars.

While many historians feel that Britain beat Napoleon with gold, trade, and the British Navy, there were also the less-publicized, but tough British infantry and their Brown Besses. Wellington's British regulars fought the French on a hundred fields without suffering a single defeat. The Iron Duke was a master of his profession; he understood the British soldier and the musket supremely well and both achieved their greatest day at Waterloo.

Throughout the Napoleonic wars, the French infantry column were pitted against the British line, the basis of which was fire power of the Brown Bess and the newer, individual-loading discipline with which it was used. Vet-

eran British infantry, without resorting to any change of muskets from one rank to another, could deliver a volume of fire of five shots per minute per man for a considerable time.

The British regular infantry was still almost completely armed with the Brown Bess until well after 1850. The inaccuracy of the weapon lead finally to its retirement in favor of the Minie rifles, which were effective at 1,000 yards.

In other parts of the



Baron Steuben trained Americans to equal British firepower with Bess.



Soldiers in line were almost obscured in fog of powder smoke when volley from Brown Besses was fired.

world Brown Bess, manufactured by millions in England during the contest against Napoleon, continued in use until well into the 20th century. A flintlock smoothbore weapon requires for its operation only the simple ingredients of gun powder and chips of rock. Stones could be substituted for bullets in some cases.

There are three general types of Brown Bess weapons. British authorities ordinarily include the infantry muskets of the reign of Queen Anne and the early years of George I, from 1702 to about 1720, but these are early weapons, not typically Brown Bess as we think of them in this country. The true Brown Bess was made with relatively minor variations from the middle years of the reign of George I until the early years of Victoria, about 1720 until 1840. For another 15 years after that, the same basic weapon was made with a percussion lock.

The term Brown Bess originated in army slang. Some have said that "Bess" came from Queen Elizabeth; however, there was a lapse of a hundred years between Queen "Bess" and Queen Ann. The "Brown" is sometimes said to have come from the fact that the barrel as issued from the Tower of London was usually chemically browned; however, many of the British regiments immediately polished the barrels bright, removing completely the brown color from the iron of the barrel. "Bess" was probably a term of endearment, perhaps originating with one man, like the expression "Tommy Atkins" caught hold.

Weapons made from 1702 to about 1720 are quite different from the true Brown Bess muskets as most collectors know them today. These weapons were direct descendants of the English 17th century "firelocks": a most confusing term. This included all types of flintlocks,

the wheellocks not commonly used by line infantry, but did not include matchlocks.

Collectors sometimes divide all flintlocks into four separate categories, which serve to separate them quite well in point of time. The true dog-lock was probably not made after about 1670; the dog-catch lock was made in small quantities before 1660 and was installed in most military muskets made during the reign of William III, 1689-1702, and Queen Anne, 1702-1714. It was still used in the early years of George I.

Muskets bearing Anne's cipher must be classified as Brown Besses, if we accept the British story of their "invention" by the Duke of Marlborough early in Anne's reign. Actually, they vary little from the earlier dog catch weapons of William III. They are radically different, however, from the firearms of the British Civil War period.

The "accepted" type of Brown Bess has a rounded lock plate and catchless cock, a cast butt plate, and has the barrel secured to the stock by a tang screw and pins. The stock has a deeply fluted comb and ends short of the muzzle to allow the use of a socket bayonet. These early Brown Besses may have brass or iron fittings; the lock plate is always of iron.

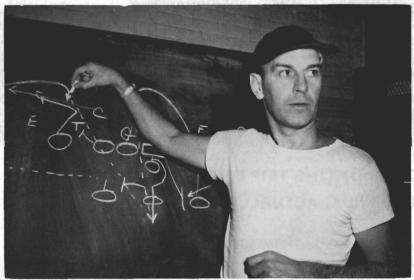
The earliest true brass mounted Brown Bess is in the Tower of London, with the lock dated 1717. I know of no other brass-mounted Brown Bess made in the reign of George I, 1714-1727. There are a number of iron-mounted Brown Bess weapons of this period, usually bearing dates in the early 1720's. Some British authorities doubt the date of this first brass mounted specimen. They believe it was probably assembled around 1729 from a lock that had either been in storage or (Continued on page 48)

MY FAVORITE GUN

BY ADLAI STEVENSON, Democratic presidential candidate of 1952 whose favorite gun is an Ithaca M37 shotgun.

I enjoy hunting; I love the outdoors and I like to watch dogs work. I went deer hunting in North Carolina for the first time last fall, but I've done a little pheasant, duck and quail hunting for many years, mostly in Illinois. I hope to do more, and in the future I intend not to let work interfere with hunting so much. But I'm not a very good shot. In fact, you might say that I'm something of a conservationist, although that's not always intentional on my part.





BY PAUL E. BROWN, football coach of the pro championship Cleveland Browns, who uses an Ithaca 12 gauge pump gun.

My shooting has been generally confined to skeet as our football season conflicts with the seasons for wild fowl and upland game. I have used an Ithaca 12 gauge pump gun with ventilated rib and compensator for the reason that it serves admir-

ably for skeet and can readily be adapted to trap and bird shooting when the occasion arises. In my experience and with my limited opportunity for gun handling, this equipment seems most adequate for my general purposes.



In Bell, Calif., a young hunter did not discover he had shot himself until he found the bullet in his trouser pocket. The 22-caliber rifle of the 18-year-old Robert Castleberry fell from a camping trailer and accidentally discharged. Driving home later, the youth's hip started to "feel funny." He investigated and found that a suspender button had been smashed and the bullet was in his pocket. He only had a bruise on his leg.

In Blairsville, Ga., a funeral oration was delivered by Rev. Carl Brewer for Alvin Towe, killed by buckshot in a hunting accident. Six days later, the minister admitted to police that he had accidentally slain Towe while shooting at a squirrel.

In Hollywood, the latest drink fad is a cocktail called "Russian Roulette," which is a concoction with six parts of vodka. People who brave the drink report: "After one drink you wonder who shot you."

☐ In Skokie, Ill., Arthur Frank shot himself in the hand two years ago while shooting at rabbits in the backyard of the metal company where he works. This year in the same location, with the same gun and in the same hand, Frank shot himself again. "Each time I saw a rabbit, I got excited and shot myself instead of the rabbit," he explained.

In India, the millionaire Maharaja of Gwalior went hunting for lions with Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia in a 3,000-square-mile game preserve. Some 300 beaters chased three lions towards a concrete platform where Tito stood. When the Maharaja offered Tito a rifle, the Yugoslav reached instead for a camera which he carried and said: "I prefer to shoot with these." Total bag for the hunting trip: several photos of three lions scurrying through the bush.



14 GIRLS GO ON AFRICAN HUNTING TRIP EQUIPPED WITH THREE FRIGIDAIRES AND LOTS OF LUX, ACTUALLY SHOOT 19 ANIMALS

By WILLIAM C. L. THOMPSON

No HUNTING in the world has been more extolled and eulogized, publicized and dramatized than the African safari. Exalted by such big names as Teddy Roosevelt and Ernest Hemingway, shooting big game on the Dark Continent has come to be recognized as the zenith of hunting experiences.

Believing all they had read about the excitement of an African hunting trip, 14 American women decided to see for themselves and organized perhaps the strangest safari in Africa's history. Few of them had ever fired a rifle

before in their life; at least one was a conscientious objector to killing animals and wanted to shoot African wild life with her camera only. The all-girl safari went into the African jungle equipped with three frigidaires and enough Lux soap to wash two week's supply of nylon undies (which could not be trusted to any of the forty Africans that ministered to the party).

The safari was a success although they did not shoot any lions, elephants or rhinos; none of the girls shot any of the other girls, either.

The safari did bag 19 animals in two weeks of hunting and one girl shot a Francolin bird, a feather of which she wears in her hat. The only casualty was one woman who cried the first time she saw an animal killed.

For these 14 ladies in pants, the strange African adventure began with an ad placed in several publications by a much-travelled New York woman. Beverly Putnam, who had read a hefty dose of Hemingway and got the notion she would follow in his African footsteps. Her ad read:

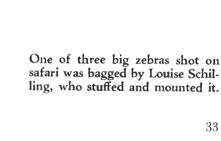
> First all-girl African safari organized leaving New York by air. Limited to 15-ages 28-38. All expenses 1 month approximately \$2,500. Box R-125

Miss Putnam could only corral 14 women, including herself, for the party and had to up her age limit to 60 to take along one prospective huntress.

Arriving at their hunting base (naturally it was set up near the foot of Mt. Kilimanjaro, the snows of which have been the subject of a Henringway story and a Hollywood movie), the girls discovered that they had to learn to shoot before they could hunt. Disappointing to them was the insistence of the male bossman of the safari, a brave white hunter named Bunny Allen, that the girls learn to shoot using a bullseye as a target-instead of passing game. A target was set up on a tree near camp and only when a girl could hit the



Horns on gazelle shot by Bernece Gray are measured, showing she almost broke women's record for biggest gazelle.





How to shoot from moving vehicle is demonstrated to lady hunters by Stan Brown, who was one of two white males who accompanied safari.

circle was she allowed to set off after lions.

In every case white hunter Bunny Allen was close by, ready to unlimber his rifle in case the girls missed. Allen insisted that the women direct their shots at lagging animals away from the middle of a herd.

The girls were surprised in the beginning when animals stood still while one of their number fired up to five shots without hitting any game. Perhaps the worst shot of all was Helen Blasberg, a cook and caterer back in her home town of Hawthorne, N.J. She aimed excellently, Allen found, but turned her head away when she pulled the trigger. Once she shot five times at a gazelle just 30 feet from her and missed completely. The gazelle finally got tired of posing and scampered off into the wilderness. One of girls kidded: "The animals pose for her and say to themselves: 'Let the girl have fun."

After a week of practice shooting out of a tent at a target on the tree, she was able to pull the trigger without closing her eyes. And then she finally bagged a buffalo and went wild with delight. (Continued on page 45)

Led by professional hunter Bunny Allen, girls start trek into deep bush on trail of game. Some days girls walked miles in following animals. Guns were carried by natives on long hikes, while girls looked at beautiful African scenery.





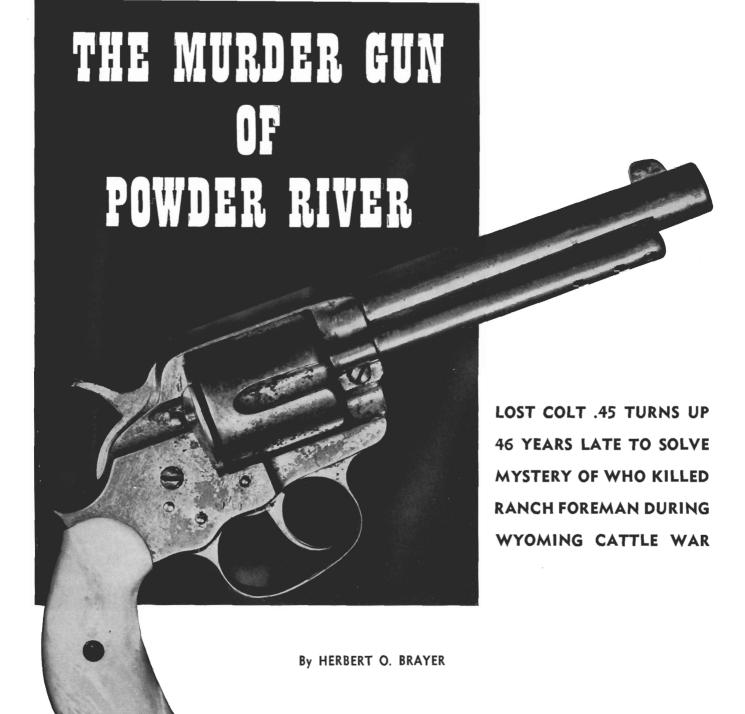
Stalking and killing impala was big thrill to Peaches Guerrero, who examines her bag along with Bunny Allen. Impala continued running after he was hit and had to be followed for half hour before he was finished off by Peaches.

Baked bean can is used as mirror to apply lipstick by Gladys Lyman, oldest woman on safari. She shot one bird.

Water buffalo was shot by Helen Blasberg, who usually closed eyes when she pulled trigger. Buffalo was all she hit.







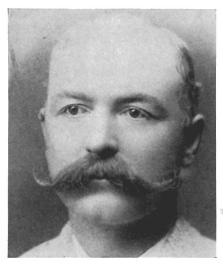
Colt .45 revolver proved key clue to Marshal Wellman's murder.

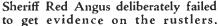
IN THE ANNALS of the Wild West, there are many true-to-life accounts of rustling and murder that outdo anything Hollywood or television can cook up today. Among these the Johnson County war in the Powder River country of Wyoming, when rustlers ran riot and virtually were the law for years, rates as one of the most dramatic. It was in the midst of this war of cattlemen versus rustlers that a murder mystery involving a Colt .45 became the biggest news of the day. While the missing weapon became known as the murder gun of Powder River, oddly enough the "lost" Colt was not the gun that did the killing, but rather the sidearm which the murder victim had been carrying and had time neither to draw

nor fire when confronted by paid killers.

Some 46 years later the gun turned up to solve the murder!

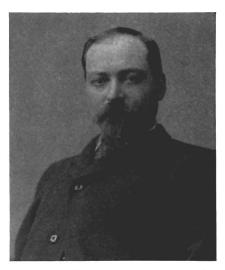
On the scene of the crime, the Powder River winds northward, rising in the hills of southern Wyoming and up across Montana, a tributary to the Yellowstone. And the Yellowstone, so early Western settlers thought, went on clear into Canada. But the river fools them; it joins the mighty Missouri and turns southward again. And men are sometimes like rivers, turning and twisting, and finally returning to their true course. Such a man was "Black Billy" Hill, friend of rustlers. A small rancher, Hill was the missing link to the chain of evidence which stretched across nearly a half a century to solve







Mayor Charles Burritt sided with unpopular cattle barons in county war.



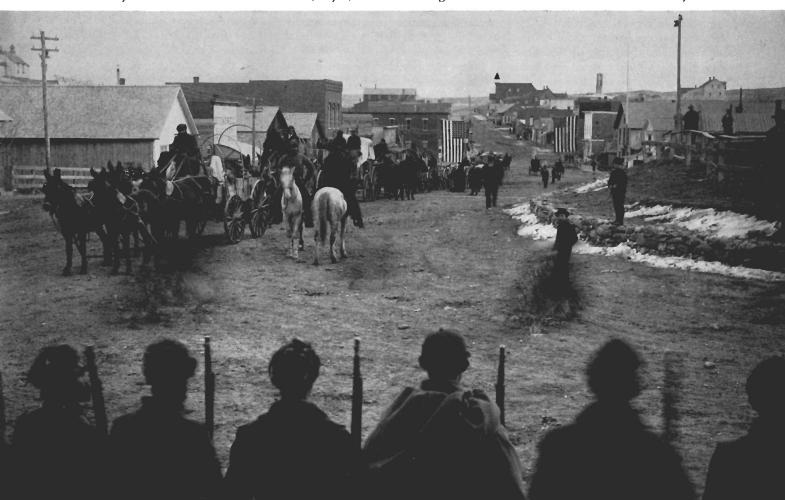
Cowman John R. Smith fought other ranchers, backed rustler activities.

the baffling mystery of the Powder River murder gun. Back in 1892, Billy owned a small herd of 300 cattle in the Powder River country near Buffalo, Wyoming. He was not a rustler, but he had a streak of sympathy in him for the underdog, and he carried this over to cowboys on the run. A fellow accused of raising a brand could almost always hide out on Billy's place, and no questions asked. Billy skirted the law many times, until the murder of Deputy U.S. Marshal George Wellman, who was cut down on a bleak snowy morning on May 10, 1892. Billy decided that the law might think he knew too much and try to question him.

He had seen other fellows with rope burns on their necks, who had finally answered questions, and he did not like rough handling. He left for Canada and did not return until years had passed. And when he came back, he furnished the answers to the Powder River murder mystery.

Wellman was killed while acting as foreman of Chicagoan Henry A. Blair's vast Hoe Ranch on Powder River. He was ordinarily a mild, quiet man, but circumstances pushed him from the status of ordinary cowhand to bossman for a day. Blair's regular ramrod, Frank Laberteaux, was absent in Cheyenne. He had gone there as a member of a cattlemen's

U.S. Cavalry rides down main street of Buffalo, Wyo., after intervening in cattle war to save ranchers from defeat by rustlers.





From bunk house such as this on Powder River ranch, George Wellman was promoted to foreman of Hoe Ranch . . . and to his death!

party spontaneously raised to combat well-organized rustlers who were terrorizing northern Wyoming and southern Montana.

Stepping into his job was Wellman who had worked for Laberteaux for five years as general ranch hand. He was by nature unassuming, but he was catapulted into the midst of the cattle war. His boss, Henry Blair, had been behind much of the fighting and the local citizenry—who looked on grassland as just so much potential potatoraising area—were strong against him. Wellman immediately became a target for unfavorable attention, where he had been nothing before.

For ten years previously the cattlemen, banded into the increasingly powerful Wyoming Stock Growers Association, had tried to bring order to the county. They had many times brought indictments against rustlers, but out of hundreds, only one had been convicted in ten years! Although caught red-handed by range detectives, local juries, composed of friends and neighbors, refused to convict. Such cases became so ludicrous that county attorneys merely asked the court to dismiss cases without trial.

Prime factor behind the rustlers was bland, sharp-eyed John R. Smith, owner of a large ranch near Trabing. Smith's role was a passive one—that of aiding and abetting rustling activities. The whole story reads like a third rate movie script, but it really happened. Smith, as a stockman, almost equal in holdings to the other big cattle companies, could keep track of the activities of their men and tell the rustlers where to strike next. Working with cowman Smith was the infamous band of pro-

fessional gunmen and rustlers known as the "Red Sashes," each of whom had lined his gunbelt with red flannel to prevent cartridge grease from getting on his trousers.

To oppose these men, who held Johnson County literally in a grip of iron, pillaging and burning at pleasure, the legitimate stockmen had imported some Texas gunnen to supplement their own forces. Together with the cattlemen, they made up a private army of 44 men. They moved to "invade" the county, and put an end to the leading rustlers, about 30 in all.

The avowed aim of the vigilante army was to seize control of Buffalo and its inept law-enforcement agencies, then hunt down and exterminate every rustler. But lacking popular support. instead they were met by overwhelming numbers of rustlers actually supported by the outraged citizens of Johnson County, Laberteaux, along with the rest, was trapped in a brief siege on the TA ranch. Only the intervention of the United States Cavalry at the eleventh hour saved the cattlemen from complete annihilation by the besiegers. They agreed to surrender to the cavalry, and Laberteaux and his fellows were taken to Chevenne to await the pleasure of the courts and an investigation of the whole affair.

In the interim Blair had sold part of his Hoe Ranch to Robert Gibson, operator of the OK Ranch near Gillette. With the overlap of employees, new foreman Wellman was directed to pay off the unwanted Hoe cowboys. He met with Gibson and worked out problems incident to the consolidation of the two properties as well as to learn the inside plans which the cattlemen had for the rustlers.

Senators Warren and Kendrick, who both owned large Wyoming ranches, had arranged for the Justice Department to send U.S. Marshals to Buffalo. Marshall J. P. (Continued on page 40)

Cattle still graze peacefully, cowboys tend stock and ride fences on Powder River land once drenched in bloody war.



CARTRIDGES

QUIPS QUOTES & QUERIES

By STUART MILLER

Japanese Shotgun Shell

WHEN a new caliber of rifle or pistol ammunition comes to light, it is interesting, but when someone turns up a new gauge of shotgun shell—it really is something different. This happened the other day when I received a 30 gauge shotgun shell that was found in Japan. This came from a box with label reading "30 gauge shot shells, 75mm, for Murata. Made by NPK of Yokohama."

This is a straight brass case, three inches long and about .54" in diameter. This diameter is similar to that of the case of the 11nm Murata Army rifle, below the shoulder. In addition the rims of rifle and shotgun shell are the same. It's too bad that the shotgun shell is not headmarked. This shell was for a single shot, small bore shotgun which is made up by fitting new barrels into the old Murata bolt action single shot army rifle actions used back in the 1880's.

Revolving Shotgun Cartridge

Speaking of shotgun shells, I have seen only one photo showing the original labeled packet and cartridge for the 60 caliber Colt Revolving Shotgun. This 60 caliber did not become as popular as its big brother, the 75 cal shotgun, and is more rare. Incidentally there is a packet of the 75 caliber shells shown in Severns book "Colt Firearms." The shot charge and the power load are put up in separate containers rather than the single unit type



used in the Colt's revolving pistols and rifles. The "No. 8" mentioned in the label refers to the components used-presumably the shot size.

These shells were intended for use in the side hammer Model 1859 revolving shotguns, which had but five chambers—hence this number to the packet instead of the usual six for the Colt Revolving Pistol sizes. I was curious as to what these cartridges sold for when new, so started checking. In England, the Colt Co. sold shotgun shells at 14 shillings per 100. In their 1867 Hartford price list

they listed the 60 caliber shotgun cartridges at \$27.50 per 1000, while the 75 calibers sold for \$32.50 per 1000.

Question Marks

"I have often wondered just how much the army was charged for some of those special Civil War Carbine cartridges, such as the Burnsides and Gallagers. Can you tell me?" S.G. San Mateo, Calif.

Ordnance Memorandum #1 written in 1863 gives the following values for such cartridges. These prices were considered to be the replacement prices for such ammunition lost or destroyed. Prices are per 1000 cartridges: "Ballard's Carbine Ctgs \$17; Burnside's Carbine \$31; Cosmopolitan's Carbine \$24; Gallager's Carbine \$24; Henry's Carbine \$24; Merrill's Carbine \$19; Sharps & Hankin's Carbine \$27; Smith's Carbine \$26.50; Spencer's Carbine \$35; Starr's Carbine \$24.75; and Warner's Carbine Ctgs \$26 per 1000. Pistol Cartridges: Colt's Remington's and Starr's paper ctgs caliber .44 \$18.50 per 1000; ditto skin ctgs \$13; Colt's Remington's and Starr's paper caliber .36 \$16.50; ditto skin ctgs \$13; Lefaucheux, metallic \$25; round ball for S. B. Pistols \$10. Percussion caps, regulation (per M) \$1.26; percussion caps, for pistols (per M) \$1.25." . . . Let's see, skin cartridges at a cent and a half apiece-that makes them 9 cents a packet of six . . . not bad!

"I have just picked up a 50 caliber Spencer rim fire with the FVV&Co headstamp. How many other calibers did they make with this headstamp?" G.B. Cortland, Ill.

This is one of those questions where it is not possible to make a final answer. . . . The best I can do is to list the ones that I know of and hope that some of you other collectors will let us know of others that you have or definitely know of.

Fitch Van Vetchen & Co. was first listed in the 1865 New York City Directory, and in 1867 they reorganized into the New York Metallic Ammunition Co. In this short period they seem to have concentrated on military rim fires. In our collection we have the headstamped 58 musket and 46 cal Spencer, but have also heard of the headstamped .52 and .56 Spencers.

"Did Colt make any tin-foil cartridges before he associated with Eley in England?" R. M. Chicago, Ill.

Yes, I understand he made musket caliber and carbine caliber tinfoil cartridges for Hall and Colt carbines as early as 1840 at his Paterson, N. J. factory. Several hundred thousand of these cartridges were bought by the Ordnance Department for issue to troops in the Florida war. They resisted moisture better than paper ammo, but none appear to have survived today—at least, I do not know of any in collections. He also made some tinfoil ammo, perhaps only experimentally, in Hartford about 1856. I have record of a tinfoil cartridge for .36 Sporting Rifle M1855, and also for the .56 caliber M1855 rifle. The tinfoil was shaped into a tapered cylinder and then crimped into a groove running deep around the bullet base.

THE MURDER GUN OF POWDER RIVER

(Continued from page 38)

Rankin and Deputy Jeff Carr were already on their way out from Cheyenne to see on an official level what the fuss was all about. Wellman, appointed a Deputy U.S. Marshal because of his incumbent position as foreman of the Hoe Ranch, was to meet the Marshal's posse in Buffalo. He was to first pay off the Hoe men, and then place himself under Rankin's orders.

Wellman met with no argument when he assembled the surplus hands on the Hoe Ranch and gave them their wages.

One of the Hoe men was not present when Wellman paid off the others. He was Tom Hathaway, who had been at the Powder River Crossing overnight and had ridden in to the Hoe late the next day. Hathaway had quarreled frequently with Wellman during a previous roundup, and while Laberteaux had been absent, Hathaway served as foreman. Wellman's appointment must have come as a shock, but Hathaway said nothing. Wellman was packing his duffle at the Hoe when Hathaway rode in. Both men planned to ride to Buffalo. Hathaway agreed to accompany Wellman while the latter indicated he would settle up with Hathaway on the way.

They had ridden for perhaps 20 minutes when they topped a long ridge. Suddenly, according to Hathaway's later testimony, two quick shots made both horses shy violently and Hathaway's mount commenced to buck. Finally with his horse quieted Hathaway turned and saw Wellman at the crest of the ridge shouting at the unseen gunman—or gunmen—on the far side. Almost simultaneously two more shots rang out, and Hathaway's horse started again, so that it was a minute or so before he could look to see Wellman. The quiet, soft-spoken foreman lay stretched dead on the ground.

Hathaway realized he was there alone with Wellman. He turned and galloped up the road toward Buffalo, hoping to get to the authorities with the truth before the false news that he had killed Wellman got started.

Hathaway's news was received with alarm by both factions. The fact of the crime, which was not just running off some cattle or burning a shed, but out-and-out murder, would lend force to arguments that martial law was needed. The rustlers and settlers were anxious to disclaim any "credit" for the deed, while the stockmen equally claimed innocence.

Rustler-sympathizer Sheriff Angus of Buffalo claimed the tale was a trick to draw him out to the Powder River range near the Hoe where the cattlemen could assassinate him for his help to the other side. Angus was convinced that Hathaway had done the job and was trying to absolve himself of the murder by a show of innocence. After all, who was the last man to see Wellman alive? And who had ridden out with him from the Hoe Ranch? And who had a record of arguments and fights with Wellman from the year before? Hathaway was the answer to all three questions: Hathaway must have done it!

Mayor Burritt was not so certain and turned up some interesting evidence. Wellman had received secret instructions from Gibson in Gillette to obtain evidence proving that ranches were being looted by the rustlers. This evidence Wellman was to turn over to Marshal Rankin as soon as possible, but secretly, lest he be murdered by one of the rustlers' gunmen. Rankin with this information would act to get martial law declared.

The "Red Sashes" gang learned of Wellman's secret instructions and killed him, according to this version of the murder.

The evidence was that several members of the gang, in addition to "Black Billy" Hill, the rancher from the Red Rock country who sympathized with the rustlers in their "fight" against the great cattle combines, spent the night at Powder River Crossing. In the morning three of the "Red Sashes," Ed Starr, "Black Henry" Smith and Charles Denbry, saddled up and rode off toward Crazy Woman Crossing and a meeting with Wellman. Soon it was generally accepted that these three did the deed.

Knowing who did it, and proving it, were two different matters. There had been only one witness... a mute one which could only give evidence 46 years later by the ring of circumstances about it. This was Wellman's gun!

A double action Colt .45 was strange in the Powder River country in those days. Although the model had been produced in Hartford since 1878, not many were in Wyoming in the 1890's. The "Peacemaker" and older percussion and converted Civil War revolvers of Colt and Remington design were far more common. The bird-beak style of the grip was not immediately accepted by the western men, and the lanyard loop was a novelty often removed in actual use. The butt loop was to attach a shoulder cord to, which prevented the gun from being dropped and was an aid to steady aiming with the arm extended. But it might have hampered "quick draw" if fitted with a lanyard and the naturally eonservative frontiersmen did not take to it. Thus Wellman's gun was new to the oldtimers, and would have been noticed if carried by anyone else. . . .

They brought Wellman into Buffalo. His funeral was simple, and the only disturbing factor was a running question in the mind of the sheriff and the mayor, as well as among George's friends . . . where was his gun? His holster had been strapped around him, but no gun could be found; it was assumed that the killer had taken it, for it was a new gun, with shiny nickel and a fine set of pearl grips. It turned up several years later but it was not until 1938 though that the find was reported.

A sheep rancher who was new to the range was tending his flock on the old EK lands at the north fork of the Powder River. Seeking a high spot to give him a good view of the surrounding country, Jim Potts noticed three large sandstone buttes capped with a harder stone. He walked around the 30-foot high eroded monuments. Although it was quite cold, he was suddenly brought up by the unmistakable sound of a rattlesnake. He found two and killed them with rocks. Then, finding this a gentle pastime which would help keep him warm, he sought for more. In a depression near the south side of the buttes, he discovered several hundred

snakes which were making a considerable racket. Picking up an old tepee pole, he used this to rake out 38 of the wriggling critters and killed them all by shooting and hitting them with rocks.

Tiring of this sport, he walked around to the north side of the buttes to see what was there. In a hole he discovered some files and chisels. Reasoning them to be burglar tools, Potts thought he was onto something hot: the gold stolen from a recent shipment. Digging, he pulled out a large Price's Baking Powder can . . . but it was no gold cache. Instead, he was rewarded by finding inside it a bright and shiny .45 Colt revolver, in almost perfect condition. Potts brought the gun back to the ranch and for years it lay in a bureau drawer. No one seemed to know where the gun came from, or cared. Until 1938. . . .

After an absence of 46 years, Black Billy Hill came down from Canada to visit his old stomping grounds. The countryside was little changed, but many of his old friends, and enemies, were no longer around. Sheriff Mart Tisdale agreed to take Billy around to the old ranch sites.

The Wellman murder was a topic of talk, and as Tisdale and Billy Hill came to the Dawson place crossing of Powder River, just north of present Kaycee, "Black Billy" pointed to three isolated, eroded buttes which dominated the countryside. "I left for Canada, Sheriff, because I was afraid to tell what I knew about Wellman's death. I knew who did it, and there," pointing to the three buttes, "is where Ed Starr told me he buried the gun he took off of Wellman right after he had killed him." Tisdale was intrigued but made no comment.

When the sheriff returned to the courthouse at Buffalo, he told the story of Wellman's lost gun to W. E. Lott, deputy treasurer. Lott was astounded, for the Johnson County treasurer in 1938 was Joe Potts, son of Jim Potts who had found the Wellman gun accidentally back in 1895 without knowing whose it was!

In 1938 there were still living men once active in the Johnson County War—stock detective Joe LeFors; Tommy Carr, who had been with the Red Sashes as they planned to waylay Wellman; George Smith, who was once prominent as a rustler; and Lora Reed, a ranch hand who had been paid off by Wellman at the Hoe ranch the day before his death.

Each man knew Wellman and knew his gun. Without exception each identified the Potts gun as the one carried by Wellman long ago. Each reiterated their testimony at Wellman's inquest, affirming that the pearl handled DA Colt .45 was his gun and a novelty in the cattle country then. The whole story now linked up for the first time. Ed Starr, one of those Red Sashes, had killed Wellman, and Wellman's gun proved it, nearly a half century later.

Starr had not been apprehended at the time of the killing. Instead, a drifter, sometime cowboy and hoodlum, he had moved on into Montana and met his natural death... from gunshot wounds. His killers tricked him by loading his gun with blanks. Anticlimatically, they provoked him to go for his gun and then cut him down. Yet his record remained to point the finger years later.



Russian Marksmen

Got a sneak copy of your March issue with the Russian shooting story last night from my newsdealer. Liked it very much, and thought you might like this little bit to add to the information. The Russian team members are supposed to shoot as much as 75,000 rounds a year in practice alone! This seems to back up your contention that they are pros, not amateurs. I shoot a lot of .38 Special midrange, and when I buy cheap ammo, handloads, they cost me from 4 cents to 5 cents a cartridge. I handload for 30-05, too, but some of my hunting stuff runs 8 cents or more, with Speer or Hornady bullets. Figuring on the 5 cents for .38 Specials, the 75,000 rounds have a price tag of \$3750! That is more than double the American average yearly income, and darn near as much as a lot of guys I know make with good jobs. Even if it costs less in Russia, the proportion of costs to yearly income will be a constant. Seems like that is a pretty big slice of the budget to give to a "sport."

Charles Engels Chicago, Ill.

That really is a jackpot question—where did the Russians at Caracas get new Smith & Wesson 38's, when and from whom? It is just as much a mystery to us as it is to anyone. Perhaps in the same way that Swedish champ Ullman got the one with which he set a new world's record, and that one I can tell you about.

He dropped off the plane at Idlewild, took a cab over to New York, and bought it right over the counter of one of the New York gun stores, making arrangements of course with his embassy so that he might legally take the gun out of the country.

This man is known as a superlative handgunner, but taking a brand new and entirely strange straight production gun, entering the world championships with it, and then proceeding to set a new record, is something right out of this world. That doesn't happen but once in a lifetime.

But, to get back to the Russian team, we haven't the slightest idea when they got them, where they got them, or from whom they got them. As a matter of fact, I am told by "them as were there" that the whole thing was so "hush hush" that this team did all of its practicing prior to the matches with a rather tired looking bunch of foreign landguns of the Nagant breed.

Those superlative S&W's didn't make their appearance until the boys went to the line to shoot for loot. What they accomplished is now a matter of record, and remains a tribute to the gun no matter how it was obtained. As a matter of fact there were five

Smith & Wessons used in the winning of the first seven places in the center-fire world championships.

Actually we haven't yet learned exactly how many of our K-38's were used in that match, but the indications are that it was very much of a heavy favorite—all of which is very pleasant to hear.

F. H. Miller, Asst. Sales Manager Smith & Wesson, Inc.

Advanced Articles

I have before me a copy of your new magazine GUNS. I am delighted with the principle of the magazine and think that it answers a definite need. Gun enthusiasts like myself have not had any such periodical before. We've had to rely mostly on hunting and fishing magazines and gun yearlies.

However, I would like to see more technical and complete articles. For instance, your article on "Shootin' Irons of the Old West" was an excellent piece for someone who had no previous knowledge but offered no further stimulation to anyone who has had any previous knowledge of the subject or has at least read basic articles in hunting and fishing magazines.

If you could at least include several more advanced discussions in each issue, you would, I feel, gain many more subscribers who are already fairly well schooled on the subject without jeopardizing your "novice" subscriptions. I know at least you would have my subscription.

Theodore McElroy, Cambridge, Mass.

Killing Power

I read your article on how to buy your guns for hunting, by Leonard R. Grover, and certainly disagree. In your article you state the Savage Model 99 lever action has as great killing power as the Weatherby Magnum.

The Weatherby Magnum has more speed and more knock down power than the Savage ever had.

> Martin Friedman Los Angeles, Calif.

You are correct except for one thing, Mr. Friedman, and that is that Grover said no such thing in the story. The Weatherby Magnum 300 has a listed energy at 100 yards of 3685 foot-pounds with a 150 grain bullet. The Savage 300 Hi-Speed Remington bronze point checks out at 1930 foot-pounds with 150 grain bullet. The caption to the two rifles: Savage 99 and a Weatherby, listed neither calibers, nor did it say one was

"more powerful" than the other. It said: "Savage Model 99 lever action rifle, left, is good, workmanlike killer - much cheaper than such fine guns as scope-equipped Weatherby Magnum, right." Savage riftes have been used for 50 years and nobody seems to complain that they can't kill game. Weatherby guns are just now coming into the usual trade channels, although Roy Weatherby has had a good mail-order business for several years. They are simply different kinds of guns, and a direct comparison is impractical. But the .300 Savage certainly brings down a lot of deer these days. And as for "killing power," notice the similarity between the newest .308 Winchester and the old 300 Savage? At 100 yards with 150 grain bullets, the .308 is about 270 footpounds heavier hitting-but this is about 15% hotter. We doubt that a deer would known the difference, he not being able to

HUNTING WITH A HANDGUN

(Continued from page 15)

ity will sometimes do the same thing, penetrating but with insufficient shock.

A friend of mine, who is a state highway patrolman, once killed a bear more by ventilation than anything else. Three .44 Special factory bullets went all the way through. Two bullets were retrieved in the carcass without a scratch. The other had a large groove on it where it had hit a bone. Had these bullets been hollow points they would have been far more effective.

Another friend of mine spends a great deal of time hunting mountain lion. He uses a .38 Special handloaded cartridge at maximum velocity with a hollow point bullet. Seldom does he need more than one of these as they strike with sufficient energy for penetration, and to expand the hollow point bullet. These bullets destroy a great deal of tissue and also deliver their full energy to the animal without wasting any of it in the countryside beyond.

Cartridges with the solid lead bullet can be hollow pointed by the use of the Goerg Hollow Pointer. Depth of the cavity is controlled by an adjustable drill. It is a source of comfort to have a cylinder full of hollow points when going in to finish off wounded game.

The amount of destruction of hollow points at maximum velocity on small game is shown in the picture on page 14 of a blue grouse shot at 30 feet. At first it would appear that there was nothing edible left on the bird. However, after skinning it was not as bad as it first appeared. Solid lead bullets in revolvers do nothing but punch holes,

With increased interest in the .357 Magnum cartridge, it is possible that a wider variety of game-killing bullets will be offered by the ammo companies. Several different handguns give the shooter a choice of weapon, and experience proves that a handgun can be practical in the woods. It is not necesarily the "best" gun for a novice, but any hunter in the wilds should carry a pistol as well as a rifle. If he gets "treed" without his musket, a powerful handgun is a great comfort. Used carefully, it can take large game, and will keep the camp pot full of rabbit stew or quail-on-toast in a pinch.

GUNS THAT KILLED PRESIDENTS

(Continued from page 20)

state officials, "collection of a prominent citizen," and so on. Some descriptions claim it had ivory handles, but the photo preserved in government files of the gun with which Garfield was killed shows a gun with black, checkered wood handles. This old photo, marked "Confidential," was declassified for Guns through the courtesy of M. L. Peterson of the Smithsonian Institution. It seems without question to be a Forehand & Wadsworth "British Bulldog," such as sold for \$2.75 to \$3.00. The higher price was in .44 caliber, with which Garfield was shot. These guns were poorly constructed. They were made for cheapness, for a totin' pistol market, for customers bent on saving money, not buying fine firearms.

Guiteau was just such a customer. He only wanted to kill the President, not own a fine gun. Although of historical importance, F & W "British Bulldog" revolvers sell for very little. Three to five dollars would be a fair price for such a gun today.

The killer of President McKinley bought an inexpensive revolver, also. He was a young man just starting out in life and did not have much money to spend. He purchased an Iver Johnson .32, serial number 463344, nickel plated. It is a little different design from the usual "T" latch I-J's. Otherwise it is an undistinguished top-break revolver such as might cost \$15 today in fine condition—and probably cost him all of four or five then.

McKinley's assassin was a would-be thinker, sometimes called "anarchist," named Leon Czolgosz. Leon was a handsome youth with black curly hair, round face, but not unpleasant features. But he had a brooding quality about him, and a surly set to the lips, which might have warned someone. As it occurred, no one noticed him in the lineup to greet the President in Buffalo, N. Y., where he had come in connection with the Pan-American Exposition in 1901. The President had consented to appear at a reception on the 6th of September, and Czolgosz was in the crowd at the Temple of Music to greet him. The anarchist's right hand was wrapped in a bandage, which concealed his Iver Johnson .32. McKinley stood on a slight platform, smiling and greeting those who came forward to wish him well. The visitor before Czolgosz hesitated, and the alert men of the artillery company—the 73rd C.A., which had been detailed to guard McKinley-urged him on so that Leon could also greet the President. This the little anarchist did-with two quick shots from his

Czolgosz came finally to the end of all assassins—execution. He was the 50th criminal executed by electric chair at Auburn Prison. His motives were simple: he believed that the world would be better off with less politicians, and he set out personally to get rid of at least one. The President lingered on in considerable pain, gangrene finally ending his life on the 14th, for the assassin's bullet had lodged in his intestine where doctors dared not probe. He had seemed better, about to recover, but at the last he took a turn for the worse.

Collectors for many years bought Remington double-barreled derringers "like the kind that killed McKinley." Where the story started, no one can say. Perhaps the two shots fired by Czolgosz suggested a Remington double derringer to someone. More likely some gun dealer with an overactive imagination and too many derringers in stock started the rumor. In 1944 the truth finally came to light. A reader's letter to an outdoor magazine was answered by the curator of the Buffalo Historical Society, in which he refuted the Remington derringer story with a description of the Iver Johnson gun actually used. The gun is still in their collection.

Andrew Jackson, whose beautiful wife was the subject of many duels between "Old Hickory" and his political enemies, was once the unwilling target for an assassin. He attended the funeral services of a congressman in Washington on January 30, 1835. Departing after the funeral, he was confronted by an insane man named Richard Lawrence, who pointed a gun at Jackson's breast at close range. The weapon was evidently a common cheap percussion pocket pistol, then being imported from Belgian and other Continental makers. Brass-barreled ones are a little unusual, but the record indicates Lawrence's guns were so made. The killer snapped the cap, but it failed to fire. He pulled a second pistol—and with exactly the same result . . . a missfire! Jackson and his friends suhdued the attacker, who was later tried but acquited on a plea of insanity and committed to an asylum.

Experts examined the guns, and found them to be properly loaded—the chances of two successive misfires under those conditions were estimated at one in 125,000!

What probably happened to prevent the firing of the guns, was something which occurrs regularly today in firing old guns, unless precautions are taken. Oil left over from a previous cleaning will fill the percussion cone hole. If the gun is loaded, the powder will become damaged by the oil. It is always necessary to snap a cap first on the cone to clear it of oil. It is then loaded, but the cap flash dries the chamber, and the powder remains good.

Probably Lawrence had not taken this elementary precaution. Percussion cap guns were fairly new in those days... but surely Lawrence must have been instructed in how to load them, by the person from whom they were bought. Is it possible that he, with the urge to self-destruction seemingly present in all assassins, deliberately failed to clear the cones before loading? At least he followed the pattern otherwise—cheap brass barreled pocket pistols, the least expense possible.

Well-documented is the attempt on President Roosevelt's life by Guiseppe Zangara, a New Jersey bricklayer with a stomach ache.

Zangara had no family, no education. In a twisted way he had devised a perfect rationalization for his determination to kill all the rulers he could get to. Herbert Hoover was on his list first. But his animosity was not personal—when Hoover was supplanted by Roosevelt, the new President became his aim. "Since my stomach hurt I get even with capitalists by kill the President. My stomach hurt long time." A few Ex-Lax tablets might have averted a tragedy.

Waiting in Miami, at the amphitheatre where Roosevelt was to speak, Zangara had to content himself with a seat towards the back of the audience. After Roosevelt's talk, as people were beginning to file out of the hall, Zangara climbed onto his seat and fired five shots onto the stage. He claimed later that the chair shook so he could not hit anything . . . at any rate, he hit five other people, missing Roosevelt. One of his wildly shot bullets struck Mayor Anton J. Cermak of Chicago. Three weeks later Cermak died.

In the interim Zangara had been tried and convicted of assault on others in his attempt to assassinate the President. With Cermak dead, a new trial was ordered, and Zangara found himself eventually seated in the electric chair, smiling at everybody. But his mood changed to one of pique, when he learned there were no camermen present. "Lousy capitalists," he screamed, "No one here take my picture. All capitalists lousy bunch of crooks. . . . Go ahead, push the button."

Zangara's pistol was a cheap U.S. Revolver Company .32 revolver, hinged frame, nickel plated, made by the Iver Johnson firm for mail order trade. List price was about \$4.50 to \$6, depending on source in 1933. Actually Zangara bought the gun and ten bullets in a downtown Miami pawnshop for \$8.

The Puerto Rican nationalists who gunned Congress and fired on President Truman in Blair House were following the lead in armament for assassins. War surplus pistols are always cheap, compared to current commercial arms, and the Puerto Ricans used a Luger and a P-38, both 9mm caliber, in their minor revolution.

Assassination makes news, and movies follow the trend. The recent film, "Suddenly," starring Frank Sinatra as the psychopathic killer trained by Army service in the fine art of murder, is among the best produced on the subject. The attempt on the President's life is worked out in detail. A scope sighted automatic rifle is used—a German Gew. 41W—firing at two or three hundred yards from a fixed rest.

Allowing for the conditions set forth in the film, the assassination might have succeeded. But the story makes the assassin run true to form—he is his own undoing.

And so it has been in history. From the very first, the minions of the Old Man of The Mountain were so primed on thoughts of paradise that they expected to die at once upon killing their assigned victim. Through the years this has held true. The gunman in Marseilles who was beaten almost to a pulp by the cavalry swords of King Alexander's guards and the truncheons of the police, the screaming woman from Puerto Rico, cursing and sobbing in the balcony of the House as her friend fired his Luger at the Congressmen . . . all have been apprehended. It would seem that this is an important streak in the assassin's makeupan urge to self-destruction.

Do they deliberately use guns in poor condition, like Booth's Deringer? Or cheap pistols more calculated to be sold than used, like Guiteau's Bulldog revolver? Perhaps no one can really answer, except to point to the pattern.

So far the American record is fifty-fifty—three down, three misses. Will someone try it again? The Secret Service would like to know an answer for that one.

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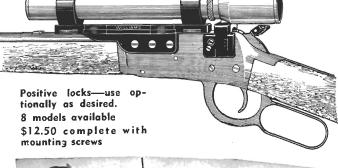
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WHEN TO BUY YOUR SON A GUN

(Continued from page 7)

in practically every state. Possession of air rifles in public by any "minor under sixteen" is generally prohibited or restricted, unless accompanied by an adult or with signed permission from the chief of police. Laws vary but the gist is there.

It is very wrong that parents who give their kids air rifles should be so stupid, lax, uncaring, as not to follow through on the gift. Such parents who hand their child an air rifle and then forget about it . . . until the police officer stops at the door with a boy in tow and says, "Is this yours?" deserve the strongest condemnation and punishment for their negligence, criminal negligence it would be called in law.

The unliappy publicity which has been given to some so-called "accidents," which are of course only the results of parental neglect and lack of discipline, seems to have stimulated the proper answer. It is informal, pleasant, skillful training by youth leaders, volunteer rifle instructors, conservation officers and state game preserve people.

New Hampshire, for example, is a little state, and not heavily populated. With somewhat over half-a-million people, exceeded by many cities, 44th in size, it ranks among the first in firearms safety and instruction. The sensible elements of "The New Hampshire Plan" are not unique. All over the country, police sports clubs, gun clubs, conservation officials, are incorporating firearms safety

training in their programs.

In Anderson County, South Carolina, the kids have a chance to own guns, shoot them, learn the fundamentals of safety in hunting and marksmanship, and survive. The Junior Deputy Sheriff's League has now more than 5,000 young members, and holds matches and shooting contests for the boys. Sheriff Clint McClain has used guidance and an interest in young people to supplant prohibitions which would only result in a continuing ignorance of kids about guns and safety.

Gun clubs, which have been long established, have been very helpful. There is no such thing as a full-time firearms instructor, whose job eight hours a day consists of teaching people gun fundamentals and safety. Perhaps there should be such a position, but in lieu, individual shooters who are qualified as instructors have given willingly and freely of their time, after hours, on evenings and weekends, to help young shooters get started and learn the game right.

Shooting instruction can start at an age of six or eight years. It can range from the

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gruff command, "Now you leave that loaded gun alone," to a final instruction of the judge to the jury. Or it can be different.

It can be the kind of instruction given by YMCA and Boy Scout leaders, who emphasize exactly what is involved in owning a gun. It can be the kind in which a father undertakes to teach gun safety to his son, after years of not knowing the rules himself. There are many, many fathers who find that upon giving their sons a gun, they are not versed in the knowledge necessary to impart to a fledgling shooter.

Some states, Oregon among others, have taken steps to insure that fathers become better acquainted with gun safety. Legislation in Oregon has been introduced to prohibit the carrying of a loaded shotgun or rifle in a car. Common sense dictates that no hunting weapon should be carried loaded but there are still many hunters who seem not to know it.

It is not only illegal to fire from a car, or from the highway, but it is also unsporting. But common sense seems to break down too often and the prohibition in this instance of an unnatural and dangerous thing is a wise move.

In Bend, Oregon, Chief of Police John Truett has started a plan even more to the point. Last November, Truett's first gun safety class for children was held. Almost immediately, over 130 boys had signed up. Bend has only about 11,000 citizens: 130 boys is not a vast majority, but it is a step forward. The boys have been divided into groups according to age. Those from 8 to 12 will work with BB guns, while older boys to 15 will be instructed with .22 rifles. Police have a high regard for the potency of BB guns. You may be sure that Bend's children get a thorough understanding of the dangers inherent in what so many parents give for birthdays as "a toy." Truett is taking the youngsters through gun problems from A to Z. They will learn proper handling of firearms, and engage in target practice.

A shooting instruction program should start with a competent, willing instructor. Thousands of men were trained in rifle marksmanship and safety in the army. They now have sons six, eight, ten years old, that dangerous age, where a careless child may so easily do his part in adding to the death toll. They are often eager to aid in instruction in a healthful, satisfyingly competitive sport. Qualified rifle instructors can be contacted through local rod and gun clubs. Range facilities can be in a basement or school room. Not all of the essentials of rifle training involve shooting. These can be conducted in evening or after-school classes virtually everywhere and anywhere. If parents will only look about them, they will probably discover ranges within convenient distance. And if no range is at hand, building one can be a community adventure as valuable as a church social.

The bed-rock to training for young or old is the "Ten Commandments of Safety." Every fall hunting season finds them printed in hundreds of newspapers. Alongside are the current statistics of fatal hunting accidents. Maybe printing them during the "off season" will help impress them on older minds, and

get them into the patterns of teaching for the young. Here they are:

1. Treat every gun with the respect due a gun known to be loaded. "Fooling ahout" has no place in gun handling. This is the cardinal rule of gun safety.

2. Only when actually hunting or on the firing range should guns be loaded. A loaded high power rifle rattling about in the back seat over a rough Wisconsin road is just an accident looking for a place to happen.

3. Barrel and action should be clean and free from snow, dirt or accidental obstructions. Rifles stacked in the corner from one season to the next accumulate dust and lint in the muzzle section of the bore. Thick enough, this accumulation may raise pressures, damage the rifling, or damage the shooter. Look through the bore first, and while out hunting, keep a piece of Scotch tape or a protector cap on the muzzle so a stumble in snow will not clog the barrel.

4. Always carry a gun so that if you should stumble, an accidentally-fired bullet will not strike another. Hunting "Indian file" means more game and less Indians if one should trip. Spread out, and know where your shooting partner is at all times.

5. Be absolutely certain of your target before you pull the trigger. A child out hunting may not be accused of intention to kill. but Papa may wind up charged with manslaughter.

6. Never point a gun at anything you do not want to shoot. Follow this one, and it is sort of a "golden rule" of hunting . . . and you live longer.

7. Guns not in use should be unloaded. Never leave guns loaded in the presence of children, either instructed or not instructed. The shotgun is no longer needed to defend the home against bandits or savages. Keep animunition separate, and locked up. Even five-year-olds, rummaging in the clothes closet, have been known to find an unloaded rifle, find the ammunition for it, and kill someone carelessly . . . and all while Mother was in the next room, ironing!

8. Never climb a tree or cross a fence while carrying a loaded gun. Unload the gun first. Then push it through the fence and cross a few feet farther away. Don't hand anyone a rifle or shotgun muzzle end first.

9. Never shoot at a flat, hard surface, or the surface of water. Bullets, once they have bounced, are entirely unpredictable. A "safe" shot has often become a tragedy because of a ricochet.

10. Do not mix gunpowder with alcohol. If you want a drinking party, go to the tavern. If you want to hunt, leave your liquid warmers at home. Build a fire or carry one of these nickel-plated hand warmers. But use the bottle for a plinking target, not a hunting accessory. Liquor slows down your senses and timing, and may easily be the cause of missing an easy shot at a ten point buck . . . or making a dead shot of that "unseen hunter."

Follow these rules. Take your boy hunting when he's old enough to carry a gun, and when he shows the interest. Give him a real firearm of which he can be proud, and at the same time, respectful of its power. You will have made a buddy for life. But neglect his enthusiasm, tell him "no" simply because you are too lazy or just not interested, and you may wind up with a statistic for a son. It's as simple as that.

WINGSHOOTING

(Continued from page 25)

pattern to connect with it. Even though the "bit of daylight" between the moving target and the gun muzzle indicated that the gunner's lead ahead of the target was precisely correct, his faulty trigger-timing lost his lead. He shoots too late, misses behind. At this "mysterious" mishap the gunner

At this "mysterious" mishap the gunner may be unable to explain his apparently incomprehensible miss. Especially if he is a beginner, he still thinks good wingshooting is only a matter of good leading. No one has yet told him about the other vital half of the trick—good trigger-timing. After his puzzling miss, he may actually think there is something to the old chestnut "to miss is mystery."

The expert wingshot knows darned well that the old saying is pure applesauce. There is no "mystery" to missing. He knows that momentarily, his trigger timing was not as good as his leading. Maybe he did not sleep well the night before; maybe he slept too well. The human mechanism is never wholly predictable: this much may be classed as "mystery." But unless good trigger timing goes along with proper lead and swing, a miss is sure to result. And this is no "mystery."

The human element is significant. No wingshooter, no matter how expert, ever lives long enough to shoot all the misses out of his gun. On a seasonal average, even the expert wingshot will burn up five shells for every three birds bagged. Yet this is good wingshooting—so good that probably not more than 3 percent of all gunners can average that high.

On the regimented clay target in skeet-shooting, the expert's seasonal average may be up around 98 percent hits. Yet this is in a game, and the rule applies that "practice makes perfect." Wherever expert shooting is found, on feathers or on clays, it results from combining good leading and good trigger timing. Used together, these two make a deadly combination.

Bad trigger timing comes from placing the finger incorrectly on the trigger. The one best spot for contact with the trigger, for me, seems to be at the center of the first section of the finger, midway between finger-tip and the crease of the first point. My champion skeetshooting correspondent finds the "ball point" of his trigger finger is the best spot for contact. Somewhere within these narrow limits lies the best spot for trigger contact.

Shooting a gun with a too-short stock may lead to the error of wrapping too much of the trigger finger over the trigger. I have seen a gunner on the skeet field borrow a short-stocked single trigger Winchester Model 21 and then wrap so much of his trigger finger over the trigger that he actually stalled it by freezing up on it so that he could not fire the second barrel on the second target in the doubles shooting. He laid himself wide open to flinching, and his score reflected both bad trigger timing and flinching. With correct trigger pressure, coordination is almost instantaneous, and no flinching results from that "hurry up" feeling to disturb aiming.

This correct finger and trigger contact is nothing new to pistol and rifle shooting. But

with wingshooting, it must be so fast that it is too often overlooked. In all three weapons it is the same old principle of positive trigger pressing, in varying applications. Fast, uniform pressure near the tip of the trigger-finger can actually shorten the gunner's lead. Incorrect contact with the trigger simply invites slow let-off, which will bar forever the gunner from any hope of "expert" rating.

A Swiss watch cannot be hammered out on a blacksmith's anvil, and good shooting cannot be done with a trigger-pull which is too heavy, or too light, either, if only for safety. A dragging trigger with noticeable take-up, or a pull which does not break clean, is pretty hopeless equipment for a newcomer to wingshooting. Cheap guns are rather common offenders in this, though by "cheap gun" I do not necessarily mean a low cost gun. The single shot kind, when made by a reputable manufacturer, may cost little and still be a darn good shotgun. Trigger pull on any gun can usually be righted by a competent gunsmith, though with any shotgun it is often preferable for the manufacturer to take care of that detail.

The weight of pull I like best is about 3½ pounds on the first barrel and about 4 pounds for the second, with a two trigger double gun. Let off on a single trigger double is usually a bit heavier. Pumps and autos are usually over 4 pounds pull. But weight alone is not the deciding thing: trigger pull should be uniform, unvarying

30-30 FOR 10 POINTS
An Oklahoma Indian, who killed
a 10-point deer, was asked if he had
used a bow and arrow. He replied:
"Indian use 30-30 rifle. Bow and
arrow for white man."

from shot to shot. Because of the slam-bang function of an automatic, triggers are fitted with some take-up for safety, before the actual pull begins. Yet the trigger let-off on the automatic is only slightly springy, not a drag. Once positively started, it cannot be stopped. Serious trapshooters do not like the automatic, because of its "slow" trigger they claim.

Yet in a fireball shoot-off between a Model 1911 Remington automatic, a single-shot trap gun of good quality, and a fine pump action trap gun, the Remington won. And what it won was only the Grand American Handicap at Vandalia in the summer of 1936. So far as I recall, however, this is the only automatic I ever saw used at this outstanding trapshooting classic. On the other hand, a preponderance of skeetshooters regard the automatic as their favorite high-scoring gun. And for half-a-century the automatic las been a favorite among first-rate game shots in the field.

It seems self-evident, but it has been often overlooked, that the gunner who presses off his trigger from a correct contact near the tip of his finger, will shoot well. Even with an automatic, the rule is true. Good trigger-timing induced by correct contact between trigger and finger is the "hidden" secret of good wingshooting. Good leading, along with smooth gun-swing, is not quite enough. Good leading with fast, uniform trigger-timing—ah, this combination straight off begins putting more birds in the bag.

PETTICOAT SAFARI

(Continued from page 35)

Up every morning for breakfast at 7, the girls set off in three hunting cars and a jeep, covering an average of 100 miles daily in the open country. When cars returned with trophies there was much celebration in camp, usually toasts with whisky and ice. The game was skinned and cleaned by natives, who also ate the meat.

Strict hunting rules prevailed on the safari, with the white hunters insisting on discipline from the girls. Closest to danger that any of the girls got was the night that two of them found themselves surrounded by a herd of water buffalo. Former child actress Peaches Guerrero and ex-Texan Louise Schilling, both now living in Honolulu, were the only ones who accepted an offer to camp out in the jungle one night with the two white hunters who accompanied the party. They slept under mosquito nets in camping beds. When some water buffalo appeared near camp, the two males went after them, leaving the two girls alone. While the two men followed a shot at a buffalo, the girls suddenly found the buffalo had returned and had completely surrounded them. They experienced real fear until the two hunters returned. While out in the bush, the males also shot a python and brought it back to camp. Peaches was the only girl brave enough to touch it.

At least one socialite was in the party— Charlotte Johnson of Syosett, N.Y., whose husband surprised her by arranging for her to go. She changed clothes most frequently, always hoped she would miss when she shot at animals—and usually did.

Champion huntress of the safari was Bernece Gray, a Indianapolis night club owner, who got 7 of the 19 animals shot by the party. She bagged the first and last game taken by the all-girl safari. Bernece always encouraged the male hunters to take shots by shouting: "Go on shooting, sweetie."



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THE REVOLUTIONARY BROWNING SHOTGUN

(Continued from page 11)

This latch does not fit into a groove or channel but simply abuts against a shoulder on the barrel breech. Forward of the latch 7½ inches is the barrel lug. This lug fits into a slotted recess hung to the recoil spring. When the shotgun fires, a very marked vibration is set up in the barrel tube. This is due to the loose manner in which the tube is attached and locked to the gun itself.

Val Browning was faced with the same problem as his pop before him. You cannot open the 12 guage breech too quickly. If you do, there is a considerable gas escape that is hot and dangerous and you soon beat up your bolt, bust the extractor, ruin the ejector and play hell generally. Old John beat the game with the long-recoil; Val accomplished the trick more efficiently by compelling his shooting iron to work against two sets of powerful springs.

In the forestock, where ordinarily the shells are contained, he located an extremely powerful coiled spring. Behind the breechblock, reached through an inertia weight, he placed two more springs, one coiled within the other. When the gun fires, the gases must build up sufficient pressure to set the barrel and breechbolt into backward motion. The two are strongly locked together and both are held against the action of the expanding powders. Slowly and grudgingly the steel accepts motion.

All the time the shotload is being forced down the barrel. As the barrel-and-breech-block assembly recoil, the two sets of springs are compressed. When at last the camming action occurs and the bond is broken, the lead has passed the muzzle. A neat bit of engineering was accomplished here. As the barrel moves backward and forward, it is cushioned and pillowed by spring action. Likewise the bolt through the effect of the inertia block and the double springs is softened as to action.

Because the gun has no magazine, the second round lies on the shell carrier all the time. As the bolt starts forward, the carrier is cammed upward. The lift is not dependent on springs; it is wholly mechanical and is the strongest and most effective feed system of any repeating shotgun. You can bet your whole pile of blue chips that this new double automatic will never give any feed troubles!

A port has been cut in the left side of the receiver to admit the shells. This port permits the cartridge to be laid directly on the shell carrier. If the bolt is locked back, the business of charging round No. 1 will release the bolt and as it moves forward the carrier rises and the cartridge is driven into the chamber. The second shell can then be loaded. The fact that the gun has a round on the carrier is at all times evident. Most of the shell can be seen through the loading port at a glance. This is the fastest repeater to load of 'em all. A 12 gauge can be slammed into the gun with either hand.

I am a southpaw and I believe the loading is a trifle easier for me; but it is a question. At any rate loading is like chain lightning. Val Browning contends that a third shell can be rammed into the gun while the birds are still awing but I dunno. I ain't thet fas' mahself, suh.

Something I do not like about the loading

port is that it leaves a gaping hole in the side of the receiver which is an open invitation to dirt, snow, twigs, grass and other trash. The action is too open. To compound the crime, the carrier at the bottom of the receiver is cut away and by this design leaves the action susceptible to the entry of foreign matter. To test the effect of sand in the action, I scooped up a cartridge box full of the North Carolina variety and just dumped it into the loading port. I then turned the gun wrong side up and let as much filter out as would. The gun fired until the seventh shot. On that round it chambered the cartridge but would not extract the empty after firing. Three minutes cleaning had the weapon back in action.

A thumbnail sketch of the Browning shapes up like this:

Chamber, 12 gauge (no intention to offer the new auto in any other gauge at this time), 2\%-inch. Chamber will not accept the 3-inch magnum cartridge.

Capacity and loads: Two-shot, digests light, medium, skeet, high velocity and 2¾-inch standard magnum loads without any changes, adjustments or other modification of the recoil.

Stock, full pistol grip, French walnut, unquestionably the plainest and most ordinary piece of French walnut ever cut.

Stock dimensions: Length of pull 14¼ inches, drop at comb 15% inches, drop at heel 2½ inches.

The standard model shoots low for me; the lightweight model is a better fit and does not do this. The gun needs a raised rib very badly and Browning realizes this as they offer a variety of ribs with both models. One of these ribs is a raised, "recessed" job. The recess consists of a groove or channel cut the length of the rib. Due to the low-shooting tendency of the standard gun I have, a rib will have to be attached by an honest-to-god mechanic or else the gun will shoot lower than ever. Recommended is the Browning factory or some first rate technician like Simmons of Kansas City.

The fore-end is more alleged French walnut, checkered. It is the ugliest part of the gun, very European looking, and has two bolts running through the wood that detract from the appearance.

The front end is simply chopped off. Apparently the designer just ran out of steam by the time he reached the forestock so he said "to hell with it" and the resulting abortion does harm to the good looks of the piece. The forestock is hinged at front and has a flimsy little latch at rear which permits the stock to drop downward, thus withdrawing the barrel lock. This lock is a bar of steel which abuts against a shoulder on the barrel breech.

Barrel may be removed in 3 or 4 seconds, another installed just as quickly. Barrels are available in plain, matted or raised recessed rib styles 26, 28 or 30 inches, any standard choke. Receiver has a knurled sighting line full length and is made in blued steel or a new special light alloy with gray satin finish. The standard weight (7¾ pounds) has the blued steel receiver; the lightweight (6¾ pounds) has the aluminum alloyed receiver. Both actions are partially

engraved with an English scroll of beautiful appearance. The work is done by hand and obviously the engraver is an artist. The safety is simply a block directly behind the trigger and positioned in the trigger guard. It may be operated by either a left hander or a right, with gloves or without. This safety does not block the hammer but only acts as a stop against the trigger. Safeties on all our repeating shotguns are based on the same principle and this one should be as good as the others.

The new Browning automatic has the benefit of long experience behind it. At the turn of the century, John Browning had for years been selling all his rifle inventions to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. His automatic shotgun was offered T. G. Bennett, president of the big red "W," and it was accepted with alacrity. However, investigation disclosed that the lock-up infringed the Borchardt patent so Browning was asked to modify the link. Meanwhile, the patent firm of Seymour and Earl, who represented Winchester for many years, were busy sewing up the patent rights. The link was easily corrected by the remarkable inventor and between 1900-1902 three patents were granted. These patents, it should be noted, were applied for by Seymour and Earl but always in the name of John Moses Browning.

The gun, after long and exhaustive tests at Winchester, was pronounced a success. It shot through rain, snow, sleet, mud and sand. It worked best without a drop of oil and it would digest every shell known to man. It was a tough old bruiser and responded best to mistreatment and neglect. It held five sleots and ambitious wildfowlers soon discovered you could put an extension on the magazine which gave them nine quick blasts. Of course, this latter piece of brilliance was no child of either Browning or Winchester but it was tried. The balance, let it be noted in passing, was horrible. Anyway, the old musket was everything Winchester hoped it would be.

Bennett offered Browning his usual deal—a straight and outright payment for all the patent rights. Up to that time Winchester had bought all the Browning lever action, pump action and other rifles and were then deeply in the manufacture of the splendid Model 1897 repeating slide-action shotgun. In every case Browning had sold all his rights. This time he balked. "Give me," history records him saying, "a fair royalty on every gun made and I'll talk turkey."

Thomas Gray Bennett, undoubtedly the most astute jefe Winchester ever had, wouldn't budge. "We have always bought your patents outright," he is said to have told the great Browning, "and that's our offer for the automatic."

Winchester has been living down that one ever since. John Browning by that time was known as the leading firearms inventor. During his early years of association with Winchester, he had just been getting started. But his many developments in the machine gun, rifle, shotgun and auto pistol fields had established him as an inventor due anything but cavalier treatment. John went over to see the rival camp, the Remington folks.

Marcellus Hartley, owner of Union Metallic Cartridge Company, had gained control of the Remington Arms Company and while Browning had never had any truck with the UMC people he felt the time was ripe. As he waited to see Hartley, right after the lunch hour, word was passed out that the financier had dropped dead while eating.

The Ogden genius gathered up his powder burner, hied him away to the waterfront and three weeks later was demonstrating his shotgun to the big wheels in Fabrique Nationale d'Arms de Guerre in Liege, Belgium. The weapon, with the exception of time out for a couple of minor shooting affrays, one in 1914-18 and another a bit later, has been made ever since in Belgium. In 1905, license rights were purchased by the Remington Arms Company to make the automatic. They only discontinued the manufacture in 1948. When the patent ran out, others commenced to copy the Browning gun. It can be found today in every country in the world.

But in the U.S. the repeating shotgun is being legislated out of the picture. It is going to disappear as sure as death and taxes. Several states and the Dominion of Canada have barred the automatic already. It used to be that the repeater, whether pump or auto, could be crammed with five or six hulls, but that was yesterday. Today the gun can hold only three shells.

Tomorrow game departments, conservation groups and others will pressure our legislators to reduce capacities to only two shots. Browning, with all the sagacity and foresight that has made them one of our greatest arms manufacturers, have foreseen this trend and the double automatic is their answer.

BRINK'S GUARDS

In the article about Brink's, "Guns that Guard a Billion a Day," in the March issue, reference was made to the robbery of the Brink's office in Boston on January 17, 1950, as "an inside job." Since publication of the article, Brink's has furnished Guns information showing that there was no basis in fact for making this statement.

Immediately after the robbery and for several months following, Brink's personnel were repeatedly questioned by the Boston police and agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The questioning was painstaking and thorough. Movements and associations of Brink's employes were carefully inquired into. Although their backgrounds had been checked at the time of their employment, these were carefully rechecked. In addition, they agreed to submit to lie detector tests.

No evidence of any kind was found to indicate any complicity in or knowledge of the robbery on the part of any Brink's employe. Guns regrets the error in the article and is glad to make this correction,

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4320, 4350, per lb. ,	2.00
DuPont powders #4759, #6, per 8 oz Primers, Remington NCNM 11/2, 21/2,	1.25
6½, 9½, per M	8.05
Sierra bullets-Complete line available-Write f	or list.
Remington bullets, empty primed cases-Write f	or list.
Factory ammunition, Remington-Peters rim	fire,
center fire, shot sheels—list.	

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ONE-SHOT CLUB

PERHAPS the most unique hunting club in America is Wyoming's One-Shot Antelope Club. Organized in 1946, the club carries on a tradition dating back to Indian times, when redskin hunters were allowed only one arrow to bring down their prey. Each year in Lander, Wyoming, hunters

head out into the hills in teams, each man allowed only one shot in his rifle. Sponsors of the annual hunt, combining the best elements of sportsmanship with conservation, feel that the modern nimrod should certainly be able to hold his own against Indian marksmanship and feel that only one shot should be enough to bag an antelope.

Hunters come from all over the nation to join in the competition, with many western states entering teams against each other. Many notables



sprinkle the team rosters—ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, singer Lanny Ross and opera star Lauritz Melchior (see photo). The famed tenor has attended four straight meets, but only made one kill in four tries hunting antelope books.

BROWN BESS

(Continued from page 30)

had been salvaged from an iron mounted musket. This opinion is based on the similarity of the mounting and stocking to the early George II muskets.

Nevertheless, brass-mounted Brown Besses became standard early in the reign of George II. There are many of these extant with dates before 1730. The iron-mounted muskets of the same identical type are seldom found with dates later than about 1727.

These muskets were made more or less continuously for 120 years. Considering the manufacturing techniques, the first guns are remarkably like the last. There are, however, five fairly distinct models and variations within a single model are quite common.

Any Brown Bess with a 46-inch barrel is Model I. The last Model I's were made about 1760. All have characteristic high-heeled cast butt plates, four ramrod pipes, swan's-neck cocks, and rounded key plates to hold the heads of the two lock plate screws on the other side of the stock from the lock. Both the key plate and the trigger guard had ornamental extensions.

The stock is bulbous; there is a swell near where a man's left hand goes when he fires the weapon standing. A brass escutcheon plate was let into the top of the stock, just in front of the comb. These plates are very often numbered, or otherwise marked. For some time, these numbers were thought to be regimental.

Any Brown Bess with a 42-inch barrel is Model II. It was made from about 1760 until about 1775. The heel of the butt plate was reduced in height and simplified. The key plate was made flat, rather than convex;

however, it kept its ornamental tail. Many features remained the same as in the first model. There were four ramrod pipes; both the swan's neck cock and the escutcheon plate remained the same.

The other three models have 39-inch barrels, three ramrod pipes, tailless key plates, low-heeled butt plates and somewhat simplified trigger guards. They do not have escutcheon plates. When a weapon of this type has a swan's neck cock, it is Model III. When it has a reinforced cock, but still retains the combed butt, it is Model IV. When finally the comb disappeared from the butt, we have Model V. The change from swan's neck to reinforced cock seems to have occurred around 1778.

Production of flintlock weapons finally came to an end in Britain about 1840, although some percussion small arms had been made before that time.

Perhaps the most interesting single feature of the true Brown Bess is the lock plate. It changed very little during a century and a quarter. Those on the early Model I muskets had a considerable curve down at the rear; gradually they became straight on the bottom. On the other hand, the markings on these lock plates varied considerably over the years. Not all of these variations are completely understood, even at the Tower of London. It is probable that all weapons assembled by the government, or made by individual gun-makers expressly for the government, had the Crown with the King's cipher beneath in front of the cock. The cipher is just "V R" for Victoria Regina or "W R" for William Rex. However, for 116 years the cipher remained "G R"

during the reigns of the four Georges.

To the rear of the cock, there is usually the maker's name and date in the early weapons. Until about 1755, most muskets were completed by individuals or firms and sent to the Tower for final proof, inspection, and acceptance. These specimens usually bear both maker's name and date; in the earliest, the date may be just "23" for 1723. A new procedure was introduced at both the Tower and Dublin Castle in Ireland, sometime after 1750; these places assembled and finished muskets, from parts bought from gun-making firms. These were stamped with the usual Crown and cipher in front of the cock and "Tower" or "Dublin Castle" in the rear of it. These are rarely dated.

Not all Brown Bess muskets have the Crown and the cipher. Some are not marked at all, particularly a few of the very early ones. Some of these unmarked, but typically Brown Bess weapons, seem to have been assembled in part from old components. Perhaps the maker of the new flintlock did not want to stamp it with his name, since he could not control the restocking and assembly process. One such weapon in the author's collection has a light matchlock barrel of the middle 17th Century.

Many muskets surviving today have lock plates marked in front of the cock with the maker's name only. These seldom have any other marks. All weapons made and assembled in England have proof marks on the barrel. These muskets with maker's names only were produced by individual gun-makers and are usually superior in one or more ways to the standard Brown Bess muskets which they closely resemble. The reason for their existence can be traced to a strange system of purchases in vogue in the British Army throughout the 18th Century. Colonels who organized new regiments were required to arm their men at government cost with a weapon at least the equivalent of the standard Brown Bess. However, many of these British officers were men of wealth. They very frequently purchased better than standard muskets from a London gun-maker, just to give their units betterlooking and more carefully made arms.

Very few of the battalions of the guards carried the standard Brown Bess musket during the height of this private purchase idea, about 1740 until 1770. Their officers bought for them weapons slightly heavier in stock and barrel, better finished all over, which were standard in bore and conformed in length and furniture closely to the issue muskets. However, even today, they show a little more careful workmanship. The fit of the cock on the tumbler may be so precise and perfect, even after two centuries, as to create a considerable problem in removing it. The morticing of the various parts into the wood of the stock is like that on a fine modern English shotgun. These weapons probably did not function better than the standard Tower musket, but they may have contributed to the spirit of the unit.

More than 95 per cent of all Brown Bess type weapons were muskets of one of the five models described. These were of a single bore and three barrel lengths. However, during this period, a number of weapons were made up with smaller bores and shorter barrels. These might have, in part, standard Brown Bess components.

The best known of these was the light

infantry fusil, or fusee, also carried by some officers and non-commissioned officers. These were lighter than the muskets, and frequently, although not always, shorter and of smaller bore. The so-called carbine bore of .65 caliber is common. The fusils made during the Model I musket period arc usually of the 42-inch barrel type. When the musket was reduced to this length, fusil barrels seem to have been reduced to 39 inches.

These fusils were produced by independent gun-makers. They vary in minor details from standard muskets. Frequently, the key plate was enlarged and ornamented; flat metal strips were often used instead of pins to hold the barrel to the stock. Barrels of fusils are more frequently marked than are those of muskets—usually with a proper name. It is thought that this refers to the original owner. Fusils in the regular army were probably purchased in the manner already described by officers of means.

Fusils were often carried by the flank companies of British infantry battalions. They continued in use through the American Revolutionary period. After that time, however, light infantry began to be armed in part with rifles. A few rifled Brown Bess weapons exist, although the Baker rifle in use from 1800 is of quite different construction and appearance.

There are two general types of Brown Bess arms with considerably shorter barrel lengths. The shortest were carbines used on horseback. These usually have two distinctive features. First, there is a sort of ramrod swivel attaching the rammer permanently to the arm so it wouldn't be lost. Second, there is a slide and ring mounted opposite the lock where the key plate goes in the musket. The carbine sling fastened to this and held the weapon in loading, as well as kept it secured while the soldier was on horseback. Usually, carbines have smaller bores; .65 caliber was standard. However, carbines of full musket bore exist.

Medium length barrel weapons are called musketoons; many of these survive. They usually do not have carbine slides and rings, nor ramrod swivels. Dragoons and mounted yeomanry sometimes carried these in special saddle boots, but mainly for use on foot. They had other uses also; the East India Company bought one weapon of this type fairly extensively. Their insignia takes the place of the Crown and cipher.

For a period of at least a century, beginning about 1750, the gun makers of England were turning out in small quantities a kingsized version of the Brown Bess for use in semi-permanent installations. They were designed for use with their barrels solidly supported in a wall or bulwark by means of a swiveling pin attached to both the stock and barrel. They are far heavier than the standard Brown Bess and, of course, have a larger bore; however, the increase in bore is not nearly so great as the increase in weight would apparently allow. For instance, one in the author's collection weighs 38 pounds, but has a bore diameter of only .96 inches. Probably this threw a fairly long, heavy column of buckshot at close range targets.

All ramrods used before about 1725 were of wood. Iron and steel rods began to appear after this time, but were not universal-



ly issued even with new muskets until after 1750. This transition took place slowly. In some units of the British army, both wooden and steel rods were in use at the same time. The mere fact that a weapon is today equipped with a steel rod does not prove that it always had one. Sometimes you will be able to tell this by looking at the size of the ramrod pipes. Usually, however, smaller new pipes were installed when the rods were changed. The larger channel in the wood forestock may indicate this. The author has in his collection only a single Brown Bess with a wooden raunrod. This was made in 1743 by Farmer. One other Model I Brown Bess has pipes obviously intended for a wooden rod. Three weapons made in the 1720's have metal rods and pipes designed for them; the channel in one stock indicates that a change of the pipes has taken place.

For about 15 years following 1840, smoothbore muskets resembling the Brown Bess were made. Of .76 caliber with 39-inch barrels, key-fastened, brass-mounted, they had the same general shape of stock and sling fittings. Some Brown Bess muskets were arsenal altered to percussion by the drum, or bolster, system. Both the new and the converted weapons had about the same accuracy, velocity, bullet weight, rapidity of fire, and ruggedness as those used by Marlborough's infantry a century and a half before.

Throughout the entire period of its use, the Brown Bess was criticized. Men who knew nothing of tactics and weapons condemned the musket at various times for being muzzle-loading, a smoothbore, and for firing but one shot per loading. Inventors offered the government weapons that were loaded from the breech, were rifled, and fired more than one shot hefore it was necessary to reload. All these fell far short of the minimum requirements for military

All the rifled weapons invented or produced before the cylindro-conoidal expanding base Minie bullet was perfected were inferior to the Brown Bess smoothbore for use by infantry of the line. A rifle was more accurate; however, it took a great deal longer to load and fired fewer shots before cleaning was necessary.

There came at last a weapon that quickly superseded all smoothbore muskets. A bullet design evolved by several French army officers, of whom Colonel Rossi Minie was the most important, finally made the rifle practical. The Minie bullet would pass down the bore of a rifle as easily as an undersized ball down a musket barrel. It expanded when the charge went off, and took the rifling on the way out. This rifle could be fired many rounds before it required eleaning. It had great accuracy and range.

Rifles of this type were made in Britain beginning about 1853; they are known as Enfield rifles. The Enfield does not resemble the Brown Bess proper, nor the percussion smoothbore that followed it, to any recognizable extent. A new design entirely was used.

TRIGGER TALK

TRACKING DOWN the guns that killed three American Presidents, technical editor William B. Edwards found himself playing Dick Tracy with a vengeance. Although these weapons played a major part in our history, except for the Lincoln gun they are difficult to turn up. At least one—the Garfield gun—has disappeared entirely. Before he rounded up all his clues, Edwards had to call for the help of the U.S. Secret Service as well as the Smithsonian Institution in Washington and the Buffalo Historical Society in New York state.

Easier hunting in this issue was enjoved by Colonel Charles Askins of the U.S. Ordnance Corps, who tested Browning's new double automatic shotgun for Guns. He shot up about a case of ammunition and had himself a great time discovering what makes this revolutionary weapon tick. Askins is an old hand at shooting and will be heard from further in our pages. He recently returned from a tour of duty as military attache in Madrid, Spain, and is currently on active duty at Fort Bragg, N. C., where he tried out the new Browning, Paratrooper Askins has written three books on shooting. A member of the 18th Airborne Corps, Askins will write an article soon on his work in developing a new pistol cartridge as well as technical critiques on new firearms.

Less happy is the story behind another article in this issue, "The Secret of Good Wingshooting," by Bob Nichols, whose death brought to a close a fruitful career of writing about the great outdoors. His books such as "Secrets of Double Action Revolver Shooting" and "The Shotgunner" have earned for him a permanent place in the memories and libraries of American sportsmen.

Nichols' discussion of good wingshooting is perhaps the last magazine article he wrote. Published posthumously, it is symbolic that the last work of this great gunner should appear in a new magazine, one which will try to carry on the important work of promoting gun sport, as Nichols did in books and magazines throughout his life.



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