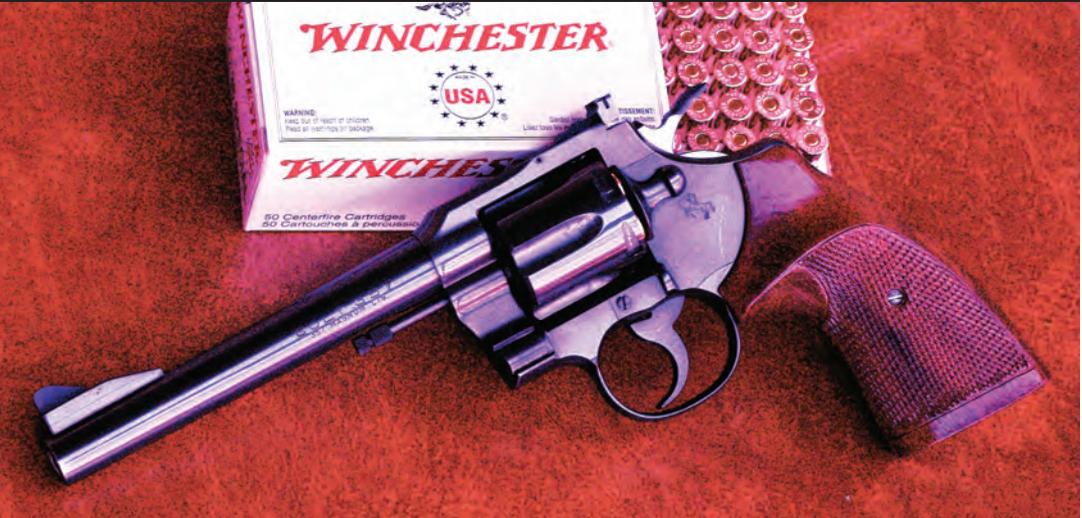


“Never try to follow up perfection while showing off”



By Duane Thomas

Recently I heard someone say, “Never try to follow up perfection while showing off.” So true. This brought to mind something that happened to me when I was a young puppy shooter. Return with me now to those thrilling days of yesteryear....

I’m out at the house of a friend of a friend, all three of us shooting. This guy has a lot of property, and a tree line to his back yard that’s about 50 yards away. We set up three bowling pins right at the tree line and then troop back up to the house. My friend has brought a Colt .357 which actually was the official factory name of this gun before receiving its eventual designation as the Colt Trooper. This was Colt’s pre-Python, identical to the Python except for having an unadorned heavy barrel with unshrouded ejector rod versus the Python’s full underlug and vent rib. So my friend and the other guy bang away for quite awhile, and they NEVER hit a bowling pin. The pins just sit there, unmoving, 50 yards away, totally unimpressed.

I just kind of stand back with my hands in my jacket pockets. (It’s a cold winter day.) Finally I say to them, “You know, I’d like to try that. How many rounds do you have left?”

My friend looks down into the box of .38 Special ammo laying on the ground. “Three.”

And at that point I **know**. I feel the hand of God

on my shoulder, waiting to shoot through me. I say, “Well, that works out well. Three rounds, three bowling pins.”

I load ‘er up, remembering the cylinder rotates clockwise on a Colt, not counter-clockwise like I’m used to on a Smith & Wesson. I thumb cock the gun, focus on those wonderful old Accro sights, put the top center of the front sight right on the fat part of the leftmost bowling pin, accept the wobble zone, begin slowly applying pressure to the trigger. (Bear in mind I have never fired this gun before, I haven’t sighted it in, I have no idea where it hits, I just **know**.)

Boom!

Fifty yards away, the first bowling pin falls over. Well, that went well. Do it again.

Boom!

Fifty yards away, the center bowling pin falls over.

Do it a third time. Just as the hammer falls, I see the front sight move, ever so minutely, to the left in the rear notch. But I **know** I’ve still hit.

Boom!

Fifty yards away...the third bowling pin...slowly tips to the right and falls over.

I casually knock the empties out of the gun, hand it back to my friend, action open, and say, “I do that sort of thing all the time.”

Yep, I’m done shooting for the day. I mean, there’s no more ammo, right?

