

ARMS AND THE MAN



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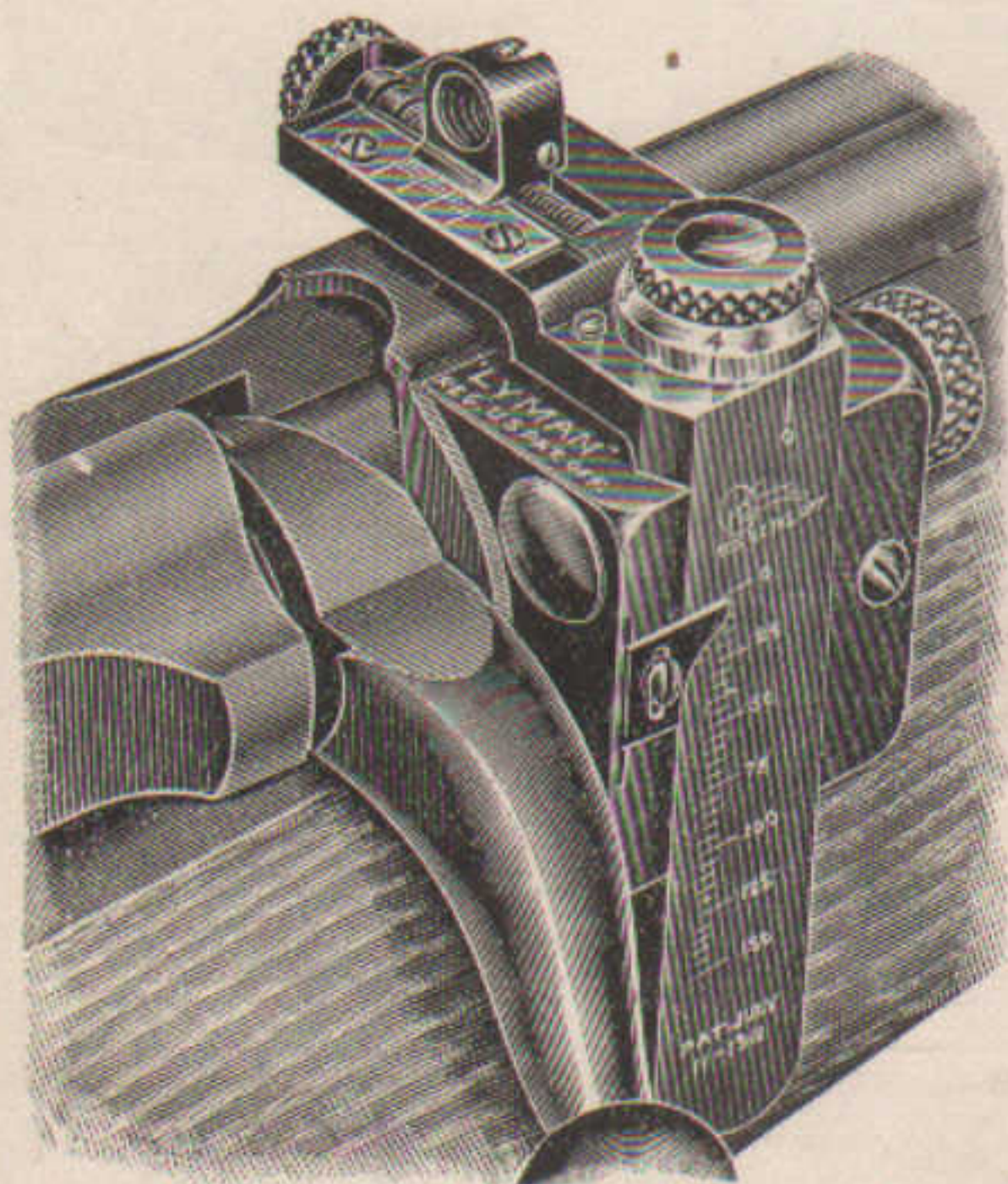
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ARMS AND THE MAN

FORMERLY
SHOOTING AND FISHING.

VOLUME LI. No. 2.

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A Fool Stunt.

BY ASHMUN BROWN.

MEMORIES of fool stunts one has performed usually are cherished with marked affection. Frequently they reflect no credit on one's judgment nor commonsense, but they have a savor all their own, even if they do deepen one's private and personal conviction that in the final analysis of himself he is considerable of a goat.

Enthusiasm in the pursuit of a "Sunday story" with pictures led me into one such stunt some ten years ago. The editor of the *Anaconda, Mont., Standard* had equipped Dave Walker, who called himself "an experimental photographer," and me with a gray mare, a buckboard, some grub and an expense account, and dispatched us into the wilds west of *Anaconda* to round up picturesque tales for the *Sunday* magazine.

We weren't hampered by instructions, it was early summer, the foot hills of the Rockies were clothed in fresh grass, the lush valleys were vivid with new-born foliage, the air was of the intoxicating quality that comes with altitude, both of us could cook and camp, and it was good to be alive.

The region was full of interest, for over it in the early '60's swarmed the first Montana gold rush from California. Here and there through the region we would find forgotten valleys where still stood deserted and decaying log cabins to mark what were once "live camp," while kindly nature had long ago healed the wounds and gashes in the landscape, made by the miners, and covered them with verdure.

The streets had been restored to primeval conditions, and ground squirrels and birds nested in the cabins. Now and again we would happen upon the ruins of an ancient Mexican arista, and once, on Georgetown flats, we came upon all that was left of a crude stamp mill that in old days had pounded out much gold. An occasional prospector, relic of by-gone days, or small farmer, were the sole inhabitants.

Through this region flows Flint Creek, a sturdy stream that suddenly leaps from the rolling plateau straight into a box canyon—a sort of a geological freak—and falls 800 feet, hesitating for an instant at a trifling bench at 600 feet, before reaching a new and turbulent channel in the floor of the narrow canyon.

On the northern side the canyon wall rises with relative ease, but on the southern side the wall is almost sheer. To photograph the fall and show it in all its might and majesty was a task that never had been accomplished, for the canyon was full of twists and turns. Pausing in our labors of reconstructing the country's past, we put ourselves in the present and determined to break the record. Dave did most of the determining. I wasn't so all-fired keen on the record-breaking job.

After breakfast we drove from camp a couple of miles to the canyon, picketed the mare in a grassy grove and set out. Now photographing with Dave—a genial crank—was a ceremonial, almost a sacrificial undertaking. He would operate with nothing but a huge box of a camera mounted on a tripod that looked as if it came from the big tree forests of California.

Having a contempt for films for serious work, he used glass 8 x 10 plates. That made some equipment to pack. He carried the camera and I took tripod, two dozen plates in holders and the camera cloth; also forty feet of cotton clothes line—the only rope we could rustle in the deserted countryside.

An examination of the southern wall, on the summit of which we found ourselves, proved to Dave's artistic eye that the proper place from which to take the picture was about 150 feet down, just where a V-shaped crevice in the rock terminated. Roping ourselves together

we felt our way down the gully, the shaly rock breaking and slipping under our feet. Dave went first and I was supposed to hold him in case he slipped. Inasmuch as he weighed about 20 pounds more than I did I had my doubts about my ability to perform this service.

I had in my mind a perfect picture of him shooting out of the crevice like a young comet, with me acting as tail, and rapidly descending 800 feet to give the creek beneath the surprise of its life. I admit that I gave consideration to the ethical side of the question of endeavoring to cut the rope if such an excursion started, but dismissed the question finally as I felt that anyhow I wouldn't have time.

Finally I found a projecting ledge that would hold and at the same time Dave got into position. I took a turn around the ledge with the rope, Dave made his "set-up," with me braced on the rope, and managed, under difficulties, to get several good negatives. Packed up we started on the return. That is as far as we got—the start. An hour's arduous labor convinced us that we couldn't get up. It wasn't so bad coming down, but going up the rock broke and crumbled so alarmingly that the task was absolutely impossible.

"Dave," said I with conviction, "we are two damned fools."

"Uh, huh," grunted Dave, meditating.

There wasn't one chance in a million of anyone coming that way in the next two weeks. To save weight we had left out guns in the buckboard and had nothing to shoot off for help. It was getting on toward noon and we were hungry. The sun was beating down on us with deadly heat. Altogether it wasn't so good to be alive as it had been, but a whole heap better than to be dead, spiked on a projecting sliver of rock or crushed in the rocky creek below. We considered all this.

There was only one thing to be done. Since we couldn't go up, we must go down. I might say that "it was with sinking hearts" that we started, but that would not be strictly accurate. It was my stomach, not my heart, that was sinking. Dave reported the same phenomena. Hearts didn't bother us a bit, but the conduct of our stomachs was something direful.

We started. We found that just around the corner from our crevice, but somewhat lower, was a stretch of cliff not steeper than 60 per cent that stretched down to a still lower level. All we had to do was to go around the corner, about eight feet. This could be accomplished by working along a ledge about six inches wide which sloped to the front. One had to put his stomach to the cliff and sidestep, keeping his balance meantime.

In my time I have done some sidestepping of sorts, but this certainly was the niftiest job of the kind I ever accomplished. I couldn't have stuck closer to that cliff if I had been pasted there. As I started I looked down. The next stop was about 500 feet below, and there was a particularly nasty bit of rock down there, too. On the second step the rock under my feet began to crumble. Naturally I paused. I wanted to pause for a long time, but reason told me that it was not advisable to do so—there might be more crumbling.

While I edged along, my stomach alternating between my throat and my boots, I thought. One always does, you know. That is the stock stuff, but in this instance it was quite true. And the burden of my thoughts was the remark above quoted which I had made to Dave.

It seemed so trivial, so silly a thing to get one's self killed chasing a Sunday story. Here was a bright young career about to be ended in a particularly painful and not at all picturesque fashion, with a certainty that my mangled remains would be chewed up some more by the coyotes and other fauna before they could be discovered and

given a decent Elks funeral in Anaconda. "Butchered to make a Sunday supplement" was the epitaph I wrote in my mind for my headstone.

If it only could be doing something worth while; getting shot up by the enemy while heroically pursuing the fleeting news story on the field of battle or anything like that. I thought of a whole lot of deaths I would rather die than this particular one, and it all made me so mad that I walked right along and got around the corner in a very few seconds.

Dave trotted along next as if doing this Tom-cat-on-a-fence act was an every day occurrence with him. Then our complexions materially altered, we lay down and rested. The sound of the rock we had kicked loose echoed in our ears. We were glad that it was a sharp, tinkly sound, not a dull, squashy one.

It is no use relating the remainder of our experiences in getting down that wall. Looking back at it from below I marvelled at it as at a miracle. In all truthfulness I would not try it again for a whole year of Sunday supplements, nor for \$5,000,000.

There were four places where we had to skin along a ledge with nothing but atmosphere below us for several hundred feet. Then we had to make our way across glassy slopes, one bracing himself with toe in a crack and swinging the other, belly-to-rock, in a great arc to make distance, and then changing places.

About 100 feet from the bottom, four hours after we had started, we heard something in the bushes across the narrow canyon. Looking, we discerned the form of a huge bear. He looked big enough to be grandfather of all the bears in Western Montana. And he was right at the edge of the creek, too. Immediately the bottom of the canyon began to seem less desirable than it had for some hours past.

We had to go on, however. It was getting on toward evening and we had no place else to go. We promised one another that we would use argument on the bear if he got rough, for it was the only weapon we had left. Dave expressed the belief that the bear would be reasonable, so we hurried on. When we got to the creek, coasting the last fifty feet, we made such a splash that we must have scared the big fellow, for he had disappeared when we got the water out of our eyes.

Stumbling, falling, wading, we made our way down two miles to a work camp, got fed and rested and then climbed a rocky path 800 feet to the rim rock and got back to our waiting and impatient and thirsty mare.

The picture? Oh, it was great. We played it for a page feature and afterwards Dave had it copyrighted and sold many copies. Every time I look at it, however, I get a renewed distaste for Sunday newspapers.

SOME GUN!

By JNO. S. BONNER.

A FEW nights ago, while several of the regulars were discussing the question of sights for the winter indoor matches, a sober, respectable and responsible citizen peeped through the door and inquired if we allowed spectators at our shoots. When he had duly been made welcome, he allowed that he used to be some shooter himself, though he had not shot a gun now for it must be twenty years. They always say that and the statement was accepted as a matter of course. After viewing some of the club rifles, this old party continued:

"I 'spose I used to have one of the finest rifles ever made in those days, but of course 'twant nothin' to compare with these gun you shoot now. She was a great gun, though, and went all through the war. Yes, sir, she was built for one of Berdan's Sharpshooters; had a octagon barrel about three foot long and a telescope built onto it the whole length. She weighed about fourteen pound and the way that gun could shoot was jest nachully scandalous. I never was what you could call a real first class shot, but I used to do pretty well with that old gun, and once in a beef match up to Hudson I put five straight shots in a eight-inch circle at 100 rods, and four of them were in a two-inch circle that you could pretty nigh cover with a silver dollar!"

"What calibre was that rifle?" asked the Range Officer, in a still small voice.

"I dunno," said the cheerful old party. "She just shot slugs about as big as the last joint of my little finger and we had to have a ball starter to set 'em into the muzzle straight, and with about a teaspoonful of good powder behind it, all you had to do was to point the old gun straight and she would deliver the goods every time. There was a friend of mine up to Hillsdale could beat me shootin' all holler. I lent

him the rifle and last I heard he still had it. That man could hit most anything he could see! You set up a barrel of flour with the head towards him, just a mile away, and he would pay you two dollars a shot and take every barrel he hit. He would generally loose the first two or three shots, but after that there was nothin' to it—he jest hit 'em every time, all day long! Of course, flour wasn't worth so much them days as it is now, but he used to make pretty good money out of it at that!"

Somebody kicked a chair across the floor and another member pulled the switch and the lights went out on that session, so we did not learn the name of the Hillsdale marksman. But you must admit that was some gun!

Can you beat it?

RAMBLINGS IN RIFLEDOM.

By W. M. PUGH.

WHO started this trouble? Why Kahrs of course; he always suggests a train, this time a train of thought; then included in this coterie of trouble mongers are the genial Colonel Gaither and friend Moore. We all met at different times and said things to each other, then I told Kahrs and he said, "Man, write it down for the paper," so it is written and for the paper, which ARMS AND THE MAN surely is to all of us "shootists" of high and low degree.

First thing stumbled over is an argument on comparative match merit at the butts, as between the young man, of just a season or two, and the old chap, who has been pounding away, season after season, for these many years. The funniest thing about this argument is that there isn't any argument at all, just simply an agreement; no, there used to be an agreement; you know how it would sound. Some would say, "Well, the young fellow has the physique and the nerve and the eyesight, admittedly three basic essentials in winning with the grooved barrel; but then, old chappie, if he has taken care of himself, has likely sufficient remaining velocity, made up of these three needed factors, to draw upon, and then there's his experience and the loud pedal is always wide open when that word experience is used in an argument to back up possibilities of achievement. So the argument would wax warm as champion after champion entered the lists and had his say in favor of the old chap or his junior. But now all is changed around, for there can scarcely be two sides any more to the discussion, in the face of the magnificent scores made this year by the "Young Man."

In the first place, there was Charley M. King, the village blacksmith, sergeant in Company I, 53rd Infantry, Iowa National Guard, who won the Individual Military Championship of the United States and the National Individual Match, at Camp Perry this year. Last year it was Scott Clark, the farmer boy of Indiana. Then there was Ens. H. J. Kneer, winner of Peters Trophy Match, Lieut. A. J. Mullen of Arizona, winner of Individual Long Range Match, Lieut. A. D. Rothrock of Ohio, winner of All-Comers Offhand Match, and Sergt. W. S. Hale of Georgia, winner of Individual Rapid Fire Match.

No, my dear Mr. Old Chap, it really is not possible to get that delicate little organ of the eye, known as the Ciliary muscle or organ of accommodation, to hold out during the strenuous periods of a long drawn out match; then as the little devil gets to scintillating and quivering and generally letting down, things get woozy with the sights and next thing there is a magpie or two; lastly, the match is lost and Mr. Young Man steps forward for "The Bacon."

It's mournful writing these lines, indeed, enough to give one the weeps, but we must bear it bravely, those of us getting toward 50 years and more, remembering there is a lot for us yet to take interest in, even if we may not be so keen; as for instance, "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Some of us have boys growing up or know of worthy young men; these must needs be educated in the sighting drill and pulling of the trigger; so if we just forget our recent goose eggs at the 1,000 yard target and wake up to the splendid possibilities we have ahead of us as educators in the shooting game, it's as certain as the ceaseless pulsing of the tides that we have much to enjoy as we reach out the helping hand to the novice on the range.

We now leave Colonel Gaither and his theories, or rather facts, concerning marksmen, old and young; hull down on the horizon, and find at the wheel of our machine, friend Moore, who has been thinking a whole lot recently about like this: "Why so few men in the shooting game?" And Mr. Moore has answered his own question with all that definite completeness, shown so often by him in the transportation problems of his business, as manager of large shipping interests.

Membership in The Fraternity is small because its delights are not known to large numbers of men growing up, hitherto many of them in

complete ignorance of the first principles of the game; also there are many factors ever operating in opposition, as for instance, the trouble one has in securing a regulation rifle of government issue and again the antagonism of nearby residents to established shooting ranges. Of the three reasons set forth it may now be said that in these late months regulation rifles are readily procurable where the application is in accordance with the rules which Uncle Samuel has wisely established as governing their issue. As to the question of suitable ranges within the reach of nearby cities where reside many who would like to shoot, did they once get the hang of the game, that is, indeed, a hard nut to crack, one requiring our best wisdom teeth.

Nearby city land is being rapidly settled, with great increase in price for the acreage; then when a piece is once secured and the targets and paraphernalia set going, it would seem it becomes an eyesore or rather an ear sore to those residing round there, who at once complain to the authorities. In a short time the range is condemned and sold for building lots. Now building lots and the lots of money that go along in the real estate game are all right, yet we must not neglect in our complicated environment to overlook its needs of defence. Hence most certainly if there be no practice field for educating the shooter, be he civilian or soldier, provided it will not be reasonable to expect him to put up a strong defence, should this valuable real estate be menaced by a greedy foe. This is such a complicated question that a cabinet call for the services of "The Elder Statesmen" would seem to be about due, concerning its early settlement.

As to the knowledge of the game being known to but few. This is an easy one, as long as paper, ink and editorial brains of that fine quality at present located in the sanctum of ARMS AND THE MAN continue.

The paper is doing just this work of publicity in a manner deserving of praise and the work done is surely bearing fruit. Many new men are taking up practice with the rifle as opportunity affords. Then, too, the boys are getting going and they are going to run a strong race, for like our friend, Mr. Moore, they will discover early in their career that target shooting on the range as a game contains all the essentials demanded by a sportsman's game. Its meetings are largely held in that great temple of The Father "Out Doors" with a most interesting phenomena of nature to be studied. The sun, the wind, heat, light and shade with now and then a bothersome mirage, boiling and stewing, like unto the witches pot, with its Hell Broth in Macbeth.

Then there's the great study of mankind, "Man," to be met and mastered by the one who achieves at the range; clean life, correct habits, self government, concentration and many another factor of self to meet and master if you would center the black.

The shooting game is not one for the weakling or quitter—quite the contrary. It requires that measure of spiritual, mental and physical effort, known in few contests of today; indeed, as Mr. Moore suggests, it is as a game, equal to baseball, in the interest it excites, once it is taken up and carried along with the proper spirit of the genuine sportsman.

To sum up it would seem that arms are now easy to procure and ARMS AND THE MAN is ever ready with proper publicity on the shooting game. Hence a large membership in the fraternity will be assured, if only range room and facilities can be gotten with assurances that shooting privilege thereon will be guaranteed under some sensible rules.

It may not be out of place before closing up this article on the rambling reflections of a rifleman, to allude to a recent law passed in New York, known as the Sullivan law.

This law prevents any one from even having a pistol in his possession. It is about time that something was started in this country to prevent the passing of such inane legislation, particularly when we have a National Constitution, which gives guarantee to all in simple English the right to bear arms, a most sacred right, if we are to remain a nation of men. Nor should there be any way of getting round these fundamental laws of our nation, by such as this Sullivan.

About as well pass a law depriving the redoubtable John L. of his fists, because they might be dangerous to some passing pedestrian, which they would if John L. once let go at said pedestrian. This friend John L., however, has sense unlike his namesake of the New York bill; having this sense John L. would never use his fists except to defend, which he has a God given right to do, nor would the thousand and one people hitherto possessed of a revolver, likely ever think of using them, save in the pleasure of target shooting or in defence of their homes.

It would seem that the cycle of the days of The Inquisition has rolled round again, when man was deprived of every human right, with the result that he turned too and asserted his manhood, retrieving once again his rights, which he has held for some decades, during which he has grown lazy and don't care. Its time is about due, however, for

him to rise in his majesty and assert himself even though some heads be broke. A Donny Brook Fair is indeed not the worst of calamities.

GETTING CATALINA'S GOAT.

BY EDWARD C. CROSSMAN.

PART V.

(Continued from last week.)

PAY THE HERDERS TO KILL THEM.

WE give these herders ten cents per tail, give them their board and give them a horse to kill goats when they get too thick," he said. "They're wild, but these herders ride the horses places where the ordinary man would be afraid to go, and when they get into a band, they just clean them out, kids, nannies and all. It's a question of the goats or the sheep and the goats have to go when they get too numerous."

Arizona can have her cowmen and Mexico her reckless vaqueros. I doubt whether either set would follow a Channel Island sheepherder through his day's work—particularly if the said sheepherder got an inkling of who was on his trail. It used to be a standing insult among the cowmen to call another a sheepherder, while "As crazy as a sheepherder," was the height of insult. I used to think that this was because of the cowman's instinctive dislike for the man who drives the defiling sheep over the cattle country, but after watching the Catalina herders and seeing their trails, I'm inclined to think the epithets of the cowmen are based on fact.

On the very peak of rough, jagged, Orizaba we found an empty 45-70 cartridge box. Running up the side of the mountain, along a surface that a man could negotiate only by the methods of the climbers of the Alps, ran a little narrow six-inch track, beaten out of the white mountain side and running diagonally upward. I laid the one to the occasional goat hunter, the other to the goats that climbed the peak.

Instead of that the cartridges were fired by the sheepmen in their roundup of the sheep, to hurry along the laggards, the trail was made by those reckless devils riding up to the top of the peak!

They ride always—and where the horses cannot go, then neither can the men. Our own nags were mountain-trained and went without



On a Point That Jutted Out Close to the Blue Pacific.

hesitation places that would drive an ordinary horse wild with fear, but I didn't suspect that even those horses would follow a cat-track up a mountain where a single slip would mean the finish.

Those worthies take at a gallop trails that make the hair rise from the perspiring brow when passing over them at a walk. Yet out of a year's work they kill but two or three horses. We understood how they could afford to hunt goats at 10 cents per tail. They merely went where the goats did and went faster at that.

"How old are you," inquired the jovial Art the next morning, pausing outside the house. The lady, unused to horses, and scheduled to be left behind, a cripple after her twenty-five-mile ride of the previous day, while Art and I hunted, arose and declared that she was but a single day older than the day before, rather startling in view of the experience of most beginners on horseback. The doubtful Art saddled up the horses, we ate a breakfast as good as the supper, and then set sail down the pretty canyon for the sea, and the record head that we were to get if the schedule didn't break.

Our way was marked by more bands of quail than I supposed existed in the state.

THE SUN WAKED THE QUAIL.

The sun was peeping over the hills and the birds were just bestirring

themselves after the chill of night. Every fair-sized tree seemed full of them, whirring out with their crisp, short, beat of wings, running about on the ground before our horses, sitting on the mounds and watching us pass, and always tagged about by bands of little fellows that ranged in size from nearly grownups down to little striped, butter-balls, four of which could find hiding accommodations under one small leaf. It is a quail paradise. They are protected the year round, the coyotes are missing and even the foxes are gone.

Grinnell says that they are a separate variety of quail, *Lophortyx Catalinensis*. Perhaps they are, but they look enough like our valley birds to make them mighty tempting to a good quail-hungry twenty-bore. Nor do I believe that the name would turn chilled nines.

We stopped a moment at the Eagle's Nest Tavern, an old landmark of the island, now deserted, gazed at the nest itself, former home of a bald-eagle, gazed up at a peak that Art said held a cave, the former home of the Indian residents of the island, then turned off the road for the sea. On a point that jutted out close to the blue Pacific, in sight once more across the island from where we had started, we had seen a bunch of goats, silhouetted against the water.

We tied the horses to a little manzanita bush on the point, and then walked out toward the place where the goats had been standing.

The point terminated on a rocky cliff, looking out over a mesa below and the water beyond that. The long ground swell of the open Pacific pounded slowly among the rocks at the foot of the mesa. The salt wind came up to us as we walked softly along the smooth brown ground.

We peered carefully over the brink of the cliff, where jagged rocks gave scant foothold to anything on its surface.

As we looked a half-grown billy stepped out from the over-hang of the cliff, nosed daintily at a bush growing among the rocks and then stood looking over the sea. Softly I opened the camera, he stood a bare fifty feet away, then hung out farther to clear the edge of the cliff. My hobs rasped over a rock and the billy glanced up and saw me. He didn't run, he merely got down off the rocks as quickly as goat dignity would permit.

HOW THE ANIMAL WIRELESS ACTS.

Let the naturalists explain the system of transmitting intelligence among animals. This billy said not a word but he had not gone a dozen feet when out from the rocks at the foot of the cliff hurried other goats, hurried out, glanced up at us and then walked swiftly through the boulders for the open mesa.

"Watch out," whispered Art, "there may be an old billy in there. Keep quiet." We stood watching for a moment. Then the biggest goat of any we had seen stalked gravely out from the shadow of the point, his long beard hanging down nearly to the rocks, his great horns spreading more than a foot either way from his head, his black hair shining in the sun. We leaped back away from the muzzle of the Mauser, then the big bullet smashed into fragments on a boulder just where he had been.

Gone was the dignity, the whiskers fluttered in the breeze of his rapid going. His hide must have been very liberally sprinkled with the



"We Sought the Horses in a Silence Thick Enough to Slice."

bits of granite and lead. There was a stampede of goats across the mesa along the coast, with the Brigham Young billy gaining at every jump. Again and again the Mauser cracked, the bullets going so close that they didn't seem to miss, yet striking into that enormous void that exists around everything ever shot at. Half way across the mesa a Ross bullet added to the reasons for his haste, then he vanished into the welcome cover of the brush. Another record head gone on the shoulders upon which it grew.

We gazed at the lady and grinned. We were requested with some asperity to quit—and one of us was reminded with elaboration and lack of truth of every poor shot he had made. Then we sought the horses, in a silence thick enough to slice.

Our way led us back to the road, following the rugged coast where the great round-backed waves suddenly bumped their heads against the abrupt cliffs and dashed in fury up the rocks. We gazed for an instant down into Little Harbor, a bit of wild sea scenery, then turned off the road and commenced to climb a long ridge leading up to the summit of the mountains.

Goats seemed scarce. We rode and rode without seeing a sign of the game. Sheep caught our eyes and our glasses but always turned out to be sheep.

We left the ridge and turned down a rough trail that crossed canyons and led back toward the ranch. Finally, crossing a high ridge, we saw them, seven or eight red animals standing outlined against the sky, 500 yards away. We rode out along the point toward them, then dismounted and dropped over the ridge out of their sight.

MORE GOATS THAN AMMUNITION.

Before we had gone far we saw others, across a canyon from us, 400 yards away, too far to risk a shot with our scanty supply of ammunition. The Ross carried within it all the cartridges I had—and it holds but six. For the Mauser there were but seven.

Reaching the place where the goats had stood, we peered down the slope, but not one was in sight.

Glancing over to where we had seen the second band, we again found them, this time not up on the ridge across the canyon from us, but walking up the side of a second canyon still farther away, mere red specks to the naked eye.

"That canyon heads up on the big ridge where we have to go on the way to the ranch," said Art. "If they'll keep going we'll meet them at the head as they come out. It's your last chance to try your bullets. Better drop a shot behind them to keep them going, or they'll skulk down in the brush and not come out."

"About five hundred or worse," I muttered, and ran up the slope. It was. The bullet dropped in behind them where we wanted it and they increased their pace for the head of the gulch.

We hurried back for our horses, mounted and rode for the point where the canyon petered out into a shallow gulch, and then to nothing against the big main ridge.

They didn't appear as we expected. A hundred yards from the spot and still the brown surface stood vacant.

"Sure queer," said Art. "They didn't cross that ridge or we'd have seen them. Must be in the canyon yet."

He and the lady were riding some distance ahead of me, and accordingly saw into the head of the canyon first. Suddenly they reined up and fell off their horses without regard to the order of going. I rode up beside them and glanced into the little brown gulch.

There they stood, a half-dozen of them, all of the peculiar orange color, huddled together on a little trail that led up toward us, undecided what to do with their retreat cut off, and as surprised as though we had dropped from a tree in their path.

They didn't wait long. Two hundred yards away they started up the side of the canyon but didn't start soon enough. A little billy with white markings through his tawny hide was a shining mark and the Mauser cut him down.

He rolled a few feet, stopped and then kicked and bleated piteously. The rest of the band tore over the top of the wall, down into another canyon, then came into sight again, a long 300 yards away and in a hurry this time. Three big Mauser bullets and a Ross .280 puffed dust among them but it was chance shooting, with the chance favoring them. They finally dropped from sight for good and we turned to the Madam's third billy. He was still kicking but the bleats had ceased. We climbed down toward him, got within fifty yards, then something caught my eye and stopped me.

In the deep shade of a big Catalina holly tree at the bottom of the canyon, possibly a hundred yards away, something red glowed dully in the obscurity. It didn't look natural.

There were dull brown rams among the island sheep and I would



The Last Ross Victim.

have been afraid to shoot, certain as I was of the red thing being a goat, save for that telescope. I sat down, the lady following suit, and then reached back for the glass, slung in its case. It snapped on the rifle, picked up the red object and then showed it to me—a red billy skulking in the shadow, his head down like a sleepy cow, playing the trick of the old experienced buck deer.

TOO MUCH ELEVATION ONCE MORE.

A bullet snipped through the twigs above him, while I dropped the rifle and gazed in amazement. A miss at 100 yards with a good pull and a telescope. Then I saw that confounded dial and remembered that long shot to stir up the band back in the canyon.

The dial went around a fifth-turn, then I looked for the goat, determined to try one more Ross bullet before I quit. In a second he came into sight, trotting out from behind the tree, silhouetted against a big cactus bed.

The Ross fairly blasted him from his feet and he laid motionless, without a struggle and without a bleat.

Dissection showed the same effect as the two shot on Orizaba, bullet blown to bits, an explosive effect within, both shoulders broken, the damage from one side to the other, and stopping just inside the skin on the farther side. The shot struck the shoulder, but landed a trifle lower than the others, tearing the heart to bits, splintering the bones into long fragments and acting entirely unlike a soft point bullet.

The lady's goat was hit in the right haunch, the bullet ranging forward through the intestines after breaking the hind leg, and finally stopping in the shoulder. Again did this sort of bullet demonstrate its lack of instantaneous killing effect. The goat was dead when we got to him, but this was ten minutes after he was hit. The Ross goat was likewise dead, but died inside of ten seconds.

We finished up our gory task, sought once more in vain for that disappearing Ross bullet, added final injury by photographing the slain Ross billy, then adjourned to those pretty horses for the trek to the ranch and Avalon, twenty miles away.

A TABULATION OF RESULTS.

Here's the way the shooting tabulated:

Eight goats shot. Four goats shot with the Ross. Three goats shot with soft points from the Mauser. One goat shot with a steel jacket Spitzer. No cripples.

Three goats shot with Ross, dropped dead without a good hearty

kick. One goat shot in the haunch with hollow point, anchored but not killed outright. Copper tube killed him instantly.

One goat shot with steel jacket German Spitzer, dropped to the shot, kicked a moment, then, died. Possibly on account of the shot entering the spine.

Three goats shot with soft nose bullets at 2,150 ft. secs. Not one dropped dead. One took two shots without being knocked from his feet and didn't die instantly when shot through the shoulders with the third shot. One goat struggled enough to cover ten feet of space and finally fell into inaccessible canyon. One goat, small and without the stamina of the larger ones, laid and kicked and bleated for five minutes or more.

Maybe there's a more effective combination than that accurate Ross with its fast action and fine barrel, and the copper tube bullet at the highest velocity of any arm in the world. If there is one, I would be tickled to hear of it, I want one.

Still some big-bore folks will crab that Ross, just on the strength of this story. The reason?

Because we *did find* a small remnant of each goat.

(Concluded)

AS THE NON-COM IS BENT, SO THE COMPANY'S INCLINED.

By 1ST. LIEUT. J. I. CHAMBERLAIN.

(Continued from last week.)

IN THE FIELD.

We come now to the third and most important phase of our training as soldiers—Field Maneuvres—which simulate as closely as possible the actual conditions of war and test all our capabilities to the utmost, not only in minor and battle tactics, but in the services of supply, transportation, security and information and bring out strongly the individuality of every officer and man.

Here the non-commissioned officer becomes the veritable "backbone of the Army" and on their loyalty, energy and resourcefulness depends the successful carrying out of the plans of their superiors.

Major-General Baden-Powell, in his excellent little handbook on reconnaissance, entitled "Aids to Scouting," gives credit to the Americans as being the best natural scouts that he ever met with, chiefly because they used their wits and were, above all things, self-reliant. He also says that the value and importance of reconnaissance cannot be over-rated and it can be conservatively stated that "there is scarcely a battle in history which has not been lost or won in proportion to the value of the previous reconnaissance."

This being the case, the simple applied principles of security and information should be conscientiously studied and understood by all non-commissioned officers who hope to be successful leaders of men on detached service, and the latest Field Service Regulations should be their Bible—always bearing in mind, however, that individuality and scouting instinct are more valuable than any book-learning.

Patrolling and Outpost duty, like everything else, are matters of common sense, and the two main things for a leader to keep in mind are: First, what he is expected to accomplish, and, second, how he can get back his information as rapidly and secretly as possible. The following are a few of the essentials for an efficient leader: First, he should have a reliable map and know how to read it intelligently and with an understanding of the principle "conventional signs"—a watch adjusted to that of his support commander, a compass, field-glasses, whistle, message blanks and pencil; second, he should be able to write a field message which will convey to his superior, some really useful information—*something which he cannot see for himself*, making such simple sketches and notes on the back as may help to make clear the situation; third, he should thoroughly understand orientation and never, by day or night, allow himself or his men, by any chance to get lost.

Field maneuvers also offer us our only opportunity to become familiar with troops in large numbers and the ability to estimate accurately the size of bodies of troops, and the arms composing them, from dust-clouds, noises on the march, reflections from weapons, camp-fires, etc., we can now acquire in proportion to our powers of observation.

A number of other accomplishments, which we cannot count on finding in the average soldier, but which will prove of immense value in emergencies and which a non-commissioned officer might easily acquire at odd moments in civil life are: The ability to read and send messages by flag or heliograph, to telegraph, to run an automobile, motorcycle or power boat and to ride and swim.

Any old soldier knows that, in the field, there are times when the supply department, through no fault of its own, will fail to "deliver the goods." The ability to get the most out of the haversack ration is an accomplishment which any non-commissioned officer will be glad to possess when he finds himself on detached service with a bunch of young recruits who look up to him with child-like faith as the embodiment of all wisdom.

While I have no intention of encroaching on the affairs of the Commissariat, I think it very important that every duty Sergeant and Corporal should be familiar with the components of the standard haversack ration now in use—each of which contains the following: Either 12 ounces of bacon or a pound of canned meat, a pound of hard bread, a small sack of ground coffee, weighing a little more than an ounce; another small sack of sugar, weighing about two and a half ounces, and a small allowance of condiments. By pooling their coffee and skilfully confining the other components with such vegetables, eggs and milk, as the country usually affords, the non-commissioned officer and his party can live like fighting-cocks until supplies come up, while if left to themselves, the inexperienced men would probably have found themselves destitute and helpless in a short time. With one small fire and a common mess, presided over by some member of the party with an appetite for cooking, the men are kept well-fed and happy, instead of being hungry and miserable. Such situations are a high test of the resourcefulness of the non-commissioned officer and he may well be thankful, at such times, for any camping experience and knowledge of woodcraft which he may have acquired in civil life.

By far the largest and most trying item of Field Manoeuvres, to the infantryman, will prove to be the *marches*, and a company commander with foresight will endeavor to prepare his men by every means possible before taking the field. In this he will be greatly assisted by the example of experienced Sergeants who can convince the men of the importance of attention to the feet and shoes and the serious consequences of their neglect. Short practice "hikes" on Sundays and holidays have proved of the utmost benefit in the past, while one or two over-night bivouacs, distant a fair march from the Armory, will give an even better preparation for manoeuvres. Experience has shown that raw troops on the march are prone to several faults which not only impair their own efficiency, but greatly increase the difficulties of other troops of the same column. Failure to keep the column closed up is the most fatiguing and annoying of these faults, while straggling and leaving the ranks without permission are evidences of very lax discipline and should never be permitted. The First Sergeant, and usually a lieutenant as well, should habitually march in rear of the company to prevent straggling, while the guides and file-closers should make it their special duty to see that the pace is kept steady and the distances closed up at all times. Three miles an hour is not speedy travelling, yet it is all that can be expected of average infantry until hardened. Compare this with some of the feats of Jackson's veterans in the Valley of Virginia in 1863, who, on one occasion, made a forced night march of thirty-eight miles and then fought for their breakfast at the end of it! For such performances they earned the well-deserved title of the "Foot Cavalry" and afforded the world an example of what seasoned American infantry can do when hardened by campaigning. Old soldiers on the march, particularly in sultry weather, are abstemious in the use of water, only taking a few swallows at times to replace the loss by perspiration and always starting the day's march with their canteens filled with water, approved by the Surgeon. One canteen holds three pints which should amply suffice any man until night, in our climate, unless he is very lacking in self-restraint. They never nibble at their rations when actually marching, nor do they smoke or talk excessively; there is time enough for gossip when the command is safe in camp at the end of the march. They also take advantage of every halt, to sit or lie down, if the ground is dry, for they know that every moment so spent with all muscles relaxed refreshes them more than five minutes standing or loitering about. By following a few of these simple teachings of experience, the soldier will find himself, at the end of the day's march, tired and with, perhaps, a belt tightened several holes, but *fit for duty* and requiring only the restoratives of food and sleep to prepare him for the next day's work. His first act, when his duties are over and he has time to himself, will be to wash his feet, preferably in warm water with a little salt in it—or powdered alum if he has it in his kit—and then put on his other pair of socks; if possible, washing his first pair and drying them at the kitchen fire before turning in. If he will pack in his roll a pair of light shoes to wear in camp, at the end of a march, he will find his marching shoes far more comfortable the next day and will be well repaid for carrying the slight extra weight.

He will next look to his rifle, removing the bolt and the magazine floor-plate and wiping out the dust of the day's march, running his thong with a small rag attached through the bore using his oiler sparingly.

The Ordnance Department, which is about to supply us with what is conceded to be the best infantry equipment in the armies of the world, intends to furnish certain spare parts of the bolt mechanism, to be carried in the butt receptacles of half the rifles of a company, and it would be advisable for Sergeants and Corporals to familiarize themselves—under proper instruction—with the replacing of a broken firing-pin, striker, extractor and cut-off spindle, which are parts most liable to become unserviceable in the field.

Each arm of the service has its own peculiar troubles on the march—cavalry has to contend with sore backs caused by slovenly horsemanship, lost horseshoes and the failure of water and forage—field artillery suffers from all these as well as from bad roads and bad driving and consequent galled shoulders of the teams—infantry needs to preserve but two prime essentials to retain its effectiveness to the very last, namely, the *feet* and the *rifles*. Field intrenchments and the proper use of the intrenching tools carried in the company, should be studied by all Sergeants and Corporals in order to be competent to instruct the men in this very important adjunct of modern combat; the subject cannot be treated here, but is well described and illustrated with the excellent photographs of Captain Harlee of the United States Marine Corps, in the "Non-Commissioned Officers' Manual" and by scale drawings in Field Service Regulations, 1910. On the firing-line, the chief duties of the Sergeant will be to keep the men steady, to watch for commands and signals, to see that the sights are set at the designated ranges and to enforce the orders governing fire control.

It is known to be a physiological fact that fear and excitement cause the pupil of the eye to dilate and thus cause wild shooting; the quiet admonitions of non-commissioned officers and old soldiers, delivered in the same cool voice to which the men have been accustomed at drill, have been known to work wonders in increasing the accuracy of fire of a company. A remarkably able paper on "Applied Minor Tactics," read by Major J. F. Morrison of the General Staff at the St. Louis Convention of the National Guard Association,* contains these statements:

"Weapons improve, but human nature remains the same. Every body of troops, like all timbers, have their breaking point. It takes no more, if as much, killing to break a body of troops to-day as fifty years ago, and to win, we must get the enemy's breaking point before he gets ours." In these few words can be found, I think, the whole story of fire discipline for the non-commissioned officer, on whom depends to such a tremendous degree the steadiness and effectiveness of the firing-line and the maintenance of a high breaking point.

In conclusion, I will say that we of the National Guard have every reason to be encouraged by the immense improvement in our equipment and our treatment by the Federal Government. Our riflemen have proved to the world that, man for man, we still lead the nations in the most fundamental arm of the soldier, but, as Major Morrison says, "There are many causes tending to drag down our score in actual combat—one of the most potent being the effect of the enemy's fire"—and we should remember that we have never yet, in our nation's history, fought a first-class foreign power on land! We are pitifully few in numbers and our scarcity of trained officers is appalling, but the quality of our enlisted personnel is extremely high—especially in the New England States where technical education and mechanical skill are common—and all of us are serving *voluntarily* from nothing but a plain love of soldiering.

To you, non-commissioned officers, falls the task of educating this personnel in discipline, loyalty and knowledge of soldiering, not by following rules blindly, but with common sense and knowledge of soldiering, not by following rules blindly, but with common sense and knowledge of men for your guides, remembering that, after all, soldiers are very like children; and to you will belong the credit for producing the best volunteer troops in the world when the time comes for us to take our allotted place in the Third Brigade of the Second Division of the First Field Army.

*Published in ARMS AND THE MAN for February 9th, 1911.

(Concluded.)

Building Bungalows.

Miss Casey.—And when we are married, papa, we are going to build a bungalow. We are saving for it now.

Casey.—And oi'll help ye, Mary, shure, oi'll begin saving the bungs now, though 't will take a long toime to save enough to be av iny use.—Puck.

ARMS AND THE MAN

1502 H STREET NORTHWEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EVERY THURSDAY

JAMES A. DRAIN, Editor

Communications.—The Editor will be pleased to receive communications on timely topics from any authentic source. The correspondent's name and address must in all cases be given as an evidence of good faith, but will not be published if specially requested. Address all communications to ARMS AND THE MAN. Manuscript must be fully prepaid, and will not be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage.

Entered as second class matter, April 1, 1908, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

That a man shall serve his country in time of war is noble, brave, and patriotic; but that a man shall properly prepare himself in time of peace to serve in war is all of these things and more. It is noble with a nobility which is real, not ideal. It is brave with a bravery which assumes in time of unemotional peace many burdens, among them that of bearing the lack of appreciation of those who do not consider military preparation or training necessary.

THE HOUR GLASS.

In the editorial hand the other day, held by idle fingers, toyed with negligently, without thought or purpose, was one of those little Serco score timers which the Specialty Company of Captain Ira L. Reeves put out not very long ago.

You know what we mean; the little hour glass with its two lobes and the narrow way between, through which the shining sand runs in a hurrying stream.

From time immemorial the hour glass has furnished a favorite theme for poets, artists and philosophers. There is something so sure, so certain, inevitable and unavoidable in the trickling of the sands as in the allotted time they pass from one space to another, that the imagination of man has been kindled to compare the running of the sands with the span of human existence.

Measuring time, but not recording trouble, eating the edges off of Eternity, and taking but a nibble at the present, the hour glass is a good symbol of life, then, as association of ideas has taught us to consider it.

Mark you how from the moment the glass is up-tilted the sands begin to run. Nothing stops them except the Hand which holds and controls. And when they have run from where they were, they move not in the place where they are until the Hand up-ends the glass and gives them grace to go.

So there must be a power greater than that of the sands or they lie inert in the bottom of the moveless glass. In the life of man there is a power moving always, as he who has lived and observed and thought must ever admit, to shape his acts and order his life beyond any thought which he may hold.

And yet there is reserved to him by special favor, we are prone and proud to believe, not the privilege of increased activity, but the power of continuous and regular reliable action such as might well be compared to the flow of the smooth sands over the polished glass.

To carry the thought a little further: we observe that the moment the little instrument is fixed by the Hand that holds it in a position that the sands may run, they commence to move, and from that moment until they are all sped, they never cease to flow on to their

destined place, with an evenness and sureness and regularity which makes their passage a true mark of time.

In short, we see in this inanimate object an example of what every animate creature with a will and a mind should do; that is, its best to fulfil the tasks appointed.

ON THE UNIFORM.

The man of war has from time immemorial been identified among the general body of men of his nation by his uniform. The Indian warrior paints his face, wears elaborate and sometimes horrible head dresses and otherwise conducts himself in a way which seems to him best calculated to scare his enemy into a conniption fit. The Chinaman used to have a similar idea. In front of his motley horde were borne fierce dragons made of papier-mache or printed on paper banners; their province was to frighten the enemy so no one would have to do any real fighting.

Characteristic uniforms, some of them with appendages and decorations which have long outlived their usefulness except as ornaments are customarily worn in all foreign countries which have armies of consequence. It was only this year that the French abandoned their uniforms of high color for field work, substituting therefor garments of a neutral tint. They still retain uniforms of considerable sartorial elegance and gay color for ceremonial purposes.

The uniform of the American soldier, the Regular and the National Guardsman for field use, is all that could be asked for. But the dress parade form of the uniform is very far from satisfactory. It is too plain, entirely too simple. There is nothing brilliant about it. Even for full dress it is entirely too modest for the purpose.

The pomp and panoply of war, the beauty and elegance of military trappings are no unessential element in the making and keeping and the fighting of an army. A saying so true that it is known in every land may be here referred to to lend additional emphasis to the declaration that a handsome uniform is an indispensable part of a soldier's equipment: That saying is, "The ladies love the brass buttons;" and they do.

Give the average nice girl a chance and she can fall further in love with less exertion on her part with some gentleman wearing a uniform than she ever could in a whole lifetime of association with plain clothes men. Now for a girl to fall in love is of particular consequence so far as the girl is concerned, but it is of still more moment in its effect upon the men.

If a soldier feels himself admired of the fair sex and envied by other men he is not very liable to abandon his profession or hold it cheaply. Further than that the effect upon crowds in creating respect for the military service, is not to be despised. An ornamental and beautiful uniform for each regiment of the Army, every one differing in some respect from the others would help the Army. But the National Guard would derive much more benefit from handsome dress uniforms of characteristic and differing design than the Army.

We used to think a dress uniform a mistake; our idea was that a soldier was made to fight and his fighting clothes should be plain and sensible. It is true the chief business of a soldier is fighting, but there is an old adage which says, "First catch your hare." It is first catch your soldier and then so dress him and direct his activities that he will stay caught.

We would consider it a most ridiculous act for a gentleman to go to church on Sunday morning dressed in blue overalls and a hickory shirt, and we can appreciate the equal absurdity of him going about his daily avocations dressed in evening clothes.

The activities of the soldier naturally divide themselves into two parts; those of leisure, parade and show, and those of work. For the first-named he should have a uniform as brilliant, as striking, as characteristic, as such a garb can be made. For the latter he should have working clothes, suited to every need of military field training and field service.

Incidentally when uniforms are once adopted they should not be changed except for good cause. It costs money to make uniform changes and besides, under the American system, every change of uniform for officers or men is followed by a period in which all or parts of two or more uniforms are indiscriminately mixed, a condition of affairs not conducive to a creditable appearance or good discipline.

A fine uniform for parade purposes, one which instantly identifies the wearer with his own organization is a genuine aid to soldierly pride and therefore a help to discipline.

BLAUVELT TO BE ABANDONED.

According to a despatch in the New York Herald the Blauvelt rifle range will be given up:

ALBANY, N. Y., Wednesday.—The abandonment of the Blauvelt rifle range by the State and the moving of the range to Peekskill was announced today by Assemblyman Cuvillier, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, who has been intrusted with the introduction of all the bills desired by the adjutant general's department this year.

Later advices state that the legislature will ask to have the range placed on the State camp grounds at Peekskill. There is a mountain to the north which will prove an effective bullet stop. Nearly \$400,000 has been expended on the Blauvelt range.

PENNSYLVANIA GUARD TO THE RESCUE.

THE celerity with which the first aid was given to the sorely stricken survivors of the awful Austin catastrophe is but another proof of what military organization produces, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. When the appalling news filtered out to the world beyond, the quick response by the State was possible only through the trained officers and men of the National Guard. It was not until evening that anything definite was had, Governor Tener was in Pittsburgh, and although he is not a soldier his first thought of the best manner in which to aid the sufferers was the martial forces of the Commonwealth.

A telegram from the Governor as Commander-in-Chief was sent to Adjutant General Stewart giving that able executive full authority to do what was most needful. General Stewart was already on the alert, the State arsenal employees had been summoned and at 3 P. M., on Sunday, a train loaded with all sorts of proper stores left for the scene. Despite the washout of the railroads the supplies were landed in the desolated place between 10 and 11 A. M.

The mass of military stores contained in beautiful array within the arsenal poured fourth in systematic order to the waiting cars, under the supervision of Major Rausch, keeper of the arsenal. Tents, of varied patterns, a full field hospital outfit; medical stores, field ranges with their accompanying pots and pans and kettles; cots, mattresses, blankets, 1,000 great coats. In addition, from the subsistence stores came ham, bacon, barreled meats, corned beef, crackers, sugar, condensed milk. Major Finney and Captain Schell, of the Eighth Infantry, the latter regimental quartermaster, and a detail of six men from the arsenal force, accompanied General Stewart and when the limit of railroad travel was reached it required but a very short time for such well trained men to impress vehicles of several sorts into service to transport the supplies.

There has been but little in the daily papers as to what the military part of the State government accomplished. When the full casting up is had it should make illuminative reading for those who continually decry the military and all that pertains thereto.

DROPPING BOMBS FORM AEROS.

ON Monday of this week at College Park, Md., experiments were conducted by Lieut. Thomas De Witte Milling, who operated the army biplane and Lieut. Scott, inventor of the bomb carrying device.

The first test was carried on at a height of 500 feet and while the machine was traveling about 40 miles an hour. A regular 25-pound steel shell was aimed at a 30-foot circle on the ground. It hit only 10 feet away. On the second attempt the marksmanship was better.

Much confidence and enthusiasm is manifested by the army officers and the department. One of the dreams indulged in is that a fleet of rapidly moving aeroplanes, at the height of 2,000 feet, could each drop a 250-pound bomb of nitroglycerin upon the enemy below, and escape

unharmd, while the shells would wreak death and destruction.

Well, why not? But suppose a fleet of the enemy was riding at "anchor" about a thousand feet above the fleet which was destroying the enemy below? We pass.

MAJOR DAVID WILSON.

MAJOR DAVID WILSON, commanding the First Battalion of Field Artillery of the National Guard of New York, died October 7th in New York. Major Wilson was the ranking artillery officer of the State and was slated for promotion to a colonelcy upon the consolidation of all the artillery force into one regiment.

Major Wilson had been in poor health, but was not taken seriously ill until ten days ago. He was 68 years old and was born in the north of Ireland. He enlisted in the British army at the age of 17 and became lance corporal in the Royal Irish Lancers after nine months service.

He came to the United States in 1863, and had hardly landed before he began looking for a military force to join. He enlisted in the Washington Grays, troop of cavalry, now known as the Second Battery, and passed through the various grades of service until in 1889 he was made captain. He was made major in 1908. He was a veteran of the Spanish War.

Major Wilson had been treasurer of the National Guard Association for twenty-four years and was a member of the Army and Navy Club and the North Side Board of Trade.

A GOOD WAY TO BOOST THE GAME

Quite a varied assortment of mail comes to this office. From far-away China, Japan, Australia, Egypt, et als. We are never very much surprised at anything we come across in the mails, except, of course, an order to cancel a subscription, but our subscribers are only human after all, and they have to die, too. But what we were getting at was this:

Editor ARMS AND THE MAN:

Inclosed please find check for \$5, for which please book Mr. Frank Scanlan, of No. 861 Crotona Park North, Bronx, New York City, N. Y., for ARMS AND THE MAN for one year, beginning with the earliest issue possible.

This will settle a small bet the writer had that Chicago would win the National League pennant this year. The conditions at first called for the loser to "blow" to swell eats, but I guess the party just named thought the above would have a more lasting effect, besides he didn't want me to have anything "on" him in being a subscriber.

Thanking you very much for same, I remain,
Yours very truly,

W. H. McCORMICK.

Now, here is a real inspiration. Why not get the fans to betting along these lines? Wouldn't be long before we would have baseball backed off the map compared to rifle shooting as a sport of National interest.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

Rifle Competition in Georgia.

Less interest than usual was manifested in the annual Regimental Individual competition of the 5th Georgia Infantry, which took place on the Atlanta military rifle range, Saturday, September 30. Nine of the fourteen contestants were furnished by Company L, and to members of this company went all of the medals—"as usual," the papers had it.

The Silverman Medal, for 200 yards slow fire, was won by Sergt. O. C. Holleran, with a score of 42. Sergt. Barker also made the same score, but had a 3 in his string, against Holleran's all 4's and 5's.

The English Medal, for 500 yards slow fire, was won by 1st Sergt. Burpitt, with a score of 46. This score was tied by Lieutenant Cronheim, of the Staff, but his last five shots were 5-4-4-5-5, against Burpitt's 4-5-5-5-5.

The Nash Medal, for the best skirmish run, was won by Sergt. C. D. Barker, Jr., with a score of 75, who also won the Major's medal, for the highest aggregate, with a score of 153.

The conditions were good, and the low scores of the winners can only be accounted for by the ammunition prescribed for the match. This is the current issue to the State, and is Frankfort Arsenal make, of the earlier months of 1908.

It is interesting to note that not only did its members carry off all four of the medals offered, but Company L had on the firing line all three officers, the first sergeant, right and left guides, and three privates. All three of the medal winners made the State team this year.

Capt. W. F. Spratt, A. I. S. A. P., conducted the match.

Detailed to Connecticut.

The following named officers have been detailed by the War Department as Inspector-Instructors for the Connecticut National Guard, their assignment as Inspector-Instructors in charge of all instruction

of the branches of the service, which they represent: Capt. Francis C. Marshall, Cavalry; Capt. Brainerd Taylor, Coast Artillery Corps; Capt. John W. Kilbreth, Jr., 6th Field Artillery.

Lectures in Massachusetts.

Capt. Russell P. Reeder, C. A. C., U. S. A., will conduct a course of lectures for the Coast Artillery Corps, comprising map reading, field orders and problems in minor tactics. The first of these lectures will be held on October 10. Attendance is not compulsory.

Vermont Troops Make Good Showing.

The Vermont National Guard recently finished a week's tour of camp duty. The 1st Infantry, the Signal Corps, and Troops A and B, Cavalry, composed the camp. At the conclusion of the tour the organizations were reviewed by the Governor, John A. Mead, on whom the splendid appearance of the troops made a deep impression. It was the first time that the Signal Corps has been seen in a Governor's review. Steps have been taken looking to the organization of a National Guard Association. This will probably be accomplished during this winter at the officers' service school. An officers' mess has been organized in the 1st Infantry.

Promotion in Ohio.

Capt. Harold M. Bush, of Battery C. Field Artillery, Columbus, has been elected major of the new battalion of artillery of the Ohio National Guard, created by order of Adjutant-General Weybrecht.

The Army-Navy Football Game.

It has practically been decided that the annual football struggle between the Army and the Navy will take place this year at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on the Saturday before Thanksgiving Day, November 25.

New York Marines Win.

A match for the Bay State trophy was held on the range at Wakefield, Mass., on October 2 between teams of marines. This trophy was presented by members of the Bay State Rifle Association to the marine corps for annual competition, one of the conditions being that at least one team from a station in New England should compete.

Five teams of six men each participated in the match, representing the marine barracks, New York; marine barracks, Boston; naval prison detachment, Boston; marine barracks, Portsmouth, N. H., and naval prison detachment, Portsmouth. The match was won by the team from New York.

The camp of marines which has been maintained at Wakefield during the target season will be disbanded on October 15. Capt. Douglas C. McDougal, of the marine corps, who has been in command of the camp, has been ordered to proceed to the navy yard at Mare Island, Cal., for duty at the marine barracks at that place.

Ships to Spare.

The Navy Department can furnish any country with a ready-made navy of respectable strength, though not of the latest type, if Congress is willing to authorize the deal.

The whole fleet of ships that distinguished itself in the Spanish-American war is now practically obsolete, according to high standards prevailing in the modern navy. Sampson's flagship, the New York (rechristened Saratoga); Schley's flagship, the Brooklyn; even the battleships Oregon, Iowa, Indiana, and the like, while all in excellent condition, are no longer regarded as fit for service in the first line of battle.

The older ships are too good to be broken up or dismantled, so they have been put in a secondary class. The Navy Department would gladly sell them to another nation, and could get a good price for them. But the department is unwilling to do so unless Congress will authorize the money realized from their sale to be applied to the construction of new battleships.

The Strength of the Army.

One of the most important lessons learned during the recent maneuvers in Texas was the necessity of keeping all troop, battery, and company organizations at all times at full war strength. To correct existing defects in that respect the War Department has issued an order rearranging the strength of the army.

The feature of the order is the addition of seventy men to each cavalry and seventy-two to each infantry regiment serving outside of the United States or in Hawaii. There are some slight changes in the strength of the field and coast artillery, and provision is made for permanent assignment for headquarters duty. The additional men are found by reducing by one thousand the eight thousand men now engaged in recruiting.

The order fixes the strength of the army at 77,523 men, but this includes large detachments of scouts, prison guards, signal corps men, and others engaged in non-line duty, so that the normal strength of the actual fighting force is reduced to 66,698, which includes all the troops serving outside of the United States.

Oklahoma Active.

Much activity has been shown by the Oklahoma National Guard during the present year and a deal of benefit obtained by the annual encampment. In accordance with a circular letter received from the War Department, Chandler has been designated as a State mobilization camp. A first or second lieutenant in each company has been appointed recruiting officer for war.

Estimates for the Navy.

It will take about \$129,000,000 to maintain the United States navy and provide for suitable increase during the next fiscal year, according to the estimates just completed by Secretary Meyer. This includes a provision for two super-dreadnoughts, probably of about the size of the protected Nevada and Oklahoma, which will displace about 28,000 tons, and a suitable number of auxiliaries.

This figure marks low water in the retrenchment policy of the administration, so far as the navy is concerned. The estimates are the same as the appropriations for the current fiscal year.

These appropriations were \$5,000,000 less than the estimates for the preceding year, and these in turn were \$10,000,000 less than the estimates for the fiscal year 1908-1909.

It is believed by Secretary Meyer that the present estimates, therefore, have brought the expenditures on account of the navy down to the lowest point consistent with its healthy development and maintenance.

Drill Season in Pennsylvania.

The drill season for Pennsylvania, 1911-12, opens on October 29 and runs until March 31, 1912.

It is recommended in orders that each school for officers and non-commissioned officers should be provided with the below listed material:

- 1 Copy New Infantry Drill Regulations for each officer and non-commissioned officer \$.35
- 1 Copy Field Service Regulations for each officer..... .60\$
- 1 Copy Provisional Small Arms Firing Manual 1909 for each officer50
- 1 Copy Pamphlet "Patrols, Advance and Rear Guards," by Major Morrison30\$
- 1 Copy Pamphlet "Estimating Tactical Situation and Composing Field Orders," Capt. Fitch..... .30\$
- 1 Copy Privates Manual20
- 1 Copy Studies in Minor Tactics30
- 1 Copy Sherrill's Military Map Reading for each officer..... .50\$

The above have all been issued by the State free of charge to officers and non-commissioned officers.

- 1 War Game set with zinc or brass scale. (March circle).... \$1.00
- 1 War Game Map—Gettysburg Quadrangle..... 1.35
- 1 War Game Map—Bonneauville Quadrangle..... 1.20
- 1 War Game Map—Leavenworth, East of Missouri River..... 1.89
- 1 War Game Map—Leavenworth, West of Missouri River..... 1.60
- 5 Copies Gettysburg Quadrangle, 3 inches to one mile, map.... .25
- 5 Copies Bonneauville Quadrangle, 3 inches to one mile, map.. .25
- 5 Copies Fort Leavenworth and Vicinity, 3 inches to one mile, map75\$
- (If this 3-inch to one mile map of Fort Leavenworth and Vicinity cannot be obtained then get 5 copies each of the 4 inches to one mile and 2 inches to one mile maps at a cost of about 50 cents for the lot.)
- 5 Copies American Lake, 3 inches to one mile, map..... \$.50
- 5 Copies Mt. Gretna, 4 inches to one mile, map..... .25
- 5 Copies Crow Creek, Wyo., 3 inches to one mile, map..... .25
- 5 Copies Fort Benjamin Harrison, 3 inches to one mile, map.... .25

(The prices given above for maps, except the war game maps, are for unmounted maps. It is advised that it will be economy to get the maps mounted on muslin which will cost probably about 5 cents a copy if done at Fort Leavenworth.)

Copies of price lists of books and maps sold by the Army Service Schools will be provided for all commanding officers to post in armories for easy access by all officers and enlisted men.

The below listed books and maps are suggested as valuable for collateral reading in connection with the 1911-1912 winter course of instruction of the National Guard of Pennsylvania:

- Beach's Military Map Reading, Field, Outpost and Road Sketches \$.75\$
- Eames' Military Map Explained..... .90
- Conventional Signs, U. S. Army Surveys (Government Print).. .30\$
- Tactical Principles and Problems, Hanna..... 2.25
- Summer Night's Dream and Defense of Duffer's Drift (Translated by Gawne)85
- Griepenkerl's Letters on Applied Tactics (Barth's Translation). 1.70
- Balck's Infantry Tactics (Krueger's Translation)..... 2.75
- Troop-Leading and the Management of the Sanitary Service in War. Morrison-Munson 1.15
- Sherril and Marshall's Notes on Cordage and Tackle..... .50\$
- Gettysburg-Antietam Strategic Map, 1 inch to the mile..... .10\$
- Geological Survey, Map, about 1 inch to the mile, of the quadrangle in which you live..... .05
- Maps that come with Griepenkerl's Letters on Applied Tactics.. .50\$
- Carte de France a 1 200,000, Metz..... 1.00\$

The last two maps are suggested as giving an idea of German and French maps. They will be found very useful in any study of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870.

New York News.

Squadron A will hold its first review of this season in the armory on Tuesday night, December 12. Troop drills will begin on October 16. The squadron has a full membership, with a waiting list. Major Bridgman has mapped out a progressive course of instruction for his command. A polo tournament for the members of the squadron will be held in the armory on October 10, 12 and 14 for the Major's Cup.

All the National Guard in New York City will parade on October 14 incident to the celebration of Columbus Day. The troops will wear full dress uniforms and will be under command of Major General Roe.

Rifle, Revolver and Pistol

Headquarters of the N. R. A.
Washington, D. C.
Secretary, Lieut. A. S. Jones, Hibbs Bldg.

Headquarters U. S. R. A.
Springfield, Mass.
Secretary, J. B. Crabtree, 525 Main St.

Fun at the Federal Range.

Ha! Ha! He shot 234 in a possible of 250 with the pistol at 20 yards and won a pair of lemons and a package of paper.

The opening shoot of the indoor season of the Federal Rifle and Revolver Club was held at the Federal Range, Boston, on the evening of October 5, and according to the laughter and general spirit of the occasion, the meeting was a complete success. A good representation of the club were present and the fun was created by the novelty of the prizes. Each man who participated in the event contributed a prize which cost 25 cents or less, and the choice of prizes was arranged according to the value of the scores, both rifle and pistol and revolver scores to count, 25 shots offhand, 20 yards for the pistol, 25 yards for the rifle, on standard indoor targets.

Capt. W. R. Murphy's score of 234 was worthy of more than the lemons, but that he got them was due to his bad judgment in selecting his prize, not poor shooting, for H. G. Hoffman, who shot 224, drew a silver matchbox, done up in 35 or 40 wrappers, and W. E. Fennel, 216, drew a matchsafe.

The Federal Club has arranged to hold its N. R. A. outdoor medal and qualification shoot at the Wakefield Range on Tuesday, October 10. There are several surprises expected in this match.

The attention that has been given to minute details by the management of the Federal Range has created an indoor range that is all that any indoor shooter could wish, and it has become somewhat of a landmark for Boston.

Detroit Rifle and Revolver Club.

I enclose herewith scores made at our annual R. R. A. Medal match, Saturday, September 30. We had a very delightful afternoon, although rain threatened, and it was quite cold. What we lacked in numbers was made up by the enthusiasm of those present.

The president of the club, Mr. G. D. Pope, donated a very handsome Colt's .22 target revolver to be competed for in a novel skirmish, namely, from 500 to 100 yards, 10 shots, firing two shots at unknown halts, kneeling position. Some of the old skirmishers were completely at sea, and the best score made was 33 (counting everything on figure target). Owing to darkness the match was not finished, and was put over until October 7.

This club is in a flourishing condition, and we hope to establish an indoor range this winter if quarters can be secured.

	Yds.	Yds.	Yds.	Total
	200	300	500	
Chas. M. Hammond (N. R. A. Medal)...	43	45	49	137
Fred. H. Mears.....	45	45	44	134
Chas. L. Neigebaur....	38	41	48	127
W. H. Honor.....	41	41	44	126
G. D. Pope.....	42	39	41	122
D. A. Reid.....	30	38	48	116
H. Stickney.....	38	39	37	114
H. Lathrop.....	28	29	32	89
C. H. Taylor.....	40	42	(Retired)	
A. Loomis.....	10		(Retired)	

Unofficial Results of Outdoor U. S. R. A. Championship.

MATCH A.	
Armstrong	467
Dietz	459
Hicks	455
Handford	453
Parkhurst	451
MATCH B.	
Hanford	467

Gorman	466
Lane	465
Dietz	458
Armstrong	455
Fromm	454

MATCH C.	
Lane	605
Orr	598
Petersen	554
Turner	537
Smith	532

MATCH D.	
Lane	208
Orr	202
Whigam	193
Le Boutilier.....	190
Sayre	186

MATCH E.	
1st Cav., Ill. N. G.....	725
Colonial Revolver Club.....	694
Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Club.....	681
Squadron C, Cav. N. G.....	650

MATCH F.	
Lane	211
Dietz	204
Orr	202
Hicks	198
Whigam	196

Greenville News.

Greenville is still working, and we certainly are sorry for John. The writer has been after these shooters for a long time to get down to record conditions, and just see what he did, 50 shots, pistol, 50 yards, on October 1.

J. A. Dietz. 9 10 10 9 10 9 9 9 10 10—95
10 10 10 8 10 10 10 10 9 9—97
8 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 9 8—95
8 10 10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10—97
10 10 9 10 10 10 10 9 9—97
481

RIFLE SCORES.	
Wm. Keim.22 22 24 21 22 22 22 24 22 21—222	
24 24 20 21 25 21 24 23 25 25—232	
22 19 23 24 20 23 22 22 24 20—219	
22 25 23 22 24 23 24 18 23 23—226	
19 25 25 20 23 23 24 24 24 24—230	
1,229	

H. M. Pope.20 22 21 24 21 22 25 21 24 23—223
22 21 25 22 19 20 21 23 20 21—215
20 20 25 24 20 23 23 23 23 23—224

G. W. Jackson, revolver—
82 84 85 89 85 86 92 88 87
F. N. Sanborn, pistol.... 91 85 88 89 88—441

POOR JOHN, now indeed we ARE sorry. He came out to-day, October 7, with new targets in order to take a crack at the 50-shot pistol record, but as he did not feel particularly good, he started to shoot in the regular way, pasted target, and as the result of his first score, 92, did not encourage him very much, and the day being dark and windy (outside the range), he did not use his new targets, and just see if you do not feel sorry, too. Whew, arithmetical progression, his next score, had it not gotten dark, would quite likely have been 101.

J. A. Dietz, 50 shots, 50 yards, pistol—
8 9 9 10 10 10 9 9 8 10—92
10 10 9 10 9 10 10 9 10 10—97
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 8—98
10 10 10 10 9 10 10 10 10—99
10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10—100
486

After finishing the 50, he kept on and made five straight 10s, then two 8s, then in the dusk an outside shot and stopped. Whew, just suppose he had been in real good condition and shooting under record conditions!

W. F. Hutchinson, .38 military—
87 85 92 80 86—430
.22 pistol
80 82 83 87 93—425

F. N. Sanborn, .22 pistol—
89 87 88 84 83—431
86 90 89 91 89—445

Rifle scores, 215 yards—	
22 22 20 23 22 22 25 22 21 23—222	
24 21 25 24 23 19 22 25 20 19—224	
22 20 21 22 22 25 22 25 25 20—224	
21 21 25 23 19 23 23 22 20 20—217	

GOSSIP.

By LES SMOKE.

Things are booming nowadays at the Federal Rifle Range in Boston. It is not hard to understand why this string of ranges are becoming popular when one is aware of what is done to make them so. For instance, last week when the Federal Club opened its indoor season, each member brought an article wrapped up in paper, said article not to exceed 25 cents in value. Well, along came the bunch primed for an evening's fun. Pretty soon there was some shooting, and when it was over G. F. Hoffman, secretary of the club, had rapped out a score of 234 with the pistol at 20 yards. Pretty good work, eh! what! And then what do you suppose they gave him for all this? A lemon! No. Two lemons. This is a good scheme; that is, the scheme which has to do with each member bringing a prize, not necessarily lemons, and if a majority of the clubs that are now lying in a dormant state would get together and start something, there would be a deal more of shooting from Maine to California, and more news of it in the shooting papers.

Another veteran rifle shot has been called away, August Jungblut, of San Francisco, a noted Schuetzen and a rifleman of much ability. His death was entirely unexpected. He was born in Germany sixty-eight years ago, and was a member of the San Francisco Schuetzen-verein, Germania Schuetzen Club, California Schuetzen Club, and many others.

The Citizens' Rifle and Revolver Club of Rochester, N. Y., is another example of what a few live enthusiasts can do with few tools. The club is only three years young and has had to labor under many disadvantages, but has slowly improved all the while. Last winter the club coaxed several of the National Guard companies into an indoor league, and while the club carries off the honors and won the "Pennant," there was much praise for the good work it had done in bringing to life the inactive shooting companies. The season's work enabled the National Guard companies to bring up their rifle practice to a point where it had not been for years. This winter it is planned to have another league and matches with outside points. There are about a dozen good revolver shots in the club. This work has never been attempted before in Western New York, and while the club cannot boast of any "Dr. Sayres," "Axtells" or "Crossmans," still there is hope. Next year it is planned to send a team to Camp Perry. The vice-pres-

ident of the club, Mr. James R. Gooding, is one of the leading spirits, and with the assistance of the executive committee, which consists of Mr. August Larsen, president of the club, C. D. U. Hobbie, secretary, and B. Bickle, executive officer, hopes to make it one of the leading clubs in the country.

Poor John, we condole with him. What in the name of thunder did he want to shoot that 50-shot string on pasted targets for when he saw he was going so good? He should have got busy with the clean targets, elevated his pistol arm to the heavens above and cried out loud enough for two reliable witnesses to hear that he was going after the 50-shot pistol record, and that good and hard, too. We refer to the scores made by John Dietz at Greenville, N. J., recently in practice, which appear in another column. John had a "hunch" when he left New York, but by the time he reached Greenville, he had lost it. Ye gods and little fishes! Think of it. Four hundred and eighty-one for the first 50 and 486 for the second, a total for the hundred of 967. Of course, not being shot the same day, it cannot be counted as a 100-shot total, but it certainly looks good. Poor John. I'm the Lark!

The Philadelphia Rifle Association is still shooting out of doors, but the season will close soon. The association expects to enter a team in the U. S. R. A. Indoor Revolver League and also one in the N. R. A. Inter-club League. It has given up its own range, it is understood, and will move into the new Federal range in Philadelphia. We uns here in Washington envy our Quaker City brethren. There is as much difference between shooting in a modern rifle range and a dark cellar as there is between eating frosted cream cake and hard tack. However, here's how.

The Baltimore Revolver Association is going to enter a team in the U. S. R. A. Indoor Revolver League. Well, that's good news. Great business, this league game. Can't get too much of it. We sure did work almighty hard to get it started, and now, by heck, we are going to see that she keeps going. D'yre hep? Got yer, Steve.

The Washington schoolboys hold their annual outdoor rifle shooting tournament this week. The whole batch of 'em go down the river on a chartered steamer to the Winthrop range of the Marines and spend the day. Expert tuition by Marines is going to put these boys right. If you should inquire of any schoolboy in this city if he ever saw a Springfield rifle he will not only say yes, but will tell you some things about the gun that you probably never dreamed of. Some boys, these.

The first unofficial results of the annual U. S. R. A. outdoor matches appear in another column. The real official detailed scores will be along real soon, and just as quick as they come in, we expect to give some dope like that which we had last fall. Pictures of the winners, targets, past performances, and all. Great stuff.

Los Angeles Revolver Club.

On Sunday, October 1, the members of the Los Angeles Revolver Club enjoyed a pleasant practice shoot on the Bishop Street range, but thus far no 98's have been discovered, even by the aid of a search warrant.

The members have been carrying little pictures of the 10-ring around with them so as to get real chummy with the erratic little rascal. Besides they wanted to recognize that same 10-ring, when it was off about 50 yards from them.

It was of no use, however. Even although we shot 50 shots apiece, and some 100, no one could make over 95. It must be that the "atmospheric pressure" in Los Angeles is insufficient, or may be the Eastern brethren get the pick of the ammunition. If this 98 business is contagious, we surely would like to be exposed.

Los Angeles shots sometimes wonder why nothing is heard from the Smith & Wesson Club, of Portland, Ore., oftener, or other leading clubs in the columns of ARMS AND THE MAN. Surely these clubs make good scores, and it would give others much pleasure in seeing what they are doing at 50 yards. Perhaps they are planning a little surprise party for the Indoor League, and do not want to expose their hands. Well, here's hoping!

PISTOL PRACTICE AT 50 YARDS.

W. E. Smith.....	90	90	95	95	86	93	82	91
Dr. L. M. Packard..	92	86	92	85	92	—	—	447
Dr. L. M. Packard..	90	93	88	93	93	—	—	457
Dr. G. I. Royce.....	87	89	81	84	90	—	—	431
Dr. G. I. Royce.....	88	89	88	85	93	—	—	443
J. E. Holcomb.....	85	83	87	87	85	—	—	427
W. A. Wright.....	87	86	77	90	—	—	—	—

The Massachusetts State Championship.

In the hardest fought regimental contest ever shot in the State of Massachusetts the team representing the 6th Infantry won out on a tie score of 2,090 with the 5th Infantry by an outranking score at the 1,000-yard range.

Weather conditions throughout the shoot had been generally fine, with the exception of a strong and shifty head wind on the first day, but the scores were much better than the average, and three possibles were made, two at 800 yards by Sergeant Kean and Schofield, of the Fifth, and one at 600 yards by Captain Wise, of the Sixth. Scores follow:

	200	600	800	1000	T't'l
Sixth Regiment	517	541	540	494	2090
Fifth Regiment	524	535	555	476	2090
Coast Artillery Corps...	499	534	534	491	2059
First Corps Cadets.....	505	528	501	475	2009
Second Regiment	505	519	500	441	1965
Eighth Regiment	491	503	492	421	1907
Ninth Regiment	472	496	482	442	1892
First Squadron Cav.....	482	466	439	378	1765
Second Corps Cadets...	466	432	442	345	1685
Naval Brigade	465	415	541	199	1420

6TH INFANTRY.

	200	600	800	1000	T't'l
Q. M. Sergt. J. H. Keogh	46	49	47	46	188
Pri. Geo. W. Reid.....	45	44	46	44	179
Capt. S. W. Wise.....	47	50	49	46	192
Lieut. E. J. Connolly....	43	47	44	43	177
Lieut. M. W. Parker....	41	44	46	47	178
Lieut. F. C. Doyle.....	41	44	47	33	165
C. Sergt. Geo. M. Jeffts..	42	46	47	42	167
Musician E. D. Cox.....	41	45	45	40	171
Sergt. A. D. Colby.....	43	40	43	36	162
Corp. O. T. Mack.....	45	44	47	36	172
S. Sergt. S. P. Leary....	38	42	43	47	170
Lieut. H. N. Patten....	45	46	36	32	159

Totals.....517 541 540 492 2090

5TH INFANTRY.

	200	600	800	1000	T't'l
Sergt. F. H. Kean.....	43	49	50	44	186
Pri. E. C. Lincoln.....	40	44	46	43	173
Lieut. C. D. Berg.....	41	41	49	31	162
Sergt. J. C. Spraker....	45	45	47	34	171
Musician F. E. Burt....	43	45	43	35	166
Sergt. C. H. Fisher....	44	46	46	42	178
Pri. J. E. Williams....	44	43	46	45	179
Sergt. F. J. Cunningham.	45	44	42	42	172
Capt. Thos. McCarthy...	45	38	43	28	154
Lieut. F. C. Kean.....	42	44	44	40	170
Sergt. P. S. Schofield...	46	49	50	47	192
Corp. C. B. Long.....	46	47	49	45	187

Totals.....524 535 555 476 2090

The twelve winners of the cups for individual high scores were:

Sergt. P. S. Schofield, of the Fifth Regiment, who outranked Capt. S. W. Wise, of the 6th Regiment, both having a score of	192
Sergt.-Maj. Charles J. Van Amber, 2d Regiment	189
Q. M. Sergt. J. H. Keough, 6th Regiment.	188
Corp. C. B. Long, 5th Regiment.....	187
Sergt. F. H. Kean, 5th Regiment.....	187
Pri. P. J. Dolfin, 2d Regiment.....	183
Sergt. P. Livingston, 8th Regiment.....	181
Sergt.-Maj. W. D. Huddleson, Coast Artillery Corps	181
Q. S. L. P. Castaldini, 2d Regiment.....	181
Capt. F. C. Allen, Coast Artillery Corps..	180
Pri. J. E. Williams, Fifth Regiment.....	179

West Virginia Wins Team Match.

An invitation was extended by the military authorities to West Virginia, Tennessee and Indiana to participate in a shoot on the range near Louisville, Ky., September 30 and October 1. Tennessee did not come, but Indiana and West Virginia did, and the shoot went on.

The weather could not have been better for an occasion of this kind the first day; no conditions at all that would make a rifleman use any extra elevation or windage. The second stages of the shoot were entirely different, and as indicated by the shooting at 1,000 yards, and if a comparison was made, one would say that the 1,000-yard shooting at Camp Perry was no harder. The wind was glowing a gale and the light was changeable. The skirmish run was fired just after a hard rain, which made it necessary to hold very low. Indiana and West Virginia shooters were the guests of the Kentucky team at the Louisville Hotel and enjoyed the usual Kentucky hospitality. A return shoot will be held at some future date on the West Virginia rifle range at Charleston.

WEST VIRGINIA.

	200 R.F.	600	1000	Sk.	T't'l
Gen. Elliott	42	42	44	25	64
Col. Jolliffe	43	48	47	35	83
Capt. Pratt	43	48	46	36	86
Capt. Cole	43	43	44	35	82
Lieut. Cornwell	43	44	43	42	69
Lieut. Burdette	42	44	48	41	87
Sergt.-Major Davis..	41	45	47	42	74
Sergt. Radford	45	47	47	33	87
	342	361	366	289	632

KENTUCKY.

	200 R.F.	600	1000	Sk.	T't'l
Capt. Nelson	41	41	40	39	64
Capt. Walker	45	44	31	32	76
Lieut. Staples	38	43	31	45	38
Lieut. Barrett.....	38	43	44	40	38
Major Morris	45	44	36	28	73
Sergt. Phipps	41	43	40	42	67
Lieut.-Col. Moffat ..	42	31	46	41	73
Capt. Meadows	39	41	35	36	51
	329	350	303	303	480

INDIANA TEAM.

	200 R.F.	600	1000	Sk.	T't'l
Indiana	323	339	310	289	388

Down in Panama.

Result of U. S. N. A. matches shot September 23, 24 and 25, 1911, at Culebra, Canal Zone, Panama:

MATCH.

Name.	A	B	C	D	F	Agg.
Possible scores	500	500	750	250	250	
L. D. Cornish.....	414	438	541	198	167	1127.2
C. B. Larzelere....	391	434	504	169	161	1086.8
Jacob Bernson ...	386	430	311	154	124	1002.2
M. W. Fox.....	394	426				127
T. E. L. Lipsey....	357					105
John Acors			353			
J. B. Cooper.....			282			
L. A. McIntyre....			241			

Match A was for revolvers; Match B for pistols; Matches C and D for military revolvers rapid fire contests, 5 shots in 15 seconds, being required, and Match F for pocket revolvers, 5 shots in 30 seconds.

Fort Pitt Rifle Club, Pittsburg.

Saturday, October 7, proved to be one of the most disagreeable days encountered on the Fort Pitt range this season. The sky overcast with dark clouds, the ground soggy from a superabundance of moisture, and a cold wind that kept the shivers chasing up and down one's back, all tended to warn us that the days were numbered when we would gather round the firing points enjoying our favorite sport. The boys spent most of the time jumping around to keep warm, and to reach the little black spot, it was necessary to get your shots off between shivers.

Considering the weather conditions and a fairly stiff breeze that kept shifting around from 10 to 1 o'clock, the scores turned in were very satisfactory. The 500-yard restricted

match proved a romp for our medical contingent. Dr. Atkinson, who shines with the hand gun and has been doing very consistent work with the rifle all season, topped the list with 47, and will add one of the club's rifle medallions to his list of trophies. Dr. Swanton gave him a good chase and landed in second place with 46. We wish right here to drop a word of praise for Dr. Swanton, who has shown the kind of grit that will win out in any old game. Starting in last season, new at the long range game, he shot scores discouraging enough to make most men give up and take to golf; nevertheless, he kept plugging along, entered matches he had not a ghost of a show of winning, picked up point by point, until he is now shooting up with the bunch. We hope to enroll many more possessing the same spirit.

The shooting in general proved a field day for our genial little friend, T. C. Beal, who, with 45 at 1,000, 48 at 800, 47 at 500, and 43 at 300, romped away with the honors. Some day in the dim future when T. C. takes his little grandchildren (to be) upon his knee in the old rocking chair by the fire, he will proudly point to the old New Springfield hanging over the mantle, and his eyes will sparkle as he relates how he bucked the elements and led the crowd, way back in October, 1911.

500 YARDS MATCH.

D. A. Atkinson.....		47	
R. V. Swanton.....		46	
G. A. Snyder.....		46	
M. C. Hazlett.....	47	2	45
T. B. Fisher.....		45	
F. C. Douds.....		45	
E. A. Waugaman.....		45	
H. G. Olsen.....	47	2	45
G. H. Stewart.....	46	2	45
G. Teters.....		45	
Charles Leacy.....	46	2	44
T. C. Beal.....	47	4	43
G. S. Bassett.....		42	
P. Paulsen.....	44	4	40

1,000 YARDS.

T. C. Beal.....	45	D. A. Atkinson...	42
E. A. Waugaman.	42	G. A. Snyder.....	37

800 YARDS.

T. C. Beal.....	48	G. A. Snyder....	42
-----------------	----	------------------	----

300 YARDS.

H. G. Olsen.....	45	M. C. Hazlett....	42
T. C. Beal.....	43	F. C. Douds.....	40
E. A. Waugaman.	43	G. S. Bassett....	40
G. A. Snyder.....	43		

200 YARDS.

M. C. Hazlett....	45	O. W. Hammer..	41
P. Paulsen.....	44	F. C. Douds.....	41
Charles Leacy ...	43		

THE FIRING LINE OF THE FUTURE?



Our Artist has been to an Aviation Meeting and has had a very bad dream.

The Rifleman, England.

Shell Mound Park, Emeryville, Cal.

Six of the leading shooting societies of San Francisco held their monthly competitions on the Shell Mound range on September 23, bringing into competition most of the expert marksmen of the bay district. The annual prize shoot of the Independent Rifles was the principal event of the day. Light and atmospheric conditions favored good marksmanship, and the scores were above the average.

The following are the principal scores of the day:

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, monthly competition, rifle scores—C. M. Henderson, 230, 221; W. F. Blasse, 227, 227, 225, 218; D. W. McLaughlin, 224; J. G. Day, 218, 214; M. F. Blasse, 217, 216; Otto A. Bremer, 217; K. O. Kindgren, 212; B. Jonas, 211; C. W. Linder, 207, 204; J. F. Bridges, 200; F. Garra-branth, 203; Dr. S. B. Lyon, 181, 178.

Pistol and revolver scores—James E. Gorman, 97, 93, 94, 96; C. W. Randall, 87, 95, 94; C. W. Linder, 93, 95, 90, 92; R. Mills, 87, 88, 89; Dr. R. A. Somers, 87, 84; C. W. Seeley, 83, 89, 83; C. W. Whaley, 86, 88; A. C. Wilson, 91, 88; Dr. S. B. Lyon, 68, 65, 75, 77, 71, 78.

Veteran National Guard of California, monthly competition, rifle practice, 200 yards—F. P. Poulter, 44; Capt. John E. Klein, 43; C. Meyer, 41; H. C. Mayer, 36; E. H. Slitor, 40; C. J. Wetherby, 42; Capt. Ludwig Siebe, 39; J. W. Galbraith, 33.

Revolver scores, 50 yards—Capt. John E. Klein, 50, 47; F. P. Poulter, 45, 48; E. H. Slitor, 48, 45; Chris Meyer, 45, 44; F. T. Engle, 45; C. W. Seeley, 45, 44; C. W. Wetherby, 38.

Stray Shots From the Other Side of the World.

From the Shanghi Mirrow.

AMERICAN COMPANY SHANGHI VOLUNTEER CORPS HAVE A SHOOT FOR THE N. R. A. MEDAL.

There was a rifle shooting competition at the rifle range yesterday afternoon for a medal presented to the American Co. S. V. C. by the National Rifle Association of America. The ranges were 200, 300 and 500 yards, standing, kneeling or sitting and prone. There were two sighting and ten scoring shots, U. S. Army service rifles, Krag-Jorgensen being used, Bisley scoring. The weather conditions were very unfavorable for high scoring. The match, in which ten men took part, commenced in a steady downpour of rain. When the match was about half concluded the rain stopped, but this did not improve matters in the least as a heavy mist rose which made it extremely difficult to see the bull's-eyes. The bad weather kept away a number of competitors who had signified their intention to compete, but as the required number of ten showed up it was decided to proceed with the shoot and despite the adverse conditions several very good scores were made. Sergt. E. Zillig won the handsome medal with a score of 129 points out of a possible 150; Lieut. W. E. Sauer was second with 119 points, and he along with E. Scorra 100, Corporal Farnham 99, and Private Lynch 97 won the marksmen's lapel buttons which are presented by the Association to each affiliated military organization. The following are the competitors and scores:

	200	300	500	
E. Zillig.....	39	42	48	129
W. E. Sauer.....	39	39	41	119
O. M. Farnham.....	28	35	36	99
Geo. Lynch.....	36	32	30	98
E. Scorrar.....	35	26	39	108
J. D. Sullivan.....	35	29	33	97
G. R. Henkel.....	30	33	21	84
A. H. Brown.....	21	20	37	78
L. F. Campbell.....	23	20	34	77
M. Katz.....	20	22	11	53

Tanana Rifle Club, Alaska.

Some time since this club sent to the N. R. A. an application for affiliation and a draft for over a thousand dollars for arms and ammunition.

That this club has the right spirit is further demonstrated by the fact that at the meeting held during the middle of the week it was decided that the members will do the work themselves, and any who do not care to show up for five hours' work will be allowed to pay

\$5 or send a man. There are 42 men in the club, and five hours' work each, or its equivalent in money, will serve to dig the 30-foot pit, and clear the range ready for use. This work must be done next week, as the rifles are expected on any boat, and may be here next week.

The first squad, armed with shovels, picks and axes, will meet tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock at St. George & Cathcart's office at the Turner Street bridge and proceed to the attack. Each will take along a lunch and a supply of liquid refreshment will be provided to revive any that may drop from exhaustion in the trench. Other parties will continue the work Monday and Tuesday nights.

The members of the club making up the first squad that will begin work on the range are:

J. G. Morrow, Joe Enos, L. M. Drury, John A. Clark, H. C. Jackson, G. B. Erwin, R. D. Morgan, E. T. Wolcott, Bion A. Dodge, Arthur Frame, Fred Wright, S. Feddersen.

Shell Mound Park, Emeryville Cal.

German Day, October 1, brought out a large delegation of rifle and pistol shots, and from early morning until late at night, the crack of the rifle was heard.

We got our first rain of the season, but by 9 a. m. the sky was clear with Mr. Sun smiling. The clubs holding their regular monthly shoot, were the Oakland Turners' Schuetzen, Deutscher Krieger Schuetzen, Independent Rifles and Shell Mound Pistol and Rifle Club.

Well, we are glad to note that H. Windmuller came back into form, making 393 in the Oakland Turner Schuetzen. However, B. Brunje made the best center on the bull's-eye target. Alexander Hartman, formerly of the New York Schuetzen Corps, surprised us all to-day by making 222 on the rifle 20-yard range out of 250—German ring target, 10 shots, he was the high man of the day.

The pistol range was very busy all day, and the scores were good. J. E. Gorman made 96 and 93, H. A. Harris 95 and 95, C. W. Linder 87 and 93. These are very good scores. The contest between H. A. Harris and J. E. Gorman is very close this year, and as there are two more shoots left, it will be a question who is to be the 1911 champion on the pistol range. Should Mr. Harris continue his good work, J. E. Gorman will have all he can do to hold his own. May the best shot win.

First Infantry, N. G., Mo.

As this was practically the last Sunday that the members of the various companies of the First Regiment would have for practice and with the prospects of some close competition in the Regimental Team Match that takes place next Sunday, combined with perfect shooting conditions brought out a large number of riflemen and some excellent scores were made. Sergeants Olcott and Spencer of Company G, gave a very good demonstration of perfect team work when they shot a score of 281 out of a possible 300, over the Marksman's Course, of which score Olcott took 142 points. Sergeant J. J. Kock of Company M, added ten shots at 800 yards to his other three ranges and scored 183 points out of a possible 200 scoring 49 points out of the possible 50 at both the 500 and 800 yard ranges.

Next Saturday afternoon will see the start of a two-day competition among the members of the companies composing the First Regiment, in which matches have been arranged for the members holding the various degrees of skill in marksmanship besides several interesting team contests. Gold, silver and bronze medals will be awarded to the individual winners while beautiful silver trophies will be awarded to the winning teams, and with such a collection of valuable trophies and medals to shoot for there will undoubtedly be one of the largest number of riflemen present the range has ever seen.

The scores made in Sunday's shoot were as follows:

Name—Company.	200	300	500	800	Aggre-
	yds.	yds.	yds.	yds.	gate.
Sgt. J. J. Koch, M	41	44	49	49	183
Private Brandt, M	42	41	47	43	173
Lt. J. S. Braun, E	38	42	49	42	171
Sgt. Williams, M	41	41	45	43	170

Peters

.30 Caliber Ammunition OUTSHOTS ALL OTHER MAKES

at the several military shooting tournaments of 1911. Users of **PETERS** cartridges at The Ohio State Rifle Association tournament at Camp Perry, September, 19-22, won 15 first places, 11 second, 9 thirds, 10 fourths and numerous others. The same superior shooting qualities were also in evidence at the Pennsylvania State Rifle Association Matches, September 11-14. Here is the list, which for want of space, shows only the firsts:

OHIO STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES

Lilley Medal Match . . . 1st. Capt. E. W. Eddy	Experts' Aggregate . . . 1st. W. C. Andrews	Experts' 1,000 Yd. Match, 1st. Ensign J. Schwarzkopf
Hall Medal Match . . . 1st. Lt. Ernest Miller	Novice Aggregate . . . 1st. Priv. Fred Coffee	State Individual Match . 1st. W. C. Andrews
Clement Medal Match . . 1st. Priv. Fred Webber	Championship Regimental	Skirmish Run . . . 1st. Priv. Ralph Mertz
Second Brigade Novice Match, 1st. Priv. Bert Miller	Team Match . . . 1st. Fifth Infantry	Naval Brigade Trophy . 1st. 1st Battalion O. N. M.
Experts' Short Range Match, 1st. W. C. Andrews	Bryant Novice Match . . 1st. Priv. Fred Coffee	O. N. G. Co. Team Match, 1st. Co. A, Fifth Infantry
Experts' 600 Yard Match . 1st. W. C. Andrews		

PENNSYLVANIA STATE RIFLE ASSOCIATION MATCHES

Pennsylvania Long Range Match, 1st. Lt.-Col. W. A. Tewes (1,000 yards)	Short Range Match . . . 1st. Capt. C. F. Sylvester	Members' Match 1st. Lt.-Col. W. A. Tewes
Individual Rapid Fire Match . 1st. Capt. C. F. Sylvester	Keystone Long Range Match . 1st. Capt. C. F. Sylvester	Two Man Team Match . . . 2nd. Lt.-Col. Tewes and Capt. Sylvester

The Red **P** Cartridges Won 17 Firsts, 6 Seconds, 13 Thirds and 6 Fourth Places at Sea Girt

Peters

.30 Cal. Cartridges were used by 4 out of 8 members of the Ohio Team at Camp Perry, which won the Herrick Trophy by a score of 1732 out of 1800—A WORLD'S RECORD.

Peters

.38 Cal. Cartridges were used by Dr. J. H. Snook in winning the Revolver Aggregate at Camp Perry, and establishing a WORLD'S RECORD on the National Revolver Match Course, 477 out of 500.

Peters

.30 Cal. Cartridges were used by Lieut. W. B. Short in the Nevada Trophy Match at Sea Girt when he established a NEW WORLD'S RECORD, 48 out of 50 at 1,200 yards.

Peters

.38 Cal. Cartridges were used by Dr. J. R. Hicks in the All-Comers' Squadded Revolver Match, score 136 out of 150—ANOTHER WORLD'S RECORD.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio

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Sgt. T. M. Watkins, E	41	44	43	40	168
Art. Hotchkiss, M	40	42	41	45	168
Sgt. Rob. Ferrenback, E	42	38	40	42	168
Pvt. Irwin Meyer, E	39	39	46	32	156
Sgt. Roy Bartlett, E	35	37	40	42	154
Sgt. Eugene Meyer, E	36	35	40	40	151
Sgt. G. C. Olcott, G	46	47	49		142
Sgt. W. H. Spencer, G	46	44	49		139
Sgt. Vassar Aston, M	46	41	48		135
Lt. J. G. Westerman, G	41	43	48		132
Corp. Thos. Immell, G	44	38	49		131
Corp. Wm. J. Sawade, G	41	43	46		130
Capt. Melville, M	40	44	45		129
Lt. E. Fisher, L	40	43	42		125
Sgt. Schweitzer, G	38	40	45		123
Pvt. Mackey, L	41	43	35		119
Sgt. Nelson, L	37	41	39		117
Sgt. Von Gerichten, A	41	42			83
Capt. Lemmon, A	40	43			83

The annual Company Team match of the 1st Infantry Missouri National Guard, took place Sunday afternoon between showers. This annual shoot was to have taken place Sunday morning at the same time as the Battalion Team match, both to start at eight o'clock, but it began raining at about five a. m., and never let up long enough for the men to reach the shooting stands.

The Company Team Match was only part of the program which includes five Novice Matches and three other matches open for all comers, but the most of the program had to be postponed on account of the rain and will be shot off next Sunday. Part of these matches were shot on Saturday afternoon, Captain Melville and Sergeant Aston, of Company M, tying for first place in event four, which called for two sighter shots and ten shots for record at 300 yards. Both scored 43 points out of the possible 50. Corporal Morris, of Company D, won the gold medal in event five by scoring 43 points at 200 yards and tied Captain Huntley and Sergeant Sewell for second place at 500 yards, or event seven, which

called for two sighting shots and ten for record at 500 yards. All three scored 46, while Private Brandt, of Company M, was walking away with the gold medal with a score of 47 points out of the 50.

Company G.	200	300	500	Total
Lieut. Westermann . . .	42	45	49	136
Sergt. Schweitzer	42	42	43	127
Sergt. Spencer	42	41	48	131
Sergt. Olcott	44	42	43	129
Corp. Sawade	44	42	46	132
Corp. Immell	38	42	49	129
Totals	252	254	278	784
Company M	227		273	
Company A	222	234	264	720
Company E	227	235	239	703
Company B	213	232	245	699
Company L	189	200	144	542
Company K	191		176	
				TOBE.

The Philadelphia Rifle Association.

The weekly competitions of this association were shot Saturday, October 7, on the Arlington range, Lansdowne avenue and Cedar lane, near Llanerch, Pa.

MILITARY MATCH.

Dr. G. G. Davis	43	42	41
Williamson	41	43	43	43	42	40

50 YARDS PISTOL MATCH.

H. A. Dill	95	94	92	92	90	90	89
Williamson	82
Dr. Palmer	92	90	88	87	85	83	..

Some Hike.

In the State hike and shooting competition, Company H, Sixth Regiment, First Brigade, M. V. M., of Stoneham, Mass., marched fifteen miles in three and one-half hours, their march coming to an end at the Wakefield Rifle Range. Fourteen men of Company H

fired five rounds each, at 500, 300 and 200 yards, making 49 hits at 500, 57 hits at 300, and 43 hits at 200, using United States 30 caliber ammunition, 180-grain bullets.

The men finished the hike in good physical condition and won the shooting competition easily.

The 74th Infantry, N. G., N. Y., Establishes a Record.

The following are the detailed scores made by the 74th Infantry Rifle Team in the series of National Guard matches shot at the State Rifle Range, Blauvelt, N. Y., September 26, 27 and 28.

Fourth Brigade Match, Tuesday, September 26, 1911.

Two sighting shots and ten shots for record at 200 yards standing, 300 yards kneeling or sitting, and 600 yards prone. The prize is a trophy valued at \$100.

	200	300	600	T't'l
74th Infantry	483	519	529	1531
3d Infantry	485	504	510	1499

Scores 74th Infantry Team in 4th Brigade Match:

	200	300	600	T't'l
Maj. Arthur Kemp	42	41	47	130
Lieut. Damase J. Cadotte . . .	40	44	46	130
Sergt. E. R. Alvord	42	43	45	130
Priv. Eli Dominick	41	43	41	125
Capt. Daniel W. Barmon . . .	32	39	46	117
Lieut. Eugene L. Dominick . .	41	42	43	126
Priv. John H. Knuebel	40	45	42	127
Corp. Alfred Maguire	40	45	46	131
Corp. August J. Fischer . . .	41	46	38	125
Priv. Chester A. Stone	39	45	41	125
Ord. Sergt. Wm. F. Leushner	42	46	48	136
Lieut. Charles A. Kendall . . .	43	40	46	129

MAJOR GENERAL'S MATCH.

A skirmish run from 600 yards to 200 yards, firing 2 shots in 30 seconds at 600 yards, 2

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shots in 30 seconds at 500 yards, 3 shots in 30 seconds at 400 yards, 3 shots in 30 seconds at 350 yards, 5 shots in 30 seconds at 300 yards, and 5 shots in 20 seconds at 200 yards, at the silhouette target of a man prone. The prize is a trophy presented by Major General Roe, the Division Commander.

74th Infantry	870 points
2d Infantry	831 points
7th Infantry	810 points
Squadron A	779 points
12th Infantry	485 points

SCORES 74TH INFANTRY TEAM IN MAJOR GENERAL'S MATCH.

Ord. Sergt. Wm. F. Leushner.....	65
Corp. Alfred Maguire.....	75
Sergt. E. R. Alvord.....	53
Priv. Eli C. Dominick.....	35
Priv. Chester A. Stone.....	83
Priv. Howard Gunning.....	66
Corp. August J. Fischer.....	47
Sergt. Oliver F. Miller.....	60
Sergt. C. J. Thomas.....	44
Sergt. E. E. Cronk.....	42
Priv. G. C. Rollins.....	65
Sergt. Christian Mathiesen.....	53
Sergt. C. D. Ream.....	35
Sergt. C. B. Morey.....	60
Corp. John H. Knuebel.....	87

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27. GOVERNOR'S MATCH.

An individual skirmish run from 600 yards to 200 yards, firing 5 shots in 30 seconds at 600 yards, 500 yards, 300 yards and 200 yards at the silhouette target of a man prone. The prize is the Governor's Cup, to be held by the winner for one year. There were 110 contestants.

1st, Major Arthur Kemp, 74th Infantry, Buffalo	90
2d, Lieut. Raub, 3d Infantry, Olean.....	86
3d, Sergt. Trumble, 2d Infantry, Gloversville	83

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S MATCH.

A match for teams of three from the various companies of each regiment and also from the Headquarters, firing 2 sighting shots and 7 for record at 300 yards standing, 600 yards prone, and 1,000 yards prone. The prize is an immense bronze trophy presented by General McAlpin when he was the Adjutant-General, and is held by the team winning it for one year. The Headquarters Team of the 74th Infantry has now won the trophy three times, or more than any other single organization. Twenty-one teams competed in the match this year.

Headquarters, 74th Infantry. 84 93 95 272

Company C, 74th Infantry....	86	95	91	272
Company I, 3d Infantry.....	85	102	83	270
Company F, 2d Infantry.....	87	95	78	263
Company G, 7th Infantry....	82	99	81	262

Scores of the teams of the 74th Infantry in the Adjutant-General's Match—

Headquarters, 74th Infantry—	300	600	1000	T't'l
Major Arthur Kemp.....	30	31	29	90
Ord. Sergt. Wm. Leushner..	27	31	34	92
Lieut. Chas. A. Kendall.....	27	31	32	90

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1911. THE STATE MATCH.

The match is open to teams of 12 officers and men from every regiment of infantry, cavalry and artillery in the State, as well as the Naval Militia. The conditions call for 3 sighting shots and 10 shots for record at 1,000 yards, a skirmish run from 600 yards to 200 yards, halting and firing at 600 yards, 500 yards, 400 yards, 350 yards, 300 yards and 200 yards, and concluding with a rapid-fire string of 10 shots in 50 seconds in the kneeling position at 200 yards. The prize is a trophy valued at \$300, which becomes the property of the winning team.

	1000	Skirmish and rapid	Total
74th Infantry	402	1349	1751
7th Infantry	347	1293	1640
2d Infantry	359	1236	1595
71st Infantry	398	1109	1507
3d Infantry	361	1125	1486
1st Infantry	309	978	1287
Squadron A	323	947	1270
12th Infantry.....	344	907	1251
69th Infantry	312	418	730

Scores of 74th Infantry Team in the State Match:

	1000	Skir-Rapid-Fo-	tal	Ag.
Maj. Arthur Kemp.....	42	83	43	126
Ord. Sergt. Wm. F. Leushner	37	79	51	130
Corp. John H. Knuebel. 30	84	43	127	157
Capt. Daniel W. Barmon 41	71	42	117	154
Lieut. Eugene Dominick. 36	75	42	117	153
Sergt. E. R. Alvord....	22	83	47	130
Lieut. Damase J. Cadotte 30	77	44	121	151
Priv. Chester A. Stone. 34	80	35	115	149
Capt. Frank I. Parker..	37	75	26	101
Lieut. Chas. A. Kendall. 24	67	45	112	136
Priv. Eli C. Dominick..	31	43	39	82
Corp. August J. Fischer. 38	37	38	75	113

The team owes its success in a great degree to the careful training and instruction of Ord. Sergt. William F. Leushner, and to his accurate understanding of the weather and

wind conditions on the firing line. The team consisted of twenty-four officers and men, the largest team ever sent out by the regiment. The details of the transportation, quarters and subsistence of the team were arranged by the Team Captain, Capt. Daniel W. Barmon, Ordnance Officer of the regiment.

Northern Kentucky Gun Club.

George Dameron, a local amateur, and Ike Brandenburg, of Dayton, Ohio, tied for high gun at the monthly money back shoot on October 1, on a score of 133 out of 150. The weather conditions were bad, a number of the ten fifteen-target events being shot in a heavy rain, with the wind causing the targets to take very erratic flights. J. S. Day, a professional, of Midland, Texas, made the top score of the day, missing but six targets, going out with 144. Among the out-of-town shooters present were: Ike Brandenburg, Ed Cain and J. A. Penn, of Dayton, Ohio; Francis and Turrell, of Harrison; R. H. Bruns, of Brookville, Ind., and T. Donald, of Felicity, Ohio. Second place honors among the amateurs went to Francis with 131. The attendance of local shooters was small owing to the weather. The last in the series of money-back shoots will be held on November 5, and a special event will be added to the program. Several of the club members will attend the trophy shoot at Ryland, Ky., on October 5.

Name.	15-15	15-15	15-15	15-15	15-15	15-15	15-15	15-15	15-15
Donald	15	14	14	14	13	12	14	12	..
Dameron	10	14	15	14	15	14	13	13	12
*Day	15	14	14	14	14	14	15	15	15
Ertel	13	12	12	12	13	12	11	11	13
Richards	12	12	10	12	12	11
Heckman	14	12	14	14	10	14	12	12	8
Keefer	11	12	13	9	11
Ike	13	14	13	15	10	13	14	15	13
J. A. Penn.....	12	12	13	13	13	11	13	11	12
Cain	9	13	11	12	12	12	13	12	14
*Holaday	12	11	14	11	13	14
Bruns	11	13	13	13	14	14	13	11	12
Francis	12	13	14	14	10	14	14	12	13
Schreck	15	11	15	13	13
Turrel	13	12	13	10	13
Payne	12

*Professional.

Montclair, N. J., Gun Club.

With October 7 the Montclair Gun Club opened its fall season, nine members being present. Event 2 being the eighth leg on Dupont trophy, was won by George W. Boxall, with 22 breaks to his credit. The first leg on the members' fall trophy, a very handsome silver tray, was run off to-day. This will be contested for on odd numbered Saturdays, Octo-

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Small game nearly everywhere—

Wild goats at Catalina—

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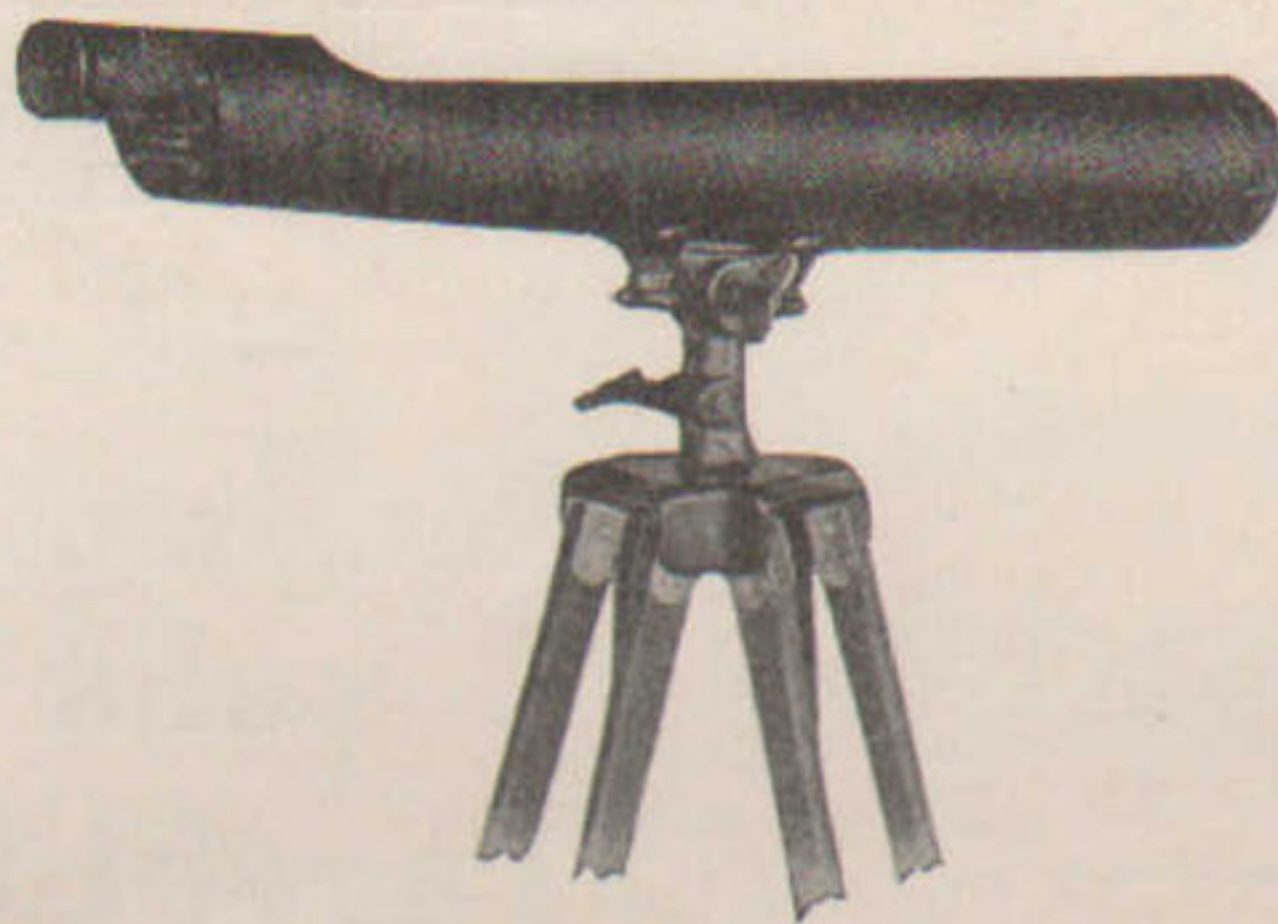
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ber to December, or seven times in all. G. W. Boxall was the winner (Event 6), breaking 21 targets.

Event	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets.	25	25	25	10	25	25
G. W. Boxall.....	18	22	23	9	20	21
C. A. Brown.....	17	14
J. S. Crane.....	16	16	17
C. L. Bush.....	17	20	22	9	16	17
C. W. Henderson....	12	13	11
F. V. Curlough.....	15	20	18
E. Winslow.....	18	17	..	7	16	14
J. Atwater.....	9	14	18
Y. T. Frazee.....	9	19	19

Another New Club.

The organization recently of the Harrison Gun Club of Little Rock, Ark., has created much interest in shooting here, and weekly shoots are held on the club grounds. The shoot was won this week by Bently Frew, who broke 19 out of a possible 25.

Mr. J. S. Day, a Peters Cartridge Company shooting representative, has been spending a few weeks in the State of Colorado and has been giving the trapshooters of that section an idea of the kind of work he did in 1910 when he won the official high amateur average for the year with the record-breaking percentage of 97.28. From Aug. 16 to Sept. 6, he shot in seven tournaments, scoring 1208 out of 1250 singles and 181 out of 200 doubles. Included in this total is the score made Aug. 28 at Delts, Colo., 149 out of 150 singles and 49 out of 50 doubles. This score of 198 out of 200 stands as a world's record, no previous amateur or professional having made such a score on 200 targets, which included 25 pairs. In all this shooting he used Peters factory-loaded high gun shells with the reinforced steel head and rim, the kind that have "steel where steel belongs."

Arizona State Sportsman's Meeting.

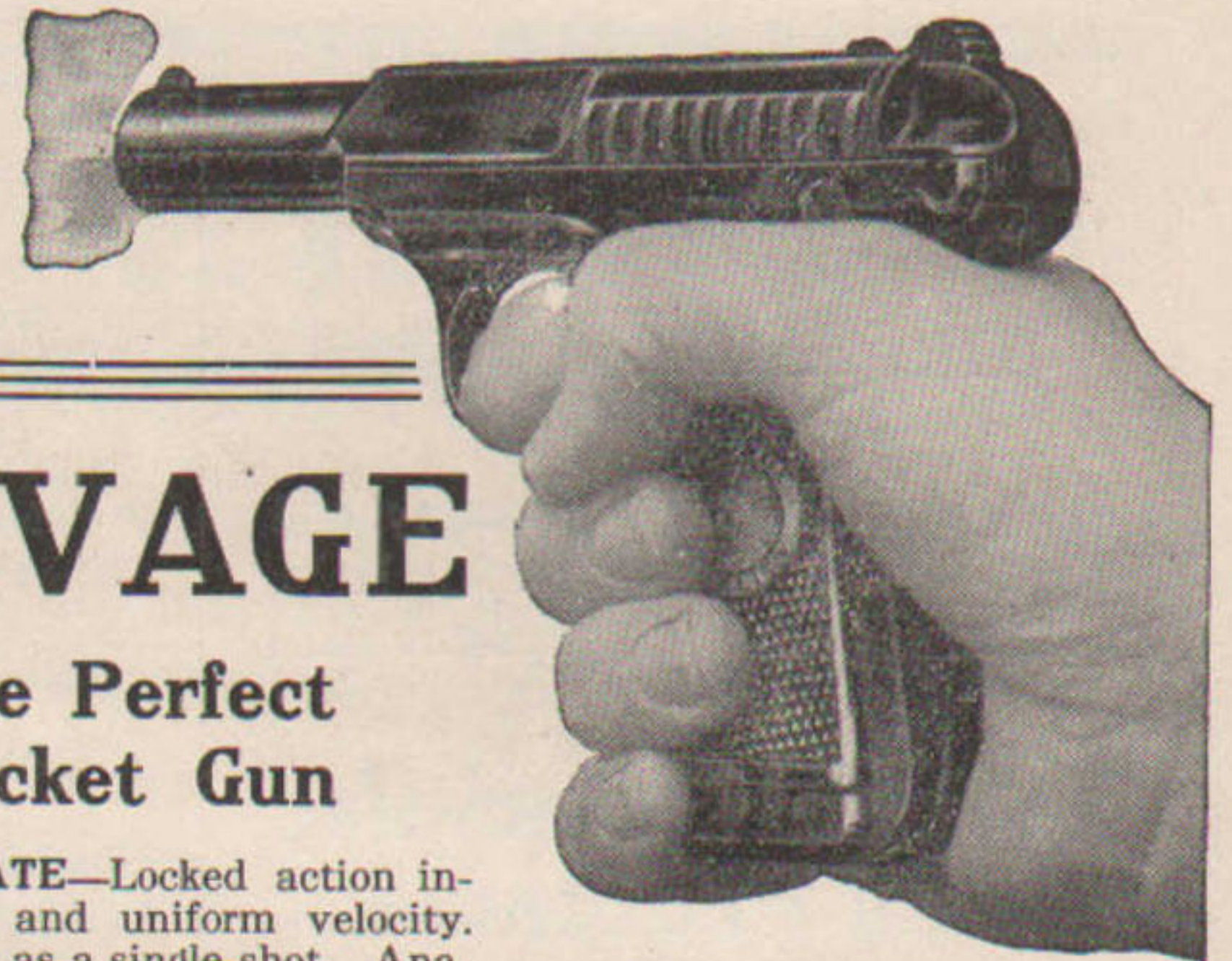
The four-man team representing Phoenix in the annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsman's Association at Tucson, covered itself with glory individually and collectively. The average of the team for the entire shoot was 89.5, which is considerably higher than any of the other teams. Incidentally, Phoenix was successful in landing the shoot for next year, and the officers of the association chosen for the ensuing year were all Phoenix men.

The shoot was brought to a close with the Selby handicap event. This was won by Harrison, of Tucson, who made 25 targets straight. Twitchell and Galpin, of Phoenix, were each tied for second place with scores of 19 each. The individual championship went to Shelton, of El Paso, who made 47 birds out of a possible 50. But he was pushed to the limit by Edens, of Phoenix, who finished 46, one point behind the winner. In a social shoot between Dr. Schrader, of Tucson, and Twitchell, of Phoenix, the Tucson man missed the 33d bird in 57 shot at, while Twitchell missed the 46th and the last bird. The score of 46 straight made by Twitchell in this unscheduled event was the highest individual score made during the entire shoot.

D. C. Williamson, this year's secretary of the association, made the highest average of the shoot, finishing 94.5 per cent out of the 670 targets at which he shot. In the four-man team event, Tucson made 182 birds out of 200 while Phoenix shot 179, being second.

At a meeting of the association W. B. Twitchell was elected president; Al Galpin was chosen secretary, and T. L. Edens, treasurer. All are Phoenix men.

It was decided to hold the next shoot in Phoenix during the week of the 1912 Arizona fair. The shooting will be done in the morning, and all will be afforded the opportunity of taking in the fair in the afternoons. It is



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already assured that there will be over \$1,000 to be added to the entrance money. The best shots in the county will be secured, and it is already predicted that it will be the greatest shoot in the history of the association.

Du Pont Gun Club.

Forty-nine shooters and a goodly number of spectators were on hand for the regular weekly shoot at the Du Pont Gun Club on October 7, and with the rifle and revolver enthusiasts the attendance was most satisfactory, and augurs well for a successful winter season. The incoming wind made shooting difficult.

W. Schuyler Colfax, who has recently moved to Wilmington, was the only contestant to break a 25 straight, his score of 93 in his 100 targets being high. State Champion Willis made a 91 out of his 100, J. T. Skelly a 90. Dr. W. E. Harrison, of Washington, D. C., "got away" in good shape, but weakened at the finish. His 86 out of 100, considering that he was not acquainted with the grounds, was an exceptional performance.

The club challenge medals and the silver challenge cups presented to the club by one of the members, were shot for in open competition for the first time. The winners of these cups were also winners of the regular weekly T. Coleman du Pont trophy spoons. Eugene E. du Pont, who shot his score at the regular mid-week shoot Thursday, was the winner in Class A; Thorpe Martin in Class B; F. F. Lofland in Class C, and O. V. Ort, who, by the way, has never shot on the grounds before, was the successful contestant in Class D.

The holders of the cups and medals are subject to challenge, and already Mr. Martin, the winner in Class B, has been challenged by W. M. Hammond, the race to be shot off on some early date.

State Champion Willis has made all ar-

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rangements to shoot his match with J. B. McHugh, who has challenged him for State honors, on the first Saturday in November. The Du Pont Club wishes to announce that this match will be shot on its grounds, and not on the grounds of the Wilmington Club, as the *Morning News* reported.

The club will entertain the S. S. White Gun Club of Philadelphia on next Saturday in the opening shoot of the Philadelphia Trapshooters' League. The league shoots promise to make the winter season very attractive. A number of valuable prizes are offered the contestants, and the opportunity to entertain shooters from Philadelphia, Camden, N. J., Haddonfield, N. J., Lansdale, Pa., and other nearby cities will be welcomed by the local club.

In the rifle and revolver branch, the following scores were made, the figures representing scores in a possible 100:

PISTOL RECORDS.

D. Appleby, 94, 85, 82, 82, 81.
T. S. Dorsey, 81, 81, 80, 79, 79.

RIFLE SCORES.

W. Morgan, 55, 48.
J. Anderson, 46, 37.
W. F. Jensen, 44.

RIFLE BALL SHOOTING SCORES.

W. M. Hammond, 38 out of 54.
L. D. Willis, 23 out of 42.
R. S. Wood, 32 out of 64.

NEWS OF THE TRADE.

Black Shells Win.

On September 30, Lawrence D. Willis of Wilmington, Delaware, won the Delaware State Championship, using United States factory-loaded Black Shells.

Reloading With Cast Bullets.

The question of reducing the cost of ammunition is of direct personal interest to every shooter of rifle, pistol or shotgun—and any solution of this problem is well worth considering. Probably the only practical solution at this time is to reload the empty shells.

It is self evident that modern factory ammunition is well made—that there is a great margin of extra strength in the metallic shells which represent so big a part of the expense of fixed ammunition. The empty shell has not reached the limit of its use when the cartridge has been fired once; it is not simply a thing to be thrown away. The shell is practically the same as it was before the discharge of the cartridge and can be reloaded again and again, averaging from 10 to 30 times with entire success. Because it is entirely practicable to reload each metallic shell many times, and because thinking shooters are always quick to take advantage of any practical means of reducing their shooting expense, the Ideal Mfg. Co. during the past 25 years built up a very extensive business throughout the world in supplying reloading implements for all standard rifle, pistol and shotgun cartridges.

With the simple, compact set of Ideal reloading tools, it is an easy matter to eject the old primer, insert a new one, resize the shell if necessary, put in the powder and crimp the shell on to the bullet—in fact, it is an interesting and pleasureable occupation. The only bothersome part of preparing one's own ammunition is in making the bullets. By following directions they can be made and well made by any individual by the use of the Ideal dipper, melting pot, melting pot holder, bullet mould and a good fire in the kitchen stove. It's a hot job on a summer day, however, and simply on account of the bother of making the bullets many shooters have not taken up the reloading of their shells as they might otherwise do.

In order to enable the individual shooter to reload his shells without the bother of preparing his own bullets, the Marlin Firearms Co. (successor of the Ideal Mfg. Co.) has now decided to furnish any of the standard lead bullets featured in the Ideal Hand Book, at prices that are very slightly above the cost of production. The bullets will be all hand cast, cast one at a time. Hand loaded ammunition with hand-cast bullets of this kind is

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invariably used by the experts when they want to do their very best work. The years of experience of the Ideal and Marlin Company should make these the finest hand-cast bullets in the world. As the Ideal line comprises about 200 different bullets of various calibers, weights and shapes, including hollow point and hollow base bullets, round balls for rifles and round balls for shotguns, and as they will be prepared to practically any desired temper as regards the mixture of tin and lead, the shooter can prepare his own ammunition to suit his own ideas, with a minimum expense for the loading equipment. We illustrate here with a few styles of Ideal bullets.

The Marlin Company has issued a circular giving the numbers, weights and prices of the respective bullets; a copy of this will be sent free on request. All of the bullets are illus-

ARMORY AND RANGE REQUISITES

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Scope and Gun Rests; Steel and Brass Cleaning Rods and Brushes, all calibers; Cleaning Patches; Bore Weaks, all calibers; Front and Rear Sight Covers; Micrometers and Verniers; Leather and Canvas Covers; Field Glass Holders; Elbo Pads, \$1.00 pair; Barrel Gauges, .300, .3005, .301, \$1.00 each; Sight Black; Mobilubeicant, 10c to \$5.00 per package; Rear Sight Adjusters; Telescopes, from \$5.00 to \$25.00; Officers Regulation Field Glasses, Tan Case, Sole Leather, \$15.00; Brass Brushes, \$1.00 per doz.; Steel Brushes, \$2.00 per doz. Send for 1911 price list.



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Every shooter knows that even and regular ignition of the primer is necessary for the perfect combustion of the powder charge in a shell or cartridge.

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All other manufacturers use ground glass in primers for friction. The most intense heat possible should be generated by the primer to ignite the powder quickly. Ground glass decreases the heat of the primer 25 per cent; therefore we do not use it, but in its place we use an ingredient that adds to the heat.

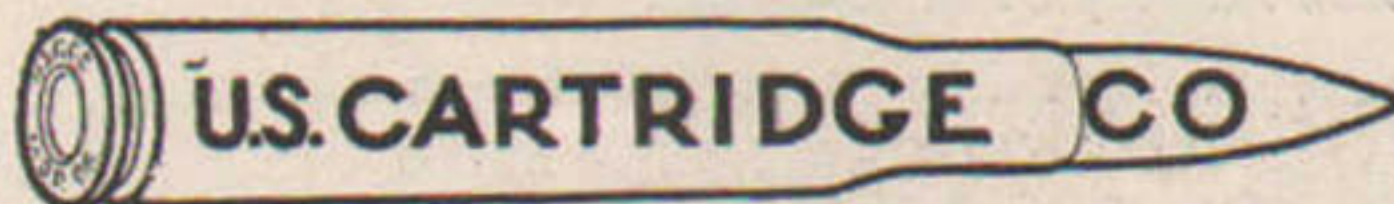
The large flash passage with the non-mercuric and non-glass primer in the U. S. BLACK SHELLS produce the most perfect and quickest results yet obtained in ammunition.

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