

HANG FIRES AND MISS FIRES

By ALIBE IKE
(A near champion of Skeet)

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It was Sunday and a fine day for target practice.

A hand-gun addict got his reliable "Shooting Master" from its hiding place and prepared to go to the ranges. Then his wife heard him mumbling blasphemies. He forgot to buy fresh ammunition the day before. From a box he got hold of some old 45's and forthwith hurried to his club.

At the targets his first four shots were all hang-fires. The fifth was dud. ??? More blasphemies. Tsk! Tsk! And it was a Sunday. Disgusted our hero placed his gun on the table to wipe the perspiration that trickled down his brow. The next instant there was a BANG! The bullet missed the head of an attendant by a fraction of an inch.

The man went home very pale and shaky. A perfect day was lost.

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A Spaniard who always boasted that Spanish guns were the best, was the owner of a cal. 38 "Star".

One day he forgot to button the flap of his holster. Coming down the stairs, he slipped at the last step. His legs became twisted in such a way that he fell backward and to the right. His pistol fell off its holster. There was a loud report.

Result: the Spaniard had to stay in the hospital for more than six months. When his pistol fell the back of the hammer struck the edge of the step, thereby pushing the firing pin and discharging a bullet. The shin bone of his right leg was shattered. Too bad, he was forgetful. Now he hobbles about in crutches.

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Another Spaniard and Filipino were the principal actors in a tragic occurrence about five years ago.

The Spaniard was lolling peacefully in an arm chair in his store. His bosom friend, the municipal president of the town, came to him with the complaint that the cylinder of his revolver won't work. The Spaniard asked for the gun. The presidente complied, but not before throwing out the cylinder and knocking off the shells. The Spaniard handled the gun in the same manner as an expert gunsmith does. He squeezed the trigger one time, two times, three times. At the fourth squeeze the gun barked. The presidente sunk to the floor with a bullet in his stomach.

Had the presidente used the ejector instead of merely knocking the cylinder, he would be alive today. And had the Spaniard inspected the gun before snapping the trigger, the tragedy would not have happened. As it was, a loaded shell got stuck in the cylinder and the presidente is now pushing lilies up underneath six feet of ground.

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Americans are practical jokers, but sometimes foolish!

A shiftless middle age fellow, who was on government relief in the city, got tired of his environment and decided to visit his brother. His younger brother was a police officer in a small town. The shiftless one hitch-liked. On the way he thought of pulling a neat joke on his kin.

Arriving at his destination late at night, he covered his face with a handkerchief and sneaked into the home of his brother. Unknown to him the small town copper was alert in his bed. He had heard a noise. The shiftless fellow entered his brother's room and ordered him to get up. A hand trust in his overcoat pocket gave the impression that a gun covered the man in the bed. There was a quick movement in the bed. Then a shot. When the police came the shiftless one was able to gasp, "It was all a joke" and then expired. The officer was exonerated.

A nifty joke, eh?

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LITTLE THING

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money for a revolver merely to be another Carlos Quirino or Eva Estrada, or to satisfy an exhibitionistic urge? I, for one, would not procure a gun except to shoot all the pests I have long wanted to rid this world of.

There are many such pests, you know. There's the guy who sits in front of you in the theatre, callously smoking a gigantic cigar in spite of all the girls choking in his vicinity. And the fellow standing over you in the tram who proceeds to spray your new white woolen suit with vile-smelting ash. Not to mention the bully who flings loud, sarcastic, un-called-for remarks at waiters, conductors, and other wretches who are restrained by the idiotic doctrine that the customer is always right.

But I'd better cut short the enumeration. There isn't enough space—and I might end up by proposing my own suicide!