

THE ART OF SHOOTING

The Life and Times of Arthur C. Jackson

Being the True and Accurate Accounting

In his own words

Of the Great Rifleman's

Life and Adventures

In The World Wide Arena

As a

Youthful Marksman

National Champion

World Champion

Olympic Medallist

And

Elder Statesman

In

The Great Sport of Rifle Shooting

And

The Rich and Exciting Times

In Which He has Lived

As told to

Hap Rocketto

His Faithful Amanuensis

THE ELUSIVE ART JACKSON AND ME

As a young lad in the early 1950s I became interested in rifle shooting when my brother Steve was a member of the New London High School Rifle Team. Our father had done some shooting in his youth and passed the interest on to us. From time to time Steve would bring home things that only served to stoke the fires of my curiosity. An empty dark green pasteboard box that once held Director Of Civilian Marksmanship issued Remington Kleenbore, a few expended cartridge cases, or a tattered target were like trash to some, but to me they were the wonders of Aladdin's cave. The real treasure was the tattered copies of The American Rifleman Magazine that Coach George Gregory would allow members to check out for a few days.

After reading it, my brother would allow me a look. I recall having to do his turn at raking leaves, taking out the trash, and other household chores to earn the right to peek between the pages. I was even roundly thrashed after he discovered a glob of peanut butter and jelly that had escaped from my afternoon snack to sully the pages of the magazine, or at least that was the excuse he used for that particular beating. He lorded the rationing of that magazine over me as only a teenaged older brother can do to a prepubescent sibling.

Whenever I opened The Rifleman I seemed to run across the name of Art Jackson. Jackson seemed to be on every important team and winning rifle matches as fast as he could enter them. The magazine's pictures showed a handsome young man who was tall, spare, and wearing either the uniform of the United States Air Force or a natty blazer with the shield of the United States Shooting Team embroidered on the breast pocket. He soon became my shooting hero.

I never lost my interest in Jackson, but it seemed he had dropped off the face of the earth about the time I began to shoot competitively. One day I showed up at Connecticut's Blue Trail Range to shoot a match and I heard that Art Jackson was there. I eventually caught up with him behind the line where he was spotting shots for a junior. I saw a squat heavysset man, who looked a bit like a genial bullfrog sitting on a lily pad. He was perched on a shooting stool, the stub of a stogie parked in the corner of his mouth. The Art Jackson of memory did not jibe with the Art Jackson of fact, who sat belching forth-huge clouds of noxious smoke. I introduced myself, mentioning that I had been a big fan of his for many years and had looked forward to meeting him.

With a booming laugh he plucked the smoldering hunk of rope from his mouth and gave me the once over. Jackson then asked if I had read about him. I replied that I had. He then mentioned that the photographs in the magazines made him look a lot taller and younger. I had to agree. I was then that I noticed a few old timers watching our conversation with badly disguised amusement. After I had been baited and hooked, the cigar smoking Art Jackson let me in on a little secret. There were two shooting Art Jacksons. The first was the Linconesque international shooter, my hero. The second was my present interrogator, a lesser shooter but, as I came to know him, a fine man and a credit to the sport. Disappointed I left the range sure that I would never meet the real Art Jackson.

Some years later I was a member of the Connecticut National Guard Rifle Team and one of my teammates was Greg Tomsen. He and his dad, Walt, were old friends of Jackson and told me that he worked for the government and had been out of the country, and shooting, for some ten or twelve years. This explained why I had lost track of him. They also mentioned that he was back in the states and was to be at Camp Perry to serve as the Adjutant of the 1975 United States Dewar Team.

That year, our first at Perry, my brother and I shared a hut with the Tomsens during the smallbore prone phase. A couple of days into the match the screen door creaked open and a tall distinguished man with a head of gray hair, politely asked if this was the hut where the Tomsens were billeted. It was the real Art Jackson and I was speechless. Walt and Greg soon walked in and introductions were made all around. I had spent 20 years waiting to meet Jackson and have spent the ensuing 20 years listening and learning from him.

YOUTHFUL ADVENTURES

Jackson was born in May 15, 1918 in Brooklyn, New York. He grew up in a New York that was much different from the one of today. It was a city with large vacant lots, wide-open spaces, and a lot less of the present big city ills. It was a time when the early greats of the shooting sports were still active and ownership of a firearm was socially acceptable to almost all of the population. Art grew up during the euphoria and prosperity that followed the United States involvement in 'The War To End Wars' that collapsed into the Great Depression.

Shooting cost the young Art his first job. During his 7th and 8th grade school years Art, and his brother Albert, worked after school and on Saturdays as delivery boys for a neighborhood dry cleaning and tailor shop. Art was addicted to shooting, of a sort, even at that early age. Armed with a bag bulging with his collection of trusty 'shooters', aggies, and cat's eyes he roamed the vacant lots and the grassless strips between sidewalk and curb shooting marbles for keeps against all with similar interests.

Practicing the concentration that would make him an international shooting star he would hunker down, shut out the outside world, and sight in on an opponent's marble. His thumb would unleash, with unerring accuracy of course, glass orb against glass orb. His concentration was so great that even Albert's constant pleading to return to work went unheard. Mr. Kline, their employer, eventually sought other help and Art was forced into early retirement. He and Albert collected scrap copper and lead, used paper, deposit bottles, and the occasional hubcap to finance his adolescent habits. His devotion to shooting is so complete that the only price he remembers, some sixty years after his sojourn as a member of the avant garde of recyclers, is that of scrap lead, 5 cents a pound

The shooting career of the man who would win 22 medals in international competition for the United States almost died stillborn for lack of 15 cents; money that he might well have had if he were a little more attentive to Mr. Kline needs, or had better business sense as a scrap merchant. As a freshman at Brooklyn Technical High School Art attended a rifle team tryout meeting but lacked the 15 cents needed to pay for tryout ammunition. It was 1932 and, in depression wracked New York City; former stockbrokers were selling apples on street corners for a nickel each. In those days, 15 cents was not a paltry sum. When the 1933 tryouts rolled around, he had salted away the cash needed to

pay for his ammunition. Handed a school owned slow lock Winchester 52, he stood up and shot an 81 out of 100.

The team coach, a Major La Vista, was a World War I pilot who knew little about shooting but had both a spotting scope, of sorts, and the time to devote to the youngsters. Peering through his four power Warner and Swazey telescopic musket sight he gave encouragement to his team but only at home matches. They practiced at the school's five point rifle range that was equipped with target carriers, shooting through small ports that required heavy tables to raise the shooters to the height of the port in order to shoot prone. The tables were then pushed back to make room for shooting the standing position. The course of fire, dictated by the Public School Athletic League, was ten shots prone in six minutes followed by another ten shots standing with the same time limit. Two sighting shots were fired prior to the five bull match targets being cranked out.

Times were hard and money was so tight that many shooters made their own shooting jackets out of whatever spare clothing was at hand. A swatch of sheepskin sewn onto the elbows and shoulder where the rifle rested served for padding. A winter mitten, or discarded dress glove, with more sheepskin padding added to protect the hand from the pressure of the sling would fit the bill for a shooting mitt. Even though 10X and Croft were manufacturing shooting coats and padded gloves they were beyond the budgets of the Brooklyn Tech boys.

The team's budget, never any better than that of the boys, did not provide for the purchase of rifle cases. When traveling to an away match the team simply removed the rifles' bolts and toted the school's four Winchester 52s and a Springfield Mark I on public transportation. The sight of several high school boys sitting on the El, swaying and lurching from side to side with the car's motion, rifles held vertically between their legs never excited comment or caused alarm.

Art was questioned only once about carrying his uncased rifle. Late one afternoon he was returning from a match in lower Manhattan and, lacking carfare, was walking the four or five miles back to his home to Brooklyn. About halfway across the Manhattan Bridge he noticed a police car shadowing him. The police officer parked on the roadway, got out of his car, carefully crossed over the electrified third rail, jumped the barrier fence and waited for him on the pathway. In reply to the officer's inquiry, Art told him where he was going and where he had been. "No problem" was the reply as the policeman returned to his car. The times were such that Art feels if there were a convenient subway station the police officer probably would have advanced him the nickel fare. This encounter speaks of a more civilized and tolerant New York City that no longer exists and few can, unfortunately, remember.

The Jackson homestead was a four-story brick row house on Brooklyn's Adelphi Street. Art's mother had been widowed when he was quite young and she supported the family by renting out eight of the house's rooms. The cellar was crowded with wooden walled bins that held the coal needed to feed the furnace that provided heat and hot water to the house. Art improvised a 25 foot rifle range so that between shifts of assisting in stoking the monster furnace, shifting clinkers, and dragging out full ash cans, he could practice shooting standing with his Stevens 'Crackshot' rifle, using 22 caliber short cartridges. He received the rifle in trade for a fishing rod.

LEARNING THE GAME

The high school rifle season ran from September until spring with practice and matches held on Friday. Art and his teammates used the school rifles, although some were able to acquire their own. They were issued a half box of either Remington Kleanbore or Western Lubaloy ammunition for each two-hour practice session. Art's mother financed one of the earliest in a lifetime of gun trades when she provided 15 dollars, instead of a new Easter suit, to help her son barter for a Winchester 52. When teammate Pat Liebig graduated, he offered his rifle, equipped with a Lyman 48J rear sight and the ubiquitous Lyman 17A front sight, and carrying case for 25 dollars. Art offered Liebig the 15 dollars and, lacking any more cash, a new Pfluger Oceanic fishing reel for the balance, which Liebig accepted. Liebig went on to be a member of the design team that created the Coney Island parachute rides, now relocated to Eubanks Field, Fort Benning, Georgia. Liebig never used the reel and many years later Art was able to redeem it for the same ten dollars.

In 1931 the Connecticut State Rifle and Revolver Association began sponsoring, what would become the world's largest gallery match, at the Connecticut National Guard Arsenal and Armory in Hartford. It became a most popular competition and soon drew more competitors than the Guard's 20-point range could accommodate. The Winchester Arms Company offered its facilities in New Haven and the match would become a tradition until the early 1970s when the range complex was closed. Each year in March, a thousand or more shooters from up and down the east coast, would converge on New Haven to shoot this astonishingly short match, 20 shots in four positions in 25 minutes. In the pre World War II matches everyone, juniors and seniors alike, fired metallic sights. It wasn't until after the war ended that seniors were allowed to use optical sights.

In 1934, Jackson's high school team arrived at the range without pre-squadding. As a result they had to wait eight hours for empty firing points. Using the rifle he would later buy from Liebig, Art shot a 96 prone and an 86 standing which lead his team to the Out Of State title and earned him High Junior Individual honors. These, the first two medal awards in his long and distinguished career, are still in his possession.

The New York Stock Exchange sponsored an annual match, open to all high school teams, at their range in Brooklyn Heights. Despite the grandeur of the name the Stock Exchange's six-point rifle range was in the dungeon like basement below a bowling alley. Both time and space were in short supply and the teams of six assembled on the approach apron of one of the bowling lanes waiting to be rushed through the match. As one group of shooters completed the match, they would erupt through a door by the foul line. As the last shooter exited, the next bunch poured through the door and spun down a spiral steel staircase into the blackness below.

The targets were brightly lit and the shooting area was illuminated by their reflected light and the glow of a single bulb dangling from the ceiling. The range officer thrust two record targets, a single sighting bull, and a loading block with 12 cartridges into every shooter's hands. The six shooters then pushed their heavy tables into place, cranked the targets down range, and got into position. Upon the command "Commence Fire!" they had the statutory six minutes to fire ten record shots. With no assistance they had to reel out the sighter target, shoot sighters, reel in the target, reel out the first five shot target, shoot, change targets once again, and fire the last five shots. The command "Cease fire!" came and the shooters were hustled through the process of shoving their heavy tables back and given six more minutes and 12 cartridges to complete the standing stage. It was

not really fun, but in 1936 Brooklyn Tech won the team trophy and Art won the high individual award.

Art was able to join a junior club located in the basement of a Queen's Village, New York church. Attending practice required him to ride a subway to the end of its line in Jamaica, transfer to a bus, and then walk some distance to the range. This would become the leitmotif of Jackson's shooting career. It was not until he returned home from World War II that he finally obtained a driver's license and later a car. Until this happened he would lug his gear and travel to matches by subway, trolley, train, and the magic of his out stretched thumb. He seemed to be as successful at this as he was at the sport he loved.

It was at Queen's Village that he met the Lewis family. Tom, the older brother, was the team captain of the Brooklyn College rifle team. During 1935-36 season they conducted dual matches with Brooklyn Tech in which Tom was always top gun and they became great friends.

There were four Lewis sisters, Janet, Ann, Margaret, and Josephine who all went on to lead interesting lives. Janet entered the Navy at the start of World War II and was in the first class of WAVES. Ann joined the Marines and served as an aide to General Merritt Edson. General Edson later went on to become the National Rifle Association (NRA) President. Margaret, an accomplished artist, did the renderings on the walls and ceiling of the Georgetown University chapel in Washington, D.C. Josephine graduated from college and entered teaching. Unfortunately she was struck down by cancer in her late 20s.

Tom had transferred to Georgetown, joined the Army reserve, and entered active duty as a second lieutenant upon graduation. His life was cut short when he was killed in an aircraft accident at Fort Dix, New Jersey in 1942. Lewis gave Art his first spotting scope as a gift. In use, the 25 power brass drawtube scope was supported by a cross stick stand made up of four dowels and a threaded rod with washers and locknuts.

Early in 1936 Art had swapped his standard barreled Winchester 52, plus some cash, for a heavy barrel model. His teammate Roy Bryant, a junior, had top of the line equipment including a newly released Winchester heavy barreled 52B, a Bausch and Lomb 19.5 Power spotting scope with stand, and a Lyman 15 power Super Targetspot scope which he could not, of course, use in the high school league. With these two well equipped and talented shooters as anchors the Brooklyn Tech Rifle Team went undefeated in his senior year.

EXPANDING HORIZONS

After graduation he found a job with the Frigidaire Division of General Motors working in a mailroom and later as a warehouse stock clerk. During the summer of 1938 his younger brother Daniel died and, to get away for a while, his mother visited relatives in Canada. During her two week absence Art, took a morning off from work. When asked why he took the time, he informed his supervisor that he had been interviewing for a better position at another company. For his honesty, he was dismissed.

After an ugly period of visiting employment agencies, he took a position with a small engineering firm specializing in the installation of diesel engines for businesses that required both electrical power and hot water. All this was done before Mrs. Jackson returned from her fortnight journey.

Blackstone and Lister engines were imported from England but by 1940 Nazi U-boats had taken such a toll on British shipping that the company was forced into bankruptcy. Art again found himself out of work, visiting New York City employment agencies, and scouring newspaper want ads. It was a demoralizing shock for Art to enter the main door of such agencies and see clerks sitting at desks. Behind each, posted on the walls, were large signs listing weekly wages of \$12 to \$15 or, perhaps, \$16 to \$20. Even though the nation was inching its way through the slow recovery from the Great Depression, prospects were not bright. After stepping into a line and shuffling up to the desk he was greeted, like most others, with a constant stream of curt replies such as, "Nothing today. Come back tomorrow."

One morning during his perusal of the want ads, he noticed one announcing positions at Sperry Gyroscope Company's Bush Terminal facility. Clipping the ad he stuffed it into his pocket and made his way to the end of the line of fellow job seekers at the Brooklyn factory. The company was looking for parts inspectors and Art was granted an interview. He was shown a set of engineering drawings that had decimal dimensions and was asked, "Can you read these?" "Yes!" came his reply. "Can you read a micrometer?" The ever honest Art cheerfully replied, "Read one? I have one!"

His statement was correct but not accurate. He did own a fine Brown and Sharp one inch micrometer; he just didn't know how to read the darn thing. No matter, Art quickly learned. He was hired at the princely wage of 50¢ per hour.

ART GETS BY WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM HIS FRIENDS

Not long after he completed high school Art was invited to join the Woodhaven American Legion Auxiliary Rifle Club, which shot in the New York/Long Island Senior Rifle League. This range was in the basement of an elementary school. Like every other club he seemed to join it was located a long walk from a trolley or subway line. The league shot 20 shots, with iron sights, over four positions but Art, fresh from high school, had never shot sitting or kneeling. Up until this time Art was a self taught shooter. A member of the club, who had recently retired from the Marine Corps and was an employee of the J.P. Morgan Banking House, took on the task of coaching young Jackson. Morris 'Bud' Fisher a double gold medallist in Olympic competition who played the violin for relaxation, taught Art how to shoot kneeling but he was on his own for sitting and never developed a liking for the position.

Gunner Fisher was recalled to active duty during World War II and spent the duration as an instructor at the Marine Corps Recruit Depot at Parris Island, South Carolina. His only son, William, joined the Marines, earned a commission, and fell in battle on Okinawa in 1945. In 1946 Fisher retired from the Marines again, this time as a Chief Warrant Officer, and moved to California. Fisher was a cornucopia of information for Art who enjoyed listening to the many stories the fabled shooter told of his travels and experiences. Fisher, a member of the United States International Shooting Hall of Fame, is one of only 12 shooters to win two gold medals in individual shooting events in the history of the Olympic games.

Needing an outdoor range Art joined the Roslyn Rifle Club to take advantage of its 200 yard facility. A trip to Roslyn required either a ten minute trolley ride, or a thirty minute walk, to the home of Michael Balesterie. There they loaded their gear into the Balesterie family car and drove out to the range. Art became a welcome guest, and almost an adopted son, of this large Italian family. Balesterie had built a 25 yard range in his home

by digging a deep trench in his front yard and lining it with cement and a roof. They could shoot standing, or lie on a sturdy table for prone, in the warm basement. On frequent winter evenings Art, Mr. Balesterie, and Balesterie's son Tito would wager a Pepsi Cola on the outcome of 10 shot matches fired in the basement. The Balesterie's owned a pair of Pope barreled Ballard rifles that they loved to shoot. During the early years of World War II Mike and Tito would use them effectively as each won the 50 shot 100 yard Metropolitan match twice.

Tito eventually became the coach of the St. John's University Rifle Team where he developed a national championship program that lasted from the late 1950s through the 1970s. Another young pre war shooter in the Roslyn Club, at that time, was George Swenson. Following service in the U.S. Army, Swenson settled in England where he produced the well known Swing S.S. 7.62mm match rifle and the Wilkes receiver sight.

It was during the early years of his development that Art found a group of shooting friends who always made room for him, in their already packed cars, on the way to the competitions. He would meet the Balesteries, Sam and Irwin "Doc" Tekulsky, Jim Daly, Holman Swinney, Walt Tomsen, and others at any place a subway or his feet could carry him. Much like Sir Isaac Newton, who said that the only reason it seemed as if he could see further than others was because he, "...stood on the shoulders of giants.", Jackson feels that whatever he has accomplished, in shooting and in life, can be attributed to the boosts that others gave him.

In the summer the Roslyn club sponsored a series of small scale matches that drew a number of big name shooters from all over the northeast to their sand pit range. It speaks well of the quality of the matches for in those days, before the Eisenhower Interstate Highway System was constructed, travel was not the breeze it is today. Most roads were two lane blacktop with 40 mile per hour speed limits and travel from central Connecticut to the middle of Long Island was arduous. The Quinnipiac Rifle Club, located in New Haven, Connecticut, was made up of Winchester employees and was usually represented at these one day shoots. Top ranking riflemen such as Dave Carlson, Jim and Jack Lacy, Bill Brueler, and Dave Mathewson attended, and sometimes the legendary barrel maker Eric Johnson would join them.

Carlson, a hero of Art's, was on the victorious 1939 United States Pershing Team. After helping the team to win that match for the first time, he left England, along with Bill and Kay Woodring and Bill Schweitzer and traveled to Helsinki, Finland to attend the World Shooting Championships. Here Carlson won the 50 meter World Championship prone title. A year later, in 1940, using metallic sights, he became the first to shoot a perfect 1600 in the newly introduced four stage smallbore prone aggregate, so familiar to prone shooters today.

Over the Memorial Day weekend of 1938, Art journeyed to the fabled ranges at Seagirt, New Jersey to shoot in a 60 shot three position 50 meter event. Entry fees in those days were \$2.00 a match. For Art, who was pulling down \$60 a month at the time, each seemingly small match entry fee represented a day's pay and he didn't enter all of the matches. After being beaten by New Jersey's Turk Samsoe, the National Prone Champion in 1933 and 1935, in the position match, Art went on to place third in his first ever iron sight Dewar Match. The Dewar (pronounced Doo-er) is a 40 shot match in which 20 shots are fired at 50 yards and 20 more at 100 yards. He shot a 397, which isn't bad considering he only spotted every third or fourth shot.

Although the Dewar is an interesting course of fire, Art was drawn to the 200 yard smallbore matches and the smallbore Palma match. Like its more famous center fire brother the smallbore Palma course of fire required that two sighters and 15 shots for record be fired at 150, 175, and 200 yards. The target was a 1/5th reduction of the standard six foot by ten foot 1,000 yard 'C' target, designated the 'C5' for smallbore matches. The black bull's-eye was a 7.2 inch five ring with a four inch V ring. The same target was used for another popular event that was known as the 'Swiss Match". In this event the shooter would shoot prone from the 200 yard line. Having taken two sighters and starting for record the shooter would continue to fire as long as the shots stayed inside the five ring.

CAMP PERRY

In the summer of 1939, Art borrowed one of the Woodhaven Club's DCM Springfields, a centerfire rifle that he had never fired before. Jackson headed north to the National Guard facility at Camp Smith in Peekskill, New York to tryout for the New York State Highpower Team that would be going to Camp Perry. Borrowing an O'Hare micrometer and instructions for its use and using issue ammunition, Art fired a score that earned him his first trip to Perry.

Shooting a few firing points to the right was his gallery teammate and coach Morris Fisher. Fisher, never out of place on a rifle range, was wearing headgear that was very much out of place. Perched on his head was a straw skimmer instead of the familiar campaign hat. Despite the unusual headgear, and the fact that he did not fire two rounds in the 300 yard rapid fire stage, he still managed to win the match. For Fisher it was just a practice session. He would see Art on the firing line at Camp Perry that year where he served as a Marine Corps Team coach.

Pre World War II Camp Perry was, in so many ways, a carnival for shooters. All of the national championships were being contested at the same time. Pistol matches were held at the extreme east end of the ranges by the post theater. Smallbore shooters fired their matches to the west of the present chain link fence that separates Perry from the old Erie Proving Grounds. All of the space in between was filled with highpower shooters.

The 'in' people had rooms in the old clubhouse adjacent to the sandy beach on Lake Eire or in the special cottages nearby. Everyone else lived in rows of Army squad tents set on wooden platforms. Each evening military bands entertained and there were hotly contested inter-service boxing matches. At night Commercial row reminded Art of summer time at Coney Island. Smaller vendors set up shop on tables while the major vendors, like Paddy O'Hare and his son Francis, had permanent quarters. The cinder block buildings that make up today's Commercial Row, former company mess halls, would not be built until World War II when Perry served as a Prisoner of War camp. Long lines of shooters always seemed to be snaking around the Mess Hall while the odor of burning soft coal wafted through the air. To this day that slightly sweet sharp scent invokes immediate memories of Perrys past to many older shooters.

The redbrick arcade, then and now, housed NRA offices and a large and busy 'pub'. It also served as a back drop for team photographs. The Port Clinton photographer, with his tripod mounted circuit camera, provided huge contact photo prints of all teams. During the first week of the competitions it seemed as if he never ate or slept. All day long

he kept up with a constant lineup of teams and then spent the night processing film and making prints.

Every attempt was made to accommodate shooters who wished to fire in more than one discipline. The most difficult of all squadding was for the All Around Championship, an aggregate of specific pistol, smallbore, and high power matches. In order to carry off this hat trick, a competitor need an accomplice who had a car, copies of squadding tickets, and all shooting gear ready to go. This modern day squire would have everything prepared for his knight as they hop scotched from range to range. Smallbore targets were hung by a range crew and in highpower matches all duties involving target marking and scoring were handled by regular service troops. All a competitor had to do was shoot. Under these conditions, it was possible to do it all, if so inclined. The match entries were so large that, in those pre-computer days, it might be two days before the final results of a match could be posted. The long delay in posting of scores was particularly common in the smallbore program.

So many highpower shooters attended that the number of relays to shoot 1,000 yard individual events might number in the high teens. Competitors who were squadded in the late morning or afternoon relays would watch the conditions and hope that they would not deteriorate too much before it was their turn to shoot. If the conditions were bad they would simply avoid the frustration and heartache by sitting out the match, passing up the chance to shoot the for Wimbledon or Leech Cup. Under average Perry conditions scores fired in the early morning relays usually won both the Wimbledon and Leech trophies. It was not until the 1950s that the present relay shoot-off system was inaugurated.

All competitors fired the service rifle, the Springfield '03, and handloads were not permitted in most events so all shooters were issued National Match ammunition on the line. The ammunition was, of course, corrosive and most events did not allow for sighters. This left many shooters in a quandary as to how to handle the necessary task of cleaning the rifle after each day's firing verses the problem of shooting the next morning with a barrel that had not been fouled. Camp Perry weather is generally humid and if a barrel was not attended to it turned into a useless rusted tube overnight. Because of this, it was essential that a shooter maintained a record of sight settings for clean barrel starts, not just range distance zeros.

The Marines, the Army, other service teams, and some of the big gun state association teams, addressed the problem by storing the rifles overnight in a 'hot box' which was an enclosed rifle rack kept warm and dry by a string of constantly burning light bulbs. Other riflemen, allegedly, left camp early in the morning, drove to the boondocks, fired a couple of fouling shots into the ground, and hurried back to camp. The best way to handle the clean barrel verses fouled barrel situation was always a hot topic of discussion in the breakfast chow line.

Civilian shooters who wished to take advantage of the Government's largess, and bring home a little ammunition, developed a procedure for picking up extra, unauthorized, National Match ammunition known as the 'firing point hop'. The 'hopper' would spend some time observing which ammo issue point crews were susceptible to the excitement generated during the last minute confusion just before the start of the preparation period. He would then waltz up to the edge of a selected distribution point during the pre-match issue frenzy. Sticking his arm into the flurry he would hope to feel the cold smoothness of

brass and the sharp edge of the stripper clip as the harassed crew tried to keep up with demand and then repeat the process at other distribution points. Experience had taught the 'hoppers' that any hand, exiting a shooting coat and thrust into the melee, would, more often than not, exit with two five round clips. An aggressive 'hopper' could return home with a fair supply of Frankford Arsenal's best.

LEARNING THE GAME

In 1939, after returning home from Perry, Art enrolled in evening classes at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute. The fact that the school had a rifle team that competed in the Metropolitan Collegiate League may have played into Art's plans to further his education. The team did quite well and in the spring of 1940 they traveled to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland to compete in the intercollegiate championships. The host team won the 40 shot, four position match,, with all Navy shooters cleaning both prone and sitting stages. The top shooter was a Midshipman McCoy who used a Stevens Walnut Hill single shot rifle that, even at that time, was considered an oddity. Jackson placed fifth in the individual competition.

During the summer of 1940 he traveled to Poughkeepsie, New York to compete in the Smallbore All Range Championship. This anysight event called for ten record shots at 50, 100, 150, 175, and 200 yards with sighting shots allowed only at 50 yards. The final match of the day was the Swiss Match. Art lay down at 4 PM with half of a box of Western Super Match ammunition. During the course of the afternoon, he would cadge an additional six boxes of Super Match, one by one, from generous bystanders, lose all feeling in his left arm and hand, and approach paralysis. Four and a half hours after he started, the setting sun made it difficult to see the cross hair reticule of the scope and, finally out of ammunition and light, he was forced to stop with an unofficial count of 325 bulls. However, a careful recount of the scorekeeper's tally marks showed one less and his official score card declared he had fired 324 consecutive fives with 238 Vs, This score beat the previous record on the C5 target, set by Thurman Randle and his rifle 'Bacon Getter, in 1933, by 128 bulls. Jackson is a modest and unassuming man who is not prone to boast, however, this record setting target, signed by several witnesses, no longer even in print, hangs framed on the wall of his home.

"Bacon Getter" is an early Winchester 52 built in 1930 or 1931 with a black painted stainless steel barrel installed at the factory. The rifle had a custom trigger and, for that period, a very well made custom prone stock with a high comb and checkering. Randle's rifle now resides in the NRA National Firearms Museum at NRA Headquarters in Fairfax, Virginia.

Jackson returned to the scene of his triumph the next year, but the gods of shooting decreed that Art should be kept humble. After his record shattering performance the year before, his first shot for record in 1941 was a four.

Later in the summer of 1940, Art won the sharpshooter class at the Connecticut Smallbore Regional. The win provided train fare, \$78.00, from New York City to Port Clinton and return. His second trip to Perry, shooting smallbore, was rather undistinguished as he shot sharpshooter/expert scores except for a 400-33X in The American Dewar Match. A couple of days later the official score was posted. His score was good for a second place in the match and an entry into the tryout for the American Dewar Team. The Dewar International Match is one of the major prone postal matches fired by English speaking nations. The match, sponsored by the National Smallbore Rifle

Association of England, has been contested, with the exception of the years during the two World Wars, since 1909. It is a prestigious match and those that are selected to compete consider it quite an honor.

The 400-33X score earned Art a tryout spot but to qualify for the team a shooter had to place in the top twenty of the aggregate of two Dewar Match scores. When the smoke had cleared and scoring completed an 800X800 score was posted next to Art's name, with a notation that it was a new national record. After making the team, Art selected his close friend, Tom Lewis, to assist him as coach. Jackson and Lewis managed a respectable 396, which placed them in the middle of the pack. The real triumph for him was that the United States had won and he had fired on a team with his shooting heroes, Ransford Triggs and Dave Carlson. The year 1940 was the first year that Jackson's name would appear on a team roster representing the United States in international competition, the latest was in the 1992 as a member of the Palma Team.

SOME SHOOTING LEGENDS

With the matches at Camp Perry over, Art returned to his native Brooklyn, which is often referred to as "The Borough of Churches". This might well be true, but in the 1940s it might also be called the "Borough of Armories". As a result of social unrest in the late 1800s New York, as well as several other states, breathed life into state militias and built them grand buildings in which to drill and store military equipment. Brooklyn alone had four such armories and each had a 100 yard indoor range. Art fired in all of them as well as one other in New York City and one in Buffalo, New York. A few of these, like the Connecticut State Armory and Arsenal in Hartford, are still used by the National Guard. In 1985 the last of the Brooklyn armories, the 14th Regiment Armory, closed its range because soft asbestos used on walls and ceilings had become a health hazard. The city government had also partitioned off the drill floor for the use as a homeless shelter for women during the winter months.

By 1942, the 14th Regiment Armory had become the site of the Metropolitan Rifle League's 50 shot 100 yard championships. In the 63 consecutive years that the match was staged, Ransford Triggs of New Jersey won the gold medal ten times. Frank Boyd, another New Jersey resident and a veteran of many Dewar and Roberts teams, was second to Triggs with six victories. When the match started in 1922 the target had the standard two inch ten ring. A one inch X ring was added several years later. Triggs and Bill Schweitzer shared the record with scores of 500-48X. The target dimensions were reduced in 1957 to a 1 3/4 inch ten ring and a 7/8th inch X ring. In 1970 Boyd blasted out a 500-49X to lock up the new target record. Art won the match in 1981, 82, and 83.

Despite the calm conditions that one would expect indoors, in the first ten years only one person, Charles Johnson, fired a 500. The year was 1930. Smallbore prone shooting, as we know it today, had its growing pains in the years following World War I. Perfect scores were so uncommon that Arms and Man Magazine, circa 1920, thought that Virgil Richards's achievement of shooting the first 100 yard ten shot possible in competition worthy of a picture.

All of the early prone winners used Ballards, BSAs, or Winchester Model 85 single shot rifles. The first modern target rifle, the Winchester 52, arrived in 1919. It took ten years for the company to develop the first 'speed lock' trigger system for the Model 52, which came on the market in 1930. In late 1936, the first Remington 37s were sold. Quality match ammunition was in use but it would continue to be improved until it reached

its zenith in the 1970s with England's Eley Tenex. In the last 20 years ammunition quality has seemed to fallen off. It is out there but the search for an outstanding lot of any manufacture seems endless and costly.

The indoor Metropolitan 100 yard match began in 1922 at the old Marcy Street Armory range in Brooklyn. Harry Pope, legendary barrel maker, was the scorer for all of the targets for this match through 1940. Pope was not a slow scorer, he just didn't hurry. He was deliberate and never gave a higher value to a shot hole nor did he take a point away. Your score, when totaled, was your score for the match. No one dared challenge Mr. Pope's scoring.

The Jackson home was within walking distance of the Marcy Street range. From 1933 to 1937 the young Art would trek to the smoke filled range to watch and listen to the big name shooters. In those presmokeless powder days of Peters Tackhole, Remington Palma, and Winchester's Precision and EZXS, one could leave the range, blow your nose and see the residue from the Lesmoke powder residue in your nostrils turn a spotless white handkerchief into a black stained rag. It was during the early 1930s that Winchester Five Star ammunition was first offered in the partitioned box that was the forerunner of the plastic tray boxes that are so familiar to competition shooters today. While Art entered the match in 1938 and 1939 he did not win.

It was about this time that Art began attending Scheutzen style off hand matches, on an occasional Sunday at the Manhattan School of Firearms. Located deep in the financial district of lower Manhattan, the 25 yard range, which is over a century old, is two levels down under a building on Murray Street. It was here that Art really learned to, in the words of Harry Pope, to "stand on his hind legs and shoot like a man." The range still exists and has been renovated and brought up to date in the past several years.

This dim underground range was the home of the pillars of the Scheutzen shooting world. Arthur Hubalek, a barrel maker with a shop on Myrtle Avenue in Brooklyn, shot a left handed take down engraved hammerless Ballard. He used his own barrel and a scope that he made and marketed. It had a large, 1 1/2 to 1 5/8 inch, objective lens, similar in appearance to that of a Unertl, excellent optics, and Fecker mounts. Charles Dennis shot a BSA Martini with a Hubalek barrel, a prone style stock, without palm rest, and a Lyman 15X scope. The Frome brothers, Frank and Harry, from Pennsylvania were usually there. Bill Schweitzer had a Pope Highwall Winchester. Pope Ballards were favored by Colonel Maurice Kaiser, a captain in the Army at the time, and later a member of the 1970 Palma team, and Lucian Carey, a writer who made his name in the pages of True Magazine and The Saturday Evening Post. Carey wrote a series on the adventures of a character named J.M. Pyne, a fictional alter ego of Harry Pope, a very good friend.

Bill Brophy, who would become a veteran of three Palma Teams and a firearms expert and author of the first water, used a Winchester Highwall Pope that was loaned to him by Major Trull of the Winchester Trading Post, a firm that dealt in various firearm paraphernalia. Paul Landrock, a tugboat captain with a last name that had a curious relationship to his profession, was another Ballard shooter who had been a member of the 1924 Olympic Team and was the most frequent winner of these Sunday matches. Since Art was no threat to these greats, they allowed him to participate with his Winchester 52 and iron sights.

Art was soon invited to join a small group that had permission to use one of the Brooklyn armory 100 yard ranges one night a week. Laurence J. Corsa was the top prone

shooter of the group. He used a Hubalek barreled Winchester 52 and a Fecker 11/2 inch scope that had been boosted to 60 power by Hubalek. He shot from an extremely low prone position that was second only to the ground hugging position of six foot three inch Charles H. Smith of the Poughkeepsie, New York club. Each night, like a fixture on firing point number one, was Arthur Hubalek shooting standing and never seeming to say a word. Other shooters were Harold Green, Al Hanke and Arthur Hale, who had an endless supply of off color jokes. Hale's rifle was a Winchester 52 with a Hubalek barrel and a thumb hole stock, a rare design in those days. Prone was the favored position and Art's supply of suitable ammunition was so small that it had to be hoarded so he generally sat out half of the shooting period.

HARRY POPE

Not shooting did not matter to Art. He was a good listener and picked up all sorts of nuggets of knowledge and gossip. It was here that Art learned why Harry Pope and Len Miller had fallen out. It seemed that some ten years earlier Miller had won a Pope barrel as a prize and had it fitted to his action. It was a common practice in those days, when most 22 caliber ammunition was corrosive, to fire a few rounds of Remington Kleenbore between events as an expedient way of protecting the barrel. After the day's shooting the barrel would be given a good scrubbing and a light coat of oil. Miller, perhaps distracted, failed to clean his rifle properly, allowing rust to get a good hold in the finely made Pope barrel. Pope lavished extreme care and attention on his work and he looked upon Miller's carelessness as a personal affront.

Art remembers Pope hunched over a table at either Marcy Avenue or the Manhattan School scoring targets with deliberate precision and Olympian authority. His goateed face was wreathed in smoke from the cigarette that seemed permanently set between his lips. His vest, dusted with ash and shot full of holes caused by errant cigarette embers, attested to his chain-smoking and his disdain for the use of an ashtray. Tucked into the pocket of his vest was a 1/2 inch micrometer while perched upon his nose were two pairs of spectacles that he used for close work.

Art was never able to make the pilgrimage to Pope's shop, located in the loft of the Colgate factory at 18 Morris Street in Jersey City, New Jersey. Art's friend and fellow shooter, Sam Tekulsky, did make the journey, and described it to his friend thusly. The first step of the journey required you to stand below the workshop windows and yell up to attract the master's attention. If your voice was strong enough to be heard over the humming of the belt driven machinery, and the occasional popping sound of a rifle being tested, Pope would grudgingly trudge down the stairs and admit the visitor. Each caller was just one more in a constant stream that seemed to interrupt his work on a regular basis.

The shop was cluttered with machinery, materials, and debris left from barrel making. And while the shop may have been cluttered, Pope's mind was not. If he should happen to drop a tool, the wise visitor would leave it lying where it fell as Pope would return to retrieve it when needed. The shop windows let in little light because they served mainly as a note pad. They were covered with hasty scribbles and were never cleaned of the many penciled measurements and notes.

Pope tested his rimfire barrels at 50 feet using a machine rest of his own design. Hubalek thought so much of it that he copied it for his own use. The test range was simply the diagonal distance in his workshop. Pope began his testing by firing two rounds

into the shop's brick wall as foulers. He then fired five shot groups into a postcard sized target that accompanied any rifle that he had fitted with a barrel.

When buying a case of 22 caliber match ammunition, 10,000 rounds in those days, the purchaser had ammunition and his rifle mated on the machine rest in the 100 yard test tunnels at the factory of choice. Each test consisted of five ten shot groups. Some years ago Tekulsky gave Art a package of these old test targets that had been shot from a machine rest at the Winchester plant. In this package was a noteworthy target that had eight or nine little groups shot through it and pencil notations as to rifle serial number. On one side the penciled notation reads, "Two in the wall and then for group".

Art framed the target and gave it to his longtime friend Creighton Audette as a Christmas present. It hung over Audette's word processor until, just before his death, he returned it to Jackson. Audette's accompanying note, dictated to his wife, said that when his things were auctioned off he didn't want just anyone buying it and he thanked Art for its 'loan'. Art forwarded the note, along with the framed target, to Warren Greatbatch, who now owns Tekulsky's Pope barreled rifles. Greatbatch sponsors a museum of Pope paraphernalia and information and also serves as the repository for Audette's papers.

PREWAR IDYLL

The Daly family, neighbors of the Art's on Adelphi Street, had rented land on Plumb Beach at the Rockaway inlet to Jamaica Bay. There they had erected a small shack about 14 feet by 14 feet for a little summer hideaway. By sheer coincidence the Daly's shack was the same size as the huts at Camp Perry where Art would spend so many other summers. Plumb Beach was the traditional subway and bus ride and long walk away.

In early spring and fall Jim Daly and Art would take all, or part, of their small battery of rifles to the beach. Between them they had a DCM .30-06 Enfield that cost them \$7.50 each, two .45-70 Trapdoor Springfields for which they paid the DCM \$1.75 a piece. They purchased ammunition for the .45-70s from Stokes-Kirk, of Philadelphia, at 60 cents for a box of 20. The ammunition was military issue black powder available in either 500 grain, 405 grain, three 45 caliber balls, or bird shot. Jackson's "Crackshot" and Daly's .22 Remington Model 33 rounded out the boy's arsenal. To make the trip they would break them down, wrap them in paper and cloth, pack them in a canvas bag and hop onto the subway.

Upon arrival at the shack they would launch the row boat the boys had built and row across to nearby Barren Island hard by Floyd Bennett Field. There they would load up the rifles and shoot at the flotsam and jetsam they picked out of the seaweed at water's edge. One memorable day Daly tried to run down a rat and club him with his Enfield. It wasn't until after the rat had escaped that Daly realized that each time he had tried to smash the rat with the butt of the rifle, its muzzle had been pointing at his head with the rifle loaded, cocked, and not on safe! After Daly realized what he had done he began to shake so violently that he had to sit in the sand for several minutes to regain his composure. It was a safety lesson that was never to be forgotten.

Barren Island also served as a makeshift rifle range. While still in high school Art entered an NRA Junior prone postal match and could find no other place to shoot. The two boys used a 50 foot steel tape to lay out a 50 yard range. With a moderate sized sand dune for a backstop Art lay down on a folded sheet and immediately sank elbow deep into the soft sand. Was it a legal position? Of course not. With Daly as his witness

he used a box of Peters Tackhole, which he had bought especially for this match, to shoot a 200 with 14 Xs, the first possible he ever fired. When the results were published he had placed 12th behind a winning score of 200-19. He never entered another postal match.

By late June of 1941 he was working second shift at the Sperry Gyroscope Company as an inspector. By this time his wages had risen by 10%, to 55¢ an hour. He found that he had some free time in the early afternoons. One such afternoon he climbed out on to the roof of his house for a bit of sunbathing and promptly fell asleep. When he awoke he was badly sunburned. Covering himself with salve he went off to work. An hour later he was sent home to spend the next three days bedridden. However, the Fourth of July was approaching and with it the annual matches held at Camp Ritchie, Maryland. He quietly and painfully packed his gear. Ever the concerned son, he left a note for his mother, in a futile attempt to prevent her from worrying, and crept out of the house bound for Pennsylvania Station.

The train took him as far as Newark, New Jersey, well clear of the congested roads of New York. He planned to save a little money by taking to the road with out stretched thumb and high hopes. At the Newark train station he discovered Sergeant Alvin York, the famous Medal of Honor recipient of the Great War, surrounded by reporters. York was changing trains while returning home to Tennessee after attending the premier of the movie based upon his life. Gary Cooper, who played York, would win an Academy Award for the role. By coincidence it was just about this time that New York Yankee first baseman Lou Gehrig died. Cooper would also portray this American icon on film.

With the skin peeling from his chest and stomach he was unable to concentrate and did not shoot well enough to win anything. His only stroke of good luck came when a fellow shooter gave him a lift all the way back to Brooklyn.

Later that summer he set out for Damariscotta, Maine to shoot in the annual reentry matches held there. No sighters were allowed and it cost a quarter to shoot ten shots on a 100 yard target with metallic sights; the best five targets to count. Awards were doled out on the basis of a Lewis-type classification system involving the thirteenth shooter's third best target. There were two other competitions, one a three target anysight 200 yard prone match and the other a 100 yard standing match. Art was informed that the standing match was usually won by Sam Clark Jr. and 1941 proved no exception. Clark went on to great fame as one of the finest bench rest competitors in the country. Jackson did not go home empty handed as he won a fine red wool shirt in one of the matches. The next year Art returned with a borrowed Winchester Model 70 Gibby Varminter loaded with Sisk 8S bullets and graphite wads to claim the 200 yard event.

WORLD WAR II

As the year began to draw to a close, Warren Sonner, Ray Bryant, and Art were in the Bryant family car enroute to the 50 and 200 yard indoor prone matches at the Winchester factory in New Haven. It was December 7th. Turning on the car's radio they learned of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Eventually all three would see service in the Army Air Corps. Sonner would qualify as a B-24 pilot and be killed when his aircraft was shot down, Bryant, a B-17 navigator, would be shot down over the Europe and spend two years behind barbed wire in a German POW camp. Art became a navigator/bombardier in the Pacific Theater.

Despite the advent of World War II, the Marine Corps sponsored a major smallbore competition at Quantico, Virginia in 1942. Art's friend, Tom Lewis, had recently been killed

in an aircraft accident at Fort Dix, New Jersey and his sister Janet wanted to shoot this match and another in Altoona, Pennsylvania prior to reporting for duty with the WAVES.

A small group, including Art and Janet, traveled by train to Quantico for the shoot. Of particular interest was a rare 40 shot 4 position match to be shot at 200 yards with iron sights and 22 caliber rimfire rifles on the ten inch bull 'A' target. Art was on the first relay and left the line with a 197X200 and the thought that he had the match sewed up. Not so. On the last relay, Walt Tomsen, a friend and fellow future Olympic medallist, shot an incredible 200X200. A deluge drowned out the final events but not the press attention paid to Janet Lewis.

At the Altoona competition a few weeks later all went well until Sunday morning. After attending Mass at a nearby church, Art and Janet missed a promised ride to the range. But, while sitting on the curb in front of the hotel, a passing car stopped. The driver, heading to the range himself, had noticed the rifle cases and offered them a ride. Art went on to win the Dewar match with a 400. Late that fall Jackson paid a visit to the Lewis home on Long Island where he carefully cleaned and prepared the rifles and other gear for long term storage feeling that the rifles would never be fired again.

Back at Sperry, Art performed work considered vital to the war effort while continually hounding the company management for release from his position so he could enter the Army Air Corps Cadet Program. With a deferment for war work, and his brother serving in the Navy with a PT boat squadron, Art was not liable for military service. However, the tenor of the times was that a healthy young man should be in uniform.

In June 1944 Sperry at last gave in and Art left for the war. While attending bombardier school at Big Springs, Texas he noticed an announcement for an indoor rifle match to held at the base. Happily he was not assigned duties on the Saturday of the event. He entered the match and was issued a Remington 513T. The 513T is a smaller version of the classic Remington 37, in much the same way that the Winchester 75 is the smaller version of the Winchester 52. Generations of juniors have trained with them through the DCM program. The course of fire was 10 shots slow fire prone and kneeling and 10 more, rapid fire sitting. He won the match, had his picture published in the base paper, and received a nice plaque for his efforts. However, the article in the paper under the picture was about some other Jackson who hadn't entered the competition. He was, as it happened, a Texan.

After completing cadet training he found himself wearing the single gold bar of a second lieutenant and the silver wings of an Army Air Force bombardier. Much to his disappointment he was retained as an instructor for two following classes. His next assignment was to advanced navigation school at Ellington Field near Houston, Texas. Lester Rosenthal, a teammate of his late friend Tom Lewis at Brooklyn College, was also in the class. Both shooters had their Winchester 52s with them and, by good fortune, Rosenthal had a car. They soon found that the Bayou Rifle Club was nearby. Free Sundays found them at the range shooting with whatever 22 caliber ammunition they could dig up during a time of severe shortages.

After graduation from navigation school Art, now double rated, filled out his duty preference form. Much to his happiness, and surprise, he was one of three members of his class assigned to his first choice, the Douglas A-26 Invader. The A-26C was a twin engine attack bomber that carried a crew of three. During transitional training at

Marianna, Florida, Art saw a notice in a paper announcing a smallbore shoot at Gainesville, Georgia.

Flying rules allowed for training flights on weekends as long as the crew and aircraft were on the flight line Monday morning. It didn't take Art much time to cajole his crew into a trip on Saturday to Gainesville to drop him off. Upon landing at the closest airport, a tire blew out and there were no spares to be had on the base. While the rest of the crew awaited the arrival of a spare wheel from Marianna so that they might return, Art hopped on to a bus and made his way to Gainesville and a hotel room.

The next day, using regular Kleenbore ammunition, he won the Dewar Match. When offered the prize money he asked the sponsors to kindly purchase a small silver dish and send it to his home in Brooklyn. Some time later a small plain silver baby's cup arrived with an apologetic note saying that it was the only silver in the store. The cup was engraved with the date and event and the sight of it to this day reminds Art of both the match and the events of the ensuing 24 hours.

Sunday afternoon, after the competition had ended, Art found that there was neither train nor bus heading south. Knowing he had to be on the flight line first thing in the morning, Art, in uniform, began to thumb his way through Georgia back to Marianna. After several lifts through the night, he made it back to his barracks where he dumped his shooting gear and donned flight gear in time to climb into the assigned aircraft. For safety the bombardier/navigator's takeoff station in the A-26 was in the jump seat next to the pilot. Having missed the briefing, Art was short on time so he took the pilot's notes, ignored the jump seat, crawled into the nose, and began to setup his navigation plot.

The pilot, Walter Iden, went through his engine warm up, checked his instruments, turned onto the runway, set the brakes, smoothly firewalled the throttles, and released the brakes for the take off roll. As the plane began to accelerate the nose wheel suddenly collapsed. While the props chewed up concrete, the nose of the aircraft, with Art inside, smashed into the runway. Fortunately, only the plane was damaged. Art, Iden, and radio operator/gunner Sergeant Alvey got the rest of the day off to rest and reflect on just how close the accident had brought them to singing in the heavenly choir. Luck was with him that day, just as it had been with Jim Daly a few short summers before at Barren Island.

Art completed his training without further incident and traveled by train with a small detachment of A-26 crews to Seattle, Washington. There they boarded a former cargo ship and ten days later arrived at a replacement depot airfield on Kauai, Hawaii's northern most island. Within weeks, Japan sued for peace. Thus ended the first phase, the early years, of his shooting career.

Although the war was now over, Art's crew was issued travel orders for movement west. Prior to an early morning take off briefing, Iden became ill and was hospitalized. Jackson was reassigned to the crew of a Captain Lewis in the lead aircraft. He never saw Iden or Alvey again. Just before final departure on an island hopping course to the southern Philippines, the crew dumped its excess baggage. There was no anticipated need for steel helmets and flak jackets. Each stop over was for two or three days and this allowed Art to catch two fair sized bonefish on Christmas Island and to locate his old shooting friend from New York, Erwin "Doc" Tekulsky, who was stationed on Guam serving as a Lieutenant Commander in the Navy Dental Corps.

It was difficult to slow the momentum of the industrial giant that the United States had become as a result of the war effort and supplies poured into the airbase at Tacloban,

on Leyte Gulf, where Art was stationed. Combat aircraft such as P-51 'Mustang' fighters and P-61 'Black Widow' night fighters arrived, partially in crates, and were assembled in makeshift hangers. After a quick check flight, they were flown north to Clark Field where these first line aircraft were stored wing tip to wing tip, acre upon acre, awaiting to be turned into scrap.

Some months later he was transferred to Atsugi, Japan where he was assigned odd jobs to fill in time. This included a short term transfer, across the airfield, to an Air Sea Rescue unit that was flying PBY Catalina amphibians.

All aircrew members had, during their training, gone through some form of gunnery training, either formal gunnery school or a modified program that included skeet shooting. At Atsugi, with barracks filled with flight personnel having little to do, a proposal to construct a shooting range was accepted without hesitation and the 'Lone Pine Gun Club' became a reality. Art was involved with an eight point pistol and carbine layout with cement firing lines at 15, 25, and 50 yards. From some source, they acquired a set of manually operated traps, and several Remington Model 11 and Winchester Model 12 shotguns. There seemed to be a bottomless supply of shotgun, carbine and pistol ammunition. Both ranges were well used.

Another pleasurable task was to conduct a thorough search for stashed military supplies in the many caves and caverns that pocked the near by hills. While disturbing millions of fleas, his detail uncovered hundreds of military swords and large stocks of ammunition and rifles. These war trophies, either a rifle or a sword, were distributed to each airman who had accumulated enough points to qualify them for demobilization and the long awaited trip back home.

Jackson, now a First Lieutenant, set aside two of the rifles they had come across for further study as they were an unusual find. Among the crates of unused Ariska Type 38 and 99 rifles were two 1935 National Match .30-06 Springfield rifles. He was never able to solve the mystery of how these rifles got to Japan but he did insure their safe return to the United States. After a careful examination, the better of the two rifles was wrapped in greased paper and a heavy blackout window curtain with a rope sling attached. The second rifle was disassembled and the barrel cut off forward of the chamber while the stock was discarded. The short barreled Springfield was tucked into his flight bag. Both rifles accompanied him home when he departed Yokohama for Brooklyn in 1946.

POST WAR SHOOTING

The young Lieutenant was enjoying terminal leave when he learned that 30 caliber matches were resuming at the Massachusetts National Guard's Camp Curtis Guild at Wakefield, Massachusetts. Eleanor Dunn, a very prominent shooter of the time, drove Art, who had yet to learn how to operate a motor vehicle, to the match. In the early 1950s, Miss Dunn would be the driving force behind the establishment of the Randle Trophy International Woman's Postal Match.

The trip was interrupted by a short stop in New Haven where Dunn visited Major Jack Hession to borrow his Winchester Model 70 .30-06 National Match rifle and ammunition. Hession, an Olympian and noted long range shooter during the years between turn of the century and World War II, was the supervisor of Winchester Shooting Promotions Department. The diminutive Dunn used his rifle to win the 300 yard match while Art and his Japanese Springfield also shot. The following week he returned to

Wakefield, this time with Jim Daly as his driver, and won a 300 yard slow fire match. Daly had spent the war as a captain in a tank outfit in Europe where he had been severely wounded.

It was at this Wakefield competition that Art first met Creighton Audette. Audette, a consummate Yankee craftsman, would become the dean of United States long range shooting. Audette was good with a rifle, a pen, or tools. He possessed an insightful mind and a far ranging curiosity about the many things that effect rifle accuracy. On this particular weekend he displayed his unique cognitive style. As part of the match program a special match was held called 'The Mad Minute'. The match was shot at 200 yards with metallic sights on the military 'A' target with any 22 caliber rimfire rifle from a prone or sitting position. There was no limit to the number of rounds that a competitor could shoot for score, the only constraint was time: 60 seconds.

The firearm of choice was the 22 caliber Reising Gun. Named after its inventor it was a brother to his 45 caliber submachine gun. The 45 caliber Reising Gun was carried, and cursed at, by the Marines in the South Pacific. It has been said that more Japanese were injured when they were struck with Reising Guns, as they were being thrown away by Marines disgusted with the gun's performance, than were ever shot with them. It was soon replaced and relegated to use by factory guards and police departments.

Mr. Reising was present at the match and offered the loan of several of his 22 caliber rimfire rifles and a handful of ten shot magazines. The shooters, of course, had to provide their own ammunition. The rifle was cocked and loaded by pulling back a small knurled knob on the underside of the stock between the magazine well and trigger guard. The release mechanism was difficult to reach and it cost more than one shooter a finger nail. Audette, shooting from the sitting position, as most of the shooters did, saved time and fingernails by simply counting shots and changing clips after only nine shots. With one cartridge purposely left in the chamber, he simply replaced the clip and squeezed the trigger to keep firing while other competitors were rooting around the bottom of the stock trying to pull back the actuating knob. Audette won the trophy.

After returning to Brooklyn, Art joined The Antlers Club, on Long Island, to shoot gallery. Standard and heavy barrel Winchester 52s and Remington 37s with three pound triggers and marksman type prone stocks were common fare in all of the clubs. The single most outstanding rifle in the league was a jewel of the rifle maker's art. It was a 1930s vintage, Swiss manufactured, heavy barreled, engraved falling block Luna single shot. It had a full pistol grip stock, checkering covered the full length of the forend, and it was fitted with a tang sight. While with the Antlers the team accounted for two team wins in the Connecticut Gallery Match with Art winning the high individual award twice more.

After being demobilized in 1946, Art had returned to his old position in the inspection department at Sperry. He applied for admission to St. John's University and they offered to accept him as a junior while offering him a shooting scholarship. Had this offer been made a decade earlier he would have snatched it up and hung on for dear life. When in high school, neither his rifle team coach, nor any of his friends, knew of sports scholarships. At loose ends, Art did not accept the offer, a decision he would come to regret later in life.

In early 1947, he quit Sperry and enrolled in the School of Modern Photography in New York City, under the GI. Bill of Rights. Schools such as this were cropping up like

mushrooms after a warm rain, as millions of veterans took advantage of one of the United States Government's finest educational programs. Upon completing this course he enrolled in another photo school offering camera repair. This school provided him with a very nice machinist's tool box, some good tools, and the certain knowledge that he would never take apart his own camera.

Art even learned how to drive a car under the GI Bill, reducing his long time reliance on friends, his feet, and his thumb to get him to the range. Although he carried a driver's license in his wallet, he would not own a car for some years.

ART COOK

It was about this time that Art first heard about a new boy on the block in the gallery shooting world. A young college kid, Arthur Cook, who shot for the University of Maryland and hailed from the Washington D.C. area, was turning in some very big scores. Art first encountered him when Cook attended an open gallery competition sponsored by City College of New York. "Cookie", as he was inevitably called, cleaned house with his standard barrel Winchester 52. The CCNY range had 'back to back' firing points and the University of Maryland team had to make a train to return south. Cook topped off his bravura performance by requesting that his targets, for the last two matches, be hung during the same relay on points 180 degrees apart. His request was granted. He won both matches in the time it took most competitors to shoot one and made his train. The skinny whirlwind was so cool and calm that he became known as 'The Cookie that wouldn't crumble'. The two Arts' shooting careers would soon become intertwined as, over the next few years, they became teammates and friends.

While punching out at Sperry one day, Art noticed a "Guns for Sale" note pinned to the bulletin board by the time clock. After investigating the offer, he bought an 'as new' side-by-side 8x57mm rimmed German rifle for \$75.00. He then located a used canvas take down shotgun case and had two boxes of .30-40 Krag ammunition made up to fit the gun. He next attempted to parlay this combination into something he really wanted, a rifle to shoot 300 meter international style position matches. Taking the cased rifle to Macy's Department Store in New York City, where the sporting goods department arranged for consignment sales, he approached the manager.

When asked what he wanted in return, Art replied that a Winchester Model 70 Bullgun, chambered for the Holland and Holland .300 Magnum, and 300 rounds of Western Super Match 180 grain ammunition would do just fine. At the time it, seemed to make sense: 300 rounds of 300 H&H to shoot 300 meters. If nothing else, his line of thinking was alliterative. Much to his surprise the offer was accepted. A few weeks later he found himself on a subway, returning home from the Stoegers Company sales office, with the rifle packed in a heavy wooden crate and the ammunition in a bag upon his lap. The thought of trying out for the 1948 Olympic Team had been simmering in his mind since the games were first announced and this rifle played a part in his Olympic plans.

At home one look at the rifle, one of the first post War Model 70s, revealed it to be a beautiful example of the craftsmanship of the New Haven gun maker. However, one look at the monster cartridge, and the thought of shooting 40 record shots standing with it, quickly brought Art out of his reverie and to his senses. Art never fired the rifle. Instead he sold it to his friend George Swenson, who was still on active duty in the Army as a first lieutenant with the Military Police in the southern Pacific. Swenson, who was in grade so

long that his single silver bars were black with age, was on leave, and wanted the rifle to hunt elk with in Wyoming.

GEORGE HYDE

Another Adelphi street neighbor of Jackson's, although he later moved to 3rd Street in Brooklyn, was George Hyde. Hyde was a gunsmith who had learned his trade as an apprentice in Germany during the 1920s. Griffin and Howe in New York City recognized his skills and they sponsored his immigration and offered him a position. George's son, another graduate of Brooklyn Technical High School, worked with Art at Sperry but he had no interest in firearms. Hyde maintained a shop in his basement, which Art would visit on occasions when his trusty old Stevens 'Crackshot' was in need a new firing pin. Although he did not hang out at the shop regularly, Hyde was always available to answer the youngster's questions. Jackson remembers Hyde was a craftsman with firearms but not a shooter. Although he did all of the repairs for the New City Police Department's pistols, he never journeyed to the range.

Hyde was interested in firearm development and regularly entered plans and prototypes into trials for various military contracts. He entered the Hyde 109 submachine gun into the trials to select a replacement for the venerable Thompson submachine gun. It was accepted by the government as a "substitute standard" 45 caliber machine gun but never put into mass production because another of Hyde's developments proved better.

Hyde's most famous product was created in conjunction with the Inland Manufacturing Division of General Motors, where he was employed during World War II. Meeting requirements for a simple and inexpensive submachine gun, Hyde developed the 45 caliber M3 and M3A1 submachine gun. The gun was made almost entirely of stampings and was capable of conversion to 9mm, enabling it to use captured enemy ammunition stocks. Over a half of a million M3s were manufactured during the war. However, it gained its greatest fame when, in the 1950s, the Mattel Toy Corporation manufactured a look alike that fired rolls of red paper black powder caps, to the unending delight of the Baby boomer sons of GIs who had used the real thing in earnest.

Art was an occasional contributor to Hyde's efforts. Firearm manufactures subject prototypes to extreme high pressure tests using special cartridges called 'blue pills'. During the winter months the Winchester test ranges were made available for long range indoor 22 caliber rimfire matches. On occasion heavy cardboard or wooden boxes containing expended cartridge cases that had been used in testing would be left at the range. Although unstated, it was understood that the contents were fair game.

One particular Sunday, Art and his shooting gear emerged from a subway entrance to meet his ride, most likely Walt Tomsen, to New Haven. Arriving first at the Winchester facility, Art pounced on the boxes looking for his favorite .30-06 brass. Instead of the long cases he expected to find, he was surprised to discover a shorter version that was without a headstamp. He knew he was onto something and packed away as many of the odd cases as he could. These unmarked cases happened to be the first of the new 308 caliber Winchester. Hyde was working on developing a 7.62mm rifle for a new government contract and took a portion of the cases to use in his new design. Hyde's design was rejected in favor of the Springfield Arsenal entry, the M-14.

On another occasion, Hyde asked Art if would care to look at some of his design work. He then laid out a complete set of plans for a 22 caliber semiautomatic pistol and asked if they appeared familiar. After a little thought, Art recognized them as almost

identical to the new sport model pistol offered by Sturm Ruger, the Mark I. George had been too late to capitalize on his ideas and later destroyed the plans.

During his comings and goings, Art noticed a curious 22 caliber rimfire barrel blank, with an unusual history, which had been in a wall rack for years. It was the end result of an idea that appeared in the forerunner to The National Rifle Association's American Rifleman Magazine, Arms and The Man, during the late 1920s. J.W. Gillies, a New York rifleman, wrote an article entitled 'Chasing Rainbows' in which he opined that the ideal 22 caliber rimfire match barrel should have a tapered bore, from chamber to muzzle.

Several years later an article appeared in The American Rifleman with the title 'Following Up Rainbows', written by a Californian who had been fascinated with Gillies's earlier idea. He was unable to convince any US barrel makers to fabricate a tapered bore barrel and was forced to turn to Europe. Eventually he found a German shop that delivered more than promises and produced a small number of barrels with a bore and groove taper of 0.0012 inch. One barrel was fitted to a BSA and another to a Winchester 52. They were tested from a bench at 50 yards with the best match ammunition available and the results were excellent. After that article appeared there was silence, not another article, not another test, nothing over the years. About the only thing left from the project was the barrel that sat in Hyde's workshop. Art filed the existence of this curious barrel in his memory.

AIMING FOR THE 1948 OLYMPICS

With an eye on the 1948 Olympics 300 meter Free Rifle event, Art contacted a veteran of the 1928 Olympic Team and member of the International Shooter Hall of Fame, Laurence Nuesslein, of Washington D.C. who sold him a Winchester Model 70 Bull Gun in 30-06 caliber. To feed his new rifle, he bought a Pacific reloading press, dies and powder scale from Griffin and Howe. Two days later he was back at the store to return the 'defective press'. It didn't seem capable of resizing the cases. Jackson's reputation may have preceded him and no one knew how little experience he actually had in doing anything involved with handloading. Had they known, they might have asked if he had been lubricating the cases, which he hadn't.

The 'defective' Pacific press and dies were replaced with a Belding and Mull reloading tool that only neck sized. Lack of lubrication in this operation is no problem so Art went blissfully on his way. He had read that the 1930 International Team ammunition was loaded with 36.4 grains of HiVel #2 powder and a Frankford Arsenal 173 grain boat tailed bullet. Art purchased the powder and managed to locate a source of 173 grain pulled bullets. He replaced the Lyman 48 with a Redfield Olympic sight and built up the stock by taping a block of wood to the floor plate. After a little practice at 200 yards he was as ready as he could be to face the 300 meter target, for the first time, at the preliminary tryouts at Seagirt, New Jersey.

Only two of the competitors, Frank Parsons, a member of the 1930 US International Team and coach at George Washington University, and Larry Nuesslein had ever shot 300 meters. These two veterans used 18 pound Martini rifles, chambered for the 30-06 cartridge, which were built for the 1930 United States International Team. Another competitor, Fred Von Sholly, a friend and Antler Club teammate of Jackson's, used a borrowed Griffin and Howe Springfield match rifle fitted with a Winchester barrel chambered for the .300 H&H magnum. As Art watched his friend get pummeled by the rifle, eking out a paltry 103X200 standing, he knew he had made the right decision in

selling off his Winchester magnum. In the end Art finished first and Art Cook, also shooting a Winchester Model 70 in .30-06, was second. Despite his finish in 300 meters Cook, would devote his considerable skill and energy to the 50 meter prone tryouts.

Final tryouts for the Olympic rifle and pistol squads were scheduled for early July and were to be held on the uncovered firing lines of the Marine Corps base at Quantico, Virginia. Art loaded every case he owned because the finals required each shooter to fire twice across the 120 shot three position course. Dr. Emmet Swanson and Parsons, who placed first and second, were old timers and shot the outstanding 30 caliber ammunition that Frankford Arsenal prepared for the 1930 World Championship Free Rifle Matches. As veterans of that team the two had enough of the 18 year old ammunition to get themselves through both the trials and the Olympics.

NO AMMUNITION AND LITTLE TIME

After having earned, much to his surprise, third spot on the squad, Art had several problems to solve. The fact that team selections were announced on a Sunday afternoon in Virginia and the team was due to depart for England on the S.S. America, out of New York, on Wednesday added to his burden. Others had arrived at Quantico prepared to go all of the way. Art had not envisioned making the squad and had to get home to put his affairs in order, to request an absence from photo classes, to get his clothing cleaned, and to get his ammunition loaded, all in two days!

Art Cook, who had earned a spot on the smallbore squad along with Jackson's old shooting companion Walt Tomsen, from Flushing, New York, and Vaughn Cail, of Connecticut, obtained an eight pound keg of HiVel #2 from some source and sold it to Jackson. Securely bound in paper and string it was stowed in the overhead rack above Art's seat in the airliner that took him home. All team members had to report to a New York hotel by Tuesday evening with equipment and baggage. His long suffering, ever patient, and understanding mother again came to his rescue. Gathering up his clothing she washed them and, lacking a dryer and not having time to hang things out to dry, carefully dried them in the kitchen stove's oven.

While Mrs. Jackson was attending to his wash, Art was upstairs in his room frantically preparing ammunition to replace what he had shot up at Quantico. He was faced with the daunting task of getting at least 300 rounds ready for the trip. Time would not allow for completing the job so he decided to reload in England. However, import laws of England forbade importation of ammunition components, but the normally scrupulously honest Jackson thought that this was a situation where he must, like Nelson at Copenhagen, turn a blind eye to British authority and he prepared to evade His Majesty's Customs Service. Carefully he cleaned, decapped, neck sized, and primed the brass. To bring enough powder he scooped empty cases through Cook's keg of HiVel #2 and carefully seated a bullet on top to serve as a stopper. Other cases were filled with primers and also capped with bullets.

Additional practice ammunition was obtained by Marine Major Walter Walsh, an Olympic 50 meter pistol shooter, who was able to scrounge half a case of .30-06 ammunition from the Marine Detachment at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This ammunition, which was armor piercing and had been in and out of the Leatherneck Garands more than once, had been used by the Marines in the M-1s they carried on sentry duty.

After these hectic few days, Art got aboard ship, making this one of the few occasions when he didn't have to hitch hike to a match, and, tucked away in his

compartment with his pseudo ammunition, heaved a sigh of relief. Once at sea, someone had set up target frames on the fantail of the ship so that the shooters might practice. Practice they did they did. Eschewing the formal target frames and Cook, with his Remington 37, and Huelet 'Joe' Benner, with his pistol, dispatched released balloons to the amusement and enjoyment of all.

THE 1948 LONDON GAMES

The 1948 Olympic Games were the first held since before World War II. Interestingly enough, the 1936 games were held in Berlin, Germany and the 1940 games were scheduled for Tokyo, Japan but cancelled because of war. The 1944 Olympics were originally scheduled for London but also fell victim to World War II. England was very hard hit by the war and was recovering slowly both emotionally and economically. Three years after the war there were still few manufactured goods available. Beef and chocolate, like most food stuffs, were either hard to come by or were strictly rationed. In light of the shortages in England, the United States Olympic Committee brought enough food for the entire team with them.

It was a joyous time for the British people and the competitors as the opening ceremonies began in Wembley Stadium, not too far out of London. The day was one of the hottest of the summer and the pubs were selling water for a penny a glass while candles in shop displays wilted and bent 180 degrees. Each national team formed up in best bib and tucker as band music and the muffled noise of the crowd drifted out of the stadium. The parade of athletes was led by Greece, as tradition dictates, and ended with the host nation's team. In between, the many national teams marched in alphabetical order.

Art describes the feeling of emotion and excitement that welled up inside of him, and the other athletes, as that of the most intense joy. The entry march started as a milling mob of dusty shoed strangers, 12 abreast, being squeezed through a dim entry tunnel. At the end was a bright arch of sunlight and echoes of cheers and music. Bursting out of the passageway into the bright sunlight and the rich green grass, all of the teams automatically fell into step as the roar of the crowd became deafening. It seemed as if the excitement was being directed at each individual personally. Emotions ran high and there was no one in the world with whom you would swap places. Art has marched into three Olympic stadia and says that you can never be jaded. The sense of pride and joy never diminishes, it only grows.

The U.S. shooters arrived at Bisley Camp and were quartered in one of the permanent club houses close to the range. Art spent much of his time attempting to tweak his Model 70 into the best possible shooting condition, with his limited knowledge and materials. Plastic wood was the only pliable compound available at the time but it was not up to the task. He used a Lyman 10 power scope and sandbag rest and did all that he, and others, could think of to squeeze out better groups with his 173 grain bullets. His efforts at least won him a spot on the coveted first relay, but that was about the limit of success. Once inside the shooting booth on match day he was unable to hit the ten ring with any of his ten sighting shots and ended the prone stage with a score of 369X400. His three position aggregate score in the finals was a 1067, good for 16th place, six spots behind Swanson and two ahead of Parsons. At the conclusion of the match Art sold his rifle to an Englishman, John J. Knott.

Although Art did not do as well as he had hoped, his two friends, Cook and Tomsen, took the gold and silver medals, respectively, in the 50 meter 60 shot smallbore prone match. Both rifle shooters established a world record based on score but Cook had one more shot than Tomsen in the X ring and was awarded the gold. On the pistol side of the U.S. team, Joe Benner entered to 50 meter slow fire match with a single shot Pope barreled Smith and Wesson pistol that he borrowed from Karl Fredericks. Fredericks was the team manager and the gold medallist in the 1920 Olympics. Benner's score of 539 tied with two other shooters but tie breaking procedures relegated him to fourth place, just out of the medals.

A BISLEY BONANZA

Immediately following the Olympic shooting events the British National Smallbore Championships were held on the same site. All Olympic riflemen were invited to participate in the prone events, and most did. Bisley matches have, since the facilities opened in 1894, attracted top shooters from around the world. In this, an Olympic year, with the horrors of the war receding into memory, the Bisley meeting promised to be the largest ever. British ammunition manufacturers were not yet able to produce match ammunition in either quantity or quality required and, as a result, the X ring was not considered in scoring. Shortages were so widespread that British shooters could only purchase enough United States manufactured match ammunition for the competition and that had to be done at the range. The days of British dominance in rimfire match ammunition by Eley was still decades off.

Art unlimbered his Winchester 52 and had what the English refer to as, "a good shoot". That meant winning the British grand aggregate and finding space in his luggage for a sterling silver tea set that came as a tangible reward for the honor. He was also presented with an honorary life membership in the West of Scotland Smallbore Rifle Association. Art was asked to act as official witness as the British team fired its score for the annual Lord Dewar International Prone Postal Tournament. Art observed that positions were correct and the trigger pulls met standards as well as the rest of the details of the match. The United States had yet to shoot its targets so Art was asked to remain silent on the subject of score when he returned home. He was not free to reveal the British score until after the United States had fired. As it turned out the US won the Dewar that year. One member of the British team shot a 400X400, his first ever possible score, and was so overcome with emotion that he lay upon his mat and quietly wept. Art knew that feeling.

After the Bisley smallbore championships Art accepted an invitation to be a house guest of Dr. Ephraim Connors in Glasgow, Scotland. They traveled north by train and a had a relaxing post match rest and a few days of sightseeing. A highlight was a grand lunch at the Hepburn's residence. The Hepburns, of Red Hackle Scotch Whiskey fame, are staunch supporters of competition shooting in Scotland. His only regret concerning the entire trip was that he didn't have more time to spend touring the country side. Leaving Scotland, he made it back to London in time to join the last of the US Olympians returning home.

THE 1949 WORLD SHOOTING CHAMPIONSHIPS

One day, after the Olympics, Art brought in a well used Winchester 52 heavy barreled rifle, 1930 vintage, to George Hyde's shop. The rifle was shooting well but had begun to show evidence of erosion forward of the chamber. This was a condition called a

"Western Ring", and was believed to be caused by the powder and priming compound mix found in that brand of ammunition. Art asked Hyde to cut off a half of an inch from the barrel and rechamber it. Out of the blue Hyde asked Jackson if he might be allowed to fit the curious tapered bore barrel instead. He would accept no payment and in the process improved the rifle mechanically.

All Winchester 52 actions manufactured from 1919 until the introduction of the B model in 1936 have a wing type safety on the left side with a pivot rod which passes through the recoil lug surface. Over a period of use, this wall, under strain, would frequently crack. The fault was corrected by increasing the thickness of the wall and such actions bear the letter 'A' after the serial number. Hyde removed the safety from Jackson's rifle and milled a single piece of steel to fit all contours of the gap left in the receiver. The repair was so well done that after Hyde brazed the piece in place it is almost impossible to see that the modification had been made

By 1949, Art was working in the photographic section of Pratt Institute, an engineering college located not far from Jackson's Brooklyn home. During the year, he began preparation for the upcoming World Shooting Championships to be held in Buenos Aires, Argentina. Following preliminary tryouts at Des Moines, Iowa, Art was among five selected for the team at the final trials held at Fort Benning, Georgia. He would be accompanied south by Olympic veterans Cook and Swanson as well as Robert Sandager, a shooting partner of Swanson's, and August Westergaard, excellent prone and offhand shooter from Iowa.

Jackson's supervisor at Pratt had granted him a leave of absence for November and Art, who had retained his commission in the Air Force Reserves, applied for temporary recall to active duty which was granted. After jumping through all of the required hoops he was again First Lieutenant Jackson, but with only a verbal agreement that he would be released from active duty upon his return from Argentina. He was required to report directly to the Air Attaché at the United States Embassy in Buenos Aires. This he did, but in team blazer and slacks, not Air Force uniform. The Attaché wished the team every success and asked him to, "Stop by again before you leave".

The entire team was housed in a multi roomed apartment in the Golf Hotel, within walking distance of the center of both Buenos Aires and the 109 point 300 meter safety range complex. The Argentine Government had constructed this facility in the 1930s. It had been decided that all young men, as they do in Switzerland, should serve in the army for a period of time. However, the legislation excused from military service anyone who was able to shoot the service rifle at a qualifying level of competence. Its location made it convenient to all and there is little doubt that it saw considerable use.

The complex reminded Art of Yankee Stadium, The Polo Grounds, or Ebbets Field back home in New York. Small storage sheds were placed around the perimeter walls for each team to store equipment. While Cook and Jackson sat in the kitchen of their apartment in the Golf plying Cook's Belding and Mull powder measure and Pacific reloading tool to seat 180 grain Norma boat tailed bullets into prepared cases, guards dressed in World War II type German uniforms patrolled the range area on a 24 hour basis. The range was directly across the street from a huge soccer stadium which had a deep moat.

SHOOTING IN CARACAS

Hunting ammunition was virtually non-existent at that time in Argentina and the pair gave their leftover components, powder, bullets, and primers, to their host shooters as a gift. The Argentines were so hard-pressed for ammunition that they went to great extremes to fabricate it. They reversed military bullets in swaging dies to create a lead-nosed bullet, with amazingly good looks and results. Powder was salvaged from any source. Expended brass was decapped and primer cups tediously reformed and filled with nipped-off match heads and resealed into the case.

Pierced primers were a common occurrence, and not just in their home-made efforts. Two service rifle matches in the program required the use of issue ammunition and, aware of possible pierced primers, Argentinean riflemen devised a strap-like leather strip as a form of protection. The strip was attached to the receiver bridge of their Model 1909 Mauser rifles by a thong and held in place over the firing pin head by the shooter's right hand as it grasped the pistol grip. It was a very effective eye and face protector.

In the 50-meter three-position match, Art Cook drew a considerable crowd as each of his shot values were posted overhead by the register keeper. Using his new Morgan action with an Eric Johnson barrel and a Humphrey prone stock, he was, from the spectators' point of view, shooting his 120 shots rapid fire. He finished the course in less than half of the allotted time and posted a score of 1160 that most observers thought to be a match winner. The scores were tallied and posted the following day. Cook, with a score of 1163, was the silver medal winner, a scant two points behind Janhonen of Finland who shot a new World Record score of 1165. In the smallbore team events, the United States placed second in the 50 and 100-meter English Match and took third place medals in the prone stage of the 50-meter Free Rifle Championship Match. Jackson was high individual in the English Match and Cook took the Gold in the three-position prone stage.

The awards ceremony was the most elaborate Art has ever attended, and he has attended quite a few. It was staged in the baroque opera house of Buenos Aires. The winners were brought to the stage and presented to the President of Argentina, General Juan Perón, who awarded the medals. He was assisted in hanging the 18-karat gold first place medals about the necks of the victors by his beautiful, and immensely popular wife, Eva. She is better remembered today than her husband due to the popularity of the Broadway play based on her life, 'Evita'. Special donated trophy awards were also presented on this occasion.

WINCHESTER COURTS ART

1950 would be a quiet shooting year for Art as there were no international matches scheduled. However, there would be a different form of excitement. During the spring of the year, the postman delivered a letter to his home with the logo and return address of Winchester-Western/Western, East Alton, Illinois. Inside was a letter from Vincent "Tief" Tiefenbrunn, who ran the company's complex in East Alton, Illinois. Tiefenbrunn had been a smallbore shooter and he and Art were acquainted. He requested that Art meet him at the corporate headquarters in New Haven to discuss the possibilities of employment in an "unspecified" position.

At the time, Art was 50% of the Pratt Institute photography department and in a dead-end position so his interest and curiosity were peaked. On the appointed day, Art made the familiar trip to the Winchester facility, the site of his many successes at the Connecticut State Association's Gallery Match. On the train trip, Art had visions of

perhaps wearing a sparkling white cap with a large red W on the front and a crisply pressed jacket with 'Winchester' or 'Western' neatly embroidered across the back.

Tiefenbrunn wasted little time and minced no words. He told Art that Major Jack Hessian, both a Olympic and Palma veteran, was retiring from his position as head of Winchester promotions. The position was Jackson's for the asking. His daydream on the train was small potatoes compared to the job he was being offered and he was set back on his heels. Here he was, earning 40 bucks a week in a dead end job, no college degree, and had just been offered to be paid to do what he loved to do!

Every silver lining has its cloud and Art had to ask the Sixty Four Dollar Question. "Would this position require me to quit competitive shooting?" asked Art. He knew the reply would be 'yes' even before he finished asking the question. With such a momentous decision to make, he asked for 15 minutes to think things through. Wandering over to the snack bar his mind was awl. While waiting in line to be served, he knew he could not walk away from competition. With some regret the offer was turned down. Later that year Charles Whipple, a noted smallbore shooter and a veteran of Pershing and Dewar Teams, gave up his home oil delivery business in Pennsylvania and moved to New Haven to take over Hessian's duties.

THE INAUGURAL PAN AMERICAN GAMES

During the early morning hours on the 25th of June 1950, the North Korean Army exploded out its positions north of the 38th parallel and overran large portions of South Korea. As a member of the United Nations the United States was again involved in a war in Asia. In light of these events, Art requested a recall to active duty, despite the fact that the First Pan American Games were scheduled to be held in February of 1951 in Buenos Aires.

The NRA decided, at a late hour, to participate in the inaugural Pan American Games but knew that there would not be adequate time to conduct a full blown tryout for team selection. Instead, they chose a small squad based upon the results of the 1949 World Championships, presuming that its members had both experience in high level competition and with the Buenos Aires range. Joe Benner and Harry Reeves would be the pistol contingent and Cook and Art would handle the long gun end. Emmet Swanson would ride herd on the quartet which was, unfortunately, not large enough to field entries in the team events.

It was a more leisurely experience than in 1949. Cook elected to go with the Winchester Model 70 .30-06 that he had used during the last trip to Argentina. Art, however, was on a different track. He had dug out the remaining unmarked 308 caliber Winchester cases he had in storage since that trip to New Haven when he had acquired the cases used in make 'blue pills' for George Hyde. Feeling that his performance would improve if he could reduce the fatigue that banging away with a 30 caliber rifle induces, he investigated other calibers. After some reading, he decided to neck down the .308s to 6.5mm. Just as in 1948 he was faced with a time problem. This time the NRA required all ammunition to be shipped to them for transshipment to Buenos Aires.

Using a 139 grain Norma bullet, he made up test loads and picked up a ride to the Roslyn range to test them at 200 yards. It was a cold winter's day and Art only fired a single ten shot test group from a bench as he had forgotten the container of other cartridges. The load seemed to shoot fine so he returned home, loaded ammunition for

the matches, and sent it off to Washington. On this trip to Buenos Aires, the kitchen in his Golf Hotel apartment would be used for tea and coffee, not reloading.

Seasons are reversed in the southern hemisphere and in Argentina both the weather and Jackson's ammunition were hot. The muzzle blast was so fierce that shooters didn't want to share a booth with him in the pavilion. This was before the time of commercial ear plugs and head sets. In those pre-OSHA days a shooter wishing to avoid the pain caused by the report of a rifle or pistol simply stuffed either a twist of cotton wool or a soft wax plug into his ears. Handgun shooters often resorted to expended 38 caliber cases because the noise produced by, for example, a 1911 45 caliber pistol in a strong headwind, could be excruciating.

Art had remembered his experience with the Mauser rifles two years earlier and had equipped himself with a leather strip to use with the host country's military rifles. He didn't expect that he would have to use it on his own rifle, but he had to. With a thunderous roar, a lightning like muzzle blast, and an occasional pierced primer, he shot a score in the Free Rifle match that was only two points short of the gold medal score fired by Pablo Cagnasso of Argentina. The 6.5mm barrel and cartridge cases have long since disappeared but Art had the action and stock until 1994, a wonderful testimony to the manufacturer's product.

The smallbore prone English Match and three position match were won by Art using the tapered German barrel that Hyde had installed on his 1930 Winchester 52 action. They were the only rifle matches, individual, or team, not won by the Argentineans. Cook took the silver medal in the smallbore three position match. Joe Benner won a gold in rapid fire silhouette and a silver in the 50 meter pistol matches. The United States squad had acquitted themselves well, even though they were too few in number to enter team events.

IN UNIFORM AGAIN

When Art returned to Brooklyn in early March, a franked government envelope awaited him. It contained orders recalling him to active duty in the Air Force. Unexpectedly he was not ordered to a training command but to Lowery Air Force Base in Denver, Colorado as a student in Radar Photo Interpreters' School, which meant a future assignment to Air Intelligence. Happily his orders, effective in April, also placed him on flight status which gave him both the pleasure of flying and the added money that such duty entails.

Being March, it was time for the annual gallery match in Connecticut. He entered the match with the Antler Club and was squadded, as most out of state teams were, on a Sunday. The day before the match he took his required active duty physical and had his gangly body probed, thumped, and peered into by the Air Force doctors. The military being the military, Art was also subjected to the inevitable series of inoculations.

He arrived in New Haven, his blood stream alive with antitoxins, and took the line. When given the choice he would always elect to shoot standing first. This he did and shot a perfect score of 50X50! With visions of sugar plums dancing in his head, he prepared for kneeling and cinched the sling tight on his left arm, the same arm used for target practice by the medics the day before. It began to hurt and throb and the sugar plums turned to lemons. Art sucked it up and shot a trio of 49s in the remaining three positions. The Antlers won the team match and Art took second place in the individual event.

Art packed his World War II uniforms and Winchester 52 and headed off to Colorado by train. Classes were scheduled from 6 AM until noon each day after which the students were free to do as they wished. The class was, for the most part, a pragmatic group of air crew veterans, with the exception of a trio of West Point graduates. While the old sweats took advantage of lazy afternoons, the alumni of 'The Long Grey Line', in a carryover from Academy days, engaged in constant study to pick up a fraction of a point on each other in class standing. Art kept himself busy haunting flight operations to pick up required flight time.

By sheer luck, there was a recalled pilot in the class, a major, who also needed flight time. The major was able to work out an arrangement with Flight operations, and he and Art were able to fill their log books with more than enough hours to satisfy Air Force regulations. It was a pleasure to again practice and polish rusty navigation procedures.

THE AIR FORCE STARTS A SHOOTING TEAM

Out of the blue, Art Cook showed up at Lowery with orders assigning him to the Armament Officers Program. He had both his car and Morgan rifle. From then on, the pair of Arts shot at every opportunity. One weekend they attended a prone match in western Colorado and came back to the base with 17 belt buckles. Cook's were mostly of the gold plated variety. While they were there they received a letter from Dick Hanson, an Air Force captain and fellow shooter who had coached at the University of Maryland, advising that General Curtis Lamay wanted, war or no war, Air Force participation in the 1952 Olympic Games. Hanson suggested that they might hear from the general's staff. Art completed his course of study, graduated, and was ordered to the Strategic Air Command at Roswell, New Mexico. It had been an enjoyable four month stay at Lowery.

Jackson reported to Roswell and faced the daunting task of plowing through a nine month backlog of B-29 training flight radar bombing prints. As an active navigator, he was also placed on rotation in flight operations as a alternate for any crew in need. While he worked on photo images and plotted courses and Cook was plowing through technical manuals at Lowery, the wheels were slowly grinding away at Air Force Headquarters.

One morning, about six weeks after arriving at Roswell, he was abruptly ordered to report immediately to the commanding officer. He quickly buffed his shoes on the backs of his trouser legs, checked his collar, tie, and belt buckle, cocked his hat at the officially correct angle, closed and spun the combination lock on his office door, and rushed to headquarters. He arrived to face a red faced and angry Colonel who, with several sheets of paper held in his tightly balled fist, began yelling at him at the top of his lungs in clear bell like tones. The Colonel's monologue went; "There is a war on, Lieutenant Jackson and I am only a Colonel! I am unable to refute these orders! Take them and get the Hell out of here!" With that he slapped the documents into Art's hand. Art snapped to attention rendered a crisp salute, did an about face and took off to meet up with Cook and Hanson to form the very first Air Force Rifle Team at Selfridge Air Force Base in Michigan.

At Selfridge Field, Hanson and his wife, Edith, lived off base in an apartment while Cook and Jackson boarded elsewhere. The Air Force provided the team, if you could call the three that, with two Winchester Model 70 bullguns in H&H .300 Magnum, two Winchester Model 70 National Match rifles in .30-06, a pair of Winchester 52C match rifles, several M-1s, a brace of Winchester 22 caliber rimfire semiautomatic rifles, ammunition for everything, and one large Air Force blue trailer truck with a very friendly young airman to drive it. The driver, whose name is lost to memory, expressed little

interest in shooting and Art often wondered whom he had offended to be given such an assignment.

The mystery of the presence of the semiautomatic rimfire rifles was soon cleared up when they were informed that they were to demonstrate trick style shooting such as breaking bottles, breaking swinging targets, and picture drawing. It never happened. The three may have been among the country's ranking marksmen but they also knew their limitations and left the fancy shooting to followers of the Topperweins and Herb Parsons.

Scouring the base they were unable to turn up anything that even vaguely looked like a rifle range. They were left to their own devices and, for the books, were assigned nominal jobs that did not require close attention. They were not required to be at their duty stations on a daily basis and ghosted through with Art being nominally in charge of the hobby shop, Cook as the manager of the post theater, and Hanson as the supervisor of Special Services. They wrote their own orders for travel and were almost independent of base command. A situation like this, on a military post in a nation at war, was bound to attract comment and the three were treated as pariahs at the Officers' Club. While the shooters were happy with their duty, the cold shoulder from the rest of the base was not pleasant. The Air Force Track and Field Team athletes were assigned to a college in Ohio for training and encountered similar situations. The matter was made a little worse for Art who, unable to maintain required proficiency as a navigator, lost his flight status.

A shooting team must have a place to shoot and they found a range at Greyling, in northern Michigan, where they traveled for a high power tournament. The schedule for the 1,000 yard match indicated that squadding would be on a first come first serve basis. At Hanson's urging, they left their motel, drove to the range, spread their mats on the firing line at points one, two, and three at four o'clock in the morning, and went back to sleep. Shooting from his low numbered point, Art used a .30-06 Mauser ten pound NRA match rifle, with iron sights, to rip out a 100-16V score that was good for a new national record. General Lemay was getting a return on his investment. After fitting a scope to one of the .300 H&H rifles he tried again in the any sight event, but dropped two points. In retrospect he rues that he did not stay with the Mauser.

During the period after World War II, the National Championships were adrift as Camp Perry was still unavailable. The 1951 matches were scheduled for Camp Matthews, California. The three traveled to the west coast and made their presence felt. Cook had a new barrel put on his Winchester Model 70 one night and the next morning sighted in at 200 yards from the standing position and went on to win the Navy Cup with a 99X100. Hanson won the Wimbledon Trophy in the 1,000 yard match with a 100-17V score while Art won the President's Trophy. His award included a letter from President Truman. It was a great shoot.

THE TEAM MOVES TO WARMER QUARTERS

With winter approaching, and with prior approval, they wrote orders for themselves and departed Michigan for the Material Air Training Command at West Palm Beach, Florida. Art, who had learned to drive a few years earlier, had to finally purchase an automobile. He and Hanson went to a Detroit car dealer one snowy evening to ask about a 1951 Dodge convertible, on display in the window. The 1952 models were already out and, after haggling the dealer down to \$2,600 cash, Art drove away with a full tank of fuel and an empty bank book. For the next several days he reported to work hoping to find a

parking spot that would allow him to drive straight in. As good as he was with a trigger, he still needed practice in parking.

Before departing for Florida, via a brief home visit, Art's caution and navigation skills came to the fore. He dropped by flight operations and checked all the weather stations along his proposed route. Not wanting to drive through snowy Detroit traffic he headed east to Brooklyn through Canada. The first day he put in 14 hours, at 40 miles per hour, sitting square behind the wheel with hands on the wheel at two and ten o'clock. He gained enough confidence that, after passing through the fume filled, tiled lined Holland Tunnel into New York City, he was able to negotiate the taxi cabs, honking horns, and big city drivers with ease. To this day the thought of driving through the Big Apple doesn't bother him a bit. He stayed for a few days visiting with family and friends and showing off his new car before heading south.

At West Palm Beach, he joined up with Hanson, Cook, the affable anonymous Airman, and the big blue trailer truck. Soon Lieutenant John Kelly, a smallbore shooter from Texas and Airman Alan Luke, and a former rifle team member at Cook's alma mater, the University of Maryland, joined them. By odd coincidence, the two newest rifle shooters also had the same name as two famous Air Force heroes for whom bases were named. Colonel Thomas Kelly, no relation to John, and Lieutenant Colonel Charles Densford, both pistol shooters, joined the rifle shooters in early 1952.

Not long after arriving at West Palm Beach Air Force Base, the trio received a congratulatory letter from Air Force Headquarters in the Pentagon. It included a request to come to Washington to speak with General Hoyt Vandenburg. In 1951, the Air Force was still making the transition to an independent service and the dark green blouse and tan trousers, called 'Pinks', generally considered to be the most elegant and attractive uniform that Army and Air Force officers ever wore, was still in use. It was giving way to the new Air Force Blue uniform. In light of the pending visit to Washington, Art purchased a new uniform in which to present himself to General Vandenburg. The three shooters left Palm Beach and drove nonstop to Washington. Upon arrival they were advised that Vandenburg was not well, but they were to stand by as he did want to meet them. They were told to stay somewhere where they could be reached and to wait. Several days later the appointment was cancelled. Vandenburg's health prevented him from keeping his appointment and he soon died of cancer.

ARTS LEARNS NEVER TO VOLUNTEER

While waiting, they visited the Shenandoah Gun Shop in Virginia. Art Cook was involved with a company called National Shooter's Supply which he had started. He was now in partnership with Brian Gordon who, in turn, was a partner of Roy Pullen in the Shenandoah Gun Shop. Pullen had fitted a new barrel to a Model 70, chambered for the 6.5mm-257 Roberts cartridge, for Cook. Jackson volunteered to bench test it at 300 yards. Art had no idea who made up the loads, but the cases were sized down from plated Western .30-06. The cases were charged with 4320 powder, and capped with either a Norma 140 grain or Sierra 139 grain bullet.

After bore sighting the rifle and firing two shots came the memorable third shot. As the trigger broke, Art felt as if he had been struck full in the face by a swing from Joe Dimaggio's bat. Stunned, he suffered from a short bout of double vision. He had been peppered with hot gases but fortunately no bits of metal from the disintegrating primer. He was not wearing protective glasses and considers himself very fortunate that he was not

injured more severely. Two lessons of life were reinforced by this incident: always wear eye and ear protection and never volunteer.

After things settled down, and Art's vision cleared, the shooters conducted a post mortem on the rifle. The bolt was jammed and needed a lead hammer to persuade it to open. Examination of the extracted case showed that the primer had disintegrated, the primer pocket was now half again as large as the original design size, and the case now had a magnum like band near the base. They ascribed the failure to a powder overload.

Art kept the case and several years ago came across it and his curiosity was peaked so he conducted a closer examination. With some 40 years of experience since that day, he applied all that he had learned to solving the problem. Measuring the .30-06 case he found that it had, indeed, been reduced to 6.5mmX257 Roberts exterior dimensions but the necks were neither reamed or turned down to correct for excess wall thickness. The incorrect dimensions of the metal in the neck, not an errant powder charge, was the real culprit that increased the pressure to such a dangerous level.

In Florida the post engineers provided a good sized storage building and they were able to share range facilities with the West Palm Beach Gun Club . It was a wide open area and, day and night the winds blew. Bill Schweitzer and Bob Sinclair, smallbore shooters of great skill and reputation, often joined them in practice. It became quickly apparent that the constant winds would require that shooting booths for position shooting be constructed. After the club gave its blessing, Hansen contacted the post engineers with preliminary sketches of a modest four point wooden structure, a project it took them three long months to complete.

Except for the lack of protection from the winds, there were no problems with the 300 meter range but that was not the case with the 300 meter rifles. A contract had been let directly for six 6.5mm Pfieffer barrels with Winchester bull barrel contour and a 1:8 twist. They were to be chambered and fitted by gunsmith Harlan Howe in New York. Howe, a friend of Art's, was selected to do the work because he had 6.5mmX257 Roberts reamers. The arrangement called for two barrels to be fitted to each rifle and, as each barreled action was completed, it and its spare barrel would be shipped to West palm Beach. The first rifle and spare barrel to arrive was John Kelley's.

All of the available brass, which was commercial 257 Roberts cases resized to 6.5mm was loaded with various charges of 4320 powder and Norma 139 grain bullets in anticipation of the event. Kelly gave up in disgust when, after shooting prone with a 20X scope, he was unable to keep all of the shots on a A-25 three bull target at 100 yards which has overall dimensions of 14 inches by 42 inches. Art carefully checked everything on the rifle and could find no faults until a tight patch was pulled slowly through the bore to check the pitch of the rifling. It was immediately obvious that the rifling was wrong. Both barrels had been cut to 1:12 twist ratio instead of the required 1:8.

Jackson immediately called Howe to stop work on the rest of the rifles and check the twist on the remaining four barrels. Howe called back minutes later with the bad news that they were all cut 1:12. It was still during working hours on the west coast and Jackson called Pfieffer to tell him of the problem. A few curses emerged from the receiver of the phone, along with an apology, and a promise that new barrels would be cut and shipped to New York as soon as possible.

THE 1952 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP AND OLYMPIC TRIALS

Even though everyone was working like mad to get the rifles ready there really wasn't much time left before qualification scores had to be submitted to the NRA for the Olympic final trials to be held at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. Art used his .30-06 to get a score in under the wire, as did Cook. As they had no rifles, Hanson and Kelly were now concentrating on 50 meters. After all was done, they were off to Fort Sheridan. Art packed up the convertible and left West Palm Beach with his Winchester 52 and his Model 70. Again, he had no ammunition loaded but his first stop was to be in Virginia to visit The Shenandoah Gun Shop.

Prior to departing West Palm Beach, Art called ahead to Roy Pullen and requested that he have both a replacement Douglas bull weight barrel, chambered for .30-06, as well as a supply of 180 grain Norma bullets, ready for him. Pullen and Brian Gordon had built a two point shooting house on the grounds of the gun shop. The range was Gordon's pet project with all 300 yards of the range well shielded from the wind by a windrow of trees and it was equipped with a chronograph. Jackson made good use of the range in later years.

While at Berryville, Art began to prepare ammunition for the trials. While his efforts were more sophisticated than the 1948 Olympic efforts, they were still naive when compared to modern techniques. There was no general knowledge about the importance of case wall thickness, neck turning, case weight variations, and cartridge concentricity checks were undreamed of at this time. Art used any brand of commercial case that came his way. He did segregate the brass by manufacturer but that was about the extent of the sophistication exercised in case selection. Aware of the corrosive nature of the Western 8 1/2 G primers he never fired Super Match .30-06 cartridges in his Mauser match rifle without first replacing the factory primers with noncorrosive Federal primers.

His long range cartridge was loaded with 51.3 grains of 4064 powder, and a Winchester-Western/Western 180 grain boat tail bullet. There was no experimentation with seating length as it was not believed to be important. Some four decades later Art still has 100 of those 1951 plated cases. Meticulously following all of the current approved procedures for case preparation, he has kept them in the best of condition and he ranks them as the best cases he has ever had.

Art and his contemporaries were quite naive about the 300 meter game and, as a result, were never too ambitious in experimentation. A load of 39 to 40 grains of 4895 powder in a GI case capped with a 180 grain Norma boat tailed bullet was just fine for short range shooting. Although the Norma bullet of the time was made of soft steel, the color of silver, and slightly out of round, it was just fine for the job. It was the best that was available at the time and Art thought it unseemly to shoot hunting bullets. As time went on, Norma improved its product and Sierra and Hornaday entered the match grade bullet field. The competition has resulted in the high quality bullets available to today's handloader.

For 300 meter competition, Art usually loaded Remington cases with 41 grains of 4895 behind the 180 grain Norma. These .30-06 loads were shot out of a barrel with a 1:10 twist when using his Winchester Model 70. Adding a Hammerli type adjustable palm rest which was attached to the rifle's floorplate had modified the Winchester. Before the rifle was completed, Jackson had Pullen fit it with a Canjar trigger that was set at two pounds. This was a radical departure as Art had always used the factory triggers. The barrel inletting job was completed by carefully scraping the stock for the best metal

possible. These were the prebedding compound days, and it took this painstaking detailed work to get a good fit. After the rifle was reassembled, he fired two or three groups from a rest to semi zero his metallic sights and continued his journey west to Fort Sheridan.

During the drive, he mulled over the results and rankings of the scores for 50 and 300 meter preliminaries which he had received from the NRA. There were some real eye openers on the 300 meter list. While there were some solid scores from known shooters, such as Swanson, Sandager, and Westergaard, there was also one score which broke the existing World Record with another equally high score right behind it! When he met up with his friends at Fort Sheridan, the talk was all about these unknowns. Who were they? What were they shooting? They were soon to find out, sort of.

THE TRIALS

A bench rest shooter had submitted the World Record breaking top score, but he was a no show. The second place man was also conspicuous by his absence. During the practice sessions, Art peeked over the canvas walls that made up the shooting booths to observe the number three man. He knew at a glance that this man could not have fired the submitted score. However, he was wrong. The man did fire the score. He placed the 300 meter target at 200 yards and had his wife pull and mark the targets.

These tryouts were for more than a berth on the 1952 Olympic Team. The World Championships were scheduled to be conducted in Oslo, Norway prior to the Olympics. As a result, the NRA decided to send a full team in a dual effort. At the end of the trials Art had been selected to shoot both smallbore events at the Olympics and smallbore and 300 meter three position at the World Championships. The trials were marked by a period of hot and humid weather that broke suddenly when the temperature dropped so abruptly that perspiration soaked sweatshirts and jackets caused a chill and shooters were able to see their breaths.

During the time between the announcement of the team roster and departure for Oslo, Art purchased a Winchester Model 70 rifle from 1948 Olympic teammate Vaughn Cail. It was chambered for a wildcat 25 caliber 30-30 cartridge whose cases were easy to form. The rifle came with a marksman stock, heavy barrel, reloading dies, a case sizing and trim die, and a favorable price. He removed the trigger and palm rest from the .30-06 that he used in the trials and installed them on the new rifle. In the short time remaining he didn't experiment with loads, relying on Cail's suggested Sierra 117 grain boat tail bullet and powder charge. There was no appreciable difference in group size between formed and unformed brass so he used formed brass for prone and kneeling and the unformed cases for standing.

THE 1952 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

Arriving in Oslo, the team found that provisions had been made to house them in a very fine hotel. Each morning the team would breakfast together and meet again, most evenings, for dinner. The hotel catered lunch. For the first day, Major George Leppig, the Team Adjutant, requested sandwiches. During the noon break, the large tray-like boxes were opened.

The shooters were unprepared for the sight of an array of beautifully decorated open faced wafers of toast and crust less white bread topped with bits of ham, cheese, watercress, cucumber and other delights. The old culinary saying that one eats with the

eyes was true in this instance as three of these tiny tea sandwiches, or canapés, would hardly make a modest mouthful.

That evening Major Leppig spoke with the chef and described the type of sandwich, devised at a gaming table long ago by the John Montagu Fourth Earl of Sandwich, that the team preferred. "Barbarian! Make them yourself!" cried the offended chef, who found it hard to believe that someone would prefer two slabs of bread surrounding sliced meat and cheese to his works of art. Much to Leppig's credit that is exactly what he did, laboring in the hotel kitchen each day to provide lunch for his team. His efforts were well received by his appreciative shooters.

The 300 meter scores that Art fired in Oslo with the 25 caliber compared very favorably to his 30 caliber scores and was pleasant to shoot. However, the Swiss and Finnish riflemen dominated the 300 meter free rifle events. 'Doc' Swanson and Bob Sandager were the leaders on the US team. Both were shooting 6.5X55mm Schultz-Larson rifles with factory ammunition. Art placed third in the three position service rifle match. In this event the Norwegians issued a rifle that was the equivalent of the United States National Match Springfield '03. The Sniper Rifle Model 1930 was a modified 1898 Krag-Jorgensen. It was a fine rifle, fitted with a receiver sight, a fully checkered pistol grip, and chambered for the 6.5X55mm cartridge. By coincidence the Krag rifle, in 30-40 caliber, had been the United States service rifle prior to the adoption of the '03 Springfield.

In the smallbore events, Art would have another "good shoot". In the 50 meter prone events, there were only two perfect scores recorded, and Art shot both 400s. In the 50 and 100 meter English Match, he repeated his winning performance at Buenos Aires in 1949. This time with a new World Record score, just one point ahead of teammate Verle Wright. Paired off, with one shooting and the other wind doping, the four man U.S. team came up with scores that earned them the championship. Since that time team events that allow coaching have been dropped from the program.

Each afternoon, upon the completion of the day's events, there would be a formal awards ceremony where medals would be presented to the victors. Prince Olav, now the King of Norway, would do the honors. At the conclusion of the Championships a dinner banquet was held at city hall. It was attended by all of the participants, national dignitaries, and distinguished guests. At these proceedings, trophies and special awards were presented.

During the awards ceremony one US team member drew thunderous applause, as a tribute from all in attendance. Colonel C. T. Edwinston, an Air Force officer, was a member of the shotgun team: a carefree and friendly gentleman. He had, in his characteristically casual manner, gone through the entire skeet shooting program without missing a clay. Having dusted his last target, he reached down and scooped up a handful of Norwegian soil which he put into his shooting jacket pocket. Spectators witnessed the gesture and understood. There is no doubt in Jackson's mind that where ever Colonel Edwinston may be today, that handful of soil from the site of his triumph remains in his old jacket.

THE 1952 HELSINKI GAMES

At the conclusion of the championship, the team split. Those that had qualified for the Olympics prepared for the short flight to Helsinki, Finland. Others, not so fortunate, turned west for the much longer flight home. While Art was packing his gear in Oslo, his

brother Albert was getting married at home in Brooklyn. Standing proxy for Art, as best man, was his good friend from Barren Island days, Jim Daly.

After arriving in Nordic regions in the early summer, the first thing a visitor notices is the long daylight hours. In the high latitudes, the Sun commonly rises at 3 a.m. and does not set until 11 p.m. This makes for long long summer days. Art remember the shades in his room in the Olympic Village always being drawn. It was an unusual sight for those from the temperate zones.

The same flood of emotion and excitement that Art felt in 1948 marked the opening ceremonies. However, these festivities would hold two surprises for the assembled athletes and spectators. Early in the opening, a young woman wearing a long white flowing gown and veil reminiscent of a Greek priestess from the earliest days of the games, entered the stadium and gracefully circled the track. It appeared she was part of the program. As she approached the podium, she was stopped and escorted out; a usurper with her own agenda. Her performance seemed so much in step with the program that no one seemed to think her out of place. The crowd did not seem to mind the intrusion.

The second person to enter the stadium was the bearer of the Olympic Torch. This entrance caught everyone, including the Finns, by surprise. To be the torch bearer who kindles the Olympic Flame is a great honor. The flame is kindled in the groves of Olympia, by solar energy, and has special significance. It is then carried to the site of the games where the larger Olympic Flame is lit and kept burning throughout the course of the competition. It is only extinguished as the final act of the closing ceremony. The identity of the bearer is generally kept secret.

When the moment came for the torch to enter the stadium, Art was positioned in the infield with the rest of the US Team. He could see the torch moving through the approach tunnel. Held aloft by a tall, slim, and balding runner it burst out onto the track. The arrival of the flame was met by a moment of silence and an intake of breath by the crowd. The magic of the moment was broken by the crackle of the public address system announcing that Paavo Nurmi, the legendary 'Flying Finn', was carrying the torch.

The applause exploded and the roar of acknowledgement was tremendous. In New York City Jackson had occasionally passed by the bronze statue that recognized Finland's, and the world's most famous long distance runner of the 1920s and 30s, outside of the old Madison Square Garden. He now saw him in the flesh as he thrust the torch into the bowl and the Olympic Flame erupted to shine over the Games. He then transferred the torch to an even older Finnish track star, Hannas Kolehmainen, at the base of a high tower overlooking the stadium. He was then raised by hydraulic lift to the top, at the apex of travel Kolehmainen ignited a second flame.

One evening during the Games Art was invited to a party at the apartment of the Kolehmainen's. His host spoke excellent English and his wife was, like Art, a Brooklynite. Why a track star would entertain a rifleman was some mystery to Art but he feels it probably was the Brooklyn connection.

THE SOVIET POWERHOUSE EMERGES

At the Malmi Shooting Range, shooters were soon aware of the presence of the Soviet shooters. Their shooting abilities were unknown. Forty years had passed since Czar Nicholas dispatched the last Russian team to an Olympic venue. In 1908 the Russians arrived at Bisley ten days after the Games had ended. The Russians were still

using the Julian calendar at that time while the rest of the world had switched to the Gregorian system. There was a team entered in 1912 but two World Wars and the Russian Revolution in 1918 put a halt to their continued participation.

The entire Soviet Olympic team was quartered aboard a ship anchored in the Gulf of Finland. They were a solemn group, dressed in dark blue track suits and long leather coats worn by shooters and officials alike, as they arrived each morning by bus. Any attempt to converse, which could only be in English, shooter's sign language, and hand and facial expressions, attracted smiling non shooting officials bearing magazines illustrating beaming Russian farm and factory laborers at work. The official obstruction of communication by the leather clad officials only raised everyone's interest in all aspects of the Soviet shooting program, from their positions to their firearms. They were under constant surveillance by their officials, as well as the added scrutiny of the other shooters at the ranges. The return to quarters on the anchored ship must have been a great relief to the Soviet shooters.

It quickly became apparent that the Soviets were exceptionally well trained and organized. They won four out of the 12 medals available in the rifle events including one gold, one silver, and two bronze. 1952 marked the debut of what would become a shooting juggernaut that would dominate shooting until the United States efforts, based at Fort Benning's United States Army Marksmanship Training Unit (USAMTU), bore fruit in the 1964 Olympic Games.

The Soviet smallbore match rifle, of thumb hole stock design, had a semi rough finish where it didn't matter but the solid single shot action, sights and barrel were excellent. In the 1960s, while living on Okinawa, Art was able to purchase a new MU-12 Soviet match rifle through the good offices of the Japanese National Rifle Association. After a detailed examination and test by Jackson, the rifle, like all his rifles seemed to, ended up in a gun deal and is now in the possession of noted shooter and coach Frank Briggs. Briggs, a former officer of Marines, is currently the coach of the USMTU's Service Rifle Team at Fort Benning.

The 300 meter rifles used by the Soviets had a squarish receiver with a relatively small diameter bolt and, contrary to convention, had the sights offset to the left on rifles used by right handed shooters. The barrels were moderately heavy with a tapered and stepped contour. Their cartridge was the standard 7.62mm Russian, having a powder capacity a little less than a .30-06 cartridge case, with a load of an unknown powder pushing a bullet that was close to 190 grains and of a rebated boat tailed shape. The rifles were equipped with a fish tail shaped palm rest for shooting in the standing position.

As mentioned, the Soviet team was under constant scrutiny and they added to the attention by shooting 22 caliber ammunition packaged in brown cardboard boxes. Upon the conclusion of a match, or practice session, they would very carefully pick up all of the brass. The curiosity of other shooters was peaked and they quickly pounced upon a few expended cases left behind by one of the less tidy members of the team. Those several expended cases bore the distinctive headstamp of Western Cartridge Corporation's Super Match ammunition. Members of the Swiss shooting press were aware that the Soviets were using Super Match because the Swiss had arranged the purchase of the ammunition for them. It is not known if other Eastern Bloc nations were using Super Match too.

A BRONZE MEDAL FOR THE BOY FROM BROOKLYN

Josif Sarbu, a major in the Rumanian Army, became his nation's first Olympic champion when he won the gold medal in the smallbore prone event with a 400-33X using a Finnish Lion rifle. His rifle, like the Soviet 300 meter rifles, had offset sights. Sarbu, however, had suffered an eye injury and had his sights offset 2 1/2 inches to the left so he could use his best eye when aiming. The lesson has not been lost on Bob Jensen, U.S. Palma Team shooter, and long range coach. Jensen has very poor vision in his right eye and the use of an offset sight allows him to compete at the highest levels.

Boris Andreyev, of the Soviet team, was second with 400-28 and Art won the bronze with a 399-28. Andreyev also placed third in the three position match, just one point behind Ering Kongshaug of Norway and Vilho Ylönen of Finland who shot 1164's. Both Art and Swanson shot 1155s and were ranked 12th and 13th respectively.

The 300 meter Free Rifle event was, by far, the major attraction when spectators became aware that there was a shoot out going on between Robert Bürchler, one of Switzerland's finest riflemen, and a young unknown from the USSR named Anatoli Bogdanov. The excitement was intensified when it became known that the two shooters were sharing the same shooting booth. The crowd built up behind the two shooters until the milling spectators blocked the railings and walkway behind the pair. With just a few seconds left in the 5 1/4 hour match, Bogdanov touched off his 120th, and final shot, from the standing position. He won the match with a score of 1123, a two point margin over Bürchler. In third was another Soviet shooter, Lev Vainshtein. Bob Sandager, using his Schultz-Larson, placed sixth with an 1104, setting an American record in the process.

JOE AND KÁROLY

Two Olympians of 1952, both pistol shooters, stand out in Art's mind. One was Joe Benner, who had been a team member at the London Olympics in 1948. During the extended tryouts to make both shooting teams in the summer of 1952, Benner qualified for two Olympic events that span the extreme of pistol competition; the rapid fire silhouette and the 50 meter free pistol match. He won the free pistol event by three points. However, in the two day grind of the rapid fire match, things did not go so well. On the first stage, he was a fraction of a second slow on the second four second series with his last shot. His score was a 572 with a miss. Three weeks earlier in Oslo, Joe had fired a World record score of 582.

The gold medal went, as it had in 1948, to Károly Takács, of Hungary, with a 579. Takács was a sentimental favorite with the European shooters. Active in shooting prior to World War II, Takács, an army sergeant, lost the use of his shooting hand as the result of a hand grenade explosion in 1938. He retrained himself and regained his prowess left handed, cumulating in the double golds.

The 1952 Games were over and the Olympic Village emptied. The XVth Olympiad was generally agreed to be one of the finest of them all. In fact, they were so well done that some observers suggested that the games be permanently held in Scandinavia. Construction workers returned to swarm over the site completing its transformation into a housing complex. Art had sent his 300 meter gear back home with a fellow team member in Oslo and headed off to visit friends living in Germany and then on to Scotland to accept an invitation from a friend from '48, Dr. Ephraim Connor.

SCOTTISH INTERLUDE

Dr. Connor was waiting at customs where Art had intended to check his rifle. That was not to be the case. Connor made the necessary arrangements and the pair were off

in his little Austin for the city of Irvine. They arrived at noon on the final day of a week long smallbore competition that Connor wanted Art to enter. Match procedures were quite different from those in the United States. Only metallic sights were allowed and competitors arranged their own squadding.

When checking in for the match, each shooter was given a packet of stickers of different colors and registration numbers. These were to be affixed to targets to indicate the match fired. A shooter would find a vacant firing point at the appropriate distance, place the stickers on the target, wait for the next 20 minute relay to hang his targets, and have at it. There was no limit to the number of stickers allowed on a target. If the conditions were good, the shooter might try to get off all the matches at that distance at once. Art scurried about the range shooting from 1 PM until 6 PM, shooting at 25, 50, and, 100 yards. He completed the entire course of fire in those five hours and won the grand aggregate in the process. The next day, back in Glasgow, they celebrated the victory with a sumptuous luncheon at the Hepburns', just as they had in 1948.

BACK IN THE STATES

Returning to the United States Art stopped by NRA Headquarters where he was greeted by a cheery "Hello, Captain Jackson!" In his absence, the Air Force had issued promotion orders but the paper work had not caught up with him. It was a pleasant surprise.

Before the end of the summer, Art would add one other tidbit to his shooting resume. The 1952 Smallbore National Championships were held at Jacksonville, Florida. Eleanor Dunn, a long time shooting friend, had established an international postal match for women for which Thurman Randle had provided the trophy. The Randle Trophy Match, as it became to be known, is only open to women shooters, and all team functionaries and officials must also be women. However, the witness need not be female and Art was asked to be the official witness for the very first firing of this prestigious match series. He has very few other recollections of the smallbore individual events at Jacksonville. He blames this amnesia on a so-so performance or, perhaps, his recent return from Europe.

The highpower matches, or more specifically the final event of the grand aggregate is sharply etched into his mind. The match, perhaps it was the President's, had only the 600 yard slow fire stage remaining to be fired. Art went into the stage leading by two points and all went well until the seventh shot. A careful squeeze of the trigger produced only a faint metallic 'click'. Art carefully grounded the buttstock and looked down at the action of his friendly 1916 Mauser. He noticed that the firing pin head was still in the full cock position but the safety seemed a bit high.

In a bit of a stupor, perhaps because of the heat and excitement, he instinctively snapped the wing safety to the correct horizontal position. Much to his surprise, and consternation, he had discovered the problem. He was informed of his success by the sharp report of the rifle firing. Even though the rifle was elevated at about a 45 degree angle and the bullet had no hope of hitting the target the scorer correctly called for a mark. The target went down into the pits, stayed there for an obscenely long time, and then popped up with a red flag, 'Maggie's Drawers', being whipped across it's face announcing to all the world that a miss had been fired. Shots number eight, nine, and ten, were all fives and the score of the string was 45X50. In the end Art finished third.

Time after time, in demonstration, he was able to duplicate the firing pin hang-up on the safety by lightly touching the underside of the safety with his thumb. Touch the safety, raise the bolt handle, and the firing pin would fall. At first opportunity the safety was cut short. Had he been more attentive to what was going on he would have called for a range officer before touching anything. He did not and it cost him a national championship. Like most other shooters Art Jackson had a 'could have been'.

ON CIVVY STREET

Jackson expected his tour of active duty to end in September and took some measures to prepare for returning to Brooklyn. The first was to trade in his sporty looking Dodge convertible for a more staid Plymouth sedan that he thought would be safer on the streets at home. The second was to look for a job. During his last few weeks at West Palm Beach, he had some telephone conversations with Brian Gordon, Art Cook's business partner in National Shooter's Supply, and was offered a position. With Cook still committed to a year or more of active duty, Jackson's presence, name, and knowledge would be invaluable in the business. Art accepted and moved into bachelor digs at the Purcellville Golf Club in Virginia, just a few miles away from the company's office in Berryville. The store was located on 14th Street in northern Washington, D.C.

Arthur Hubalek, the well known Brooklyn barrel maker and offhand shooter, died in 1952 and his son was in the process of disposing of his shop and its contents. Art purchased all commercial firearms, ammunition, and a number of 22 caliber rimfire barrels that were threaded and chambered for the Winchester 52 action. Hubalek's considerable collection of medals had, Art was told, been sold for their gold value which was a great loss to the shooting fraternity. The firearms and ammunition were added to the store inventory and the barrels went to the Shenandoah Gun Shop.

Sometime in mid 1953, he left the employ of National Shooter's Supply and his golf club residence. With the guidance of his 1948 Olympic teammate, pistol shooter Phil Roettinger, he applied for a position with the Central Intelligence Agency, visited his family in Brooklyn, at long last meeting his new sister-in law, and headed west to Camp Perry.

1953 saw the National Championships return to Camp Perry as well as the fourth contest for the Pershing Trophy. The United States, Great Britain, and Canada were represented by the strongest teams the countries could muster. Art did not make the team but the highest score fired in the match, which was won by the U.S., was by the man who took the Winchester Promotions job after Art had turned it down. Charles Whipple had left Winchester and returned to Pennsylvania and competition. Of added interest was the fact that Major Hessian, the man Whipple replaced, was the Adjutant of the team. Whipple's replacement was "Tiny" Hellwig who remained with Winchester-Western until his retirement.

To celebrate the return of the National Matches to Camp Perry both Winchester and Remington had selected special match rifles for presentation to the winner of the smallbore championship, who would have their choice of trophy rifle. The Remington Model 37 was hand carried to Ohio by a Remington field representative. It was reported that this rifle had produced the smallest test group average at 100 yards of any other Model 37 on record. The winner of the championship was Connecticut resident John Crowley, an employee of Winchester. Understandably he was not free to choose the Remington rifle and diplomatically settled for his employer's product. The Remington 37

was returned to NRA Headquarters and today is probably buried in the National Firearms Museum storage facilities in Virginia.

ART JACKSON-CIVIL SERVANT

On a Friday, during the preliminary period of the high power program, Art received a message asking him to call a Washington, D.C. phone number. The call was made. He was requested to report to an address near the Lincoln Memorial on Monday morning, three days hence, for an interview. Art cancelled his high power entry, packed his gear, and headed for Washington, via a brief stop in Brooklyn. It was a successful interview for Art.

After finding new living quarters in Washington, D.C., he reported to a CIA complex located in "temporary" World War II structures that paralleled the Potomac River. Each day's parking location was determined by the time of arrival on Ohio Drive. The later one arrived, the further "down river" from the building one had to park. The crowd of workers hoofing it to work became known as the "Haines Point Heel and Toe Marching Society" after the geographical feature at the end of the road. It was during those morning marches that Art met Nancy Anne Ord. The two would marry in mid 1956, ending Art's bachelor days, but beginning an adventure in life, with his strongest shooting supporter, that lasts to this day.

THE 1954 WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS

The 1954 World Shooting Championships were to be held at the newly constructed military ranges located in the suburbs of Caracas, Venezuela. Preliminary tryouts were included in NRA Regional competitions, semifinals were at Camp Perry, with the finals to be conducted at Fort Benning in October. Phil Roettinger and Art both made it all the way, Roettinger would shoot rapid fire pistol and Art would compete in the smallbore and center fire rifle events.

The entire United States Team was delivered to the newly constructed airfield in Caracas by the United States Air Force's Military Air Transport Service. The team made its way south buckled into the canvas bucket seats of a C-119 aircraft. The passengers faced inboard in the Spartan innards of the transport separated by their baggage and equipment, which was lashed to the deck at their feet. The noise of the reciprocating engines reverberated in the metal hold making conversation so difficult that most passengers whiled away the flight in sleep, or their own thoughts.

Each national team was assigned a bus and a driver as it arrived in Caracas. After everyone was aboard, the buses were then conducted, by military motorcycle escort, up the steep highway to the new Tamanaco Hotel. Venezuela was in the midst of a post war modernization and building boom that was evidenced by hustle, bustle, and construction noise and clouds of dust. Speeding up the recently constructed highway toward the hotel the teams were witness to crews of contract Italian laborers brought in to work this miracle. The Pepsi Cola gulping gangs of roustabouts labored at a frantic 24 hour pace in order to complete both the highway and the massive in city building plan by the contracted date.

After the simple, but efficient, flight the team was more than pleased with the opulent Tamanaco Hotel, a five star international hotel. As a rule the accommodations afforded large athletic delegations tended to be spare and utilitarian, such as one would expect in a college dormitory. As grand a hostelry as it was in 1954 it went through even further growth and, when Art last visited Caracas in 1973, it had developed in to the

Waldorf-Astoria of Venezuela. United States shooting teams rarely had been treated to such grandeur in lodgings and, at its present rates, it is doubtful if it will ever happen again.

The military shooting range complex was, like everything else, brand new. Located just a few miles outside of the city it was also the product of expatriate expertise. The development and construction of the ranges were under the direction of a Swiss engineer, Otto Hober. Hober was not just a first class engineer but also one of Switzerland's finest marksman. As a result the ranges wanted for nothing and nothing was overlooked including spacious spectator facilities located behind each range's firing line.

THE SOVIET JUGGERNAUT ROLLS ON

Once the competition got underway the presence and the performance of the Soviets dominated, with four exceptions, each shooting phase of the championships. The Soviet juggernaut that began in Helsinki was still gathering steam and swept the pistol team events and all but two of the six rifle events. Only a win by Sweden in the 50 meter prone match and a United States victory in the 50 and 100 meter prone English Match broke the Soviet stranglehold.

For the first time since he began shooting 300 meters in 1948 Art did not have to worry about ammunition. This year there would be no smuggling of components or late night reloading sessions in the kitchen. During the final tryouts in November at Fort Benning he had been given a good supply of Frankford Arsenal .30-06 1954 International Match ammunition. The 172 grain boat tailed bullets shot very well in his rifle. It was about this time that the Army was switching from .30-06 to .308/7.63mm.

Bogdanov was the individual star at the rifle range, a continuation of his outstanding performance at the 1952 Olympics. He won both the 50 meter and 300 meter free rifle titles, shooting new record scores along the way, while his teammate, Vassily Borissov, placed second in both events.

For smallbore Art had switched from his long time use of Winchester model 52s to a well used Remington Model 37 fitted with a Freeland prone stock that he had acquired in a trade. He had reshaped the stock to suit his needs for prone shooting. The 1931 Winchester 52 with its tapered bore German barrel from Hyde had been put out to pasture and he found himself searching for a new rifle or barrel.

Art sent the factory barreled Remington 37 action to the legendary Connecticut barrel maker Eric Johnson. Johnson, the 1929 National Prone Champion, was directed to cut off a few threads and rechamber the barrel, and trim and recrown the muzzle. The work was done quickly and the rifle bench tested very well. Art also added a Thomas trigger, then the best available, as well as 16 ounces of lead wire wound around the muzzle end.

However, shooting is an offensive game and even Art's best efforts could not prevent Gilbert Boa, of Canada, from setting a new world record in the 50 and 100 meter English match with a score of 598X600. Boa was followed by three scores of 596 with August Westergaard, of the United States, placing third and Art fourth.

At the pistol range Joe Benner, solid as ever, won the individual gold in the 50 meter free pistol match. In second place, just one point behind, was Torsten Ullman of Sweden. They switched places in the 25 meter center fire pistol match with Ullman the gold medallist and Benner in second place.

During practice the seemingly humorless and dour Soviets grimly and faithfully shot their ancient Nagant revolvers while other shooters looked on with a faint air of superiority. They may have felt some sympathy for the poorly equipped Soviets but they also realized that the door had opened a crack for them. The old 1895 model pistols were a vestige of Czarist days. Perhaps this was, metaphorically speaking, a historical burr under their saddle and contributed to the Soviets' glum expressions. No one noticed that their tongues were in their cheeks. The Soviet shooters, unlike shooters from most other countries, did not own their own equipment. All firearms were owned by the National Team and no physical alternations were allowed.

On match day they showed up with brand new boxed Smith and Wesson K38 match revolvers in their hands and broad smiles on their faces as they relished the uncharacteristic practical joke they had pulled off on the shooting community. Feeding the pistols Winchester wad cutter match ammunition they won the team event gold while the United States came in second. Ullman also used the same combination of gun and ammunition.

Ullman, who would become legendary among international pistol shooters for his ability and longevity, seemed ageless. In 1936 he held the world record of 547X600 in free pistol. He smashed that record with a score of 559 on his way to the gold at the Berlin Olympics that year. Earlier, on the same day he accomplished that feat, he won the bronze in the rapid fire silhouette pistol event. In 1948, at London, he would win the bronze medal in free pistol. He would place sixth in Helsinki in 1952 and sixth at Melbourne in 1956. His last Olympic appearance would be a fourth place finish in 1960 in Rome. In the end he was a power to be reckoned with for three decades and five Olympic Games.

Each afternoon there was an awards ceremony with the traditional three tiered platform for the medal winners to stand upon. During each presentation the national anthem of the gold medal winner was played while a cheerleader like arrangement of buxom young girls, in tight T shirts, stood at attention giving the raised right arm fascist salute. The team returned to the United States in late November.

THE SECOND PAN AMERICAN GAMES

The Second Pan American Games were to be held in the early spring of 1955 at Mexico City. The shooting team was selected from the veterans of the just completed 1954 World Championships. In all, seventeen shooters: six pistol, six rifle, and five skeet, would be lead by Team Captain Colonel Walter Walsh and his adjutant, United States Border Patrolman Bill Toney.

After a four month layoff during the winter the team met in San Antonio, Texas in early March for the flight to Mexico City. They arrived a week in advance of the opening of the Games with the hope of getting some much needed practice. Joining up with the rest of the United States athletes they were quartered and fed at the University of Mexico which had recently been vacated by the student body for summer recess.

For the first few days the lack of practice was the farthest thing from the mind of Jackson and his friends. The shooters were taken aback by the effects of altitude in a city that is close to a mile and a half above sea level. It took time to adapt to the altitude and serious thought had to be given to even the simplest of tasks, such as negotiating stairs. Sleep was scant during those first few nights because it was difficult to breath normally, but they soon adjusted.

All in all the team enjoyed a "good shoot" at the new national ranges that were located several miles north of the city. A short bus trip brought the shooters to a well laid out facility that was capable of supporting all of the international shooting disciplines except for the trap fields, which were being laid out. The scores fired at Mexico City were, in general, higher than those of the first Pan American Games fired in Buenos Aires in 1951.

Rapid fire silhouette pistol was one of the first events on the program and the gold medal went to Enrique Valiente of Argentina shooting a record score of 589. The United States won the silver on the strength of Bill McMillian's 586. The center fire revolver event was swept by Joe Benner, Bill McMillan, and John Forman. Benner added another gold medal in his specialty, 50 meter free pistol. John Dodds, Benner's team mate, picked up the silver medal.

Art shot his favorite .30-06 Winchester Model 70 with its Douglas barrel and the 1954 Frankford Arsenal match ammunition he had been issued the year before. His fellow 300 meter teammates used the 6.5x55mm Schultz-Larson rifles. Argentina did very well in the individual event, winning the first two medals plus the silver in the team event. The United States won the team match by a 13 point margin. In smallbore shooting Art won the individual gold in the 50 and 100 meter English match while the United States Team also emerged victorious. Art also won the 50 meter Free Rifle Three Position match, out Xing Pedro Armella of Argentina. In team competition the United States won the gold, Argentina the silver, with the bronze going to Mexico.

The skeet shooters performed well. There were no team medals to be contested but Ken Pendergras broke 198 birds with Igor Pezas right behind him with 197 earning them the gold and silver medals in the individual events.

The only fly in the ointment was a small problem that emerged at the awards ceremonies. It was the original intent of the Games sponsors to have all award presentations at the soccer stadium. However, it was at a late hour, during the first attempt to award the shooting medals that the crowd in the upper tiers became restless. They began to shower those under them with paper packets of sand and gravel and of paper that were set afire before being thrown. Rather than face this barrage again daily presentations of awards were held at the range. All that nonsense ceased for the closing ceremony of the Games. The program was impressive, the stadium was packed, and the program was enjoyed by all participants.

THE 1956 OLYMPIC GAMES

With the close of the Second Pan American Games the shooters returned home and began to set their sights on the 1956 Olympic Games to be held in Melbourne, Australia. The big event was almost a full year away and would become the focus point of shooter's thinking, planning, and training. Despite holding both the national Free Rifle full course record with a score of 1112, as well as the kneeling record of 383, Art elected not to consider trying out for the 300 meter squad. In the early fall of 1955 he had received an overseas assignment and would not return home until January of 1956. He realized that it would be difficult to maintain any degree of proficiency with the center fire rifle with such major disruptions in his training. Art would devote all of his available time to smallbore.

After returning from overseas Art, who has always perceived himself as a gallery shooter, rejoined his US Department of Agriculture team mates in the District of Columbia

Gallery League and entered open competition in the Maryland/Virginia area. His intent was to polish his skills in smallbore position shooting and make a run for one of the two slots on the 1956 Olympic Team. In one such match he set an any sight national record kneeling of 200X200 with and additional 52 tens. The record has since fallen many times. It is now owned by an old shooting friend of Art's, Fred Cole of New York, with a score of 200X200 with 492 additional tens!

BACHELOR DAYS END AND THE 1956 TEAM TRIALS BEGIN

Of greatest importance at this time was planning for his July wedding to Nancy Ord. Wedding notwithstanding, never far from his mind were the Olympic trials to be held at Camp Perry soon after this momentous July event. Once married, Nancy planned to accompany Art to Camp Perry for the trials and they were lucky enough to obtain reservations in the clubhouse, on the shore of Lake Erie. Within a few weeks of brushing the rice and confetti out of their hair the newlyweds motored west to Port Clinton.

Because of the nature of international shooting the range staff had erected primitive shooting booths using six foot by six foot target frames. To these simple structures the competitors were allowed to add bits of canvas, plastic, or ponchos to their hearts' content. The booths, although not aesthetically pleasing, worked quite well. In view of the naiveté of the United States in international shooting in those early days perhaps it is just as well that it never rained at any of the many shooting team trials in which Art has participated.

The 50 meter Free Rifle trials consisted of shooting three times across the 120 shot three position course of fire, prone, kneeling, and standing. After the first day the top 40 or so shooters advanced to the semi finals. After the second day 16 shooters were squadded for the finals. At the completion the scores for all three days were tabulated with the top two individuals being selected as the Olympic Team smallbore squad. Verle Wright from Fort Wayne, Indiana and Art would compete in the Smallbore Three Position event and the 60 shot 50 meter English Match. Herbert Voelker, of Tonawanda, New York, and James Smith of Ipswich, Massachusetts were to carry the burden of the 300 meter match. Pistol shooters Joe Benner and Offutt Pinion, of the Navy, would shoot 50 meter free pistol while John Forman and John Beaumont would be the rapid fire team. Olympic veteran Emmet Swanson would captain the team with the assistance of coach Ellis Lea.

With the trials over, and the departure date for Australia set for early November, the shooters returned home to plan and practice. Nancy and Art were soon back at work and rejoined the Marching Society on Ohio Drive. This time with but one car to park.

TOWNSEND WHELEN

Through friends at the Department of Agriculture in D.C., Art received permission to use their small hide-a-way range in Beltsville, Maryland. Also enjoying the same privilege was the dean of American shooting writers, Colonel Townsend Whelen. Whelen was approaching 80 years of age and in poor health at this time and he seldom actually shot. However, he enjoyed being at the range, around shooters, and talking about firearms. On one occasion Art had the pleasure of picking him up at his home and taking him to the Beltsville range. Whelen was impressed enough by Art's prowess with a rifle that he made mention of him several times in his work, *The Ultimate in Rifle Precision*. By odd coincidence they both had known George Hyde, but under different circumstances.

During one of their encounters Art took a photograph of Colonel Whelen that became a cover on a popular shooting publication.

Jackson had originally met Colonel Whelen in 1949 when Art was working at Pratt Institute. During those days he did a little commercial shooting with his camera and had landed a small project for True Magazine. His assignment was to take photos of a bench-rest competition at the Pine Tree Rifle Club in Johnstown, New York. There he met old friend Lucian Cary, who was to present a trophy on behalf of True Magazine. Also present was Sam Clark Jr., whom he had not seen since the reentry matches at Damariscotta, Maine some ten years earlier. He was happy not to be shooting as the conditions at this particular tournament were so rough that high winds tore the roofing from the firing points, but the match went on.

As the winter progressed the weather became more inclement and Art became more concerned about his inability to train and the state of his equipment. One day his Division Chief happened to stop him in the corridor and asked how his training was progressing. He admitted things were slow and in reply he heard the man say, "Take the next two weeks off. I'll square it with your supervisor." In the blink of an eye he had been granted the time needed to get better organized. As free as he was he still had problems; there was no place to train and he and Nancy had one car between them which she would need to go to work.

Using his time as best he could Art tried to sort out his rifle issues. He had grown wary of the Remington Model 37 and was also on the hunt for quality ammunition, a never ending search for all rifle competitors. He could not use his Johnson barreled Winchester 52 for prone as it was set up for kneeling and standing and, as such, not suitable for prone. It was both too uncomfortable and did not shoot well enough for prone competition.

From some source he located another used Winchester 52 that needed a new barrel. Charlie Whipple came to his aid, offering the loan of a factory barrel that he had used in setting 50 yard and 50 meter prone anysight records. It was his on one condition: he could not alter it in any way. Roy Pullen switched the barrels. However, when the barrel was screwed in so that the extractor cuts on the barrel matched the extractors on the bolt the sight bases were cocked several degrees to the left making the barrel unusable unless new mounting holes were drilled and tapped for the bases. This meant altering the barrel. It was with some reluctance that Art returned it.

HINDSIGHT IS 20/20

In hindsight, with the little time available, Art should have taken a train to New Haven and turned the problem over to the Winchester staff. They would select and fit a barrel and then mate the rifle to a suitable lot of match ammunition. Art's only obligation would have been to purchase 10,000 rounds of the selected lot and pay for the new barrel. To be considered as 'mated' the ammunition had to average a group size of one inch, or less, for five ten shot groups at 100 yards from a machine rest.

Still not satisfied with the rifle/ammunition situation Art remembered that a few years earlier, while he had access to a single point 100 yard range in a barracks attic at Bolling Air Force Base in Washington, D.C., a Remington Arms representative named Daniel Carrol had been in town with a small quantity of special hand loaded 22 caliber rim fire ammunition. The cartridges were part of a research project and very accurate. In a brief test at the Bolling range Art used some of it to shoot a 250-25X clean at 100 yards while Carroll watched. With time running out and the ammunition issue still not resolved,

Art called Carroll asking if any of the experimental ammunition was available. Carroll came through, finding several hundred rounds loose in a box. Art had him ship it to a military friend at the Pentagon who would be in Melbourne for the matches.

THE 1956 MELBOURNE GAMES

The ammunition was duly delivered to Art at the range. His practice had not been going well but he had convinced himself that this 'super' ammunition was, once in hand, the cure to all of his ills. Actually, it would have been better if he had never asked about the ammunition's existence. After only ten practice shots Art's bubble was burst. The ammunition was incapable of holding tighter than the eight ring in elevation. It must have suffered in storage. Art reverted to the Western Mark III he had brought with him.

The English Match, once composed of a 50 and 100 yard stage, now only required shooters to fire 60 shots at 50 meters with metallic sights. Canada's Gerry Ouellette had a poor performance in the three position smallbore free rifle match, thought to be caused by a rifle problem, and was faced with having to shoot the new English Match format with an inferior rifle.

After some discussion the two Canadian smallbore shooters, Gilbert Boa and Ouellette, agreed to share Boa's Winchester 52 rifle in the prone event. However, with just one relay of two and a half hours, and delays caused by pit service, the second shooter might find himself in a time bind. Boa took the line first and, coached by Ouellette, matched his world record score of 598X600.

Switching places, Ouellette fired 60 straight tens for a perfect score and a new world record, they thought. Unfortunately this range was not laid out by the Swiss engineer Otto Hober, as in Caracas, and a remeasurement of the distance revealed that the range was a 150 centimeters short of 50 meters. Ouellette took the gold, Vassily Borissov, of the Soviet Union, the silver with a 599, and Gil Boa the bronze with his 598. Olympic medals for the top three but no world record for Ouellette's amazing performance.

Bogdanov was not to be outdone by his teammate Borissov and won the smallbore free rifle match with an 1172 on a tie breaker with Otakar Horinek of Czechoslovakia. Jackson and Wright finished well down the list 19 points behind the winner.

Joe Benner drew one of the few firing points at 50 meters that was unprotected from the wind and, as a result, was unable to successfully defend his free pistol championship. At the other end of the line Jackson was acting as Offutt Pinion's spotter. They worked well together. So well, in fact, that Art was giving Pinion coaching commands to hold off, or shade, rather than change his sights. Because of the coaching Pinion had no idea what score he had fired on his six targets, or even how many shots he had fired. He was ready to continue firing despite Art's congratulations on shooting a fine score but Art won the debate and Pinion won the bronze medal. Both shooters had a real good time winning what was to be the only medal won by the United States shooters at the 1956 games.

After the match Pinion accepted an invitation to a kangaroo hunt on a large sheep station which provided a good deal more excitement than the pistol match. Pinion, standing in the rear of an open truck and held in by a safety strap, as it bounded across the bumpy terrain in kidney shaking fashion, was able to bag one kangaroo.

Art watched the final stage of the 300 meter match from the pits. As usual it was a very windy day, flags were snapping straight out in the air, but it didn't seem to bother the Soviet pair of Borissov and Allan Erdman. Borissov shot a new world record prone of 396

and a new Olympic record of 1138. Borissov used a post front sight and his last ten shot target was a 100 with 8X, the two tens just a half inch above the two inch X ring. A very impressive showing. Erdman won the silver medal.

A LITTLE LAYOFF

The 1956 Olympic Games, Art's third and last, came to end on December 8th with the extinguishing of the Olympic flame. It was time to say goodbye to all of the fine people at the Olympic Village and the citizens of Australia, who were so kind to the athletes. All that was left was the long return flight to the United States, winter, and the welcome sight of his new bride, Nancy Anne, in time for Christmas.

The very day Art arrived back in his office he was handed orders for a two year assignment to Germany, the first of many long term overseas duty stations that he would see around the world. The holiday season of 1956 marked the closing of the second phase of his shooting career, the middle years, in the same way that World War II closed out his early days. For the next two decades he would never lose his interest and would remain as active in shooting as work and family would allow. When he retired from government service he would reemerge on the shooting scene with the same competitive fire and edge. Only this time it would be successfully directed toward long range Palma shooting.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

After returning from the 1956 Melbourne Olympics Art and Nancy settled back into their small apartment in a Maryland suburb, where Art and Mary Cook were neighbors, and began preparations for the first of Art's many overseas assignments with the Central Intelligence Agency. Newly married, they were not too burdened with much in the way of material possessions as Nancy had been living at home in Alexandria, VA and Art in a furnished room in Washington, D.C. Bridal shower gifts, clothing, blankets, linens, shooting gear, and a single small buffet were destined for Germany. Art's Omega photo enlarger and related equipment, and fishing gear would be placed in storage. Three rifles and reloading tools were left in Brooklyn, NY.

Through some gun trade, long lost to memory, Art had acquired a Winchester 52C Sporter to which he had mounted a Redfield four power scope. On occasion Nancy would accompany Art to the Department of Agriculture rifle range in Beltsville, MD and use it on a hinged steel plinking target jokingly called a "Wapp and Bang 'em". The device has a three inch spring loaded square steel plate that, when struck by a bullet, swings 180 degrees and is ready for another shot. Nancy's plinking rifle soon fell victim to Art's need, or dream, for a tack driving 22 caliber rimfire prone rifle to take to Europe. Contacting Tiny Helwig, at Winchester in New Haven, he arranged for a select bull weight barrel to be fitted to the 52C Sporter action. The barreled action was then shipped to Roy Pullen at the Shenandoah Gun Shop in Berryville, VA to be fitted into a factory prone stock. Art still has Nancy's steel target but not the Model 52 rifle, which is somewhere in Germany.

The new prone rifle arrived too late to be tested and it joined two other Winchester 52s and an engraved Ansley Fox 12 gauge double barreled shotgun, purchased for \$75 from the estate of Arthur Hubalek, in the overseas shipment.

The Jacksons left the United States in early February 1957. In the midst of a blizzard they departed from New York's Idlewild Airport with first class accommodations which even included sleeper berths. Trans Atlantic flights were still an exotic civilian luxury in those pre jet days, ladies and gentlemen dressed for the event, and the trip was

a long one. The normally austere Jackson was grateful for the accommodations. Not particularly for himself, but for Nancy who was expecting their first child in June. The comfort of that flight has stayed in his memory for the ensuing forty years. It would often surface on his many trips across both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in aircraft where passengers are packed into narrow coffin like seats, eight or ten abreast, like so many sardines in a can.

Because of the severe storm, and to help reduce the amount of snow and ice build up on the airframe, passengers were embarked aboard the Pan American Airways airplane while it stood in a warm and dry hanger. The aircraft was then towed outside by a tug, the engines were quickly started, and the pilot taxied directly to the departure end of the runway, and took off immediately for Frankfurt, Germany.

Permanent housing was not immediately available so the young couple spent the first month in Germany living in a single room walk-up located two flights above a bakery. Their personal effects, including a 1952 Plymouth sedan, were being shipped by sea and were not expected for some weeks. Each workday morning a car picked up Art in front of the bakery and deposited there each evening. Nancy, amid the smells of freshly baked bread and pastry wafting up the stairs, would take breakfast alone. Later, for exercise and to occupy some of her time, she would walk about the city or to a nearby military PX and have lunch at the snack bar. Each evening, hand in hand, they would explore the neighborhood, soon becoming familiar guests at every restaurant within walking distance of their flat.

After a month of this somewhat Bohemian life style they packed their few bags and moved to another temporary lodging. This time it was a small apartment in a building undergoing major repairs. The work was being undertaken to set right damage done by, perhaps, some of Art's classmates from bombardier school who had been assigned to the Eighth Air Force during the war years.

While the apartment was more conveniently located, and on the second floor, it did not have curtains. In lieu of pull shades or Venetian blinds, to provide privacy, the owner had simply whitewashed all of the windows. The Jackson family was to grow from two to three inside of this translucent box. In June the first of the 'Jackson Five', Diane, was born. She has grown into a well adjusted and successful woman so it may be concluded that living in such an oddly lit environment for the first month of her life had no adverse effects upon her development. Permanent housing finally became available in July and the Jacksons moved for the third time where they were finally reunited with their household shipment.

JAGDLICHES SCHIESSEN

Within a short time after arrival in Germany Art located, and joined, the Rhein-Main Gun Club situated in a wonderful wooded area just a few miles from the center of Frankfurt. The club was a joint German/American sportsmen's club that was organized more on the lines of a hunting and fishing club, as opposed to a typical United States rifle or pistol competition club. The prime competitive activity was a type of shooting that is unique to Germany, but vaguely similar to silhouette shooting, called Jagdliches Schiessen, or simply Jager Shooting . Keyed to hunting in the European style the German National Jager program, while far removed from the more formal international style prone and position shooting, soon had Art hooked. Within the club the members

practiced without regard to nationality but when it came time to compete the U.S. civilian and military members formed a separate team.

The course of fire was shot at varying distances and telescopic sights were permitted in the rifle events. The shooter uses a pistol or revolver, rifle, and shotgun to engage a series of targets which simulate various hunting situations. The first stage required the shooter to employ a centerfire pistol or revolver on a target portraying a life sized *wilddieb*, or poacher, at 25 meters. This was followed by international style trap, where clay birds fly very fast from anyone of five traps set at different angles, at 11 and 13 meters. The next task is a running *keiler*, or a running boar, target with a centerfire rifle at 60 meters. The target is mounted on a free rolling carriage that enables the frame to be flipped over and change directions at the end of each run. The target was exposed for the time necessary to run between two barriers placed six meters apart, a matter of seconds. When this stage is completed there remains three 100 meter stages of slow fire rifle shooting at targets representing various game animals. The first was a sitting *fuchs*, or fox, which was shot at from, logically enough, Art's least favorite position, sitting. The second target was a standing *keiler* which was shot at from the standing position. The last was a standing *reh*, or roebuck. The shooting position was standing but utilizing a tree or post for hand support.

Although any centerfire cartridge may be used the most favored for this type of competition was either the 22 caliber Hornet or the newly introduced 222 caliber Remington. The Hornet was the brain child of G.L. Watkins, Townsend Whelen, and other staff members of the Springfield Armory who developed it in the 1920s. The 222 caliber cartridge was introduced in 1950 by Remington Arms Company to compliment their Model 722 bolt action rifle. The cartridge was a new design and not a product of necking down, or reshaping, an existing case. It is particularly accurate in the 200 to 250 yard range having greater range, velocity, and accuracy than the Hornet.

To be competitive in Jager shooting Art purchased a Model 722 Remington in 222 caliber and a Lyman 310 tong, or 'nutcracker', reloading tool in the same caliber from the club. It was a far cry since 1948 and his first abortive efforts at reloading when he thought his Pacific press and dies were defective, only to find that the cases had to be lubricated if they were to be full length sized. His well used and trusty Lyman 10 power Junior Targetspot was fitted to the new rifle. He borrowed a Smith and Wesson K38 revolver and purchased handloaded ammunition for it. For the shotgun phase he used his Ansley Fox 12 gauge double, which was one of the best grade guns produced in the United States during the 1920s and 30s. If workmanship and appearance were factors in final score he should have done much better than the standard superimposed Brownings and Merkels used by his competition. However, he had a tendency to shoot low, and at first seldom hit 20 out of 30 birds.

SHOTGUN SOLUTIONS

Not too pleased with his shotgun performance Art took his Fox to the Rhein-Main club's resident gunsmith, Herr Zinner. This very fine craftsman, at Art's request, fabricated and fitted a longer and deeper forend to the shotgun. Art's confidence in his abilities to solve a firearm problem far out weighed his experience with shotguns. With a total of no more than eight rounds of trap fired he determined that the Fox's skimpy forend was the root of his low shooting troubles. Nothing changed for the better with the modification and all that was accomplished was an increase in weight of the already

beefy eight and a half pound scattergun. Fortunately the original forend had been saved and was soon restored to its rightful place. What Art really needed was more training and a stronger left shoulder and arm.

Ever the tinkerer in the search for accuracy Art took advantage of the club's shotgun patterning frame. He purchased every available commercial shot shell load for number 7, 7 1/2, and 8 shot, and their metric equivalents, to test in his Fox. The shotgun's barrels were marked 'full' and 'modified' but this was not substantiated on paper. The supposed full choke barrel averaged pattern sizes below modified, at best. The other barrel was much closer to improved cylinder than it's 'modified' markings. Neither proven choke was a good choice for international style trap and that may have contributed to Art's singular lack of success in that phase of Jager shooting.

Art followed the patterning procedure of time. Pattern testing is done to determine how a shotgun barrel performs with a given ammunition. Wearing a jacket and shooting from a bench rest to assure consistency Art would shoot three or four shots, one per target. His target, large stiff sheets of paper, was set up with a visible aiming point, such as a black paster, marked in the center. For a shotgun with a choked barrel full, modified, or improved modified a firing distance of 40 yards was measured off. If the gun was fitted with a cylinder or 'skeet' bore barrel then the distance would be 25 yards.

Immediately after firing he would mark the point on the target where the shot broke. That, and all other data, was then recorded on the target. This information would include gun, barrel, ammunition used, target orientation, and anything else thought pertinent, including wind. After all the firing was completed the targets would be brought home for pellet counting. Art had a 1/4 inch thick 30 inch diameter plastic disc which allowed him to visually adjust the overlay position to include the maximum number of pellet holes. Here the target would be divided into quadrants for easier counting and to determine if the barrel, and that particular ammunition, was subject to blown patterns.

Those who enter chicken or turkey shoots which awards the prize to the target with the pellet closest to the center are really involved in a contest of luck. However, if the shooter knows how his shotgun usually places its heaviest concentration of shot he may be able to manufacture just a little bit more luck than his neighbor.

Art enjoyed patterning so much that he went so far as to break the promise he had made to himself about volunteering to test guns in the aftermath of Art Cook's rifle exploding in his hands in 1951. His voluntary efforts on behalf of shotgun shooters ended several years later when the proud owner of a new high quality British made Purdy side by side double shotgun was asked if he would like to have it patterned. The United States Navy captain, an associate in Washington, D.C., had ordered this expensive shotgun from Abercrombie and Fitch in New York City to hunt geese with on Maryland's Eastern Shore. He had waited two years for its delivery and had been successful on his first hunt that fall, taking one goose at an estimated 70 yards and he was delighted with the gun. Nevertheless he accepted the patterning offer and provided high base ammunition in both number four and five shot, loads which he held in high esteem.

Five patterns were fired with each barrel with both sizes of shot. Both barrels, although marked "full and full" patterned no better than modified. A tight choke, even full choke plus, is needed to provide the density of shot required, at 40 yards and beyond, to bring down a goose and the beautiful English shotgun proved unequal to the task. The unhappy officer soon sold the gun. Whatever shotgun was purchased as a replacement is

not known. What is known is that there were no further requests for patterning tests. If asked, or for his own interest and enjoyment, occasionally Art will get out his 40 inch square pieces of heavy paper and the 30 inch disc.

THE LAST HURRAH

After arriving in Germany Art had contacted an old shooting friend, Ernst Zimmerman. Mr. Zimmerman, who lived in Wiesbaden, not far from Frankfort, was the Executive Director of the German National Shooting Association. Zimmerman let it be known that Art was in Europe and soon an unexpected invitation arrived from the Swiss National Shooting Association to participate in the 1957 Swiss National Championships in Lucerne.

The Swiss hold a month long competition each year. The program rotates among various large cities which have fully enclosed soccer fields and available housing. On those occasions a caravan of trucks and crew members arrive at the selected site, unload the association's portable safety range system and install it in the soccer field. Canvas awnings are erected to protect the shooters from the elements and the individual electrically operated target carriers and bullet traps are set up at 50 meters. To avoid getting the competitors ensnared in the profusion of cables and power lines needed to support the system sturdy tables are provided for the prone and kneeling stages.

It took but five seconds for the carriers to whisk the target 50 meters from firing line to the bullet traps. Each shooter had an assistant at the firing point. Teenaged girls, dressed in an attractive Scouting uniforms stood beside him, they actuated the target carrier buttons and placed a transparent paster over the previous shot hole. As a result there were few spotting scopes to be seen even though they are a valuable tool in determining windage corrections. Two shots were fired on a prone target and five in each standing and kneeling target before a change was made.

Because of the tremendous number of match entries and limited range and housing facilities, each Swiss canton, or state, is assigned a block of dates within the month. As one group completes the program another begins. The prizes were all sorts of valuable merchandise, including a small automobile.

Planning an extended weekend Art boarded a train in Frankfurt and traveled south. In Lucerne he met up with Mr. Zimmerman's group from Wiesbaden and stayed with them in a local boarding house. He had neither practiced or competed in three position shooting since the Melbourne Olympics, some 18 months earlier. At Lucerne he shot a score of 1152, just one point below his Olympic score. It earned him a place on the match bulletin, but nothing else. The score says a good deal about the value of experience but more about the continued sophistication and improvement of the world's competitive shooters. Eligible to shoot in only one other smallbore event, Art fired a 198X200 prone on the experimental version of a target that would become the International Shooting Union's new official 50 meter target in 1958. Art's score was good enough for the award of a gold class qualification.

On the morning of his arrival at the range he encountered Emil Grunig. Grunig and Art had first met in London, at the 1948 Olympics, where they both competed in the 300 meter event in which Grunig won the Gold Medal. It was an interesting conjunction as Art had been coached by Morris Fisher, the last person to win a 300 meter Olympic Gold before World War II, and Grunig was the first to win a 300 meter gold after the war. Grunig invited Art to compete in a full course 300 meter match the next day at a nearby

range. Art, who had not shot the difficult 120 shot three position course since the 1955 Pan American Games, said he was interested but didn't have the necessary equipment. True to the code of shooting chivalry Grunig told Art not to worry, everything he needed would be provided. Grunig met Art the next morning with a rifle, ammunition, and a good luck wish.

It was like old home week meeting several old friends from the Nordic countries who had also been invited to shoot. However the real surprise was seeing Chris Westergaard perched behind a spotting scope. Mr. Westergaard, in his time, was one of the finest Scheutzen shooters in the United States. His son, August, had been a team mate of Art's on the 1954 United States Team at Caracas and again, in 1955, at the Mexico City Pan American Games. During the 1950s, when the spirit moved him, the senior Mr. Westergaard would pack a bag and leave his home in Iowa to tour the Scandinavian nations, observing shooting events and visiting his relatives.

As Art wandered about the range, renewing old friendships and making new, he noticed that one section seemed reserved for the use of the Swiss Schmidt-Rubin 7.65 mm service rifle. After observing for a time he noticed a heavy set elderly gentleman, wearing a knee length coat, who was shooting kneeling quite well from a very traditional erect position with open military type sights. Art moved behind his score keeper and noticed the name posted behind the shooter was 'K. Zimmerman'. As Art wandered away bells began to jingle in his mind and he wondered if this could be THE Zimmerman-of the team of Zimmerman and Hartman that he had often read about in his collection of old issues of The American Rifleman? During the 1920s and 30s this pair dominated world competition just as Gary Anderson and Lones Wigger were to do in the 1960s and 70s.

After some discrete inquiry Art found that he had been correct. He waited patiently until Zimmerman had completed his score and cleared the firing line. Approaching him, Art introduced himself and was delighted to find that Zimmerman spoke English. Some small talk ensued and it turned out that Zimmerman was in fine health, practicing the gunsmith trade and still, obviously, enjoying shooting. Art's all too brief conversation with Zimmerman was the high point of his weekend at Lucerne.

Here, indeed, was a true legend of international rifle marksmanship. Of the three shooting positions in the international course of fire, prone, kneeling, and standing, it was standing that was Zimmerman's forté. He won that event in 1922 at Milan, Italy and again in Reims, France in 1924. He captured the kneeling event at Loosduinen, Holland in 1928. The next year, in Stockholm, Sweden, he again won the kneeling as well as the standing event and the grand aggregate with his partner J. Hartman. The standing position and the grand aggregate medals were again awarded to him in 1931 in Lembirg, Poland. His juggernaut rolled on when, in 1933 he was the gold medallist in the matches at Grenada, Spain. Seemingly indefatigable he again medalled in the standing position competition in his home town of Lucerne in 1939.

Returning to the opposite end of the firing line to shoot Art carefully checked over Grunig's commercial 7.65X55mm Schmidt-Rubin bolt action rifle. It had a thumbhole stock, palm rest, a fully adjustable butt plate, a double stage trigger, and, of course, excellent sights. After making some adjustments to the stock and dry firing for a few minutes Art began the match and all went well during the prone and kneeling stages. However, the extremely light weight pull of the trigger gave him fits in the standing

position. The unfamiliarity with the set trigger, coupled with a total lack of practice in the position, resulted in a disaster for a score.

Swiss riflemen have always been fond of the kneeling position and it delighted Art, who had been taught rudiments of the position by the great Morris Fisher, to place third over all in that stage. The weekend's matches came to an end and it was time to return to Frankfort. It had had a great experience shooting with the Swiss and all those who, like him, were there for the fun of it. Visiting the Lucerne club's museum and seeing a display of competitive firearms that stretched back from the present day to the era of crossbow and longbow added to a memorable weekend.

The trains in Switzerland, and in Japan for that matter, are punctual. If one is scheduled to leave at 21:17 hours then that is when the wheels start rolling. Arrive at 21:18 hours and you would be looking at the rear platform of the train as it disappeared into the distance. Having been cautioned in advance Art was aboard the Frankfurt bound train ten minutes early. During the 300 mile ride through the night he had time to give serious thought to his future in international competition. His scores were remaining stagnant at a level which was no longer competitive at home, much less at the World Class level. He was also closing in on the age of 40 and his shooting future did not look promising.

At this time the military marksmanship training units were coming to the fore in the United States. These organizations were becoming well established and concentrating on international style competition. They had developed advanced training programs, had in house gunsmith facilities, and were actively recruiting young shooting talent. As a result, even over so brief a time span, some of the finest shooters and equipment that had ever graced a firing line were being heard from.

These facilities attracted the most motivated and talented shooters the United States had to offer. Young men and woman such as Gary Anderson, Lones Wigger, Jack Foster, Dan Puckel, Margaret Murdock, D.I. Boyd, Tommy Pool and a host of others attended these centers of shooting sponsored by the Army, Marine Corps, and Air Force. The shooters coming out of these organizations were destined to dominate international shooting for the better part of the three decades stretching from the 1960s to the 80s.

For Art it must have seemed like *deja vue*, just as a train trip to New Haven back in 1950 to meet 'Tief' Tiefenbrunn at the Winchester factory had closed one door and opened another, so too would this journey. Shooting had dominated and defined his life since high school days. It was still a passion, and would always remain so.

On the train that night Art came to realize that those pleasant summer days in Lucerne were the swan song for his involvement in international 50 and 300 meter competition. The demands and rewards of career and family had higher priority. It was obvious to him that the scores needed to be competitive in the world arena were beyond his capability. Extensive practice and the best of equipment, even if time and funds were available, would not boost him up to the level of performance required to win at the elite level. Accepting the inevitable gracefully, and grateful for all that shooting had done for him, Art relaxed in his seat and let the regular rhythm of the rails carry him away from the center stage of international style shooting.

YOU CAN TAKE THE MAN OUT OF SHOOTING
BUT NOT THE SHOOTING OUT OF THE MAN

While Art may have retired from international shooting he had not retired from the sport. Henceforth, while in Germany, he devoted his available free weekend time to Jager shooting and, in doing so, earned a berth on a combined United States military and civilian team that was to face a like minded group of shooters from Austria, Germany, and Poland in Hanover during the late fall of 1957. The accepted course of fire consisted of five stages: five shots at each of four different rifle targets, five shots with a pistol, and 30 shots international trap at 11 and 13 meters with each 'dead' bird counting for five points. The maximum score was 400 points. For some unknown reason the pistol stage, which used a 'poacher' for a target, was dropped. This precedent eventually led to its eventual exclusion from the national course of fire by 1959.

Just as excellence in the standing position is essential to win in three position rifle events so it is with trap shooting in the Jager course. A clay bird dropped earns you five points and a bird missed costs you five. During the match Art's deliberate fire rifle scores were good but his running boar stage was weak. However, he managed, much to his delight, to break 29 of the 30 clays in trap. This personal best score helped place his team in third place over all and did likewise for his individual score.

Nancy and four month old Diane joined Art and the United States team at the awards banquet. The array of merchandise awards were all related to hunting, with the first place award being an engraved drop block single shot rifle. All the awards were displayed and the competitors were called forward, on the basis of final standings, to select what they wished from the display. Art selected a dark green hunting top coat called a Lodenmantle as his prize. Art, who has been graced with a tall lean figure that the years have not altered, still wears the coat on occasion. He continued to compete in the Jager matches. Before leaving Germany, in 1959, he was awarded the Jagdliches Schiessen, a large gold plated medallion in presentation case, which was the Jager equivalent of our Distinguished Rifleman Badge.

It had been a busy 1957 for the Jackson family. No sooner had it ended than Art was paid a high compliment by the International Shooting Union. The 1958 World Championships were to be held in Moscow and the international governing body asked him to be a member of the jury staff. His request to participate was sent to CIA headquarters and was returned, perhaps understandably, denied.

The entire United States Team flew into Wiesbaden, enroute to Moscow, for a short layover to regroup after the final tryouts at Fort Benning. The German National Shooting Association made their new smallbore rifle and pistol ranges available for the United States team practice. Old friend and pistol team member Joe Benner, a member of the international Shooters Hall Of Fame, greeted the Jacksons with a 30 pound Georgia watermelon that he had somehow secreted in his baggage. This succulent taste of home was lugged home to be shared with the grateful American expatriates, who were the Jackson's neighbors, in their apartment complex.

Colonel Perry Swindler, the United States Team captain, was loath to let Jackson's talent lie fallow. He invited Art to join the team as a coach, with all travel and expenses covered. It was a tempting offer and even as it was tendered Art knew he would have to decline. CIA Headquarters in Washington already turned down his earlier request to serve on the jury at Moscow and there was no reason to believe that they would act favorably on this request. One denial was enough. The team departed for Moscow without Art, but with his best wishes for success.

The disappointment of not attending the World Championships was soon lost in the joy and excitement of the arrival of the second Jackson child, Thomas, in June of 1958. As busy as Nancy was with the care of both a toddler and a newborn, she managed, from time to time, to accompany Art to the range for a little recreational shooting for herself. While Art perfected his skills at trap shooting Nancy concentrated on using the Remington 722 at the *fuchs* target. In Nancy's case it was her favorite, to the exclusion of all others. Proving that the more you practice the luckier you get, Nancy outfoxed all of her competition by being the only competitor to shot a perfect 50X50 on the *fuchs* target in the club's Fall championship tournament.

THE WALTHER PLANT

About the time of Nancy's victory Art had an opportunity to visit the beautiful old German city of Ulm where Walther firearms are manufactured. Naturally he had to call at the plant. As part of his tour he spent most of his time in the test facility where smallbore match rifles and 9mm P38 semiautomatic pistols were being readied for shipment.

Walther rimfire 22 caliber match rifles were tested for accuracy in two stages: once as a chambered barrel affixed to a universal action and again when the rifle was completely assembled. Initially the barrel is held in a special vice with broad jaws that were lined with grooved lead plates. The lead jaws hold the barrel firmly, with out marring, a few inches forward of the receiver. Four ten shot groups were fired at a distance of 50 meters. Those four groups were carefully measured, recorded, and filed. The target was a vertically positioned strip of brown paper that was advanced a few inches after each test group. It was done in much the same manner as the test facilities at the Winchester and Remington plants except that in the United States the rifles were held in heavy machine rests and tested at 100 yards. At Walther the use of the vice rest was a matter of preference but the distance of 50 meters was based upon the simple fact that the Europeans shot only the international 50 meter course of fire while shooters in the United States commonly shoot prone out to 100 yards.

Such testing, as in all rifle accuracy testing, is dependent upon a proven high quality match grade ammunition. Only the best is worth the effort. The groups witnessed were good but Art cannot recall what brand of ammunition was being used at the time. Barrels that do not meet their accuracy standard were returned to the barrel shop for further work. What that work consisted of was not explained. Later, the completed rifle returned to the test range for a final test, conducted this time with the rifle held firmly in place by clamping the stock rather than the barrel in another form of mechanical rest.

Adjacent to the rimfire testing room was a 25 meter range consisting of several booths that seemed to be used exclusively for the function firing and zeroing of pistols. Each shooting booth was provided with an inclined forearm rest platform and a straight backed chair. Next to each firing point was a wheeled cart stacked with finished P38 pistols packed in cardboard cartons awaiting the final test.

Each pistol was subjected to a five shot magazine loaded test group, more to indicate an acceptable sight setting than for accuracy, prior to shipment. The fired target was signed by the individual inspector, folded, and inserted into the box with the pistol. Art was not hesitant to accept an offer to fire one of the pistols. Despite previous ownership of a World Class Hammerli Free Pistol and his 'expert coaching' of bronze medal winner Offutt Pinion in Melbourne in 1956 Art did not, and does not, consider himself a pistol shooter. But with the elbow and arm rest and a lifetime of holding and

squeezing practice he managed a 49X50 on whatever target was hanging down range. He reeled in the target, signed it, and into the box it went with the pistol. The eventual owner of the P38 probably never realized what a collector's item accompanied the 9mm handgun.

APARTMENT AIR GUNS

Just before leaving the plant he was shown the then new match 177 caliber air rifle. It was a break open type and he just had to have one. The sights were the same precision type that were found on rim fire match rifles and the ten meter test groups looked like 22 rimfire groups at 50 feet. One was quickly ordered through the Rhein-Main Gun Club.

Following World War II firearm ownership in Germany was restricted by the Allied Powers. This limited competition to 22 rimfire firearms only, but that wasn't enough to satisfy the German thirst for marksmanship competition. Unable to build a centerfire market, because of the legal restrictions, a reemerging firearms industry began casting its eyes on smaller calibers and alternative methods of propulsion. To meet the public's demand industry leaders began to concentrate on the improvement of the so called pellet guns. The quality and accuracy of what had been childhood toys soon improved dramatically. Interest rose in air gun competition and, as the ability of the new product to deliver tens increased, so did the number of individuals and clubs participating. All of the old shooting rules and equipment could be used, the only change being the arm and the distance, in the new discipline. Consequently all across Germany ten meter ranges sprang up like mushrooms after a rain and the competition advanced accordingly.

The Jackson's apartment on Plattenstrasse had four bedrooms, a living/dining room, kitchen, and full bath with a half bath off of the center hall. It took little to transform it into a ten meter shooting gallery. The half bath, at the very end of the hall, became the target house, or butts, while a moderately large wooden box, stuffed with rags and faced with stiff cardboard, served as the pellet trap and, with the addition of a goose necked lamp placed on top of the box to provide light, the range was complete. All Art had to do was to open the half bath door, switch on the lamp, shut all of the doors in the hall and, standing in the center of the dining room, to shoot at ten meters. Always curious about equipment and ammunition performance Art shot bench rest with a pedestal and sandbag to test every brand of pellet he could purchase. Despite the abuse the pellets took in the tin, this was long before pellets were packed singly in foam containers to protect them from becoming malformed, RWS pellets, packed loose in a tin, grouped best.

Little by little friends were attracted and tried the air rifle, shooting bench rest, from the top of a padded card table. Soon Art had to order three more Walthers and a small league developed. Husband and wife teams entered the competitions and 'paid' an 'entry fee' of two items, new or used, appraised at a value of three dollars or more. Haggling with the awards committee over the appraised value of the award before the shooting began often took more time than the actual shooting. But, it was a major part of the fun.

Art set up his spotting scope and the teams rotated, shooter and spotter, while a score board was kept. With the exception of Art, there was not a rifle shooter in the lot but they soon learned the basics of sight alignment and trigger control. After the match, when the scores were final, the first place team had first pick at the awards table with each team taking its turn by order of merit. Everybody won an award as well as having had a wonderful night's entertainment. The pastime proved quite popular and one evening there

were nine teams absorbed in a match. The next day their immediate neighbor couldn't believe it when told that there were eighteen people across the hall in the Jackson's apartment, so quiet were they.

BILL BROPHY

Major Bill Brophy, an old shooting friend from New York, dropped in on Art for a surprise visit one day in 1958. Brophy was enroute home after completing a one year tour of duty in South Vietnam with the Military Assistance Advisory Group. Four years earlier nationalists of the French possessions in Indochina succeed in ending almost a century of colonial rule. When the French left the divided country the state of the military ordnance remaining in the new Republic of South Viet Nam could only charitably be described as a mess.

The United States government stepped in and contracted with some west coast firms to provide specialists to sort out the supply problems in the new United States ally. Reports received by the United States military indicated that the level of performance being demonstrated by the contractors was less than favorable. Brophy, an Ordnance officer, was sent to Southeast Asia to sort out the situation and he soon weeded out those deemed incompetent. During the visit to Frankfurt it was only natural that the two old New York shooters would find themselves behind the sights of Jackson's Walthers engaged in friendly, albeit hot, competition. Due to either modesty, his gentlemanly code of conduct, or dim memory Art cannot remember who won.

Brophy and Art had been friends for 20 years, since they first met in 1938. Ten years after Brophy's visit to Germany their friendship would lead to one of those classic cases of shooting sportsmanship similar to Art's experience with Mr. Grunig in Lucerne. Prior to leaving for Okinawa in 1968 Art placed an ad in Shotgun News, then and still a leading newspaper for buys, swaps, sales of firearms and related paraphernalia. Art was searching for a 14 power 11/4 inch Unertl rifle scope to bring with him. After receiving no replies he had all but given up all hope of finding a scope when a long package arrived by United Parcel Service. The box contained a 14 power Unertl 11/2 inch target scope and Bill Brophy's name and address, there was no other note. That evening Art placed a call to Brophy and heard the following story.

During the Korean War Brophy, an Ordnance captain, returned to active duty and shipped to the Far East. Always interested in shooting Brophy had built a pair of long range 50 caliber sniper rifles around monster Russian single shot antitank rifle actions of World War I vintage. The stock was a skeleton affair of welded steel tubes with a rubber faced cheek piece and a thick rubber butt pad. Both rifles were fitted with 20 power two inch Unertl Ultra Varminter telescopic sights which Brophy had paid for out of his own pocket. Brophy trained a sergeant from his unit in the intricacies of how to use the rifle and they both recorded considerable success at long range. Distances to 1600 yards.

One eventful day a pair of mortar rounds found the sergeant's dugout while he was employing one of the rifles. Good fortune protected the sniper from serious injury but the rifle and scope were damaged enough to render them useless. Brophy fired off a letter to John Unertl explaining the incident. Back came a 14 power 11/4 inch Unertl rifle scope as a gift. It was a wonderful patriotic gesture, not lost on Brophy, but it was not the scope he needed. Under poor light conditions the smaller scope was not up to the task as well as its larger brother. Off went another letter to Unertl with a postal money order and in short

time a 20 power two inch scope was mounted on the rebuilt rifle. Unused, the 14 power scope returned to the United States with Brophy and lay in its box until sent to Jackson.

On Okinawa Art located a local artisan who engraved " PRESENTED TO: CAPT WILLIAM BROPHY, US ARMY IN KOREA -1952- BY JOHN UNERTL" on the focus tube. The scope was later equipped with a 50% booster eyepiece and Art happily used it for ten years. When both Brophy and Art were retired, Art in Wolfeboro, New Hampshire and Brophy working at Marlin Firearms, in New haven, Connecticut Art found he was no longer using the scope. Wishing to return it he first located a handsome piece of cherry wood, which he salvaged from a section of a table leaf, and fashioned it into a flattened United States shield design with projecting brackets fitted with standard scope blocks. In the space between the brackets he inlaid a 50 caliber cartridge, minus primer and powder, so that its headstamp was exposed enough to show the date-1951.

One weekend, while on the way to visit his brother in Brooklyn, New York and to take in an indoor Metropolitan 100 yard match, Art stopped by Brophy's home in Northford, Connecticut to drop off the scope. Bill and his wife Genevieve were away so Art left the package on their picnic table on the covered deck. There was no need for a note. Brophy's children carry on their father's interest in shooting. Daughter Gail Barry is a fine gallery shooter high school rifle coach who was named the 1997 Connecticut Rifle Coach of the Year. Son Bill, presently a colonel in the United States Army, had written his father asking if he had a spare scope to lend him so that he might shoot on a gallery team on his post. The Unertl scope was quickly shipped off to him and it proudly remains in his possession to this day.

EUROPEAN EXCURSION

The tour of duty in Germany was to end in the spring of 1959 and it had been a wonderful two plus years for the Art and Nancy. The family had doubled in size and the healthy and active children's grandparents were eagerly awaiting their first meeting so that they might spoil them. To wring every last advantage out of their overseas tour Art booked passage on the S.S. Constitution. The family would board the ship in Algeciras, Spain after motoring through southern Europe.

After preparing their household effects for shipment they began preparations for the three week expedition to Spain. Art began with modifications to the Plymouth. Knowing that a pair of active children would need space Art altered a roof rack to serve as external storage space for the bulkier items they needed to carry such as Jerry cans full of 15 cent per gallon PX gasoline and numerous cartons of the newly developed disposable diapers. The roof rack was surrounded by an eight inch high band of heavy gauge wire mesh to give it greater capacity.

A masonite platform was cut to fit, padded, and installed in the backseat area to provide a playing and sleeping platform for the children. The footwell became a pantry to hold cooking utensils, packaged and canned foods, as well as a small portable camp stove on which to cook them. With the top of the car piled high with expendables and a few suitcases, the front of the passenger compartment occupied by parents and maps, the back platform holding two diaper clad balls of energy, and the trunk stuffed with what was ever left over, the Jacksons departed Frankfurt for the first leg of the journey home. On a recent visit to an auto show in Manchester, New Hampshire Art came upon a 1952 Plymouth sedan in 'as new' condition and marveled at how the car had somehow shrunk in size since he last owned one.

Whenever possible they purchased military gasoline and would mix it with the local low octane variety, such as the 77 octane found in Spain. When emptied the cans would be left along side the road. Like Hannibal before him Art encountered a few problems while crossing the Alps. As the altitude rose the old engine labored harder under its burden in the thinner air. There was a loss of power and the radiator would boil over from time to time and the only cure was to pull over and wait for about half an hour, add more water, and then resume the climb.

Descending into Italy had its own thrill, or scare, depending on your view of the situation. As they passed through a small town a child darted out from behind a parked car into the road in front of them. The lightning like reactions of a man who could shoot a shot standing, as quickly as the sight picture became perfect, undoubtedly saved this little Italian girl's life. Art stood on the brakes and swung the wheel to avoid her. True to the laws of physics the car screeched to a stop. Likewise, true to the laws of physics, the roof rack did not. Inertia took over, the restraining straps could not hold the load and parted, and the rack continued moving forward until it came to a halt on the hood of the car. The only damage was minor, a dented hood and the loss of a rubber padded rack leg on the rack. Its place was taken by a rolled up bath towel for the remainder of the trip.

The young family did the sights in Rome and Florence, got lost in Venice, climbed the famous church tower in Pisa, and roamed the entire Mediterranean coast line of Italy, France, and Spain before arriving at Algeciras. Across the bay from this Spanish fishing village lies one of the Pillars of Hercules, the British fortress of Gibraltar. Little did one year old Thomas, or any one else suspect that, he would return there 27 years later to be married.

At some point during the three week journey the spirit of adventure had worn off. The adults had tired of the nightly ritual of emptying the roof rack and the back seat into crowded rental rooms, searching for a restaurant, boiling water for drinking, and doing the daily wash in a hotel room sink. The kids, who could not truly appreciate the adventure they were experiencing, had grown weary of being cooped up in their mobile play pen. All were clearly ready for the relaxation and luxury of an ocean liner on the Atlantic run.

After conjuring up the many delights of the sea voyage ahead the Jacksons were soon jolted by the difference between imagination and reality. To begin the litany of disappointment the port at Algeciras was too shallow to allow the ship to enter and moor at a quay. Instead, the Jacksons, their belongings, and faithful '52 Plymouth, were loaded into a small lighter and transported to where the vessel lay anchored off shore. There they were hoisted aboard to find that the deck chairs they had contracted and paid for in advance were not available, that the minimum age for admittance to the child care center was three years, that the supply of disposable diapers they had brought was exhausted and there were none available aboard ship, that the ships laundry refused to accept soiled diapers-although they would dry clean them, that the children were restricted to an early sitting for all meals, and that the folding steel cribs were too poorly designed to be of any use. In effect this left them in about the same conditions they had been enduring for the previous three weeks. The only advantage was that someone else was doing the driving and they had more room. Nancy was still scrubbing in the sink and the kids were still trapped in a confined space.

The highlight of the voyage came after they had docked in New York. Because the Plymouth was the last vehicle loaded it was the first to roll down the ramp and ashore.

Quickly filled with the family and possessions it was soon on its way to visit the grandparents.

HOME AGAIN

They settled in Annandale, Virginia, just a short distance from Art's office in Washington, DC. Art was soon a member of the Fairfax Gun Club, which had and still has the only civilian 200 yard shooting range in northern Virginia. In the spring of 1961 he entered and won the Virginia State Gallery Championship. This match was his final in gallery competition.

Art retrieved the rifles he had stored in Brooklyn soon after returning home. One of the .30-06 Winchester Model 70 rifles, rebarreled just before departure to Germany, was so badly rusted that it was almost impossible to pass a bronze brush through it. Art had both read and heard of such destruction happening when rifles that had shot corrosive ammunition and hadn't been cleaned properly, but this was an occasion where he had first hand knowledge. The barrel had been new, and not fired by him, so he just oiled it before closing the cabinet door in Brooklyn some 21/2 years earlier. Investigation by the Virginia gun shop determined the cause. All replacement barrels were function fired prior to return to their owner. Apparently, whoever did the test firing used World War II era corrosive ammunition and did a poor, if any, job of cleaning. The ruined barrel was replaced in short order.

Art had retained his Air Force Reserve commission and tried to maintain his annual obligation by earning the essential 'points' required for a credit year by attending meetings, completing correspondence courses and, when possible, taking annual two week periods of active duty. There were some years when he didn't make the 50 point minimum and they were lost years. In 1960 he took just such a period of active duty with his old friend Art Cook and a television screenwriter named Vic Auer. Auer wrote dialog for future United States President Ronald Reagan's 'Death Valley Days', James Arness on 'Gunsmoke', and for the many stars of 'Bonanza'. In 1972 he would earn the Olympic silver medal in the 60 shot 50 meter prone English Match at Munich.

The 1960 All Air Force Shooting Matches were held in Texas at Lackland Air Force Base and at the Army ranges at Camp Bullis. It was at Camp Bullis that Art won the long range aggregate consisting of three 600 yard matches, with an issue M-1 rifle. A slim young corporal was shooting up a storm at Bullis that year as he began an illustrious career. Almost four decades later the young corporal, Middleton Tompkins, has been United States National Highpower Champion six times and been a part of more Palma Teams than any other rifleman.

In April of 1961 the Jackson family again increased in number with the birth of Robert, their third child. When National Match time rolled around a few months later Art was again on active duty with the Air Force as was his old running mate Art Cook. They took their families to Perry and found quarters, in a large a duplex house near Port Clinton, on Route Two. There was no connecting door between the apartments and no telephone. The only method of communication was to beat a tattoo upon the wall to attract attention. Then one had to walk outside to talk.

It seems that the men folk decided that they just had to have their own car each day during the matches. In smallbore competition the perceived need to have your car and gear parked directly behind your firing point is not an unusual phenomena. That left two wives and six children, ages ten days to four years, stranded without transportation

and separated from the Camp Perry entrance and beach by a busy highway. While the men skylarked the women and children languished. It was a memorable experience for Nancy and Mary Cook, one that they refuse to talk about to this day.

While Air Force team mate Vic Auer won the prone championship that year Art particularly remembers being involved in a four way shoot-off to determine who would win a 50 yard anysight match. Each shooter had scored a 400-40X. The match eventually went to Art's long time friend, and 1948 Olympic silver medallist, Walt Tomsen. In second place was a young Army Lieutenant by the name of Lones Wigger, Jr.

THE FAR EAST

1962 saw Art assigned to the Far East for a two year tour of duty. In a repeat of his wartime experience he headed across the broad expanse of the Pacific, but instead of the Philippine Islands his destination was Nationalist China on the island of Taiwan, or what the government of The People's Republic of China refers to as the 22nd province of China. The Jacksons had rented their Annandale home to friends and, by way of saying "Please take good care of the house and cut the grass occasionally," they left the '52 Plymouth to the new inhabitants. The venerable old auto was replaced with a 1955 Chevrolet that, according to the seller was owned by "a sedate grandmother from Florida who only drove it to church." Sometimes it seems that it was just good luck that the trusting Art was born in Brooklyn and knew that someone already owned the famous bridge. The Chevy was shipped off to Taiwan in advance of the family.

Art carefully packed two Winchester 52s and related shooting gear were included in the family's household effects. The rest went into storage. A supply of reloading components and 30 caliber ammunition was handled a little differently. When the Jacksons returned to the United States from Germany they had purchased a modest summer cottage at Cove Point, Maryland on the Chesapeake Bay for \$9500. It had a 11/2 car garage, the half representing a shop area. Art bolted the workbench to wall studs of the garage from the underside and then enclosed and sealed the bench doors. The ammo and components, packed safely in ammo cans, went inside. The cottage was then loaned to a friend who kept an eye on the place until the Jacksons returned.

Despite the military presence of both the United States and the Chinese government there was no shooting range available for Art's use on Taiwan. One day, however, on an extended walk in the Taipei suburbs, he heard the familiar sound of a high power rifle being fired in 'quick time'. Following the sound of the repeated firing to its source he found a lengthy narrow wooden fenced structure with a partially opened door. For a few minutes he watched the activity until three young Chinese soldiers noticed him. He was invited in.

The trio were shooting Springfields and .30-06 M1 rifles from a machine rest. Bulk ammunition, perhaps made in Taiwan, was loaded into the few M1 clips they had and the clips loaded into the rifles which they emptied in about ten seconds. The target was nothing but a large framed piece of cardboard set before a dirt backstop about 50 meters away. They proffered Art a few balls of cotton to stuff into his ears as hearing protection and extended Art an opportunity to shoot . He declined, but took the time to examine the machine rest. It was little more than two inch diameter steel pipe buried in cement with provisions for clamping a rifle to two sections of angle iron welded to a steel plate. He could not, for the life of him, decide what the purpose of the exercise might have been.

As further proof that competitive shooters will somehow find each other fortune brought him in contact with a Pennsylvania Air Force Captain, Eric Nielson, then assigned to a unit in Taiwan. The two had much in common as they both were Camp Perry veterans. Nielson would later head the Air Force Marksmanship Unit based at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas. They have been firm friends ever since.

The Jackson family settled into a house located on a hillside near the capitol city of Taipei. In a place without a rifle range it was particularly poignant to Art that the home was heated with soft coal. The sharp sweet smell of the smoke, as the coal burned in the open fireplace, brought back memories of Camp Perry where the same fuel had been used during his early trips. The winds at Camp Perry, while strong, were nothing compared to the first typhoon that the family experienced. The sturdy wooden house shook and shivered for hours. The firmly secured window shutters rattled but kept out the driving rain. While some water found its way inside through nail holes the structure withstood the winds with no damage. Several months later, after leaving the island, another typhoon, more intense than the earlier one, struck the island. One of the casualties found underwater in the aftermath of the storm was the blue Chevy that Art had sold to a Naval officer.

OKINAWA

A year after their arrival on Taiwan the Jacksons moved again. This time to the smaller island of Okinawa. It is the southernmost island in the Ryukyu chain, the most important of islands, and the home of the deadly Habu snake. The island was the site of some of the fiercest fighting in the Pacific during World War II. Their single level typhoon proof cement block house would be home for the next three years. The well traveled Art made another connection, albeit a sad one, with his long list of shooting friends. It was here that Morris Fisher's son fell during World War II. All branches of the United States Military Forces were represented on Okinawa and Art joined a Composite Service Reserve Unit located in the capitol city of Naha.

Sometime after arriving on Okinawa the local United States Army Ordnance depot began disposing of surplus inventory. Among the material being sold at scrap metal prices were Springfield '03 .30-06 rifles. Art obtained a complete rifle through a military associate. The Springfields soon flooded the work bench of the Fort Buckner PX gunsmith, a retired World War II sergeant, but he was unable to keep up with requests to convert the fine old service rifles into useful sporters. The overflow was handled by Ryukyuan craftsmen who would do stock work and checkering on owner provided stock blanks. Such stocks were outstanding in appearance, if a high gloss was favored, but the bedding was questionable.

Art's frugal predisposition to elderly automobiles came to its zenith with the purchase of a well traveled 1955 Ford sedan from an associate leaving for home. It was typical of the many used cars advertised in the Stars and Stripes newspaper as 'good island transportation.' When these three words were included in an ad it conveyed a hidden message, just as 'some assembly required' does to a toddler's father, for the prospective and knowledgeable buyer. Such a car's metalwork was likely to be riddled with rust, the upholstery worn and mildewed, but the motor would be robust enough for the island's 30 mile per hour speed limit.

The Ford's motor and it's tires were in good shape but within a year the cancer of rust had so weakened the frame and motor mounts that there was fear that the motor

would fall out. The car was taken out of use and delivered into the capable hands of the head mechanic of the motor pool who was charged with the task of restoring the auto to roadworthy condition. Art gave the mechanics free rein to do whatever welding and repairs the body and frame required, in addition, the upholstery was replaced and a few coats of a durable paint were applied to the exterior. Although, within six months of the new paint job rust was again breaking through the surface. The motor pool did an excellent job and the refurbished Ford gave the Jackson's good service until it became their turn to recycle the car. At the end of Art's extended tour in 1966, the car was again listed for sale in Stars and Stripes, the ad, of course, included the words, "good island transportation."

At his work site Art had access to a quantity of .30-06 1959 National Match ammunition and a very safe 50 yard range in which to shoot it. The backstop was a 60 foot high coral hill that was soft enough to absorb the bullets without possible ricochet and the firing line was within a conveniently short walk from his office. On good weather days Art, always a brown bagger, would eat his lunch at his desk, stroll over to the range, and follow up his sandwich with a dessert of three strings of rifle fire, ten shots standing, ten shots rapid fire sitting and, like an after dinner mint, ten shots rapid fire prone. The '03 rifle was equipped with its original Buffington type folding sight and a bare Lyman 17A aperture which Art had soldered to the original front sight blade. It was a crude but effective arrangement and, while the short range practice, on standard five bull 50 yard smallbore targets, was perhaps not as satisfying as it might have been, the shooting sessions were a pleasant diversion. The old saying that 'any form of rifle practice is better than none' certainly applied.

Through his Reserve commitment Art was able to arrange a two week duty tour that took him to Japan in 1963. While serving with an active duty Air Force Unit he was able to visit the new shooting ranges that were being built in Tokyo for the 1964 Olympics. His subsequent write up, and photographs, appeared in The American Rifleman in early 1964. The early view and intelligence that Art provided may well have provided the edge that rifle shooters Gary Anderson, Lones Wigger, Tommy Pool, pistol shooter Franklin Green, and shotgunner William Morris needed to earn medals at the quadrennial event.

While working on a temporary assignment in Indonesia during the later part of 1963, Art received a cable from home, relayed from Okinawa, advising him that his mother had died. Packing his bags he returned to Brooklyn arriving home a week after the funeral. He remained in the United States only a few days to help his brother settle their mother's estate. Art returned directly to his family on Okinawa upon the completion of this sad task.

A QUICK TRIP TO CAMP PERRY

The CIA had extended Art's tour of duty for an additional two years and by 1964 he was scheduled for home leave. Art was able to arrange things so that he might again attend the high power program at Camp Perry. By mutual agreement, perhaps because of their last family trip to Perry, Nancy and the children visited with her parents in Virginia while Art went to matches by himself. Through a friend, Art arranged a short term 'purchase-loan' of a 1955 Buick sedan that was in need of minor engine repair. His agreement with the owner was that he would pay for the car, and the repairs. Upon his return from Ohio he would then sell the auto back to the original owner for the original asking price. It was an innovative leasing scheme that worked out to benefit of both

parties. The repairs were not extensive of expensive and he was soon on the road heading west.

Art had brought his shooting jacket, scope, and other equipment with him from Okinawa but he lacked a rifle and ammunition with which to shoot the high power matches. The solution was simple. As soon as he arrived at Perry he headed for Commercial Row and purchased a 7.62mm Remington 40X. The bolt action repeater came with a five shot test target that indicated it had shot a group as small as .40 inch at 100 yards. Art used a set of Redfield sights brought from Okinawa. He 'customized' the stock with a borrowed handsaw, squaring the butt end to the comb line. Cadging some National Match ammunition he headed to the 50 yard zeroing range where he was able to get basic sight settings.

Although he did not win any place awards in individual matches he shot well enough to place in the middle of the President's Hundred. Those lunch time practice sessions against the coral hill with the '03 rifle paid off in keeping his skills sharp. The Remington 40X action and barrel were left in the care of a friend in Virginia. The stock was included in the luggage heading back to Okinawa where Art planned to have it checkered and refinished by one of the local artisans.

While at Camp Perry Art was able to purchase a small quantity of two lots of match grade 22 caliber ammunition said to have been used by that year's National Prone Champion, Warrant Officer Jim Hill of the Marine Corps. Hill, an Olympian like Jackson, had won the silver medal in the English Match at the Rome Olympics in 1960. Art hand carried this precious cargo back to Okinawa.

As the Jackson family was preparing for their return to the Far East, Mr. Ord, Nancy's father, was hospitalized. Regrettably, he passed away that winter. Nancy, who was pregnant at the time with their fourth child, was unable to return to Virginia to help and comfort her mother during this trying time. It was sad to have parents/grandparents taken within such a short period. Today, from the vantage point of time, Art and Nancy, now grandparents to a continually expanding family have come to realize and regret that their parents and their children were denied the grandparent experience that they have been so fortunate to be able to appreciate.

THE JAPANESE NATIONAL SHOOTING ASSOCIATION

Air Force Reserve active duty training requirements allowed Art to travel to Japan again and on this occasion he was asked to speak at a dinner meeting of Japanese collegiate rifle coaches. Art, who enjoys talking shooting with like minded individuals over a fine meal, could not be more delighted with the invitation. As enjoyable as the evening had been the next day was more so. The Japanese National Shooting Association, one of the oldest in the world, sponsored a three position 50 meter match at a range in Tachikawa and invited Art to participate. He borrowed a Soviet MU-12 rifle and ammunition from a U.S. Air Force officer to shoot the international course of fire for the first time since his visit to Lucerne, Switzerland years earlier. With no training, and borrowed equipment, he won the event and a large bronze urn award in what would become his last foray into three position competition.

His retirement from position shooting competition had no effect on his desire to acquire accurate rimfire rifles. Through the good offices of the Japanese National Shooting Association he was able to purchase both a Soviet MU-12 and a Anschutz 54 match rifle, each with all available accessories. A local bank in Naha prepared a draft on

his account to pay for the rifles. Some weeks later he was called by flight operations at Kadana Air Force Base on Okinawa and asked to pick up some cased material that had been invoiced to him. Arriving at the base he found that his rifles had been delivered by a U.S. Air Force jet fighter on a routine training mission from Japan. All Art had to do was identify himself and pick up the boxed rifles and complete the paper work. Happy to receive the rifles he was grateful that he didn't have to pay the actual shipping and handling costs involved in final delivery.

A LITTLE SERVICE RIFLE

On the weekend following the Tachikawa smallbore match a service rifle match was held on the Camp Zama range, one of the U.S. Army bases in Japan. Art, again with a borrowed rifle, won the 500 yard prone match but the glitter was taken off the win by a repetition of an incident that had upset him at Camp Bullis in 1960 where, after winning the prone long range aggregate he was accosted in his Bachelor Officer Quarter's room by a young non-shooting captain who was the Officer In Charge of a team from somewhere in Europe. He asked Art if he intended to challenge his score, fired in the final 600 yard stage, for lower value. He stated that a member of his team had been observing Art's shooting by standing behind the scorer. The observer, without benefit of a spotting scope, felt that one of Art's spotters was too far from the edge of the black to be scored a bull five. The captain went on to explain that, while no bulletin had yet been published, his firing line tally indicated that one of his shooters was one point behind Art for the aggregate. The honor and integrity of both Art and the scorer, were being called into question. Art quickly disabused the captain of any idea along those lines and the European based OIC left a few minutes later a somewhat chastened and wiser man.

At Camp Zama, following his 500 yard relay, Art had left the firing line, signed his score card, and began to get ready to score for the next relay. A sergeant stopped him and asked if he was going to accept a particular shot value on his just completed target. The bull five spotter location had looked like a four to him. Art inquired if the sergeant was a competitor. The reply was, 'No.' Did the sergeant have a spotting scope asked Art? Again the reply was, 'No.' Art simply turned his back on the sergeant, who had spoiled his day, and went about his business.

Back at Okinawa's Camp Chinen Art found that he could shoot rimfire ammunition at 100 yards if he shot diagonally across the 50 yard range. The constant winds on the island would occasionally abate and, if a calm lasted long enough, there might be time to test his newly acquired Anschutz and MU-12 rifles. In preparation for such a morning or evening calm he measured off the distance and set up a target frame. In anticipation of a good test day Art had added telescopic sight blocks to both rifles and kept his bench rest pedestal and sand bags in his car. All he had to do now was to be patient and wait.

Using a 20 power Unertl 1 1/2 inch scope and the two lots of rimfire ammunition he had brought back from Perry he was eventually able to test the two rifles. The results of the test were submitted to the National Rifle Association and appeared in The American Rifleman. The MU-12 was clearly the more accurate rifle. Both rifles eventually ended up as the property of Frank Briggs, Art's son Robert's godfather, a professional rifle coach, and the author of several books on shooting. Briggs presently coaches the U.S. Army Service Rifle Team at Fort Benning, Georgia.

The next few years passed and about the only 'shooting' Art was able to do was with an Air Force active duty tour at Clark Field in the Philippines during 1965. He was part of a team on a photographic shoot in the hills of northern part of the islands, above Boguio. Instead of paper targets, Art photographed poisonous and nonpoisonous fruits and vegetation for a proposed U.S. Air Force survival manual.

SHOOTING-OF SORTS

In March of 1965 Sarah Marie was born and one year later the six Jacksons departed Okinawa for Virginia. Their house in Annandale proved a little cramped for the larger family. Art, busier than ever at his office and on occasional overseas travels, pattered and fussed around with his rifles but did little shooting.

While assigned overseas for four years he had let his membership in the Fairfax Rifle Club lapse and he was now quite far down the waiting list for membership. He did find a small club that was able to use a farmer's active pasture as a range on weekends. Art's visit to the farmer's field were infrequent. He felt like a trespasser as he wended his way through the gates and around the meadow muffins and pasture patties on his way to and from the firing line and target frame.

The immaculate ranges at the Marine Corps Base at Quantico were a different matter. It was here that he got his first introduction to the new 600 yard decimal target. After having spent his entire career shooting at the old 5V target the new 10X ring version held a surprise for him. As seen through a spotting scope the target looked just like an A-21 100 yard smallbore target in which each scoring ring subtends one minute of angle, one inch, at 100 yards. Four 'clicks,' on a quarter minute rear sight moves the impact of the bullet that distance on the target. Using his reassembled .308 Remington 40X rifle, with its checked stock, and this erroneous assumption of target dimensions he managed to make a series of sight corrections that had him all over the target. Understandably discouraged with his score he later found that he had been making corrections at twice the movement necessary.

Soon after the Quantico match Art had Homer Culver, a memorable name in the bench rest community, rechamber the Remington 40X to accept a short 30 caliber/35 Remington magnum cartridge that was being used by Colonel Maurice Kaiser. Eric Nilson, now a major assigned to Washington, D.C., had invited Art to join him on a trip to Williamsport, Pennsylvania to shoot a pair of 1,000 yard prone matches, one with metallic and the other with telescopic sights.

Art's preliminary work with the short magnum on the farm range at 100 yards consisted of only two five shot test bench rest groups with a telescope. These were followed by a few shots to confirm metallic sight settings. With this sketchy preparation Art headed off to Williamsport with Eric. Art finished so low in the standings that the only name lower than his on the results bulletin was that of the match director. He was in dead last place. Sierra 200 grain Match Kings just didn't perform at long range in a 1:12 twist barrel at .30-06 velocities. Not used to such an ignoble showing Art vowed to return to Williamsport one day and expunge his reputation, but he never did.

During 1968 there was rampant civil unrest in the nation that erupted into riots in various major cities. During the early April commotions and fires that beset Washington, D.C., the Jackson's fifth child, William, was born. The Jackson children now numbered two girls and three boys. A few months later Art was transferred back to Okinawa for four more years. The Annandale home was sold to a family they had known on Okinawa and

a larger home purchased in Alexandria, Virginia where Nancy's mother lived and close by George Washington's Mount Vernon. The realtor arranged for its rental until the Jacksons returned from overseas. Considering that the family had good friends on Okinawa, and the tenor of the nation at that time, it is was a most welcome assignment.

BACK TO THE HOME OF THE HABU

The Jackson's arrival at Naha Airport was something like a homecoming. In the intervening two years the terminal had been enlarged and the runways lengthened and strengthened to accommodate the larger jet aircraft being introduced into service on the Pacific runs. However, the small gift shop still displayed gallon bottles of the local rotgut: 'Habu Whiskey'. Not to be outdone by Mexico's "Worm of Gold" tequila, which has a single cactus worm floating in each bottle, or the Laotian equivalent-whose name has mercifully been forgotten-with its pickled three inch centipede entombed inside with various other bits of unidentified drifting matter, the local distillers bottle a spirit which very effectively embalms the whiskey soaked coiled Habu snake lying in wait on the bottom of the jug.

Another member of the order Squamata indigenous to Okinawa is the Sea Snake, a very poisonous variety is found off the west side of the island in the South China Sea. On the Pacific side a different variety of sea snake is harvested and cooked in any conventional manner or is smoked and grated as a condiment over many local dishes. Camp Chinen overlooks both the Pacific Ocean and the small island of Kodaka. According to Ryukyuan folklore, man first appeared on that island. At the time of Jackson's tour there was one small village on the island, a single small generator and a lone telephone. The residents maintained small gardens and shared in the single local industry-catching and smoking sea snakes which were shipped to oriental markets world wide. The average snake was about two inches in diameter, three feet in length, silver in appearance with a somewhat flattened tail. To the touch it felt much like any other snake.

Sea snakes would often surface at night when local fishing boats, fitted with high intensity light booms to attract fish, were anchored at sea. A curious snake would lift its head and several inches of its body out of the water, peruse the situation, and then disappear into the depths. They were caught in nets by the locals in shoreline coral caves at night. Once caught they were stored in wet burlap bags for transport to the smokehouse.

At the airport the Jacksons collected their luggage and headed past the alcohol pickled Habus, directly to their assigned cinderblock home at Camp Chinen. The next stop for Art, and his ten year old son Thomas, was the base golf course where they completed the final four holes of a nine hole game that had been interrupted by their departure two years earlier. Despite a rainstorm that day father and son fulfilled a pledge they had made to complete the game started on the last morning they had spent on the island.

His job kept him traveling throughout Southeast Asia and Art was busier than ever before. Still a member of the Air Force Reserve he was also working to accrue reserve credits. Unfortunately his connections had long since been transferred and hunt as he might he was unable to turn up any two week tours of duty. Despite this handicap he was able to maintain his status through monthly meetings and extensive correspondence course enrollment. When ever he was on the road his suitcase always contained course materials.

Just as he was to do without two week tours of reserve duty he was also forced into an unwelcome hiatus from shooting. While Fort Buckner's 12 point indoor 50 foot range was well built it was poorly lit. One visit convinced Art that shooting there would be more of a trial than a treat. An occasional visit to his backyard 50 yard range was about all the shooting that he was able to manage. One day in the fall he and Nancy helped put together a huge ham, turkey, and chicken shoot for base residents. Various events allowed for .30 carbine, 12 gauge buckshot, a jury rigged single trap layout, and .22 rimfire rifle on a luck target for the children. The proceeds from the event went to a local charity and a grand time was had by all until an unexpected rain shower brought it to a close.

An unfortunate shooting incident took place in 1971 at one of the island's military bases. In a knee jerk reaction the Commanding General of United States Forces on the island ordered the turn in of all privately held pistols, rifles, shotguns, air guns, and bows and arrows the very next day. The sporting firearms were maintained in tightly controlled warehouses on the respective bases and owners could requisition their property for weekend use. Art's 50 yard range saw less and less activity.

SHOOTING IS A STATE OF MIND

During those days on the island when it was nearly impossible to go to the range Art practiced Plutarch's advice from Exile. The Greek philosopher wrote that "Wise men make life happier and more endurable by lightning their troubles with remembrances of their blessings..." More simply put, for a rifleman, it means that target shooting is done wherever you can find it, and any form of shooting is better than none, even if the competition is done only in your mind. While not able to shoot as much as he would wish Art was able to recall past events in Germany, and other locals, to get him through this shooting dry spell. Modern coaches call upon shooters to imagine what the next match will be like in detail, it is called visualization. Rather than think about matches that could not be, Art visualized matches that had been, his blessings as Plutarch might say.

In Germany, during Oktoberfest, fairs and amusement parks run at full blast throughout the country. Frankfurt was no exception. Beer flowed freely and small cardboard dishes, filled with the best of the country's wurst, a dollop of hot mustard, and a hard crusted roll, were sold everywhere. At night there were games for children and adults alike. Of particular interest to Art were the shooting galleries. They were not like the traditional American Coney Island type where rows of clay pipes and 'swimming' metal ducks were the targets and .22 short ammunition was fired out of pump guns. Instead, medium grade .177 air rifles fitted with aperture sights were used. The distance to the conventional appearing target was about 15 feet. The target was a steel plate with a hole in the center. A pellet that passed through the center of the target tripped an electronic flash, rang a loud bell, and a few minutes later a Polaroid type print of yourself firing the shot dropped from a slot.

On another occasion, in Djakarta, Indonesia, Art went shopping in a local department store. For whatever the reason a multiple firing point ten meter air rifle range had been set up in the very crowded entry hall. An entry fee of a few cents got him three shots with a open sighted pellet rifle. Prizes awarded for various levels of achievement were tins of canned food. Unable to recognize most of the contents by the label, sardines in tomato sauce being the one obvious exception and Jackson's choice, he distributed his largesse to a small cheering squad of barefooted children who crowded about him.

Whenever his travels brought him to Djakarta he checked the store entrance but was never to see the shooting gallery again.

PANAMA

Art's 54th birthday, May 15, 1972, was celebrated in grand style by the residents of Okinawa, and of course, Japan. Few, if anyone out side of his family, knew that it was his birthday but, by coincidence, control of the island reverted to Japan on that day. The Jacksons celebrated both the personal and national milestone by departing the island for the second, and final, time.

Instead of returning to an assignment in Washington, D.C. Art was directed, following a period of home leave, to the Canal Zone for two years. After a family conference it was decided to complete an around the world circuit. They had headed west from Virginia in 1968 and would continue in that direction to Panama. It certainly was not the most direct way but they would visit Hong Kong, Thailand, India, Israel, Italy, and France on the way to Virginia.

The seven Jacksons spent the first month as residents in the Continental Hotel as housing was not available when they arrived in Panama. They lived out of the travel bags that had been put together on Okinawa weeks earlier. Tippy, their dog, had arrived directly in Balboa from Okinawa by air and was in quarantine. Each day Tom and or Diane would visit the kennel to insure that the dog was properly fed and exercised. Tippy's quarters, to be liberal with the term, was a small cage and the puppy was as impatient as the two legged Jacksons to get into a real home.

Day after hot, humid, and rainy day passed as the family waited for the arrival of their much needed household effects and automobile. Eventually they were assigned housing and the crates of belongings arrived, but not the car. They were forewarned, incorrectly as it turned out, that the Canal Zone's humidity and repair facilities would be terrible. As a result the old Ford station wagon was sold for \$35.00 and a somewhat better sedan was purchased before leaving Okinawa. The car had indeed been on the same ship as the rest of the Jackson's possessions, but a paperwork error had directed it to a U.S. port. Weeks later it arrived in the city of Colon, at the Caribbean Sea entrance to the Canal, while the Jacksons waited 40 miles to the west, in Balboa, on the Pacific Ocean side. The family boarded a train for the ride to Colon to retrieve the car.

Art was soon out on the prowl for a rifle range and found the Balboa Gun club with little difficulty. The club was formed by employees of the Panama Canal Company and the membership had built a fine shooting complex which boasted a covered smallbore range, a pistol range, a ten point 200 yard high power firing line and, of course, a skeet and trap layout. About the only thing the club lacked was a large number of competitively minded adults. The junior shooters were the beneficiaries as the adults devoted much time to developing the juniors, perhaps in the hopes that they would thicken the ranks and enable the older shooters to get in some competition. The Panamanian Military Forces, however, supported an international range complex where 50 meter competition were occasionally held. Art was invited several times to enter the smallbore prone matches, which he enjoyed but did not win.

FINDING A GOOD LOT TAKES A LOT

Prior to leaving Okinawa Art had written to the Winchester factory in New Haven requesting a Model 52E barreled action be selected, billed, and shipped to him at the Shenandoah Gun Shop in Virginia. Winchester was pleased to do so and Art received a

very gracious letter from a Mr. Henshaw who handled the transaction. In the letter Henshaw enclosed the actual test target which was usually kept in the company files. Five ten shot groups were fired at 100 yards, from a machine rest and Art's rifle grouped an average of .58 inch. Very much interested in obtaining any amount of the same ammunition that shot such tight groups, Art was surprised to find that the Winchester rifles were tested with Eley Tenex and not a Winchester Western product, and therein lies a story.

At the time of the incident, 1972, Art had been away from active competitive shooting for some years. However, he always did his best to keep abreast of what was happening in the game and his friends were delighted to help him. Through his correspondence he knew that Eley Tenex was considered to be the highest regarded, 22 caliber rimfire match ammunition. In the United States, Arizona's George Stidworthy, 'The 1600 King', so named because he had shot more perfect aggregate scores prone with any sights than any other person, was the importer of Eley.

As a service to knowledgeable shooters Stidworthy, upon request, would ship them 100 or 200 round samples of various lots of ammunition that he had received from Eley so that they might test it and make a selection. In order to get the ammunition to the customer in the shortest time and the safest way it was shipped via Greyhound bus. After being advised of the time and date of arrival all one had to do was show up at the designated bus depot to collect the ammunition. The shooter's part in the arrangement was to test the ammunition as quickly as possible and then notify Stidworthy as to the outcome. Then, as now, there were seldom more than six cases of 5,000 cartridges in a lot. When Stidworthy received a shipment of ammunition from England it was in what ever number of cases ordered, with no regard for the number of lots. He would hold at least one case of the lots sent pending a call of acceptance or rejection.

Dave Carlson, Art's old friend, supervised Winchester's custom shop in the early 1970s and he contacted Stidworthy with a request for sample lots. The result was that Winchester purchased every box of a particular lot to be used exclusively in testing their Model 52 target rifles. All went well until word of this purchase of test ammunition drifted up to the rarefied atmosphere of the Olin Corporation board room. Mr. Olin, the Chief Executive Officer of the company that controlled Winchester-Western, was dumbfounded when he learned that his rifles were being tested with British ammunition obtained in Arizona. It seemed a great insult to the world famous munitions manufacturer that they themselves could not supply a quality ammunition for their own rifles. After the board members peeled him off of the ceiling, he promptly initiated an ammunition research and development project that would eventually result in Western Super Match Gold. The ammunition would be adequate, go through some manufacturing difficulties, and soon fade from the scene, leaving the 22 caliber rimfire match ammunition field open to the European manufacturers. It would not be until almost two decades passed that a quality ammunition, made in the United States, would become available to shooters through the efforts of the Federal Cartridge Corporation.

Art's 52E rifle had been tested with the lot sent to Carlson in New Haven. He quickly he wrote to Stidworthy requesting that he ship him any of that ammunition he might still have in his possession. The prompt reply from Arizona, including the account of the Olin story, ended Art's search.

The Winchester 52E had been stocked in 52B wood in Panama. It was ready to go but Art's ammunition supply was just run of the mill. As luck would have it he came upon a Panamanian soldier on the range who sold him a carton of Eley Tenex. Art hurried to the Balboa range and shot a 400-39X at 50 yards in his first and only test. The ammunition was too good to squander and it was put aside for competition, but there were none.

Away from rifles, while on Okinawa, Art had purchased two 12 gauge Winchester shotguns through the PX system. One was a Model 101 superimposed and the other a field grade model 12 pump. Both had full choke barrels and to check them out he dusted off the old 30 inch Plexiglas disk. Several enjoyable afternoons and evenings were occupied in patterning and studying the results. The tightest pattern, by far, was produced with Remington Power Piston trap loads of 2 3/4 drams of powder and 1 1/8 ounces of number 8 shot. These cartridges averaged over 80% with both 101 barrels reaching 90% on occasion. If one has need for a more open pattern just repeat the tests with other brands until you find a load that delivers the pattern, within reason, that you desire. Oddly enough, Art never shot trap after leaving Germany in 1959. He was also unable to find a turkey shoot once he found the tight shooting 101.

RIMFIRE AMMUNITION ISSUES

With his extensive travels and having to leave ammunition in storage for long periods of time under unknown conditions Art has often used the two following stories to answer a commonly asked question. "Does 22 caliber rimfire ammunition deteriorate with age and/or storage?"

His first tale deals with his experience with the specially handloaded ammunition by Remington that he had encountered in Washington, DC. Given a sample box to fire by Remington Representative Daniel Carrol he shot a 250-25Xs indoors at the one firing point 100 yard indoor range at Bolling Field. Three years later, in preparation the 1956 Melbourne Olympic Games, Art was encountering ammunition problems and managed to contact Carrol who located a few hundred rounds of the experimental ammunition. It was shipped it off to a friend of Art's in the Pentagon who would hand carry it to him in Melbourne. The super ammunition was past its prime. It was incapable of holding the eight ring vertically at 50 meters in the same rifle. It appears that the ammunition suffered in storage.

On the other hand, in 1967, he purchased 1500 rounds of Eley Tenex from Colonel Maurice Kaiser while shooting a match in Fairfax, Virginia. The lot number was not completely recorded and only the number 519 still exist in Art's records. Had he recorded the two letters that proceed the three numbers than a check against coding would tell a good deal more about the ammunition. In July of 1968, Art bench tested a Winchester 52B with a new Hart barrel with this ammunition. The two ten shot test groups measured .53 inches and .71 inches respectively. There was one 'wide' shot in the .71 inch group that destroyed a .50 inch hole.

Thirteen years later, in July of 1981, The Hart barrel was transferred to a Winchester 52C action by Homer Culver. With one box of 519 left Art tested the old barrel on a new action and stock at a different range and came up with two consecutive ten shots groups that measured .58 inch and .68 inch. This ammo had been stored in a military ammunition can hidden under a work bench on the shores of Chesapeake Bay from July 1968 through mid 1974, in a humid basement in Virginia for two years, and then

a final five years in a damp New Hampshire cellar. It appears that this ammunition did not suffer in storage.

Conventional wisdom is that ammunition will maintain its high quality if stored in a cool dry location. The GI issue ammunition can is to the shooter what the humidor is to the cigar enthusiast. A storage container that will maintain the correct conditions for the best possible storage of the product. It is still not uncommon to see boxes of Eley Tenex, packed in cardboard boxes, show up a matches and do well many years after that type of packaging was discontinued.

There must have been something magical about the manufacturing process of Eley Tenex during the decade of the 1970s. A review of the current Conventional Prone National Records indicates that that might have been the case. The record sheet is set up so that next to each record holder's name and score is the date it was fired. Only four of the many records were fired after 1979. The most recent was shot by Mary Stidworthy Sparling. Mary, daughter of 'The 1600 King', was twice the National Smallbore Prone Champion. In 1987 she shot a 400-40X across the anysight Dewar course, Twenty Xs at 50 yards and 20 more Xs at 100 yards, which she followed up with an additional 40 Xs at 100 yards. In National Record keeping, after the 400-40X is fired, Xs are then only recorded in units of tens.

Given the current growth in popularity of BR-50 and 50-50 bench rest competition and the smaller international target, ammunition quality is critical to good scores. There must be some fine lots of match grade ammunition out there among the various brands offered for sale. However it will take a lot of time and money to find one that will shoot well in your rifle. It seems that with the high quality of associated products and accessories already available on the market the ammunition manufacturers in both Europe and the United States must pay close attention to its product to be competitive within the industry. What is needed is an ammunition with a consistently high level of performance to hold the attention of the shooting community. Enchanting automobile type advertising hype, fancy colored boxes and packaging are not what attracts and holds the competitor. The proof of the pudding can be seen in the fact that the 1997 British Pershing Team, competing in one of the three most prestigious smallbore shoulder-to-shoulder prone matches in the world, selected Lapua over the British flagship Eley for its ammunition. The sport hinges on quality ammunition.

Some 50 years ago, following World War II, the Winchester factory returned to the production of EZXS match ammunition. Unfortunately the rush to produce ammunition for the competitor met with less success than hoped for by both the manufacturer and the shooter. The inconsistent quality of the ammunition caused Dave Carlson to remark that, "Doping wind is an enjoyable part of competition, but it is time to quit when forced to dope elevation." To Winchester's credit they quickly recalled the substandard lots of ammunition already in circulation.

RIMFIRE RESEARCH

Art has noted that recent research has indicated that shorter barrels may well be as accurate as the traditionally longer ones. Anschutz has lead the trend and short barrels equipped with sight extenders, called 'bloop tubes' because of the sound made when they are shot, are now common on rifle ranges. Is match grade 22 caliber long rifle

ammunition intended for pistol shooting to be considered for use in these rifles as was Remington Targetmaster in the 1950s?

If a bullet is extracted from a 22 caliber long rifle match round made by Eley or Lapua the observer will note that there is approximately 1.3 grains of powder in the case and a substantial void of about 1/4 inch under the base of the bullet. Interestingly enough that 1/4 inch void is the same as the difference between the length of a 22 caliber long rifle cartridge case and the almost forgotten 22 caliber short. In center fire match cartridge loadings, such an air space is to be avoided at all costs. The centerfire reloader will adjust the type of powder to the case, or the length of the case, to insure that there is no air space. The idea behind completely filling the case is to insure that the primer will ignite the powder in such a way as to provide an even burning of the propellant. If there is a void then that void might well occur unevenly within the cartridge case and make for poor ignition.

The 22 caliber rimfire cartridge has undergone very little change since its introduction in the late 1800s. The case, now brass, was once copper. The priming compound is now noncorrosive and the powder charge is now smokeless. When it was a black powder the powder charge filled the case. Is the extra length of the long rifle case there for ease of handling or is there some technical reason? Competitors have no means of experimenting but Art wonders if the manufacturers have tried replacing the 29 grain short projectile, common to the short, with a 40 grain match bullet. The little fellow is loaded with the same amount of powder, 1.2 to 1.3 grains. As far back as 1910 the British were marketing a '22 short 40' cartridge that easily outperformed the 22 short which was the Scheutzen Match cartridge used in the United States at that time. With a well cut chamber and a 1:16 twist Art wonders what it might be able to do.

International Shooting Union rules do not restrict the type of the 22 caliber cartridge to be used in any of its matches, the short popular in 25 yard rapid fire matches while the long rifle is used in rifle events, and for years the Swiss rifle shooters used the 22 extra long cartridge. Art has no idea to what barrel length the ammunition industry directs their concern, but whatever it is the competitor is left to investigate the whole market. Art's experience indicates that it takes as few as two shots to reject a lot of ammunition but up to 100 for an approval.

A CHANGE OF VENUE

Unforeseen events happened too quickly during 1974, the Jackson's final year in Panama. In the eleven years the family had lived overseas most of Nancy's family had passed away. During the final stay in Panama, Mrs. Ord, Nancy's mother was hospitalized. Nancy was called home on short notice and arrived at her mother's bedside just hours before Mrs. Ord passed away. These losses had left their mark on the entire family, but especially on Nancy and Art. Overseas living was fast losing its appeal. The distance from family and the constant relocating of the tribe of teenagers in different schools and environments was becoming a major concern. The Jackson children were not developing lasting friendships and the family, as a whole, was not putting down roots.

Upon leaving Panama the Jacksons moved into their home in Alexandria, Virginia for the first time since purchasing it several years earlier. Art checked into his old office and quickly noticed many changes. Principal among the changes were the number of strange faces.

Soon after moving in the Jackson family's household goods arrived and Art set to work laying down rugs. During the day his back began to trouble him and by the next morning he was unable to move. Nancy called the local hospital and Art was soon strapped onto a stretcher and in an ambulance headed for treatment. During, what seemed an indeterminate stay, Art was in some pain and felt that the slightest movement of his head would separate it from his neck. When he wasn't sleeping his thoughts were everywhere. Eventually he came to focus on where he was in life. Some years earlier, while living on Okinawa, he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in the Air Force Reserves, and he knew that rank was the end of the line. Retirement from this rewarding aspect of his life seemed the only option.

The changes in his job with the CIA and the desire to stabilize family life all seemed to lead to one conclusion, it was time to retire. Nancy and Art discussed it at some length and there being no objection they agreed. Art returned to his office in neck and back brace and began processing his paper work for retirement. Art elected to end his public service with the close of the year and so it was that on December 31, 1974 he left the CIA.

That same evening at a party to greet the new year, at a neighbor's home, Art was asked by a fellow guest, "Where do you work?" For twenty years Art had dodged that question with an agility that an acrobat would envy. In shooting circles it was known that he worked for some government agency, and while there was speculation, no one really pushed him. Only adult members of his immediate family knew the answer. To this day he is still quite closed mouth on the subject alluding that he had something to do with photography. To his inquisitor he simply and truthfully replied, "Nowhere, I'm retired."

When Nancy and Art broke the news of the pending retirement to the children questions flew. Uppermost in everyone's mind was relocation. There were no roots to keep them in Virginia and Brooklyn was totally unthinkable. The government would move them to any location within the United States for up to one year after Art's retirement so there was ample time to make the decision, or so it seemed. One area of agreement was that they would settle someplace where there were four seasons.

Diane completed high school that spring and went off to college in Massachusetts. Tom had completed all the paper work involved with an appointment to the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado and the family was anxiously awaiting word of his status as the one year moving time limit closed. Art was able to obtain a six month extension and took to the road to find a suitable home for his brood.

There had been a deep rooted feeling, harbored over the years, that surfaced more often as retirement time drew closer. "Wouldn't it be nice." mused Art to claim that position with Winchester Arms Company that he had turned down so many years before. The timing was right for him, he could move anywhere in New England. Why not New Haven, Connecticut? Why not inquire?

From past experience Art knew the location of the Winchester plant and, without any real plan or preparation, decided to drop in for a visit with Dave Carlson during one of his runs up from Virginia. They met in a narrow reception hall and talked for over an hour catching up on gossip and then discussing the state of the small arms industry in the United States. After being out of the country for so long Art was unprepared for Carlson's frank commentary on the state of the industry and Winchester itself. He had the good

sense not to ask about job opportunities and watched his Winchester dream disappear for a second time.

A few years later the plant exchanged hands and Winchester became U.S. Repeating Arms. Carlson retired and moved to Maine where he did a little gun work. He later relocated south where he lives in the Florida sunshine.

Heading north from Virginia in a junker red and white Nash Rambler, Art explored a wide area based on family requirements of schools, house type, and church. Beginning in Pennsylvania Art, accompanied by a fan of folded maps, left on a Monday morning of any given week and returned home on Friday. He went everywhere, Delaware, Connecticut, Rhode Island, but not Massachusetts where the warning signs greeted him at the border and informed him that he would be jailed for one year if he entered the state with a firearm. He did drive through the Bay State, sans firearms, on the way to New Hampshire. It wasn't until a year or two passed that he came to realize that the anti gun state, or so the signs lead him to believe, hosted more competitive shooting than the remaining five New England states combined.

As the end of the six month extension drew near Tom was still waiting to hear from the Air Force Academy. Art appealed for a further extension and was granted 90 days to wait out Tom's status. He was appointed as an alternate, but no vacancies occurred. Through another source he was able to obtain a Naval Reserve Officer Training Corps scholarship to the Virginia Military Institute. With Tom's situation cleared up the Jacksons began the move and somehow managed to arrive in Wolfboro, New Hampshire on the ninetieth day.

NEW ENGLAND

As soon as the dust cleared and the rugs were laid, this time with no back problems, Art began scouting out a shooting club. Fifteen miles from home he found a fish and game club that boasted a 100 and 200 yard firing line, without pits, and a stocked pond. No serious target shooting was possible on the weekends but Art used the ranges on occasional weekday mornings.

New England is a hotbed of shooting and Art soon found himself attending prone matches at Damariscotta, Maine, where he had met Sam Clark, Jr. and won a fine wool shirt so many years earlier, and other weekend matches at Framingham, Massachusetts. There was, of course, the fine Blue Trail Range run by Charles and David Lyman in Wallingford, Connecticut. It was there that Art fired a memorable 100 yard match with a score of 399-39X. He used Eley ammunition in his Winchester 52E. The ammunition came from an unusual source. Art's Olympic team mate and good friend Walter Tomsen's youngest son, Greg, was a member of both the Connecticut National Guard and All National Guard Rifle Teams. As a Connecticut Guardsman his task was to shoot service rifle and, from time to time, he and Art would cross paths at matches held at Reading, Massachusetts, Bolton, Vermont, or Nashua, New Hampshire.

Each time they met they would bet a box of Eley Tenex on the outcome of the 300 yard rapid fire stage, much as Art and the Balesteries had done with Pepsi Colas back in Brooklyn. Greg, a smallbore prone shooter of some note, was not as good at the rapid fire game as Art and was forced to pay up more often than not. Interestingly enough things had come full circle as Tomsen was a St. John's University graduate and been coached by the younger Balesterie as a member of the rifle team.

The Reading Rifle and Revolver Club, with its skeet and trap fields, 50 foot gallery range, covered smallbore line with shooting benches and, best of all, a fifteen point 600 yard range is a shooter's delight. Tucked in among the trees, hard by the National Guard ranges at Camp Curtis Guild in Wakefield, the range hosts an extensive match series each year, including the famous 'Mini Palma' matches held between the New England States and the Canadian maritime Provinces. Closer to Wolfboro was the Nashua Fish and Game Club with a 200 yard to 600 yard range layout which Art joined for a short time.

Interested in shooting gallery and the possibility of league shooting Art was directed to a club in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, about 50 miles from home. He was invited to visit on a shooting night during the winter. Following a snowstorm he left Wolfboro at 6 PM with no intention of shooting. He just wanted to observe and get the feel of the place. The league had three teams. It had been good to be talking about position shooting again. However, Art had to negotiate ice covered roads and did not return home until midnight. He didn't go back.

LONG RANGE SHOOTING

Art had begun to develop an interest in the early days of long range shooting that began at Dollymount, Creedmoor, and Wimbledon. Before departing for Taiwan in 1962 he had made an agreement with an old book and print shop on 57th Street in New York City. Periodically they would send a cardboard tube filled with prints from Harper's Weekly and Leslie's Magazine related to competitive shooting and marksmanship. These illustrated magazines were the Time and Life magazines during the years of the middle 19th century. Art would make his selections and mail the remaining prints back with a check to cover the cost of the prints he retained.

Art found a young Chinese artist in Taipei who would tint these prints. The newspapers of the day were incapable of reproducing photographs and all of these pictures were hand engraved. The period of these long range matches, from 1874 through 1883, was quite brief and limits any collection efforts. These prints, now in teak frames, adorn the family room in the Jackson home.

When the Bicentennial Palma Match was scheduled for Camp Perry in 1976 Art thought it would be nice to put his collection on display for the enjoyment of the competitors and spectators alike. The family was in the midst of the move to Wolfboro and it was impossible to be at Camp Perry so Art arranged for his collection to be delivered to the National Rifle Association Headquarters in Washington, D.C. The match ended, the summer ended, and October and November passed and Art heard nothing from the NRA. Finally settled into his new home Art found time to inquire about his prints and received no reply.

After speaking to some shooters who had attended the matches Art realized that they had not been put on display. In late spring of 1977 he drove to Washington and found his prints hanging on several office walls. Two time Olympic gold medallist Gary Anderson, then the Executive Vice President of the NRA, arranged to have the framed prints taken down, wrapped, and returned. One, Harper's Weekly, dated October 6, 1877, is still missing. It shows a victorious Uncle Sam holding on to the Palma Trophy standard with one hand and holding a match rifle in the other. In retrospect Art realized that it was presumptuous of him to assume that anyone would volunteer to take responsibility for such a collection.

THE 1979 PALMA TRYOUTS-NOT EVEN CLOSE

Tryouts for the 1979 United States Palma Team, to be held in New Zealand, were to be conducted at Camp Perry and Art made plans to attend the high power program. His last trip to Camp Perry had been in 1975 when he had shot smallbore prone and served as Adjutant of the Dewar Team. Creighton Audette fitted his 1936 Winchester Model 70 with a 1:11 Atkinson barrel chambered for the .308 Winchester cartridge. While he had not followed the reactivation of the famous international team competition in the early 1960s, he was student of the original black powder matches held at Creedmoor and Wimbledon.

Prior to departing for Camp Perry in 1978, Art learned that the governing powers of the Palma tryout had decided to require all shooters to use issued military ammunition, either 7.62mm or .30-06, when shooting in the Palma course. Having gathered a supply of 7.62mm ammunition in 1964 Art found that the ammunition would not chamber in his new barrel because of its .340 inch neck diameter. After conferring with Audette it was decided not to rechamber the rifle. Instead Audette offered the shared use of a Winchester Model 70 Palma rifle from, a previous year. A quick drive to Vermont with a set of Redfield sights was needed to gain 200 yard zeros. Art shared the rifle with a young lady from Massachusetts, each using their own sights. They agreed on a firing point where they would leave the cased rifle for the other to pickup. During the entire match they never saw each other. Art's efforts in his first attempt to make a Palma was not good enough.

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE-DAISY AIRGUN CHAMPIONSHIPS

The fall of 1978 saw Art becoming involved as a shooting instructor and coach in a national shooting program sponsored by the International Chamber of Commerce and the Daisy Airgun Company based in Rogers, Arkansas. It is an ongoing program directed to teaching safe handling and use of firearms for boys and girls between the ages of eight to 14. Art was swept up in the wonderful program. Essentially it consists of ten weekly two hour meetings teaching the basics of safety, good sportsmanship, and good marksmanship. It began in 1965 and by 1978, when Art became involved, it had spread to Canada, Mexico, and parts of Europe. Sarah and William, the youngest Jackson children, entered into the program conducted by the local Junior Chamber of Commerce.

The program is modest in cost and when each Chamber of Commerce enrolls they may purchase any number of four gun starter kits consisting of four BB guns, a heavy duty canvas backstop screen, a modest supply of targets and steel BBs, and a course guide. The Daisy Model 499 single shot BB gun, not available on the commercial market, is the issued gun. It has satisfactory sights for training but rules allow for the use of adjustable aperture sights if desired, the weight can be increased to a six pound limit, and slings are permissible.

At the end of the course a team try out is conducted and that is where the shooting coach enters the picture. The match course, leading to a state championship, is a traditional four position course of fire shot at 5 meters, 16 1/2 feet. Prior to any match the competitors then take a 50 to 100 question test covering the course content and NRA shooting rules. Both the test results and shooting scores are factored together. Girls usually outpace boys on the written exam and fortunate is the coach who has a girl who shoots well.

Wolfboro had its introduction to the match at the 1979 New Hampshire State Championship. The team did not shoot well but they and their coach were exposed to the

match procedure. They also had a chance to see BB guns that were fitted with Redfield sights, weighted barrels, and slings. It was a lesson well learned.

The following year, 1980, Art lead the Wolfboro team to the New Hampshire State Championship. This title included entry into the international championship held at Bowling Green College in Kentucky. The match was reminiscent of the many international events Art had attended as an active competitor. All team members marched into the football stadium for the opening ceremonies. While teams with prior experience were attired in colorful regional costumes related to their state history, the New Hampshire delegation wore its shooting vests.

The Daisy Company had set up a temporary range which stretched the length of the football field with a metal BB trap at each firing point. Multicolored circular tents were set up for teams to use as assembly areas. When all of the scores from shooting and tests were tallied, Wolfboro was in seventh place. Not a bad showing for a team that had only begun the year before. Art's son, William, won the individual shooting title with a 397X400. The written test scores are only combined with the shooting score in the team event. In the future the Wolfboro team would insist upon family participation with study and testing. It was a memorable time for all concerned.

Match rules prohibit state championship team members from participating the following year. But, if the boy or girl is within the age limit, they may reenroll in the course and, if they earn a spot on the team, compete once again. Five of the seven members of the 1980 Wolfboro team qualified again two years later. They won the State Championship and traveled to Austin Peay State University in Tennessee. The Wolfboro team finished in eighth place.

The target had been reduced in size and a young Texan won the individual title with a 393X400. William placed third with a 389. On his way to the bronze medal he set a National record standing with a 98-6X. At 14 William found that horses were more to his liking and retired from shooting.

The Chamber of Commerce/Daisy program is now in its 32nd year and still going strong with an average of over 200,000 children taking the course annually. Despite its popularity and size, it seems to be a well kept secret as few people have heard of the program. For most children who participate as members of state championship teams the international championship is their first taste of travel as they venture out of state, often a first airplane trip, and it is an experience never forgotten.

Family participation is intense. The Daisy Company absorbs half of all travel expenses for seven shooters and two team officials for all necessary travel within the United States. The balance of the team's expenses are raised by the shooters who earn their dollars by conducting car washes, candy sales, doing odd jobs, and taking pledges. The families of the host Chamber of Commerce chapter assume the responsibility for the awards banquets. The banquets are held within two hours of the final posting of the scores and Art considers them to be as impressive as any he attended while at the height of his active career. The individual champion from the previous year opens the ceremony after dinner by reading the oath and, one by one, all award winners are called up to center stage to receive their individually engraved awards. Commemorative gifts are given to all participants and all go home with a physical memento of the event and many fine memories. Unfortunately the Wolfboro chapter of the Junior Chamber of Commerce disbanded in 1983, ending the shooting instruction program in that area.

'LOAVES AND FISHES'

After settling in Wolfboro Nancy wished to open a gift shop specializing in nonsectarian religious articles, craft ware, and cards. Wolfboro is a small town located on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee and caters to a large seasonal tourist trade. Visitors arrive at either dockside or on the main road as they travel to the north country. The Jacksons could not afford a center of town location even if one had existed. However, they were able to win a bid on a small wooden building owned by the town's water department. It was one short block from the lake front and the center of town. It had once been a school house and was painted, of course, red. It was also in need of much work to prepare it for use. While Nancy poured through catalogs, individually selecting every item, Art purchased used card racks, book cases and shelving at auction. He even painted the logo sign for the shop, named 'Loaves and Fishes', which he hung over the entrance. The time tested real estate mantra that states there are only three things that count in real estate and they are location, location and, location proved true. In a town whose telephone directory listed seventeen churches and a store located three hundred feet from the town's only traffic light the shop was, unfortunately, out of the mainstream and they were virtually unknown. The store closed at the end of the three year lease.

THE 1982 PALMA TRYOUT-CLOSE BUT NO CIGAR

Art returned to Camp Perry in 1981 for a second try at a Palma tryout. He qualified as an alternate for the 1982 team but was not called upon. He did attend the prone competition at the Connaught range, near Ottawa, and shot fairly well but Art had become more fixed on long range black powder competitions held prior to the individual rifle events and the Palma Team Match. This was to be his black powder initiation as he had not fired his .45-70 rifle beyond 200 yards. The Wickliffe single shot rifle, which Art still uses, was made in Ohio in 1976, and rebarreled by Audette with a Douglas 458 blank having a 1:18 twist. Art shot well through the 200 and 400 yard events but got lost switching rear sights for the longer ranges, never finding the 600 yard target. The rifle has since been rechambered to .45-90 and has had a new, and much improved rear sight, fitted to it.

Audette, who was the United States Palma Team Captain that year, competed in and won the black powder aggregate using a Ruger Number One action, factory stock, and a custom barrel that he fitted and chambered for the .45-70 cartridge .

The Connaught Ranges are the twin of our Camp Perry. It is dead flat and faces north and water. Instead of the broad expanse of Lake Erie they have the Ottawa River. The city of Ottawa is about the same distance from Connaught as Port Clinton is from Camp Perry.

It was at Connaught that Art observed his first Palma Match. He was somewhat disappointed as it wasn't the impressive picture he had constructed in his mind from viewing his print collection of the good old days. There was no huge crowd surrounding the firing line, no flying flags and pennants, no smoke, nothing that he had conjured up in his mind was there but the tough competition. There were, however, many more wind flags spaced down range than is seen at Camp Perry and they were flying straight out as if they had been starched. At Creedmoor, some one hundred years earlier, there was a wind direction and velocity indicator tower located between the firing line and the targets. That was in the days when a 20 mile per hour wind called for 20 minutes of windage at 800 yards and it was a 16 minute sight rise when moving from 800 to 900 yards with no sighting shots allowed.

The 1982 Palma Match began with the issue of crated Sportco 7.62mm rifles to each team. The rifles were manufactured in Australia especially for the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association (DCRA) to provide for this match. Each shooter received an allotment of specially selected military issue ammunition and 25 meter zeroing in targets. These stiff cardboard targets are designed for use with the 7.62mm NATO cartridge and its 144-147 grain bullet. The target face resembles a thermometer with a large black aiming point at the bottom and a vertical line rising to the top emerging from it. Lateral lines cross the vertical line at intervals and represent range distances, in 100 meter increments, out to 900 meters. The target is similar to the ST-1 50 yard Sighting Target-Special, commonly called the Christmas Tree target because of the outline formed by the vertical and horizontal lines, used in the United States for zeroing in for long range.

The riflemen first establishes and records a good 100 or 200 meter sight setting for both elevation and windage. The sights are then raised a predetermined number of minutes of angle for a specific distance. Two or three verifying shots are then fired and these should strike the intersecting lines for the marked distance. If not then adjustments are made and recorded prior to going to the firing line.

The start of the first stage of the match, 700 meters, was delayed as shooters queued up to have adjustments made to the new rifles. The match would allow each shooter two sighters and 15 shots for record at 700, 800, and 900 meters. After the pits were sealed each 16 man team drew its four firing points, separated by several firing points from other teams. A simple strand of white rope marked off each team's domain and each flew their national flag. Behind each firing point was a blackboard for a register keeper and huge score boards, one for each team, were mounted high up at the rear of the team's assembly area. Entry to the roped off areas was restricted to the teams and appointed observers. There were similar appointments in the pits. The pit crews, however, did not know which team's targets they were servicing.

The match went to the host team, Canada. They completed the final stage with only eight of the original rifles with which they started. The other half had been shed, for one reason or another, along the way to victory. Australia placed second and New Zealand third. Great Britain was in fourth place with the United States and the West Indies in fifth and sixth. It was not a good shoot for the United States.

While the course of fire and procedures have remained fairly constant in Palma competition the rules concerning rifles has not. A rule allowing for individually owned rifles was introduced in 1985 and the host country was relieved of the obligation of providing a large number of rifles. A change to the course of fire was introduced in 1995 in New Zealand. It was agreed that, henceforth, the course of fire would be once across the 45 shot course of fire on two successive days.

THE 1985 PALMA TRYOUTS-THE THIRD TIME IS THE CHARM

The late Roy Dunlap, noted gunsmith and author, sent Art a British made Swing 7.62mm match rifle complete with a Wilkes receiver sight in 1983. It had been given to Dunlap by Art's shooting buddy from his junior days, George Swenson. When Swenson was discharged from the U.S. Army after World War II, during which he had been awarded a Silver Star and two Bronze Stars, he eventually settled in England. There he entered the firearms trade where his shop produced both the Swing rifle and the Wilkes sight. Swenson retired in the late 1980s, and returned to the United States where he resided, in poor health, near Seattle until he passed away in June of 1997.

Creighton Audette replaced the much used Schultz and Larson 7.62mm barrel with a very tight bore (.3055 inch) Obermeyer barrel. Tight barrels were all the rage at the time in the countries that were competing with military issue ammunition and its 143-146 grain boat tailed bullet. Thanks to the generosity of Canadian friends Art obtained a few bandoleers of their ammunition to practice with as United States military ball was of poor quality for this type of shooting.

The 1985 Palma Match was to be held at the Bisley Camp ranges in England. It was the site of Art's introduction to international shooting at the 1948 Olympic Games and he wanted to qualify for the team. Tryouts were held at Camp Perry in 1984 during the National Matches. Candidates for the team would have to fire three 600 yard matches from the National Championship and then the full Palma course.

With only a 200 yard range to test and practice on Art found that his 190 grain bullets were averaging 1 3/4 inch for five shot groups from the bench and that was not good enough. He left home heading for Camp Perry with the intention of first stopping at the 200 yard range for a last resort test of something he had either heard or read about hoping to improve his rifle's accuracy. The middle receiver screw of Winchester Model 70 actions was reportedly causing bedding problems if too tight.

Shooting from a bench with a telescopic sight Art first fired a five shot group from the rifle without making any changes. The results were the usual, and expected, 1.50 inch group. He then loosened the middle screw a quarter of a turn and fired a second group. This measured 1.25 inch. The screw was removed entirely and a third group fired. This last group measured .60 inch and the bedding screw was packed away in Art's shooting kit, never to be used again.

Audette, master gunsmith and rifleman, was Art's friend and he always enjoyed visiting Creighton's home and shop. The Audette/Jackson correspondence file is a treasured part of Art's reference library. To Audette, and all other knowledgeable riflemen, a five shot group was practically meaningless other than an indicator that your cartridges would fire. He cringed at any mention of five shot groups. Art feels they are right but questions what advantage does a ten or twenty shot group have if the first five are beyond acceptable limits? In this case a .6 inch group was, to Jackson, like a gulp of oxygen on the Whittington Center ranges at Raton, New Mexico. Art struck off for Camp Perry in a great mood. After the three 600 yard matches Art was down but two points, in second place behind friend Larry Moore's 599X600. The solid start at 600 yards, combined with a good score in the Palma, put Art and Larry on the team.

ART PREPARES FOR BISLEY

The British National Rifle Association celebrated its 125th anniversary in 1985 by hosting the Palma Match. At the same time the National Muzzle Loaders Association of Great Britain sponsored a black powder team shoot at the same distances as the Palma, 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, to serve as the opening event of the entire meeting. Art was a member of both the United States Black Powder Team and the Palma Team. The black powder team was composed of eight shooters and a team captain Art borrowed Creighton Audette's Ruger Number One single shot rifle. It was now rebarrelled and chambered for the Sharps .45-100BN cartridge. A real shoulder banger, the massive 535 grain paper patched bullets were cast of a 1:20 tin to lead alloy and propelled by a duplex load of nine grains of 4759 smokeless powder and 85 grains of FFg black powder.

Both Art and Creighton were members of the Mansonville Rifle Club of Canada

located just a few miles north of the Vermont/Canadian border. The club maintained a three point 1000 yard range in a flat swath cut through the forest. From time to time the two would meet there to test rifles. Edson Warner, a well known Canadian rifleman, also belonged to the club. Edson, who would join them from time to time at the range, had been selected for the Canadian Black Powder team heading for Bisley.

In preparing for the trip to England Art had carefully studied the detailed match program and found that he would be able to fit in a third category of competition known as Match Rifle. This was considered the ultimate in rifle competition and was a direct descendent of the matches fired at Wimbledon in the era of the 1870s. The shortest range in this type of competition is 900 yards, with the range increasing in 100 yard increments out to 1200 yards. The only acceptable cartridge is the 7.62mm NATO cartridge, however, they may be handloaded with any weight bullet and powder charge. A telescopic sight of any power is allowed along with forearm rest, conventional sling, and the more daring are free to use the back position.

Even though conventional telescopic sights are allowed, a few British riflemen opt to use the divided, or open, telescope of yesteryear. Known as the Galilean system it consists of a forward lens element and aperture within a very large front sight tube. The rear lens elements are contained in a folding vernier heel sight which is positioned on the butt stock close to the butt plate. The system has a magnification of, perhaps, six power. That year the Match Rifle grand aggregate was won, not for the first time, by John De Have land of England. This master long range shooter used a Swing bolt action rifle, commercial handloads, the back position, and the Galilean sighting system. His success shows that the more things seem to change the more they stay the same.

Art's Winchester Model 70 complied with the Match Rifle rules and he planned to use a Lyman 15X STS scope with a sandbag rest under his forearm. He carefully loaded 1958 Winchester-Western cases with, what he euphemistically refers to as, a 'stiff' charge of 4064 powder, 190 Sierra Match Kings, and Federal 210 primers.. Art refuses to divulge the actual powder weight which means he is either keeping a very good load a secret, an unlikely event for such a generous man, or when he feels uncomfortable in even mentioning its size for fear someone may try to duplicate it with unhappy results. The load shot well at 600 yards and Art's only problem was a reminder of his first trip to Bisley in 1948. Her Majesty's Customs office, and the airline, frowned on the import and transport of unlisted ammunition. Fortunately, shooting friends in Canada came to his rescue by offering to take his .308 ammunition to England for him.

The DCRA sponsors a Victoria Day competition each year in mid May at the Connaught Ranges. It is a fine way to open the shooting season and at that time of year it is a valued opportunity to practice. Art drove up from New Hampshire with his newly rebarrelled Swing rifle. Military ammunition was issued on the line and, despite rain and wind, it was a good shoot as Art came away with two aggregate wins.

Alain Marrian, one of Canada's all time great rifleman, showed Art a foul weather front sight insert he resorted to for long range shooting. It was a 4mm Anschutz front aperture that had been modified by an electronic specialist with the addition of a fine cross wire. Within a few days of returning home Art had taken a small Redfield aperture, drawn a single copper filament, about .008 inch in diameter, from a table lamp power cord and attached it to an aperture ring with epoxy. Like the sight on his '03 on Okinawa this one also worked.

All long range riflemen are constantly experimenting with different sizes, types, and modifications of front sights in preparation for a match when a rain makes the target look like nothing more than a dark smudge on a slightly lighter toned background. Some try apertures large enough to encompass the entire target frame, post inserts of the same apparent width as the frame, or perhaps, an inverted post that is used to touch the top surface of the frame. A .0625 inch wide post subtends 6+ minutes of angle at 1,000 yards. Targets are six feet (72 inches) wide and a minute of angle at that distance is approximately 11 inches. With this combination of sight size, target size, and distance the post and target frames appear to be of equal width. The methods and ideas seem to be endless. Art still favors the crosswire, or at least he did when his eyes were sharper. In use a shooter disregards the aiming point, even if visible and quarters the target frame with this front sight.

BACK AT BISLEY

After landing at Heathrow Airport the United States team arrived at customs. All of the team paper work had been completed weeks before the trip and was awaiting official scrutiny. Perhaps it was the efficiency of the team officials, Maybe it was the daunting sight of a virtual Himalayas of luggage, locked and chained rifle trunks, and the coffin like crates containing the team's 100mm Unertl scopes and tripods. Perchance the line of innocent travelers, in a scene that was reminiscent of turn of the century sepia photographs showing packers climbing the Chilicoot Pass into the gold fields of Alaska, being blocked by all of this baggage moved them. Whatever the reason, the Customs Officers, looking from the pile of benign baggage to the impatient line of passengers, simply threw up their hands in surrender and the team was quickly waved through customs.

As quickly as their passports were stamped and the gear loaded, the team boarded busses for the short trip to Bisley. There they were assigned to wooden barracks, gentlemen in one and ladies in another. Drawing on his past military experience Art knew that a barracks room corner afforded the most space and privacy and he quickly took possession of the far end corner bunk.

It had been 37 years since he last visited Bisley. The shade trees were much higher and fuller, walkways were as clean as ever, and the solidly constructed private club buildings, each with its dining facility and pub, were in fine condition. In 1948 the shooting team stayed at the London Middlesex Club House. The smallbore range that Art had come to know so well was now an unused and overgrown area at the extreme left end of the terraced Stickeldown Rifle Range. Smallbore matches were now held on the much broader Century 600 yard range. Just walking past that familiar setting stirred memories of that great 1948 squad of his youth and the fine marksman who manned it, Karl Fredericks, Joe Benner, Walter Walsh, Emmet "Doc" Swanson, Frank Parsons, Art Cook, Phil Roettinger, Walt Tomsen, and a host of others.

Shortly after arriving at Bisley Art located George Swenson, who was ensconced in his display tent, where he offered his wares to the shooting public. No longer two skinny kids from New York, the two long time friends reminisced about earlier shooting days and gun deals in which they engaged. A few days later Swenson invited Art, Creighton Audette, and several of his English friends to dine with him. Swenson had been assigned to the South China Sea area during his World War II service as a military police officer in the United States Army. During the time he spent in Malaysia he had developed a taste

for the spicy cuisine of the equatorial nation. Art, no stranger to that part of the world, also enjoyed a good curry so Swenson's selection of both restaurant and dishes were met with great delight. It was an evening of fine cuisine, companionship, and yarn spinning at Swenson's favorite Malaysian restaurant.

A LITTLE BISLEY HISTORY

During the three week stay at Bisley Art found himself with one free afternoon. As a student of the earliest days of long range rifle shooting he took this opportunity to visit Wimbledon Common. After a series of train rides and transfers, broken by brief waits at various stations, Art alighted at his destination without mishap. In earlier days a town common was just that: land shared in common by the residents of a village for grazing cattle and sheep. Perhaps the most famous common in the United States is Boston Common, a 1/4 by 1/2 mile park of trees, grass, and ponds that is now a beautiful recreational area center of the large city. The home of the famous Swan Boats began as just another broad pasture used by all the folks of colonial Boston.

In the years 1858 and 1859 Queen Victoria's government formed a volunteer army, similar to our National Guard, as an adjunct to the Regular British Army. These 200,000 volunteers were to back up 'The Thin Red Line' in the event that a feared invasion from France proved a reality. This never happened but the volunteer army existed and had to be trained. Wimbledon Common, just a few miles from the center of London, contained several hundred acres of land and attracted the War Office's attention. Its open spaces and convenience of location prompted the government to commandeer a portion of the acreage for use as a shooting range.

On July first of 1860 Queen Victoria, accompanied by her husband, The Prince Consort Albert, officially opened the first meeting of the British National Rifle Association. The Queen fired the opening shot from a Whitworth muzzle loading rifle that was mounted in a machine rest. Even though long range international competition between the United Kingdom and the United States, leading up to the initial Palma Trophy Match, was never held at Wimbledon to Art this was the most momentous shot ever fired as it not only opened the rifle match but it also opened the gates to international rifle competition. Wimbledon gift was the course of fire and range distances for the Palma which originated at the site.

Her Majesty tugged upon a ribbon attached to the trigger of the presighted rifle and launched a shot towards the cast steel target some 400 yards off. The bullet struck 1.25 inches above the center of the square ringed target. The Whitworth rifle, machine rest, and steel target remained on display at Wimbledon until the early 1890s when the ranges were relocated some 20 miles further west to Bisley. These historic artifacts were moved, along with the major buildings and equipment, and are today on display at the Bisley museum.

In its early years Wimbledon's ranges were only open during the shooting season. For the remainder of the year it reverted to common usage and animal grazed where competitors had lain, knelt, or stood looking down range trying to determine the value of the wind. When the shooting season opened, out of storage came wooden partitions that were assembled to form a single level barn-like structure that was used as both a restaurant and housing for several small shops and stores. There was a huge wind mill to pump water already in place. A tall wooden structure was built, easily visible from any

point on the range. It supported four clock faces. The clock tower and restaurant were moved to Bisley, but the old wind mill still turns at Wimbledon Common.

Today a sizable segment of the Common contains the world famous tennis courts and related facilities and the area once used for shooting has been converted to a public golf course. All that remains of the rifle range itself is one gently sloped mound, crowned by a few small trees and a bench, at the juncture of a numbered green and the tee for the adjacent fairway. When Queen Victoria ushered in the age of rifle competition with her almost perfect center shot the target had been located at the base of this mound. A careful study of the golf course map shows that the location is accurately named, in typical British dry humor, 'The Queen's Butt'.

After enjoying his sojourn to Wimbledon Art was strolling back to his quarters from the Brookwood train station when he came across a small secluded military cemetery set back from the road. There were no signs prohibiting entry so he quietly entered. A forest of stately pine trees formed a perfect frame for about two hundred identical grave stones. Lush, well tended, green grass grew from the edges of the trees to the corners of each of the white headstones which seemed to glow against the dense green carpet in the half light. It was quiet, cool, and peaceful, truly a cathedral in the pines. Here lay several companies of American and Canadian soldiers of World War One who never made it home from 'The War to End Wars'. Walking past the orderly rows of soldiers, in their final formation, he read the inscriptions carved into the smooth white stone. Some stones had names while others were known only to God, and Art wondered who were the people who cared so tenderly for these otherwise forgotten men for so many years. One day, should he ever return, he vows to find the answer at Brookwood.

BLACK POWDER AT BISLEY

The Black Powder Team Match opened the Bisley meeting that year. It began with a big bang and a cloud of white smoke when members of the British Muzzle Loading Association hauled in a two inch bore cannon to fire the traditional opening shot. A big scoop of black powder, held in place by a wad of wet cloth, and touched off by a fuse was a big attention getter.

The majority of the nine member United States team, including one husband and wife, came from Oregon and Washington. The great Northwest and its adjacent area in Canada was, and still is, a hot bed of black powder shooting. Other members came from Michigan, Ohio, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. Team member Tom Matpack, of Ohio, was a frequent competitor at Bisley prior to 1985 and is the driving force behind the black powder program held at Camp Perry as the first phase of the National Matches. Tom used a high quality British falling block match rifle chambered for the .45-100 cartridge, the rest of the United States team had a few Ruger Number One single shot rifles that were rebarreled for either the .45-70 or .45-100 cartridge and three .45-70 Remington rolling block rifles. The Canadians used Rugers, a pair of custom built .45-70 Martini Enfields and Winchester Hi Walls. However, as nice as these rifle were it was the English collection of original muzzle loading Rigby rifles that drew everyone's attention. One, in particular, owned and shot in the match by Andrew Courtney, was used at Creedmoor in 1877 by W. Ferguson of Scotland. Just holding the rifle was a thrill to Art.

In addition to the beautiful brassards and medals awarded by the British, all teams were presented with large cased gold, silver, and bronze medals by the American Single Shot Rifle Association. Art's skill and good fortune found him high gun. Although he had

broken Audette's cleaning rod during the match, Creighton's delight with Art's skill and score with his rifle, and the team's victory, easily erased any sorrow over the snapped rod. Art returned the rifle and the fired cases to its owner with thanks and, to his knowledge, the rifle was never fired again by Audette. Creighton had an arthritic condition that had developed in his shoulder which made shooting the rifle an uncomfortable task. Some time between 1985 and Audette's death, in 1994, the rifle was sold.

Buried in the Match Rifle program was one 'any rifle any sight' event that required the adventurous rifleman to shoot 20 record shots at 1200 yards. Even though a forend rest was permitted to steady the aim it still was a long distance. The Palma Team Head Coach, Mid Tompkins, had brought a .300 Winchester Magnum fitted with a Redfield telescopic sight just for this event. When called to the line Tompkins lay down to shoot prone and his first two sighters were low misses, as were his first several record shots. The sight simply did not have enough internal elevation capacity and he ran out of 'clicks' before he was able to hit the target. By aiming at a tall tree, some distance behind the target, he managed to get into the scoring rings and eventually into the bull's-eye with his last few shots, but his score had already been ruined by the misses. Patrick McCann, another multiple US National High Power Champion like Tompkins, took over the rifle and the same firing point. Tompkins was able to convey to McCann the identity of the tree and the branch intersection that he had been holding on during the latter part of his string. McCann's first shot was on target and he went on to win the match with a score high enough to set a new record.

Art was the only team member to enter the full Match Rifle program. However, his scores, while good, were not good enough to win anything. Toward the end of the week competition and Palma Team practice interfered with each other so Art dropped out of the Match Rifle program. Additionally, he had run out of 190 grain ammunition. Several days later three full boxes appeared on his cot accompanied by an apologetic note from the Canadians who had brought the ammunition to England for him. The boxes had been misplaced and were found in an obscure niche of the Canadian equipment. Tucking the ammunition away Art brought it home and used it in a match in Massachusetts later that Fall.

'YA GOTTA KNOW THE TERRITORY

The Music Man, a Broadway musical about the adventures of the confidence man Dr. Henry Hill, opens in a railway carriage with a group of traveling dry goods drummers singing a song that declares that to be a success in sales one has to 'know the territory'. So too is it with shooting in different countries. No two range layouts are the same to the degree that light effects them and strangers are always at a disadvantage. To best prepare for a match, at home or abroad, one must 'know the territory'. The best map to the territory is the rule book and diaries and notes from shooters who have been there and it pays to study them with care.

Currently NRA of America highpower and smallbore rules are very liberal with respect to rifle weight and trigger pull. Weight limitation is unlimited and all a trigger has to be to be legal is to be 'safe'. As a general rule the rest of the world's shooting organizations have regulations that are similar to those of the International Shooting Union while the Palma Match has its own particular regulations. Most countries that participate in the Palma Match now have, on average, a rifle weight limit of six kilograms (13.2

pounds) and a trigger pull of 1.5 kilograms (3.3 pounds). Beginning in 1985, and for several years thereafter, competitors in England had all shooting equipment checked for conformity prior to competition. After the initial inspection a small sticker was attached to the rifle stock to indicate that it had met the standards and no rifle was allowed on the firing line without a sticker.

Sharp eyed spectators might notice a number of shooters leaving the line at the conclusion of firing with a smile on their face, rifle in one hand, and score card in the other. These fortunate shooters had fired clean, or full scores-all bull's-eyes. They were headed for the assistant range officer's table where their rifles would be tested for trigger pull. If it met the standards the score become official. Today, in Canada, all is simplified. Everyone is expected to know the rules and to conform to them, there are no pre-shoot checks. But rest assured if a 'full score' is fired that rifle's trigger will be checked.

Each Palma Team has 18 shooters competing for 16 shooting places. Those who do not make the final cut become alternates, held in reserve in case of the incapacitation of a team member. At Bisley a large score sheet was posted on the barracks wall and individual match scores were posted each day. This Wailing Wall served several purposes, chief among them was to keep each team member apprised of the ebb and flow of competition for the 16 spots.

The overall long range rifle competition, ending with the Palma Team Match, has been styled 'The Long Range Rifle World Championship'. Six and eight member team matches, at regulation distances, lead up to the Palma Team Match. Even in the days before the match title became formal these smaller team events have been traditionally of great importance to the host associations for various important national awards are conferred to the winners and a select few of these events are open to 'foreign teams'. Its important as these slow fire prone matches are to the hosts they are equally important to the visitors, but for a different reason.

These matches provided the foundation for improved shooter/coach relationships for the tournament and for the make up of the 1985 team. Such teams, in so far as United States strategy is concerned, was not to attempt a win but to better prepare shooters and coaches for the main event, the Palma. Several high scoring individuals were not selected to shoot in these secondary team events to provide more range and coaching time for lower ranked team members. This tactic paid off in gold.

The key position in Palma Team competition is that of the squad coach. The title of coach on such a team implies that the selected individual has developed an outstanding ability in judging the direction and speed of the wind and its effect upon the bullet. Such a coach, with little hesitation, gives his shooter a sight adjustment, if needed, to place the shot in the center of the target. A Palma coach is a wind coach and not involved with instructing team members in mundane shooting procedures. Each Palma shooter is responsible only for their rifle, knowing the exact sight zeros for elevation and windage for each distance, for aiming and firing each shot as accurately and quickly as possible on command, and immediately advising the coach of the shot call.

All shots fired, in practice or competition, are meticulously plotted by either the coach or an assisting team member. The plot sheet will have all pertinent information about the shooter, rifle, clean or fouled barrel, ammunition lot number, and range conditions recorded upon it. Each shot and corresponding call will also be recorded along with all sight changes that are made. If the shooting session goes well the sight settings

recorded after the last shot will match those on the rifle's sights. These procedures provide a great deal of useful data to shooter, coach, and team officials. For the best possible team management these performance charts are carefully studied and discussed as they are valuable tools in maintaining the quality performance of each rifle as well as a check on ammunition.

Not all top ranking riflemen make successful coaches, a fact which applies to all sports. There must exist between the squad coach and the shooter both mutual respect and an understanding that the coach's decisions on the firing line are the law. The best team coaches have had years of experience as shooters which are then followed by more time behind the scope learning the mysteries of wind and light. Coaching does not begin, or end with, a relay or match. When the shooting ends the rifleman cleans his rifle, packs up his gear, and begins to unwind. In contrast, after the last shot the coach packs up his plotting sheets and goes off to review them with the team officials and to make decisions based on the information. Coaching is an ongoing, time consuming, and pressure laden position that begins long before the match begins and seldom ends until the awards ceremony ends.

At Palma Matches most coaches enter the individual events and quite often do very well. However, the real purpose behind their entry is not to win awards but to increase their knowledge of the range and its prevailing conditions. A secondary effect is the confidence shooters gain in their coaches when they see them perform well.

Even in the best of circumstances unforeseen things happen and a team deep in experience is able to handle the odd event in stride. Prior to the team's arrival at Bisley there arose a need for a squad coach and, after some discussion, Larry Moore was drafted to fill the position. Moore, a veteran of ten Palma teams, possessed both a fearsome reputation as a competitor and a natural calmness that, no matter the situation, inspired and calmed his squad. Art was a member of that squad and felt privileged to be under the telescope of his long time friend.

To better understand and appreciate the value of the coach and shooter procedure described, one might picture a squad practicing at 1000 yards in mid afternoon at, say, Camp Bullis, Texas. Four shooters are set up on the line and the coach has his big spotting scope positioned between and above shooters two and three. A quick glance will show that the riflemen do not have individual spotting scopes and only one target has been raised from the pits. The coach tells his shooters that they will be firing three shots each at the target. They are then reminded of the distance and instructed to take position, load, aim and wait for the command to fire. The coach carefully observes the wind, blowing sand, mirage, and light. Weighing what is seen down range against experience and the coach's sixth sense, a command of "Right eight minutes and fire on command" rings out.

The shooters quickly turn their windage knobs counterclockwise 16 half minute clicks and take aim. Just as quickly the coach calls, "Right two minutes and fire." Four hands go instantly to the windage knobs and four rifles fire as one. Right after enough time has elapsed for the bullets to reach the target it disappears into the pits. While the target is down the shooters reload and take up aim waiting for the target to reappear. The pit crew quickly manhandles the target in to the air in what appears, to those waiting on the firing line, to be excruciating slowness. When the target is up the coach sees a cluster

of four shots strung from the X through the ten ring at nine o'clock. Promptly the coach makes his final scan of the conditions and calls out "Left six minutes and shoot."

The riflemen respond and again, what sounds like a single shot rings out. As the target is drawn into the pit one shooter reports that his last shot was "a bit low." Rifles are reloaded and the shooters come to the ready. The target comes up with two spotters in the X ring, a ten a two o'clock and a close nine at five o'clock. "Right five minutes and shoot" follows another scan of the wind flags and mirage. Sight knobs are turned and trigger pulled. As the shooters recover from the recoil they ground the butts of their rifles and anxiously await the target's reappearance. The target comes up with four spotters in the X ring. And that is what long range team shooting is all about.

THE PALMA-AT LAST

The big day, the last day, of the meeting arrived at last. That Sunday morning dawned with a solid overcast and a forecast of rain. Ten teams, the largest Palma Match to date, sorted equipment, and felt butterflies flitting in their stomachs. The previous evening Art had attended Mass, as is his custom, but found that his prayers for fair weather were not being answered. But, this was England where even on days when the weather seems clear many men will be seen carrying tightly rolled umbrellas. The team assembled for breakfast in a private room in the camp restaurant where they had been taking their meals all week. The food was excellent and there were no stragglers on this gray morning. The usual good natured bantering was a bit subdued and there was an unfamiliar tenseness felt in the room. The team departed for the range in small groups where they were early arrivals, not the first by any means, but earlier than most.

Some shooters began breaking out yellow and green foul weather jackets and pants. Art wished he had bought a set. As the rain continued to threaten, the US shooters dug into their team issued equipment and pulled out pale blue deerstalker caps. The hat is most familiar as the type of headgear that graced Sherlock Holmes on stage and screen. The cap was most practical because the fore and aft bills helped keep the rain from running down one's face and the back of his neck.

The pits were sealed and Creighton Audette drew the team's bank of targets. With that business completed the coaches set up their scopes under plastic sheeting, while the designated first relay shooters arranged themselves and their equipment on their assigned firing points. With the coach in the middle, right hand shooters would lie to the coach's left and left handed riflemen to his right. A small national flag was provided for each team by the hosts and were affixed to the scoreboard.

After the 800 yard stage the score on the leader board stood at 1170X1200 for both the United States and England. Australia was in uncontested third place with an 1168. With the close of the first stage the teams again drew for firing points, this time for 900 yards. While the draw for targets was taking place, the teams began moving their gear for the trek back, and the rain began to fall, heavier.

Art was the fourth shooter in his squad and had been using his crosswire front sight insert. He cannot now remember if the rain was better or worse than earlier relays. It really made no difference as all were soaked through by the end of the second stage. The match continued through the rain and, as the teams broke for lunch, the scores and totals for the first two scores were posted and totaled. The United States had pulled ahead of England by five points, 2308 to 2303, with Australia still holding on to third with a 2301.

During the lunch break time allowed for a change of socks, pants, and underwear. All of Art's sweatshirts were soaked through, as was his venerable 10X shooting coat. The team did not talk much as they toyed with the food upon their plates. It was nice to be in the lead, but a five point edge is nothing when faced with 240 record shots at 1000 yards in increasingly worsening conditions. Lunch soon ended and teams headed back for the final stage of the match.

At the range the pit detail was in place and team leaders made the final draw for targets. Team members huddled on the upper terrace of Stickledown Range waiting for word to take positions on the firing line. And it rained.

At one point during the 1,000 yard stage all shooting was halted as the targets were lowered into the pits to try to protect them from the rain. After a ten minute delay they were again raised and the match resumed. During the cessation in firing the sodden shooters simply lay there covered by sheets of plastic to give them some protection. Art and Mo Defina, shooting on the adjacent point, saw no point in getting out of position and seeking protection as they were wet clean through.

The match resumed and towards the end even the shooters on the line began to realize that an increasing lead was being built up over the English. Minutes after the heaviest rainfall it suddenly stopped and the sun came out as the cloud coverage diminished. The US completed the stage 21 points ahead of the English. This, and the five point lead from the earlier stages gave the United States a 26 point victory over the second place English. Australia placed third and the Canadian Team was in fourth. The drenched, but happy and noisy, United States Team quickly changed into warm dry clothing for the awards presentation. It had been a grand day.

At dinner that evening, the team's last get together before heading home, Creighton Audette was presented with the small United States flag that had flown on the team scoreboard during the match. It was a petty larceny, but if the British National Rifle Association is still looking for the light fingered culprit who made off with it the search is now over. The purloining of the banner was quite out of character for Art, which only shows just how much he was moved by both the team's victory and his friend's leadership. The flag is now among the Audette memorabilia and papers that are in the capable hands of Warren Greatbatch, of New York. In time they, and the records of other greats in the shooting field, are destined for a shooting museum and research center which is presently in its formative stages.

The following morning the team completed its packing and departed Bisley for home. By the time the flight arrived in Washington, DC, it was too late for Art to make his connections to Boston. The next morning his flight hopped from Washington to Boston and finally deposited him in Manchester, New Hampshire where, after a short auto trip, he was home. The team's departure from England the day before was so swift that Art had to pack his possessions as they were. Soon after walking through the door his bags were opened and his still wet shooting clothes were hung on the clothesline to dry. It was a singular situation: English rain dripping on New Hampshire grass.

Following the euphoria of team victories in both black powder and Palma team matches at Bisley the return to small-town normalcy was short lived. Within a brief time Nancy and Art were left to guard the homestead on their own. Two children joined the Peace Corps. Diane was stationed in Central American nation Cost Rica while Robert found himself on the western tip of Africa in Senegal. Tom returned to Gibraltar, the island

he had first seen as an infant homeward bound from Germany, to marry his Portuguese fiancée, Catilina. Sarah was attending the University of Connecticut at Storrs and William was preparing to enter St. Lawrence University in New York. With the children striking out on their own Wolfboro was not the same for Nancy and Art.

CREIGHTON AUDETTE

It seemed that before a full recovery from Bisley had been accomplished preparations were underway for the 1988 Palma Matches that were to be held a half a world away in Sydney, Australia. Creighton Audette was to again be team captain with Ken Erdman, a Marine Reserve Colonel who had won the service rifle championship in 1982 and 1983, as a super-active adjutant and, with Mid Tompkins serving as head coach.

Audette and Tompkins made the long journey to Sydney in April of 1987 to shoot in the Australian Full bore Rifle Championships. The trip was not just a rifle match to the duo, but an opportunity to survey and reconnoiter the Anzac Range in Malobar, a Sydney suburb. Some time after the trip, for reasons never made known to Art by his friend Creighton, Audette resigned the captaincy of the Palma Team. Tompkins took over the responsibility at that point and lead the team south.

It is Art's opinion that Audette's surprise decision was brought about by the severe pressures Creighton was under to produce a much needed book on gunsmithing. He had been commissioned by a well known publishing firm and the daily grind of writing to meet deadlines became too much. It was a time consuming task for Audette to be bound, so to speak, to his newly acquired word processor during the day and thinking about the project at night. Gunsmithing work accumulated in his shop below and business related correspondence interrupted his writing. Audette was a man who took his responsibilities to others seriously and one more intrusion on his time and obligations must have weighed heavily on his mind.

Audette was blessed with an ability to type at a rapid enough pace to keep up with his racing mind. He was, however in this task, cursed by his very meticulous nature which made him aware of every aspect of a task. He could not limit himself to presenting a particular procedure and moving on. His nature decreed that he show as many ways as he knew to approach a problem so that the reader might select the most appropriate method. To undertake such a massive task, in the way he must, was impossible if he wished to present it in a single volume. He readily admitted that it would take two, or even three, volumes to do the job properly. At his age, with other projects racing through his mind, Art feels that Audette simply could not, in good conscious, devote the time and energy to do justice to all of his undertakings and something had to be sacrificed. As there were capable people able to take over his responsibilities with the Palma Team, and no one who could replace him on the book project, he elected the course that would help more people in the long run.

Much of the book was to be illustrated photographically. To this end Audette became very accomplished with his camera setups and subject lighting which was an accomplishment given the space limitations of his shop. Art volunteered to process his 35mm black and white film, make 36 print 8X10 contact sheets with a quick turnaround by mail, and to maintain a file of the negatives for printing. In many instances, after studying the prints with a magnifying glass, he would repeat the machining setup and reshoot the scene from a different camera position. Perhaps seeing that it was impossible to

complete the work in the way that he would wish, and after completing 200 pages of approved text, he withdrew from the contract and returned to his shop, his customer friends, and shooting. Unfortunately, in the end, the shooting world lost Audette's hard earned experience, knowledge, and skills that the unfinished work represent.

Tryouts for the 1988 Palma Team were held a Camp Perry and Art ended up just out of the money and was named an alternate. Team officials were notified by one shooter that he had to withdraw from consideration because of personal reasons and they moved Art up and he was once again heading to an international match. The letter informing him of his selection was a mixed blessing as he had encountered accuracy problems in the fall of 1987.

His Swing rifle and a recently acquired Remington 700 actioned match rifle were not shooting well. He had tested them with what had been identified as a very good lot of Canadian 7.62mm ammunition and again with handloaded Sierra 150 grain bullets to no avail. Rebedding and rebarreling both rifles did not help either. Hearing of Art's problems in late February of 1987, Audette offered the loan of his Swing rifle. Without hesitation Art accepted the offer and drove to Springfield, Vermont to pick up the rifle.

Art was somewhat taller and longer in the arm than Audette and this lead him to construct a pine wood spacer to add a needed 11/4 inch to the stock length. Art carefully measured, whittled, and sanded the spacer well away from the borrowed rifle. It had a beautiful stock and Art did not want to scratch the finish. The visual distraction of the homely add on spacer to the attractive stock put Art in mind of the words of Townsend Whelen. Whelen thought that the only interesting rifle was an accurate rifle. In the same vein Art reasoned that the only attractive rifle is an accurate rifle. Anyway he never heard of a shooter being awarded extra points based upon the appearance of his rifle.

THE 1988 PALMA MATCH-THE US GOES UNDER DOWN UNDER

The team left the United States in early April which is autumn in the southern hemisphere. 1988 was the Australian Bicentennial and the hosts went all out in acquiring match sponsorship for the shooting competition. First place in the Queen's Aggregate, for example, was \$25,000 Australian. The most outstanding and valuable individual trophy was of modern design, made of gold, with epires and bas relief of people shooting in the prone position valued at \$10,000. It is obvious that the match program director and his staff were earnest about the match. They planned a very fine Palma and Art imagines that the smoke filled board meetings must have been very serious sessions.

It was so fine that the Palma was the very first match scheduled in the lengthy program. This was not in keeping with the tradition of having smaller team matches lead up to the big event. Australian Palma Team members later admitted that the placement of the match was an intentional move. The planning committee recognized that the Australian and New Zealand teams would be completing their competitive season at the time of the Palma and would be at their peak. Canada, Great Britain, and the United States had yet to begin the year's campaign: advantage Antipodes. While this did not determine the final outcome, it certainly was placing the visitors at a disadvantage.

Great Britain normally assembles its Palma squad a year or more in advance of the competition. It is a larger group than will travel to the match as it also includes cadets, youngsters who are being trained to become team members of the future. Together they will travel and train as a team in a competition circuit within the Commonwealth countries.

They mount Palma campaigns with intensity and attention to detail that is only matched by preparation for sailing's America's Cup.

Canada and Great Britain had their teams in Australia several weeks in advance of the 1988 Palma to practice, to compete when they could find a match, and to acclimatize. Other national teams, including the United States, timed their arrivals to allow for several days of practice before the main event. However, Mother Nature was not on the side of the visiting teams and rain and heavy winds cut range time allocated for practice in half.

A NEW PALMA TROPHY

The 1988 Palma Match was to be very special because of the generosity of Doctor Herbert Aiken of Wisconsin. The original Palma Trophy had been lost. It was last seen in Washington hanging outside of the Office of the Secretary of War during the 1930s. Extensive searches by the National Rifle Association, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Department of Defense have failed to turn up the missing trophy but original drawings were found in the files of the Tiffany Company archives. Since the match had lost its most important symbol, so Aiken donated \$40,000 to create a two-thirds scale reproduction of the original trophy. It is interesting to note that the original trophy was funded by public subscription and cost \$1,500.

The new trophy's construction was supervised, appropriately enough, by Creighton Audette. When completed the copy was mounted on a massive wooden block that is covered with brass plates upon which all of the winning team's names are engraved. From top to bottom the trophy measures some six feet, a fitting emblem for the World Championship of Long Range Shooting. The new trophy was placed on display during the competition and was much admired.

The new Palma wasn't the only trophy to make its inaugural appearance in Australia. Art presented the "Henry Fulton Trophy" to be awarded to the high individual scorer, regardless of country. The trophy was presented in memory of Fulton who both captained the United States Team at the first Palma in 1876 and also was high scorer.

Art recollections of the now closed Anzac Range are of orderly rows of high flying yellow flags, their pointed ends snapping in the breeze, in an endless procession reminiscent of ocean waves as well as rain and wind. A huge midrange crater, some 50 yards long, known as the 'Grand Canyon' had a special disturbing effect on bullets passing over it and firing points that didn't seem to line up with target numbers. He also recalls a disembodied voice distinctly heard to flatteringly say, "That bloke doesn't look that old." when he was called out of the team formation to accept the Veteran, or senior award, for the Australian National Championship. Other fond memories include walking through the mud from the range to the Bisley style barracks and to town with the team for dinner. Entertainment during those days included dropping a few coins into the slot machines at the military club or listening to Bill Tabor, a squad coach who made an annual pilgrimage to New Zealand, regale all with tales of shooting.

There were many women entered in the championship aggregate and Norma McCullough, of the United States team was high gun on the distaff side. The team didn't win, Australia did, almost as if it had been planned, with Great Britain in second and New Zealand in third. The United States was in disappointing, and unfamiliar, fourth place. The team returned home with lessons learned and a goal to return to the winner's circle when the match would be held in the United States.

PATCHED BALL MUZZLE LOADERS

Upon returning home to New Hampshire Art again picked up his interest in patched ball muzzle loaders. A visit to a 1976 competition at Edward Beal's farm near Barrington, New Hampshire perked his interest. He decided to purchase a rifle and try his hand at the arcane art. Thinking as a conventional highpower shooter, Art was concerned about bedding problems, irregular cartridge case wall thickness, and all of the other little things that combine to destroy accuracy. The first decision was to reject conventional cap lock design with its huge side hammer because he thought that a blow delivered to one side would disturb his aim. To get around that problem he purchased a 10 Ring 'in-line' action that had a straight pull back firing pin hammer.

Next he acquired a 50 caliber Green Mountain barrel from New Hampshire barrel maker Branch Meanly. The basic parts were turned over to Creighton Audette who worked his magic by firing an eight inch long mounting block on the underside which also served as a recoil lug. The stock was a Winchester Model 70 Marksman style with a checkered grip and the original trigger bow. All of the voids and cutouts no longer needed were filled with carefully fitted pieces of Walnut. A Timney trigger, Lyman 48 receiver sight, and a Redfield 64 front sight completed the 14 pound rifle. It certainly wasn't, by any stretch of the imagination, a traditional muzzle loader. In Art's hands it soon won several aggregate plaques in 25 and 50 yard offhand and 50 yard bench rest events.

A beat up Trapdoor Springfield .45-70 service rifle, with a badly rusted barrel, was Art's next purchase. Audette was again called upon. He chucked the 1:20 twist Hoch barrel that had been on Jackson's Wickliffe rifle into his lathe and turned it down to Trapdoor Springfield contours. Little of the barrel length was lost and it was soon fitted to the Springfield action. With the addition of a squared top front sight that was higher than the original Art was ready to motor the 35 miles to Beal's farm for a match.

The matches at Beal's farm always included events for military black powder rifles and, as match director, he approved Art's 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch barreled rifle. Paper patched bullets were used and the rifle was cleaned between shots in both 100 yard offhand and bench rest matches. Although Art enjoyed the shooting the rifle, and the congenial informality of the competition, he knew he could not compete in major events because he couldn't manage a free arm standing position. So, after a few years the rifles were put away and more time was devoted to black powder cartridge shooting.

Art located another used Wickliffe rifle, sold the modern .30-06 cartridge barrel, and had Audette install a 1:20 twist Douglas barrel in .45-70. The addition of the new rifle gave him a brace of .45-70 rifles for his new endeavor. Art rummaged through his collection of bits and pieces and came up with a Marble-Goss extendable receiver sight. The sight dated from the 1930s and was one of the first smallbore detachable sights. With the help of a nearby machine shop Art was able to cut and weld the old sight until it fitted the side of Wickliffe #2. Both barrels were then fitted with conventional telescopic sight bases. A Lyman 10 power Junior Targetspot seemed the ideal scope for the big guns. Because of the height of the sight blocks the maximum range that the scope could be used was 600 yards. The set up required that thirteen minutes of elevation be used to increase each one hundred yard change in range.

ART LEAVES CREIGHTON SCRATCHING HIS HEAD

Audette worked on a third 45 caliber black powder rifle for Art and it was the biggest of the three. Looking somewhat like a Ruger Number One, it was a Sharps Borchardt set into a mid 1950s vintage high comb stock. Art used a 45 caliber 1:16

Douglas barrel that he had won at a shoot at Fort Dix, New Jersey. The project turned out to less than the usual pleasant collaboration for the two old Palma Team friends.

Art's approach to solving a shooting problem had always seemed haphazard to the meticulous Yankee craftsman. As a result Art had learned from experience, based upon his many visits to Audette's shop, not to interrupt Creighton when he was chastening him for committing one blunder or another. Audette would soon recover and return to his usual affable self. However, on this one occasion Art was treated to a special chewing out after Audette noted the twist rate of the rifle. Art had sinned grievously in not consulting his friend and he was told so in no uncertain terms. Art had not been 'taken to the woodshed' since a youth in Brooklyn. But here he was, feeling like a little boy at the principal's office. The older Jackson listened attentively while the younger, and wiser, Audette informed him that a 1:16 pitch was too fast for any cast bullet that existed. Figuratively shaking his head and rolling his eyes Audette accepted the project. He went further to create numerous accessories for the rifle such as a special single cavity bullet mold, bullet swage, base chamfer cutter, a bullet base cutter, a cleaning rod chamber guide, a bullet seating tool, a Fisher 'cleaner' to squeegee the barrel, a wooden cleaning rod, a template for cutting paper for patches, and a few other devices.

He then cast, polished, and test fired enough bullets through the rifle before calling Art to advise him that he rifle could be picked up on a clear day. The weather had to be fine because Audette planned to take Art to the range and instruct Art in all of the details of operating the rifle and patching the bullets. The day arrived, the weather was good, and Art drove to Springfield, Vermont with Wickliffe #1, the Lyman ten power scope, and a small quantity of primed and charged cases with a similar quantity of 530 grain patched bullets ready for breech seating.

Creighton had already loaded his car with gear and target frames and was waiting when Art arrived. They convoyed to the range and set up. Creighton wanted to test the Sharps Borchardt, which was chambered for the .45-2.6 inch bottleneck cartridge, at 200 meters. While Audette began his testing Art set up on an adjacent bench and went to work with his Wickliffe. That was a mistake. Art shot a seven or eight shot group of about 31/2 inches. Try as he might, Creighton could not get the Sharps to group within a two foot circle. Art tried the Sharps and, following Creighton's instructions to the letter could do no better. Art's interest in the Sharps fell considerably and his faced showed it. Creighton had been right and the results confirmed his wisdom. They packed up and headed back to the shop where Creighton described the purpose of each accessory and cast a small quantity of bullets to demonstrate the swaging process.

Art tried the rifle once again with the bullets that Creighton had made up and got the group size down to a better, but still unsatisfactory, 14 inches. After several years in limbo the rifle came to life very nicely when, in 1996, a longer and heavier bullet of 1:20 alloy was used. In the meantime, Wickliffe #1 was rechambered for the .45-2.4 inch cartridge. By mutual unspoken agreement he two friends never mentioned the Sharps again.

Art took Wickliffe #1 to a black powder match in Vermont that fall. The Sharps was left behind because of rear sight problems. There were a series of 600 yard events and Art won the first, scored poorly in the second, and didn't bother finishing the third. He could not understand why the rifle had soured so quickly. Later, at home he conducted a postmortem, and found the cause. Bluntly put, it was his own stupidity. He had forgotten

that the .45-70 chamber had been lengthened to 2.4 inches, a difference of almost .32 inch. He had loaded the .45-70 cases and breech seated the bullets in the normal manner with the .45-70 tool. This meant that the base of the bullet and 5/16 inch of the bullet were extending, unsupported, back into the chamber. When the rifle was fired Art could only wonder what condition the bullet bases were in before reaching the rifling.

THE 1992 PALMA TRYOUTS-ONCE MORE INTO THE BREECH

During the years following the Sydney adventure, Art did not travel to matches beyond the 600 yard matches held at Reading, Massachusetts. The only exception were brief runs to Ottawa to shoot black powder. However, in 1992 the Palma was to be held at the ranges at the Whittington Center in Raton, New Mexico. The Whittington Center was the brainchild of George Whittington. A nationally ranked smallbore shooter, Whittington passionately believed that the shooters of the United States needed to have a shooting facility of their own. As a director of the NRA he worked tirelessly and ceaselessly until his dream became a reality and in his honor the facility is named.

The Whittington Center is located in Raton, New Mexico and is not a convenient destination. One must fly into Albuquerque, New Mexico and drive a hundred miles north or land in Colorado Springs, Colorado, home of the Olympic Training Center, and then drive two hundred miles south. In spite of this inconvenience the facility has become the home of long range shooting in the United States and it was here that the Palma would be held.

Tryouts were held at Camp Perry during the 1991 National Matches. The first stage was a full Palma course that allowed the top 200 finishers to compete in the second stage. Those survivors were invited to stay for an additional two days to shoot at special 300 yard targets printed for the occasion. Three stages of 20 shots were to be fired each day and the unspoken message was that the team leadership was looking for those that could, "hold 'em and break 'em." If the basics of shot delivery are there than the rest is up to the coaches to take care of sight adjustment. The top 100 shooters after the first day of firing stayed to fire the same series on the second day.

After all the shooting had ended and the totals tallied Art had a score of 1193X1200. This placed him in the upper third of the 18 man team, a much better position than in previous tryouts. It certainly was not a bad score for anyone, let alone a 73 year old man. He happily drove back to New Hampshire, breaking his journey for a night's sleep in the back of his station wagon at a pit stop on the seemingly endless Interstate 80. The team was to convene at the Whittington Center in mid June of 1992.

His old nemesis, faulty rifle problems again surfaced. At the tryouts any Winchester 308 caliber cartridge loading could be used. His well tested load was made up of 1958 Winchester cases, CCI magnum primers, 42 grain of a Swedish powder known as EB11, and a very good lot of Sierra 200 grain Match King bullets with the cartridges running out to .001, or less. The rifle was an Audette built Winchester Model 70 with a Krieger 1:10 barrel. It was a great rifle but it did not meet Palma regulations.

The Sierra 155 grain Palma Bullet had been introduced that year and commercial match grade ammunition would be used. Palma Head Coach Bob Jensen's shop would do all of the loading for the team and the match. Raton hosted long range matches in 1991 and, true to form, the British were there to get the feel for the facility. The commercial ammunition was available and they seemed delighted with its performance. It

was far superior to the military issue 7.62mm ammunition that they had been using. The United States bullet, loaded for 2900 feet per second, as well as our decimal target have since become the standard for Palma competition. For those of us that handloaded the suggested powder charge was 44+ grains of IMR 4895 powder but neither of his two rifles, with 1:14 twist barrels produced the accuracy he sought. There were no real problems, or so he thought.

RUGER'S RIFLES

Meanwhile Bill Ruger had quietly been preparing 25 match rifles that were to be donated to the NRA for the use of the current and future Palma Teams. This was a ray of sunshine for Art as he thought he would replace his rifle with one of these custom pieces. In the meantime he continued to dry fire throughout the winter and shot at short range when spring arrived, as he had no other facility.

In June he packed and headed west to Colorado Springs where he joined up with Peter LaBerge and Daniel Sutton. There the trio picked up a rental car and headed south on highways 25/85. The team was quartered and fed in first class style at the Whittington Center. During Art's first night he had problems with breathing. The next morning he found out that the range is located over 6,800 feet above sea level. For a while it meant that he to take it easy and move in slow motion. He was soon introduced to the new Ruger rifles and had an opportunity to test them with various lots of the new ammunition. Art experienced considerable pulse beat while shooting but it wasn't from the excess excitement of shooting a new rifle but rather the lack of oxygen.

Soon more of the Ruger rifles arrived by truck driven by team member Dick Anthony and serious testing procedures were established and executed. Bill Atkinson, a former independent match barrel manufacturer was now employed by Ruger at their Arizona plant and became Art's roommate upon his arrival. Art found him to be a very interesting person. The new rifles were his babies. The rifles were flat based single shot model 77 rifles fitted with Atkinson triggers, Warner receiver sights, Anschutz front sights, and an adjustable butt plate and cheek piece. Each rifle came in a commercial carrying case with a cleaning rod, patches, and polishing cloth. In the end only two of the rifles were used in the match, one by Michael Pelis and the other by Dave Logan, a noted All National Guard Team member.

ART OPTS OUT

Art still was feeling the effects of the altitude and was unable to help in the testing, making him feel all the more miserable. One thing he could do was insure that there was a complete photographic record of the event. With the Ruger rifles and the colorful uniforms donated by Sierra Bullet Company there was a good deal to photograph. Art found a photo shop in Raton but it sent its color film out for processing. He inquired if they could work with 120 film in 21/4X21/4 inch format. When they found out he was representing the United States Team, and the presence of the United States team, the shop agreed to take care of anything. Each night Art dropped his exposed film into a drop box and returned to pick up his negative and prints two days later. Much to his surprise he found that, in order to meet his needs, the shop owner personally flew the film to Las Vegas in the morning and flew back the next day to drop of the exposed rolls and pick up the finished work. The photos were posted so that team members might purchase them.

Realizing that the altitude was effecting his performance, and that the match would be held in the same location, he spoke to Mid Tompkins one morning to request that he

be allowed to step down as a shooting member. It worked out fairly well since two of the four squad coaches were assigned five shooters. Prior to match day the final 16 shooters would be named. The two alternates would then assist the coaches in any way possible, be assigned as observers with another team, or assist in the pit.

Richard Del Sesto, a fine man who met an unfortunate early death in an auto accident in November of 1995, offered Art the loan of either one of his Remington 700 rifles. He accepted on the condition that the rifle must be Del Sesto's backup and not his first gun. After trying it, and making a few adjustments, it felt more comfortable than the Ruger so the loan was made. Del Sesto's generous offer was for the duration of the trials and the matches.

Back home in New Hampshire Art began to take extended walks and decreased his eating. While continuing his short range practice with his own Remington 700 he lightened the trigger to a legal 20 ounces and prepared himself mentally for the return to New Mexico.

THE 1992 PALMA-GREAT BRITAIN IS GREAT

The team took over a motel in downtown Raton and Art found himself rooming with Mitchell Maxberry. Since laying rugs during a house move in the late 1970s Art had suffered from a lower back problem and needed a firm mattress. The Raton motel beds were not what he needed so each night he would remove the spread, fold the blanket and sleep on the floor between his bed and the window. Most mornings he awoke at 4 AM, dressed, and went on a walk up a hill to a nearby cemetery and return for a light breakfast at a 24 hour diner. Maxberry got used to Art's early morning routine and the exercise helped Art considerably.

Feeling and shooting much better he again approached Tompkins, this time to ask about reinstatement on the team. Much to his delight he was told, "I never took you off." He joined coach Bob Jones, Eric Pintard, Larry Racine, and Al Webster as the lead off shooter.

A few days prior to the Palma, following the individual events, the powerhouse team from Great Britain became apparent to all. The team selection was still up in the air but the shooters knew they were not shooting well enough as a team to beat back the British threat. The team called a shooters only meeting and, in a unanimous decision, elected to draft Mid Tompkins as a shooter. He accepted and on match day shot as a part of Eric St. John's squad. It was a last ditch effort to put up the best team possible but it wasn't enough. In the end the well prepared team from Great Britain lead second place Canada by 49 points and New Zealand was in third. The United States 132 points behind the leader was in a disappointing fifth place behind the Australians. On that dismal note Art ended his participation in Palma competition.

LONG RANGE BLACKPOWDER

The summer of 1993 found Art in Ottawa for the International Long Range Black Powder Championship with his .45-70 Wickliffe #1. A year after the Palma he managed to squeeze into seventh or eighth place on the eight man United States Team. Selection was based upon scores fired in the individual matches at 700, 800, and 900 meters. During the match that pitted Canada, Great Britain, and the United States the team shot in pairs at a single target. He was partnered with Jerry de Vaudreuil, a well known slug gun competitor from Friendship, Indiana.

For some reason his ammunition wasn't stabilized beyond 600 yards and, as only the best six scores from each team would count, he stopped wasting ammunition midway through the 900 meter stage. He felt that his time would be better spent in giving his partner the best possible wind doping he could. In retrospect it was a good move as an inspection of his score book shows he hadn't placed a single bullet on the target.

ART TODAY

LEARNING FROM THE PAST AND LOOKING FORWARD TO THE FUTURE

Eighty years of life has not slowed Art down too much and continues to shoot both black powder and high power long range matches in the New England area. His right eye is not what it used to be so he has ordered an set of Anschutz offset sight blocks so he might use his better left eye. The offset idea is not new. He first saw the device used in 1952 Olympics when Roumanian Army Major Iosif Surbu won the gold medal in the 50 meter prone competition with a 400X400, just one point and five Xs ahead of Art's Bronze Medal score.

Art continues to dry fire in anticipation of the coming season. He just got a rifle back from the gunsmith, after a two year wait, and has two other cast bullet guns out for work. They have been in the shop for three years. A Winchester Model 70 has just been delivered to the gunsmith to have a 6.5mm-.308 Krieger barrel fitted and chambered and Art looks forward to the day when he will get out to the range and test it. In the meantime he keeps a patriarchal eye out on the two generations of Jacksons that continually swarm through his home, reads and writes about shooting, keeps up an extensive correspondence with his many friends in the shooting world, and enjoys each and every day with his beloved wife Nancy.