

The Convolution of Fact and Fiction

*Mississippi Peacemakers Mendenhall Ms. Single Action Shooting Society
SASS NRA affiliated*

Club Officers

Pres. Squinter,

V. Pres. Harpe

Sec. Diamond Lilly

Treasurer, Dirty

Territorial Gov. Leatherneck

Range Safety Officer Dead Eye Doc

Scout, Whitey McCall



July 2009 Match Squinter's Comments

July Shoot

Good weather brought out a lot of shooters. You can't ask for better weather in July. We were blessed. Poor ole Galvez dropped a gun, welcome to the DQ club. We have many members. Most all take it in stride, but some don't. We had such an incident this month. A shooter was asked to leave the range and not come back. Unsafe acts and a poor attitude will get you gone, so be careful and have fun. Hopefully we will not have that happen again. I don't recall that in the past either.

On a happier note, Parson did real well at End of Trail. He represented our club well. Way to go Parson. Parson also won the match this month.

I owe some folks a gold coin. I didn't know we had so many clean shooters lately. I guess we will have to make the stages harder, not really. Pig Farmer makes the coins for us each month even though he is a bit under the weather and can't make the shoots. Maybe he would welcome a call from some of you. If you need his number sent me an e-mail at Squinter@bellsouth.net and I'll give it to you. Those of you who have a club roster, the number is on there.

Thanks to Lilly for the cake. It does not last long. Harpe wanted one all to himself.

Good to see Southern Outlaw shooting. He did real well considering he had a hurting knee. We had a new shooter and his son this month. Scott Womack and his son Phillip came to the match for the first time. I let Phillip shoot some after the match. I think he's hooked. Might cost Scott some money.

Have a good month, see you in August.

Squinter



Stranger than Fiction

We had a new shooter (a RO1) dismissed from the range this July shoot. On the first stage, the shooter didn't do the dance. No call was made. He was encroaching 170 at the unloading table with his pistol. I explained the 170 in detail. During the unloading, the new shooter swept me with his cross draw. I was on his cross draw side. I gave him the 2nd chance, obviously bad judgment on my part. He knew beyond doubt the definition of the 170, and the penalties. He had military training.

The next stage (bank), I was the RO. After shooting his 1st pistol, he twirled it before placing it in his holster. I suspect he expected applause, I hollered stop and that he was dq'd. He asked since this was his first time, could he continue? I said no, go unload. He became belligerent, cussing loudly; he grabbed his loaded rifle, placed his shotgun over his shoulder (level) and was defying repeated requests that he maintain muzzle control. He swept other shooters with the loaded rifle. Deadeye Doc observed the sweeping. One of our lady shooters was on the unloading table at the time and was exposed to his abuse and more cussing. I regret I did not think to ask her to leave her post. At that time I told him to finish unloading and get off the property.

I thought back, Fort Polk La. 1966. You first fired your rifle from a foxhole wearing a steel helmet or pot. There were plenty of Drill Instructors lined up behind a long row of shooters. The Drill Instructors had large wood paddles with long handles (colored safety flags). Range Control people were on towers watching every move and a loud speaker to make sure you could hear instruction. If someone let their muzzle drift more than a few degrees from downrange, a Drill instructor would stun (daze/knockout/subdue or all of the above) them with an initial wood paddle to the steel pot or helmet. Seeing or hearing it done would mentally imprint the toughest kid what muzzle control is. We had someone do it twice. The second time they didn't hit him. They took the weapon, and had him wait alone by the road. A green sedan came for him. We were told that whenever a green sedan comes for somebody; we would never see that person again. If someone wanted out of the army, all they had to do was act crazy at the gun range.

harpo



