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THE DETECTIVE GATZETTE



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Speedloaders for the *NEW* Colt King Cobra

By Dave Goodrich

When the new Colt King Cobra was released, I knew I would have one. New stocks, new front sight, and clipping the hammer spur made it, I thought, perfect. There was one problem and that was reloading it.

I have carried Safariland Comp 1 and Comp 2 for a decade now and they are my favorite. Easy to load, easier to use, secure, and totally reliable. Unfortunately, Safariland no longer makes them for this revolver.

Scouring the internet for suggestions, I found dozens, if not multiple dozens, of people recommending the use of a K Frame speedloader in the King Cobra. So of course, I tried my K Frame speedloaders only to be disappointed. Some may consider “a little jiggling” to be acceptable in using a K Frame speedloader with a King Cobra, but I found using them to be more like convincing a three year old to eat brussels sprouts. A lot harder in the doing than the planning.

I searched out several other speedloaders that were reported to work or I thought might work. The speedloaders I purchased included: the HKS for the D frame Colt, the Zeta K clip, the Packmayr, 5 Star D6, and the much vaunted SL Variant. I already had the Safariland Comp 2 and HKS for the S&W K frame to test with.



Before I go any further I have to state that I bought the SL Variant because it was advertised for the King Cobra. I suspect it is for the OLD King Cobra, because it simply did not work, at all. I followed the tuning instructions in a futile attempt to make it work to the point that I am now quite adept at taking it apart and putting it back together after it is adjusted too far. I really should have called before I ordered it. My only option now is to search out and purchase an old model King Cobra,

Lawman, or Colt Trooper. It makes no sense to own a speedloader I cannot use. Purchasing a new, old model revolver is just the right thing to do.

For me, a speedloader needs to do one seemingly simple task. Effectively drop the rounds into the chambers in a reliable and repeatable manner. No jiggling, no swearing, no extra manipulation, no luck. But it is not as simple as it sounds. Not all speedloaders are capable of that task with every brand of ammunition. Reloading under duress is not the place to test fine motor skills.

In practicing with a S&W M60, 2020 Python, and S&W M629, all using Safariland Comp loaders, I found that inserting the rounds rewarded me with an audible “plunk”. I rarely missed on the first attempt and the misses were easily corrected with a slight movement. Insertion and release required nothing more than gravity to be successful.

After several weeks of working with the new speedloaders, and the familiar speedloaders I know work in my revolvers, I came up with what I call the plunk test.

The plunk test is quite simple. With the revolver held vertical in the normal position for reloading, insert the speedloader under it’s own weight, no force or jiggling, and release the rounds. They should fall freely into the chambers and the speedloader fall freely off the cylinder. If that doesn’t happen, the speedloader is not suitable for



for defensive use, in my opinion.

Only two speedloaders passed the plunk test. The 5 Star D6 and the Zeta K Clip. The Zeta does not release it’s rounds in the same sense as the other speedloaders though it drops readily into the cylinder under it’s own

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Shooting the Bull – Taurus Revolvers

By Earby Markham

I was talking with a friend recently about one of the Taurus revolvers he was thinking about purchasing for his first handgun. However, he was hesitant due to some remarks he read in a forum he participates in. He's new to the firearms world and doesn't know what to believe in his online research.

I advised him that in my opinion, the Taurus revolvers build in the last 20 years are very good pistols and represent a good value. He had priced some of the offerings from the Big Three US manufacturers as well as some of the newer models from others, (Kimber) as well as the Taurus 685.



I decided that I would share with him my personal experience with a couple of the Taurus pistols that I've had for some years now.

The one that I've had longest is a 4' Model 94 9 shot 22LR pistol that's been used as a plinker, as well as a trainer for more than a dozen people during the 20 plus years that I have owned it. Similar in size to a Smith and Wesson J Frame such as the Models 30, 31, 34-Kit Gun, 63 etc. The only issue that I have ever had with it was that, early on, the blued rear sight showed a lot of rust around the sight blade and the sight frame. I contacted Taurus (BITD when you had to either call or send them a snail mail communication) and they sent me a replacement at no charge. It currently has a rubber Hogue monogrip and I have used some Birchwood Casey Florescent Red on top of some white paint to highlight the front ramp sight. It's like most DA rimfires - the trigger pull is a bit heavy - but it's still just a fun gun to shoot and an excellent trainer for the recoil sensitive.

The other bull (Taurus) I own is a Model 85. I don't recall when I got it, but it was after Taurus started trimming the muzzle of the barrels flush. Previously there was an extension on the end of the barrels. In fact, mine may have been an early model when the change occurred as you can see where the extension was removed, and the end of the barrel left unblued. The gun is also comparable in size with the S&W J frames, especially the Chiefs Special, the Model 36. I admit that I have done some work on it to improve its trigger pull by changing the springs and polishing certain parts. I bobbed the hammer while I was doing it. I found a set of wooden grips for it (the maker unknown) at a gun show. I've stripped them and reshaped them to better fit my hand and to allow speed loaders to clear. I've added some glow in the dark paint on top of some Birchwood Casey white sight paint for a better reference of the front sight in low light. A quick blast from a flashlight charges it up enough to glow brightly for a few minutes. I've carried this in both a DeSantis OWB holster as well as a Bianchi ankle holster for years.

As I explained to my friend, I've trusted these two bulls for everything from training new shooters to the defense for myself and others. I recommended that he go ahead and get a 3" Model 865 for his first handgun.



Basics Are Really Very Basic (excerpted from *Beyond the Muzzle*)

By Greg Bettis

Regardless of our individual firearms interest, most everyone reading *The Detective Gazette* owns or carries a firearm for personal defense. And most of us have developed a mental picture of what a deadly attack will look like. As a career police instructor of deadly fights, most of those ideas are usually not accurate. My impression of attempted murder has developed and re-developed many times as I matured in this arena. Do you have a personal training plan to address such a terrible moment to include firearm-type and holster, ammunition, support gear, how we speak, communication with police, etc.? Will you allow me to narrow the components of such an event to the natural use of a firearm under duress?

My teaching order of priority is: Grip, Trigger, Sighting. Grip is the foundation for the shot. If the grip is insufficient then trigger and sighting become less efficient and must be performed more perfectly to get a hit on target. A strong grip is forgiving to a mediocre trigger press and reduces disruption to the gun when in a fight. Trigger is next. I used to think that sights were more important than trigger but applying the lessons of experienced gunfighters to my teaching/learning, I realized that a good trigger trumps a good sight picture. A perfect sight picture can be ruined by a terrible trigger press. Sights, if you can use them at all, only have to be good enough, not perfect.

Grip

In a gunfight you'll use whatever grip you have when it's time to pull the trigger. The strong hand is the dominant hand for holding and doing. Grip as high on the backstrap as possible. How tight? In a fight, try to crush the pistol grip. Remember, a strong grip that manages recoil is more important than the trigger press. Get as

much of the other hand on the gripping area as possible. The more skin touching the grip area limits gun movement during stressful firing. Grip hard and strong.

Trigger

The trigger press gets blamed for many misses when the real problem is the grip. After you have your fight-grip, the trigger is next. Don't get crazy about this. The trigger moves straight to the rear because it can't physically bend sideways. But sideways

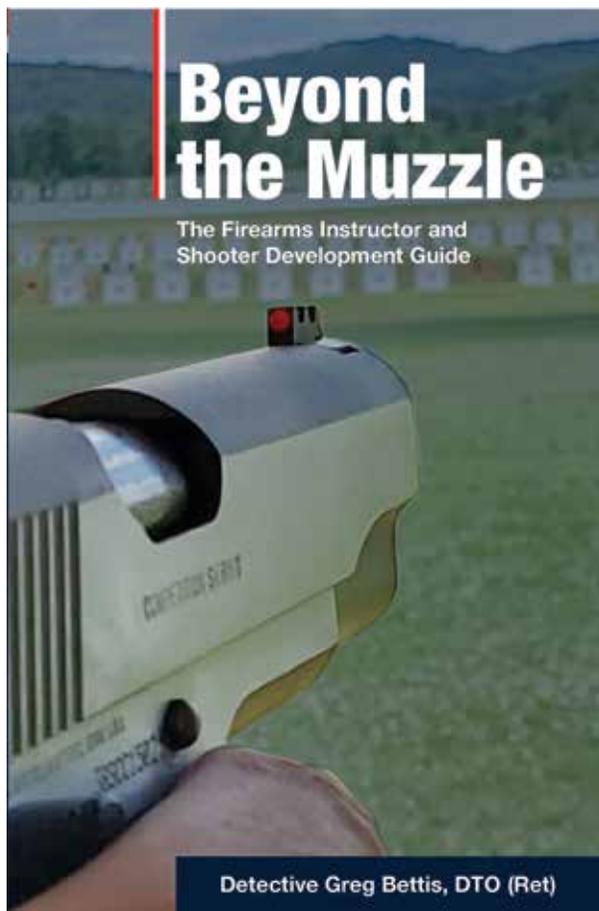
pressure can move the gun to one side or the other, causing off-center hits or complete misses. Removing as much of this sideways pressure as possible is the goal.

Try this - Extend your trigger finger. You have three knuckles. The one closest to your palm will be the first with the middle and last following. The two knuckles that should work are the last two knuckles, never the one closest to your palm. My middle knuckle is the "worker bee" while the last knuckle has a simple task: keep my finger pad on the trigger. The knuckle closest to your palm stays still. Press the trigger straight back hard, no stopping.

Sighting

In a close-quarters fight for life, sights may not be optional. Focusing on a front sight is easy when shooting but almost impossible in an active gunfight. My need for accuracy is trumped by the need for getting fast hits. Lift the gun to eye-level, focus on the deadly threat and let the back of the gun become a large, fuzzy sight. If the threat is larger than the sights, press the trigger hard and fast. Not perfect, only good enough to make hits.

A natural fight grip, trigger and sighting lets you see many more birthdays. Develop your street-reality training now.



Speedloaders for the *NEW*

Colt King Cobra

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weight, but it never pulled cartridges out when peeling the K Clip off either, so I called it a pass. The HKS DS nearly worked, but the clearance between the loader body and the frame was too tight. The King Cobra cylinder is very close to the frame and there is just not enough space for the HKS speedloader body. The King Cobra has a gap of .035 between the chambered cartridge rim and the frame. In comparison, a S&W K frame has .075 clearance. It seems so little, but it matters. In all fairness, the HKS DS is not advertised specifically for the new Colt King Cobra.

Was this a fair test of the speedloaders I selected? No.



None of the speedloaders are marketed for the new Colt King Cobra so I cannot fault the manufacturers for speedloaders that did not work.

I have since bought two more 5 Star D6 speedloaders. They are not the push release speedloaders I use and love, but they work perfectly. I can train around the different release method over the Comp speedloaders and I can confidently recommend the 5 Star D6 speedloaders with the new King Cobra. But only with the stocks I use. If you have different stocks you should do your own plunk test before buying multiple speedloaders.

If the day ever comes I use all six rounds in a defensive encounter, the next sound I pray to hear will be the cylinder latching as the speedloader drops to the ground. When the reload goes smoothly due to regular training with solid and reliable equipment, I won't even remember doing it.

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Go Home with Ugly - The Lot Lizard

By Alban Weber

Sometimes the ugly ones need a little love. Two of my favorite snubbies are pretty ugly and needed a trip to rehab. And I didn't need to be deep in the cups to take a gamble on em. Light your pipe, pour some booze, here's the story of the Lot Lizard.

A couple years ago a fellow desperate to fund an engagement ring listed a 1967 Colt Detective Special for sale. He purchased it from a pawn shop in Huntsville, Texas for 500 beans because the "shop didn't know what they had" and he was going to restore it like it just left Hartford. I had to let the man ramble and conceal my thoughts while I looked this basketcase over. Initial diagnosis - missing ejector rod head, rust and pitting, bent and buggered ejector rod, gummy, gritty trigger. Bore was good and the lock up was tighter than a German and his wallet. I saw potential in the gun, but not at the seller's 500 beans. I politely explained I would pass given the amount of work needed and price. He asked for my counter offer and I said \$250 to give a cushion for finding/fitting parts and if it needed to go to a competent gunsmith. He declined, and we went our separate ways empty handed. 45 minutes later he called asking if I would settle for 300. The man needed a ring. I needed a Colt. I caved.

I intended to make this Colt serviceable for as cheap as possible. I brought the Pony to her new stable and got right to cleaning and inspecting. Lord almighty was she dirty! Under the hood was probably 50 years of dried and caked oil and other detritus. I'd wager a good old boy out in East Texas kept this Colt in his glove box. With that gunk outta the way the trigger improved significantly - much lighter and smoother. Good timing and bank vault lock up. No need for a gunsmith. Dang thing needed an honest to God deep clean so I mixed up some Ed's Red and chucked her in for a two week soak. Meanwhile I fiddled with other repairs. First up: the ejector rod. Not easy to replace with my stingy budget so I opted to repair. The rod was bent and had plier marks. (I gander Huntsville bubba tried to take it apart like it was an S&W.) Some gentle filing got rid of the plier burrs and

a little fiddling made the ejector rod straight and slick. Beyond good enough for government work. Initially I used a brass lampshade nut ground down to serve as an ejector rod nut. It worked well, it gave this little gat a real cool ratty look. But alas, I had to order some springs from Jack First, so I broke down and bought the correct nut. Periodically I would pull the gun out to go after the rust and grime. Copper pennies and copper Chore Boy made fast work of the rust. Only a couple pits and still plenty of original blue hidden underneath. A stiff nylon brush, air compressor, and tough cotton cloth got every spec of East Texas grime and abuse outta the trigger and innards. I slapped this Pony back together for a function check with a little lube - and holy hell! The trigger was great! I had this little Pony serviceable with only 50 bucks and some elbow grease. Just in time to show off at the beer shack's Fourth of July bbq.

So how does the ugly Pony shoot after some time in rehab? Like a dream! PPU's LSWC HP's grouped smaller than a Copenhagen can. Buffalo Bore's standard pressure LSWC's gave half dollar sized groups. It digested a few hundred rounds of factory ammo and handloads without a hitch - enough so I trust the gun to hit the Capital City's streets.

This Detective Special was my first foray into Colts after years of being exclusive to S&W's. Like a lot lizard to trucker speed - I was hooked on Colts. My stable of Ponies grew, but I made a mistake. A buddy really wanted this Colt. I didn't want to sell, but an impulsive SVT 40 purchase and few Mad Dog margaritas sent the Pony to a new pasture. He loved it and carried it regularly down in the Texas-Mexico borderlands. He took to calling this Pony the Lot Lizard. Memory is a little hazy on why it got the Lot Lizard moniker. Maybe because it looks like something you'd see in a big rig's glove box at a Love's truck stop in deep East Texas. Or my raunchy favorite - because its beat, ugly, seen better days, yet still gets the job done.

Well fate would have it that the Lot Lizard would come back to my pastures. I forgot how much I loved



Sometimes We Forget What It Was Like

Sarge 7501

By Charles Racine

There are quite a number of us old timers that write for Charlie JR, that have been doing this type of work for a good many years. In my case, I'm going into my sixth decade (packing a pistol, not writing for Charlie). And as I said it's kind of hard to remember what it was like in the late '60s and early '70s, what with the War, demonstrations, college, a new family and joining the Army.

Back then, as it is with a lot of the new folks just tuning in, money was tight, first priority was the family with learning a new job a close second. Back then, first starting out, my arsenal consisted of a HyHunter German made Single Action .22 LR revolver, and H&R .410 single shot shotgun, and a used Winchester .22 LR Model 52 that I'd paid \$15 for in 1967. My work knife was the one I'd used in the textile mill, a plain steel stockmans knife made by Boker of West Germany. Fast forward 50 plus years, and I now have at my disposal a much wider array of tools, skills and supplies that have been acquired in bits and pieces and in dribs and drabs as the years sped by.

I'd be willing to bet that a lot of our new folks are a bit overwhelmed in trying to figure out how to get from where they are just starting out to where those of us old timers are. I know that during the early '70s money was tight and brand new non essential gear was not in the cards. So my first centerfire revolver was a well worn 1920s vintage Colt Army Special and my first sheath knife was a plain carbon steel Marbles hunting/skinning knife. Both were bought at local gun shows and the Colt is still around here somewhere. I was fortunate that Uncle Sam provided me with a whole raft of camping gear at no cost. I was expected to keep it in good repair so that when we went to the field, it was good to go. As the years slipped by, I came to understand that Uncle's gear wasn't always what one would call state of the art. Much of what we had my dad - who served in WWII - and my grand Dad - who'd served in The War to End All Wars (AKA WWI) - said looked a lot like the stuff that they were issued in 1943 & 1917 respectfully.

What with prices of everything from stamps to automobiles being what they are, it's hard for one to stockpile a months worth of food for each person, much less the year's supply we'd all like to have, let alone the other

things that most of us believe we'll need should we be the victim(s) of one or more crises in the near future. Well, We're almost into the twenty third year of the 21st Century. Not a whole lot has changed in the last 100 years. Today we've had COVID 19, back then it was the Spanish Flu. Today we have a war between Ukraine and Russia. Back then we had the Russian Civil War and the Russia Poland War. Back then it was Prohibition ... well you get my drift.

In today's world of firearms, we have more Colt Single Action Army (SAA)'s and Winchester model 92's (mostly clones) than granddad could have imagined. Enough Colt 1911's to arm every US Soldier in WWI. What we didn't have (until just a short while ago) was a good full sized double/single action fighting revolver in .45 ACP caliber. You wanted a .45 pistol, it was most likely a 1911 or a SAA.

Today, Charter Arms has given shooters a revolver that fires automatic pistol cartridges. And have done so without the need for Half or Full Moon clips. These were little pieces of sheet metal that allowed one to load and unload three/five or six loaded or empty cartridges with one punch on the ejector rod. The latest is Called the Pitbull. Charter's revolver is a five shot single/double action revolver with a swing out (to the left) cylinder. It comes in two frame sizes: The 9MM/.40 S&W and a .45 ACP. Christmas eve came and Santa left me a stainless steel one in .45 ACP caliber. (Guess my name got mixed up on his naughty/nice list or maybe he didn't check it twice). Some have touted this revolver as a slightly larger version of the 9MM/.40 S&W pocket revolver. I'm guessing that Shaq could make this disappear into one of his pockets, but in my humble opinion this is more of a belt gun. In comparing it to other pistols in my collection, it's closest sized revolver is my Colt SAA clone in .38-40. With the 2 ½ inch barrel it is shorter by about two inches and it definitely does weigh a good bit less. On my postal scale loaded with five 230 grain slugs it tops out at 24 ounces. Right at a good pound less than the SAA.

The revolver is built to take a lot of punishment. Where strength is needed, you'll find it. The cylinder walls are a good 0.09 inches thick. In comparison, the

cylinder walls on my Charter Arms Undercover (.38 Special) is only about 0.065 inches. In addition, being a 5 shot, the cylinder cuts for the locking bolt are offset. The same goes for the frame. I would not be surprised to see this revolver come out in .45 Colt and possibly .44 Magnum. In addition, the frame is solid, with no side plate to weaken the frame behind the cylinder. There is also a next to impossible to break floating beryllium firing pin that can only strike the primer when the trigger is pulled and the sear releases the hammer. The hammer can only strike the firing pin through a bar of steel that is only raised up when the trigger is pulled. Cylinder lock up is very good with little if any play when the hammer falls. The trigger pull in Single action is crisp and about 5 pounds. The double action pull seems lighter and is an improvement over my 55 year old Undercovers.

As I said, this revolver does not need moon clips to eject the spent cartridge cases from the cylinder. Each slot in the extractor star has a tiny spring loaded finger that catches the rim of the cartridge and makes extraction a piece of cake. Reading the handout that comes with the revolver, one would believe that inserting the cartridges requires only a slight bit of extra force to get the cartridge into the chamber. Maybe with the 9MM as it's a tapered case, but the .45 ACP it's a chore. I was able to get three rounds in without much difficulty, but four and five were a no go. That is until I started the extractor out of the cylinder (about a quarter of an inch) and then tried loading. The rounds slip into the cylinder and down past the spring loaded finger. With all five rounds loaded, the whole shebang slides right into the chambers slick as a whistle.

A quick reload is not really in the cards, but like one gun writer of note from the '70s/'80s said, "If you can't get the job done with 6, another 6 probably won't help."

A visit to the range was definitely in order. The day at the range was an eye opener. In addition to the Pit Bull, I



also brought along two other Charter Arms; a Pathfinder in .22 long rifle and an old Undercover in .38 Special that I've had for over 40 years.

As you can see from the picture, the Pit Bull is definitely a good bit larger than either of the other two. While the Pit Bull shares a lot of the characteristics of the other two, once you pull the trigger on a hard ball round, you



know you are no longer "in Kansas. The short barrel and the full charge loads do increase the noise level at each trigger pull. In addition, there is no question where the bullet hit on the paper target. At 10 yards, I could clearly see each and every bullet hole.

The sights were fixed, but the Pit Bull shot right where I aimed each shot. The vertical stringing was due to my inability to hold the light weight gun steady. With hard ball loads or Jacketed hollow points, the felt recoil was not as punishing as one would have expected for such a powerful load in such a light pistol. The rubber full sized compact grips had an awful lot to do with it. The recoil was no worse than firing the same round in a Colt Commander; just different, since the height of the barrel above one's hand is greater. The recoil tends to roll the pistol in an arc rather than shoving it straight back into

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Sometimes We Forget What It Was Like - Sarge 7501

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your shoulder. In and among the assorted ammo that I brought were several Corbon PowRball loads. These were 165 Grainers with a plastic cap in the nose of the hollow point which according to Ballistics by the Inch are launched from a 2.5" barrel at about 1140 feet per second. Way Howdy! Now there was a load that smarted, but in all honesty it's designed to deliver the maximum amount of thump into a hostile. They did shoot slightly below point of aim and the recoil was way more noticeable. But when you need something to stop a threat, you can't ask for anything better. Federal Hi Shok 185 grainers give a solid 920 feet per second for about 350 foot pounds (energy). Nothing to sneeze at. The target on the left was fired single action for ten rounds while the one on the right was fired double action. The two holes below the main group were the PowerRball loads.

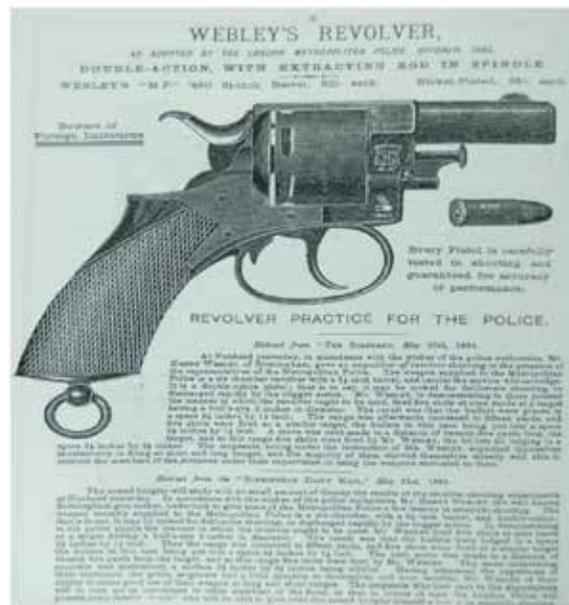


Should have written this part first.

Seems that a large bore five shot solid frame double action/single action .44/.45 Caliber pocket gun was very popular back over a hundred years ago. In the late 1860's Webley & Sons (hadn't added the Scott folks back then) responded to the needs of the Royal Irish Constabulary for just such a weapon. Called the RIC model it would signal Webley's entry into the revolver field all the way up to the beginning of World War II. The first several thousand were chambered in .442 Webley a 13 grain black powder round pushing a 220 grain slug at around 700 feet per second.

A pocket pistol packing almost the same level of power as an 1860 Colt Army must have provided a good measure of confidence for the lowly beat constable. Proved to be so popular that a pair were given to a flamboyant

young cavalry officer of the 7th US Cavalry - G.A. Custer. Did he carry both during his ill fated time in the Dakota's? We will in all probability never know. By 1876 his revolvers could have been chambered for the .45 Adams round. Another British cartridge with a 225 grain bullet topping a 13 grain black powder charge. With a velocity of about 650 feet per second, it too was in the same category as the 1860 Colt Army black powder load as well as the .44 S&W/.44 Colt and the .41 Long Colt.

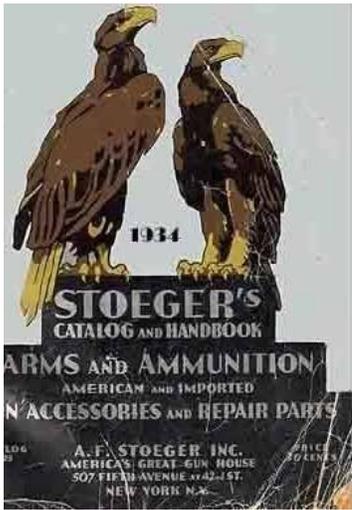


Webley .450 Short Barreled Metropolitan Police Revolver advertisement with extractions from *The Standard*, May 10th, 1884 and the *Birmingham Daily Mail*.

These little guns were still popular right up to the beginning of World War II, with an updated model listed in the 1939 Stoeger Catalog. With a 2 ½ inch barrel and a weight of only 21 ounces, these last revolvers were then chambered for the .455 Webley Cartridge the same as their Model I - VI top break service pistols. Available in either smokeless or black powder it launched a 265 grain slug at 700 feet per second when loaded with 18 grains of black powder.

Some folks have suggested that Sherlock Holmes carried a slightly modified RIC revolver known as the Metropolitan Police in his numerous escapades. While we speculate on Sherlock, what is not in doubt is that July 2nd, 1881 a disappointed officer seeker - one Charles Guiteau - would use a Belgian Copy of the RIC to good effect by putting two slugs into the body of President James A Garfield at the Sixth Street B&O Railroad station.

In the 1909 Sears and Roebuck Catalog, a RIC style revolver is advertised for sale with a whopping price of



\$3.62 in 44-40. Talk about a good deal. As good as a Colt or S&W? At least the ad does advise that if you plan on shooting a lot, to get a Colt.

A last note on the RIC/Metropolitan Police revolvers, in 1967, Service Armament Company listed RIC Model police revolvers at \$20,00 or select at \$24.98.

These were in .450 Webley with ammo to go with them at \$9.00 for a box of 50 cartridges. Ammo wasn't cheap as .45 ACP went for \$6.00 for 100 and surplus 9MM for \$5.00 for 100 cartridges.

This is not Charter Arms' first attempt at a big bore blaster. Back in '73 Charter Arms brought out their .44 Special Bulldog. A great pistol, not a whole lot bigger than the Undercover, but with only a 3" barrel. At 19 ounces, it could be a real handful. Had one that the previous owner had let several of the screws loosen up enough that it wouldn't cycle. One hundred dollars and a fifteen minute session with a good screwdriver and I had a potent package. Trouble was, I couldn't properly conceal it and let it slip thru my fingers for a song.

Today, one can order from a large distributor any number of these fine Charter Arms pistols from the .44 Bulldog, to the Pitbull in calibers 9mm/.40 S&W in the Bulldog-sized frame and .45 ACP in the larger Pitbull-sized frame. New guns will run about \$500 what with shipping, dealer transfer fees and the background check. Not cheap by a long shot. Would I like to see anything different? Yep! I'd like a four inch barrel to take full advantage of the striking power of modern .45 ACP loads.

Until the next time, keep your powder dry.

Sarge

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Murder by Installment, Episode 3

By Jesse Slater

I tried not to goggle at all the rich leather covers. I like books. I got my start with them in the hospital in France, with nothing else to do. I swallowed the whole post library in those months on my back. Too late to count as an education, but still, I like books.

The Brazelton mansion's library was the only thing I'd seen to tempt me about their life. I pulled my eyes from Thucydides and Xenophon to focus on Mrs B. She proved an older lady, but still trim. Silvered hair rolled into a bun, enough sparkly stuff on her fingers and ears to be worth a mint. The crystal glass in her hand and decanter on the table showed her disdain for the Volstead Act. Nothing unusual in that. Philly was one of the wettest cities in this "dry" country.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Lightning flickered in her pale eyes. You always hear about rich people and their fancy manners, but they didn't seem to use them on guys like me.

"I'm Matt Slade, ma'am. Your husband hired me to—"

"Look into a few things,' yes. So your very vague message said. What things, Mr. Slade?" Message? I didn't send a message. But maybe that walk was longer than it needed to be?

"Ma'am, to be honest, he thinks someone is trying to kill him." See what reaction that got. "I want to know if anyone has a... you know, a grudge, or a grievance."

"So. You talked to that Woodridge minx, and she sent you to me?" Her voice would've frozen the drink in her glass, had it been a little lower proof. No shock, no flutters, no denial. Just the same cold, disdain and anger.

"She did say you might have grounds..."

"Walters!" she did that raise the voice without quite yelling trick, and a big blonde joker in a soup and fish popped in from somewhere.

"Walters, show this... person the door."

"Time to go," the big mug said.

"Mrs B, you know that don't look good. Tossing me out for a simple question. How do you—"

"I said, 'time to go,' bub." A big meaty hand landed on my shoulder.

"I'll go when I'm ready." I shrugged it off, but he grabbed me harder, and spun me around to face him. I'd had just about enough of these people. Their fancy house, their stuck up airs. Now this old broad thought her fancy dan was gonna run me off?

Well, I reared back with my right and socked him in the ribs. Punching a mook in the face, like in the pictures is for chumps. Jawbones are hard, you'll break your hand. Nah, get 'em where they live; hit 'em in the belly, or the ribs.

I shoulda swung for the belly. Fancy Dan had a rod on a shoulder harness under those fancy duds.

Use Of Deadly Physical Force

by Retired NYPD Detective Ralph Friedman

I'm writing this article based on my own experience as a NYPD police officer and detective during the years of 1970 thru 1984. During those years, I was involved in 15 shootings (two of those incidents I had to shoot dogs that were attacking me; the others resulted in me shooting eight (8) perpetrators killing four (4) of them). I was assigned to the south Bronx and even though those years were considered the wild west times using your firearm was always and still is a very serious matter. You are always thoroughly investigated by multiple units and agencies. Every bullet has to be accounted for as to where it went to and the damage it may have caused to persons

and/or property. The NYPD, and I'm sure every other police department, gives extensive training on the safety and safe-keeping of your firearm, and, especially, the circumstances and laws pertaining to the use of deadly physical force.

As an officer of the law, it's really the perpetrator's decision on when deadly force would be used. If he threatens immediate deadly physical force against me or my partner or any civilian, we have no choice but to stop that threat. We are not taught to kill but to stop the threat. We are taught to fire at center mass (the torso) not arms, legs, hands as are so often portrayed on T.V. and the mov-

Book Review

Hard Magic

By Jeff Watkins

Hard Magic is the first of series of books called the Grimnoir Chronicles written by Larry

Correia. A former gun store owner and three- gun competitor, Mr. Correia knows his guns and he knows action.

Set in an alternate Earth universe, this series takes place during the 1930s. This Earth is not that much different than our. In fact, a lot of the same names pop up: Teddy Roosevelt, J. Edgar Hoover, Melvin Purvis, John Moses Browning, Blackjack Pershing, even Raymond Chandler. On this Earth, people first began exhibiting extraordinary abilities in the 1850s. Lacking an explanation for these new found powers, the public began referring to their abilities as magic. Most “Actives” have only one type of power, but rare individuals can exhibit more than one.

The main protagonist and narrator of the story is Jake Sullivan, a WWI veteran (First Volunteer Brigade, Active) currently out of prison on special parole under the supervision of the Bureau of Investigation. Jake is a Gravity Spiker, or a “Heavy”. He was sentenced to prison for killing a corrupt southern sheriff in a spectacular way for a good reason. His parole from prison is conditional, as he is required to assist the Bureau of Investigation in capturing five Active criminals before he is truly a free man. Jake can swing a fully loaded 28 pound .30-06 Lewis gun like a featherweight 20 gauge. When he isn't working

with the BI, he ekes out a living on his own as a Shamus. Jake is thrust into an all-out battle between two un-



known groups of Actives, he quickly learns that there are two factions vying for the parts of a magical super-weapon designed by the late Nikola Tesla. On the evil side is the Chairman of the Japanese Imperium, arguably the most powerful Active on the planet. The good guys are the Knights of Grimnoir, an international band of Actives fighting the good fight. This is an oversimplification of the book but will give you a general idea: think Spenser for Hire gets a superpower, joins the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen to fight Fu Manchu to save the world. There is plenty of pulpy goodness here for everyone: Mad Scientists, Death Rays, Demons, Zombies, G-Men, Samurai, Ninjas, Dirigibles, and.....Sky Pirates!

Gun wise, there are .38 Special revolvers, 1911's, Thompsons, big S&Ws, Lugers, a very special BAR, and since this is an alternate universe, a Schofield/LeMat break open revolver that shoots .50 caliber Russian rounds out of full moon clips WITH a 12 Gauge shotgun barrel.

The world building is imaginative, the action brisk, and the gun references are spot on. While I desperately wanted to see how *Hard Magic* ended, I was sad when it was over.

rce

ies. We are taught to fire until the threat is stopped. If the perpetrator dies as a result, that's on him. Law enforcement officers have less than seconds to make these decisions. These are decisions that change the course of people's lives and are not reversible. And, as I said before, you have less than seconds to make that decision. A decision that investigation units, courts, judges, and juries will analyze for weeks to months to make sure the law was followed correctly. Your knowledge, training, and combat readiness are extremely important in saving lives and your own survival. Learn, train, be alert.

Book Review

The Bootlegger's Daughter

By Bob Vine

The Bootlegger's Daughter - I would give five stars to it. When I received the book, I was amazed at how many chapters were in it, but don't worry they are short and very easy reading, and once you start reading it you do not want to put it down. I was drawn in by the end of the first chapter and would keep reading, waiting to know what would happen next or where the story was going to take us on the next adventure.

This is a fictional story about two females during prohibition who are very strong minded and independent in a time when that was frowned upon. The first lady is the bootlegger who gets into the business by accident just trying to support the family winery and mother during prohibition. The second female is the first female detective for the Los Angeles Police Department. This book has

a lot of the classic noir film feel and setting in it from secret rooms and blind meeting of people she does not know. The book is a very simple plot with a lot of twists and turns and new characters coming into play from friends and family to business acquaintances and total strangers. When I lay in bed my mind wanders. I think this book would make a good noir style film I could picture the bootlegger going to Cole's cocktails or at Musso and Frank, being tailed by the detective listening and watching her having dinner and conduct business with a 25 baby Colt in her handbag. This book also makes me think of some savory characters in my family tree: my grandfather and uncle used to bootleg whiskey from Canada to Chicago for Al Capone and buy some whiskey back to sell in Wisconsin.

D&L Sports J Frame G10 Grips

Another Dave Lauck S&W Offering

By Smokey Patchin

When shooters hear "D&L Sports" thoughts of custom Smith and Wesson revolvers immediately comes to mind. Dave Lauck has quite a reputation for turning K/L Frame revolvers into works of art. His fixed rear combat sights are visually and practically stunning. He introduced the PRG grip (Precision Revolver Grip) for the K/L Frame revolvers some time ago and they have been popular with many shooters. Dave recently introduced a J Frame version of his G10 grips and I was lucky enough to have a set sent to me for evaluation.

Upon receiving the box, I emailed Dave and had a short conversation about the grips. Dave told me they changed the grip angle and made the little revolver point better. I was skeptical to say the least, I have carried a J Frame revolver as a BUG and off-duty companion for over 24 years and have boxes full of grips of different profiles, thicknesses, and made by some of the biggest names in the business. I always accepted that

the J frame was a small revolver for close defensive work and I never considered any grips I've owned to ever make the little revolvers point better or easier to shoot. As soon as I mounted these on a 360PD, I pointed it and immediately had an emotional moment. Could it be? Had Dave cracked the code to the J Frame grip?

In short, for me maybe he had. These grips are not only visually appealing with a smooth black G10 surface, but they are also quite functional. My wife carries a customized 642 with Crimson Trace laser grips and immediately noticed a difference in the grip angle when she was handed the 360PD. She pointed out quickly that she didn't feel like she was rolling her wrists forward to point the revolver. The grips definitely change the grip angle substantially and keep the shooter from having to roll the wrist forward, subsequently unlocking the wrist and weakening the grip during recoil. This in turn changes

continued on pg 20

The Overcoat Revolver: S&W 624 with 3-Inch Barrel

By Mike Boyle

Over the last several years, there has been a renewed interest in revolvers. New models have appeared in the marketplace and a number of old favorites have been introduced. In 2024, over 800,000 revolvers were manufactured here in the U.S. and we can hope this trend will continue. Clearly, small frame revolvers, which are often used for discreet carry remain the most popular but there are consumers gobbling up mid size and large frame revolvers as well.

I along with a few of my contemporaries often pine about classic revolvers that passed through our hands but we foolishly let slip away. Horse trading has always been a trait of gun owners but in retrospect not all of the “upgrades” I made over the years were a wise idea. I long thought I could replace some of the guns I traded away but in some cases, the market changed and they were no longer being made or only available for a king’s ransom.

Fortunately, I did hang on to a few special pieces and a personal favorite is a Smith & Wesson Model 624 in .44 Special. In the late 1980s, S&W made a limited run of .44 Specials, including a 3 inch variant for distributor Lew Horton. I missed out on an earlier run of blue steel Model 24s a few years earlier and wasn’t about to let it happen again.

The S&W M624 is built on the large S&W N-Frame and is crafted from stainless steel. It is indeed old school with no internal lock, MIM parts or a two piece barrel. Sighting equipment consists of an adjustable rear and ramp front with a red insert. As it came from the box, the 624 was tricked out with a set of Goncalo Alves Combat grips however these have found their way to my M625 Mountain Gun in .45ACP. Although not nearly as sexy, my 624 now sports a rubber Hogue grip which is highly functional and mitigates the effects of felt recoil.

Is the .44 Special cartridge really special? Although overshadowed in modern times by the .44 Magnum, the

Special was a favorite of legendary lawmen like Frank Hamer and Jelly Bryce who used revolvers so chambered with great effect. One may argue that its performance has been eclipsed by modern loads and if one were limited to the original round nose 246 grain lead load, I would have to agree. But today, you can select a load that offers greater stopping potential. Marshall and Sanow reported 71% one stop shots with Winchester 210 grain Silvertip JHPs

in Handgun Stopping Power: The Definitive Study and there are other options available that would likely do even better. My 624 is loaded with CorBon 165 grain JHPs that clock well over 1000fps from the abbreviated 3 inch barrel.

So where does my M624 stand in the grand scheme of things? Although it is on my LEOSA list of handguns to carry, it fills a very limited role. Quite frankly, I have other handguns that could fill this same niche but not with the same style. There is

no getting around the fact that the 624 is a big gun, even with the 3-inch barrel and is tough to hide underneath the clothing I typically wear. Worn over the long haul, the heavy metal of the 624 gets the attention of my perpetually sore lumbar vertebrae. But for a winter hike on the trails near my house, it remains a favorite.

Fueled with my 240 grain hand loads, the M624 is a joy to shoot. It has proven to be very accurate and those heavy slugs impacting the steel silhouette create some great music.

Even with the resurgence in revolvers, the likelihood of seeing a big bore like the Model 624 being reintroduced is pretty slim. Smith & Wesson tested the market with a few smaller and lighter .44 Special revolvers such as the Models 696 , 296Ti, 396Ti Mountain Lite and 396 Night Guard, but sadly all passed from the scene quickly. I’ve got to wonder if such a revolver were introduced today with some better marketing, would it meet with success. I for one, would buy one in a heartbeat!



Cross Draw Holsters

By Robert Lose

After carrying a concealed firearm on a regular basis for several decades, and quite a lot of law enforcement training, I have noticed that methods of concealed carry come in and out of fashion over time. An example is appendix carry. Thirty years ago, the only time I saw this was when somebody just stuffed a pistol into his waistband without a holster. Now it's a very popular carry method.

A method that used to be popular and seems to have mostly faded away is cross draw. A little while ago, as sort of a tribute to Jack Webb's character Detective Sergeant Joe Friday, I made a cross draw holster for one of my roscoes, a 2 3/4" S&W Model 10. The design was my own and not a copy of any particular other model (and most definitely not a copy of the one seen in photos of Joe Friday).



Yes, Joe Friday was a fictional character, but there are many period photos of lawmen using them.

With use I discovered that I actually like cross draw carry and found that it offered certain advantages. It's not perfect and not the best for all circumstances, but it does have some good points compared to strong side carry. I'll try to cover both the good and the not so good of cross draw carry.

For one advantage, it allows an easy draw from a seat-

ed position, which is rather difficult for strong side carry. For folks who spend a significant amount of time sitting down, this can be a consideration. On one of the gun related TV programs, I saw some of the commentators discussing how drawing from appendix carry while seated required less arm movement than to reach a strong side holster, which is true, but reaching a cross draw is even simpler and demands even less movement. Plus, although I have never had a negligent discharge while drawing or holstering, I have witnessed them. I feel much more comfortable with where my muzzle is pointing in a cross draw than where it's pointing in an appendix carry.

Another plus for cross draw carry is that I can also easily draw my roscoe with my non-dominant hand. I have, at times and places, carried two revolvers on my belt. Having one of them in a cross draw allows both a quick "New York Reload", and still allows easy access by my off hand, should the situation demand it. I do not intend to swing into action with a roscoe in each hand (although that would be cool), but strange things can happen in violent human interactions, and taking a hit to the primary gun hand is not unknown.

One issue with cross draw carry is that the grip of the gun is effectively pointing to any threat who's facing you, so weapon retention is certainly a consideration. It should be recognized that the primary method of weapon retention for concealed carry is that the weapon is, in fact, concealed, and presumably nobody knows it's there until it's pulled out. So this may not be an issue, but it should still be considered. Personally, I don't feel that it is a problem as long as concealment is maintained.





There is a training issue to consider also. Drawing from a cross draw holster allows you sweep anyone to your left with your muzzle, although this is somewhat dependent on the actual design and the cant of the holster. Live fire demands thinking ahead and providing additional safety protocols to keep this from happening.

Although I started carrying cross draw with a purpose-built holster, I've found that any belt holster with a neutral cant will work, provided it is positioned properly.

My Noir Classic holster was designed primarily as a strong side holster, but it works just fine for cross draw also.

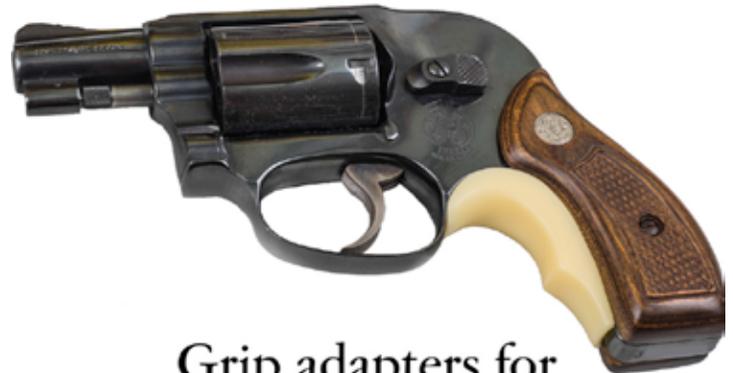
Cross draw carry may be out of fashion, but I find that it offers some real benefits.

Go Home with Ugly - The Lot Lizard continued from pg 7

shooting and schlepping the little darling around. She's usually saddled in an old Bianchi or Simply Rugged's Silver Dollar Pancake with a cylinder of Buffalo Bore or PPU. All in all, the rodeo with this battered, ugly little Pony was worth it. Every part, penny, and second of toil paid off. I learned some excellent lessons on pistolsmithing from some fine gentlemen, and learned that a gamble on an ugly gat can be a great pay out. Remember boys- the ugly gats need a home and some love!

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The Men Who Broke Crime's Back

By Sean Fitzgerald

In 1995 the crime movie, *Heat*, hit the theaters. It was a thrilling crime movie about a very sharp burglar named Neil McCauley and his crew. McCauley was pursued by just as sharp Robbery/Homicide detective Vincent Hanna. What many don't know is, this was based on a real professional burglar named Neil McCauley. McCauley was pursued by a Chicago detective named Chuck Adamson.

Charles Fredrick Adamson was born June 11, 1936 in Chicago, Illinois. He served with the Chicago Police Department as a Sergeant Detective from 1958 to 1974.

Neil McCauley was born on February 2, 1914 in Polk, Iowa. McCauley would spend half his life behind bars including eight years in Alcatraz, with four years in solitary confinement. McCauley would be released from prison in 1962.

Adamson heard about his release, from prison and had a feeling he was not going to go straight. Adamson was right. McCauley was busy getting a crew together to get ready to take down scores.

Sometime later McCauley robbed a manufacturing plant of its diamond drill bits, a robbery that would be included in the film *Heat*. Adamson was able to infiltrate his crew and placed McCauley under round the clock surveillance. The surveillance would bear fruit. Adamson learned McCauley, and his crew, were going to hit a Chicago department store.

In the days leading up to the score, Adamson and his team watched McCauley's crew go through dry runs staking out the store. McCauley was leaving nothing to chance. He noticed everything: the layout of the parking lot, the number of cars present and even the store window displays.

Adamson had officers, hidden from sight, covering the exterior while two detectives had taken up positions inside.

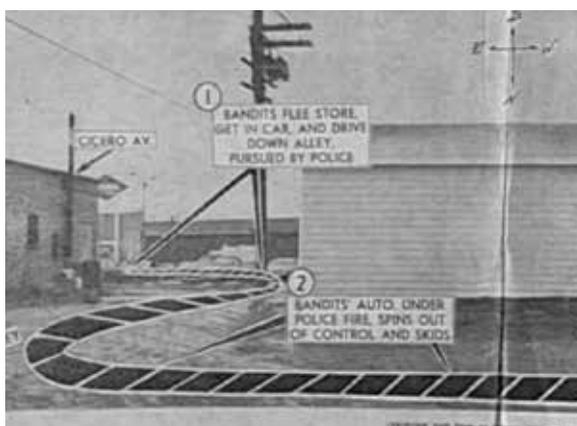
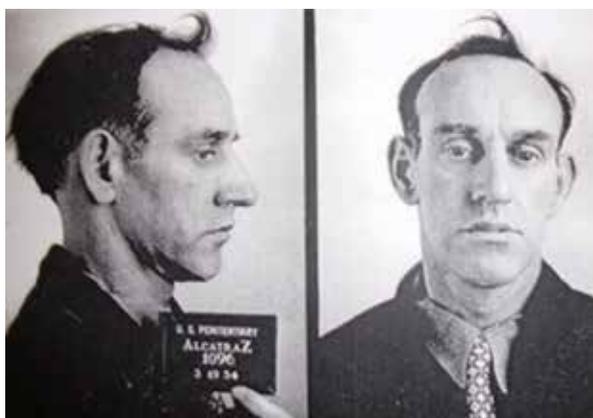
Hours passed with no sign of McCauley. Adamson's police radio came to life. McCauley and his crew had arrived. The officers watched as the burglars entered the rear of the building and descended into a basement, where they waited and listened. Adamson told the two detectives inside not to move no matter how many hours passed.

Having been in position for nearly six hours, one of the detectives couldn't wait. He got up and headed for the toilet. McCauley heard the noise and aborted the heist. McCauley knew the noise spelled trouble.

McCauley now knew the police were on to him. For Adamson this instilled a sense of admiration in McCauley's professionalism as it took a tremendous amount of self-discipline to walk away.

As in the movie Adamson invited McCauley to get a cup of coffee in a restaurant. Adamson said to McCauley that he should go somewhere else and cause trouble. His reply was he liked Chicago. Adamson said to McCauley that one day McCauley was going to take down a score and Adamson would be there. The reply to Adamson

was, "Well look at the other side of the coin. I might have to eliminate you." Adamson said that they would meet again. They recognized the same traits in each: the relentless pursuit of their goals and the great self-discipline they had.



They would meet again for the last time on Wednesday, March 25, 1964. Adamson and eight other detectives got a tip that McCauley's crew was going to rob a supermarket. Then around 2pm, McCauley and three others drove into the parking lot of the National Tea company store at 4720 South Cicero Avenue. What they didn't know was they were being observed by Adamson and his men.

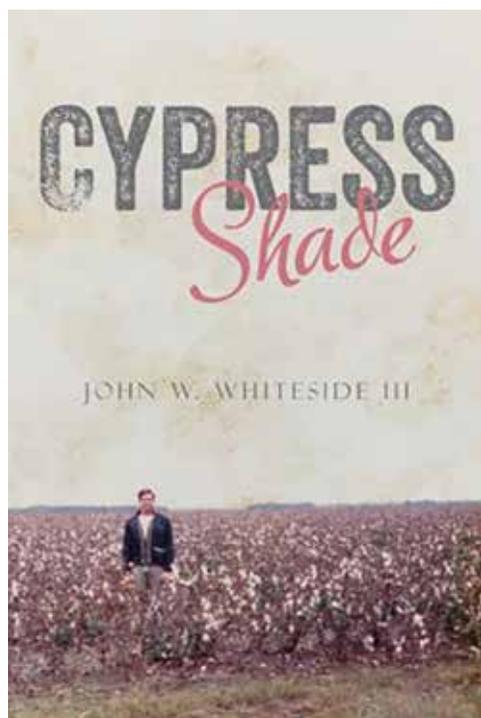
It was the day the store cashed their checks and the armored car had just delivered a huge amount of cash. The crew had tailed the armored car.

Once the cash was deposited McCauley and two others entered the store leaving the wheelman waiting in the car. Adamson, across the street, could see into the store and see the employees with their hands in the air. He told his men to hold their fire to avoid a bloodbath. The robbers exited the store with the cash and they spotted the police. The gun battle would begin.

Exchanging gunfire McCauley, and his crew made it to the car and drove down a rear alley but all potential exits were blocked by the police. Abandoning the car the robbers fled on foot toward a row of nearby houses. Two of them were immediately shot and killed and another was wounded and captured later that day.

McCauley ran into a breezeway, between houses, but was gunned down by Adamson who put six into McCauley ending McCauley's life of crime.

Adamson would retire and become a screenwriter, television producer and have a few small appearances as an actor. He left us February 22, 2008.

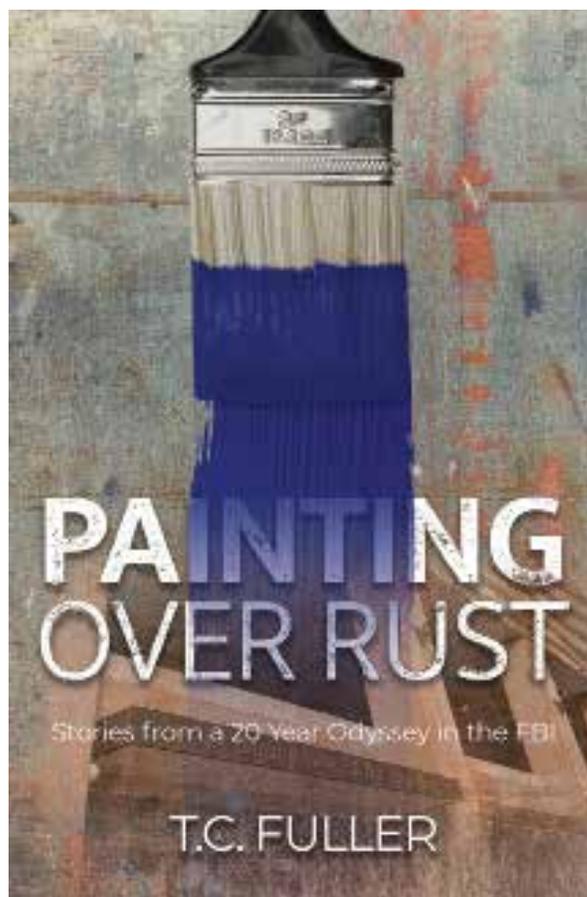


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D&L Sports J Frame G10 Grips: Another Dave Lauck S&W Offering continued from pg 14

the feel for the shooter; in my case pretty dramatically. By keeping the wrists locked during recoil, it allows fast-repeat shots, or hits on target. I was quickly reminded of a few words I routinely share on the range with my LE shooters, “Only hits count” and “Fast misses are just misses, you have to make solid hits to win gunfights”.



I typically use 6 round speed strips for my J frames, but when I checked with a Zeta 6 five-round speed loader, it barely had clearance to be used successfully. Moving on to the Speed Pod, I noted it could be used, but not quickly. I don't own any HKS J Frame speed loaders, but without modifications I don't believe they will work with these grips. As previously stated, I use 6 round speed strips almost exclusively for my J frames because I also have an affinity for Colt D frame revolvers, so a 6 round speed strip is easy to maintain for both systems and an extra round on the strip while carrying the J Frame doesn't bother me. Now if they just handled shooting as good as they look, Dave was getting somewhere, and my skepticism was melting. The weather wasn't cooperating, so I had to wait nearly a week before I could get them on the range to test how well they helped mitigate recoil.

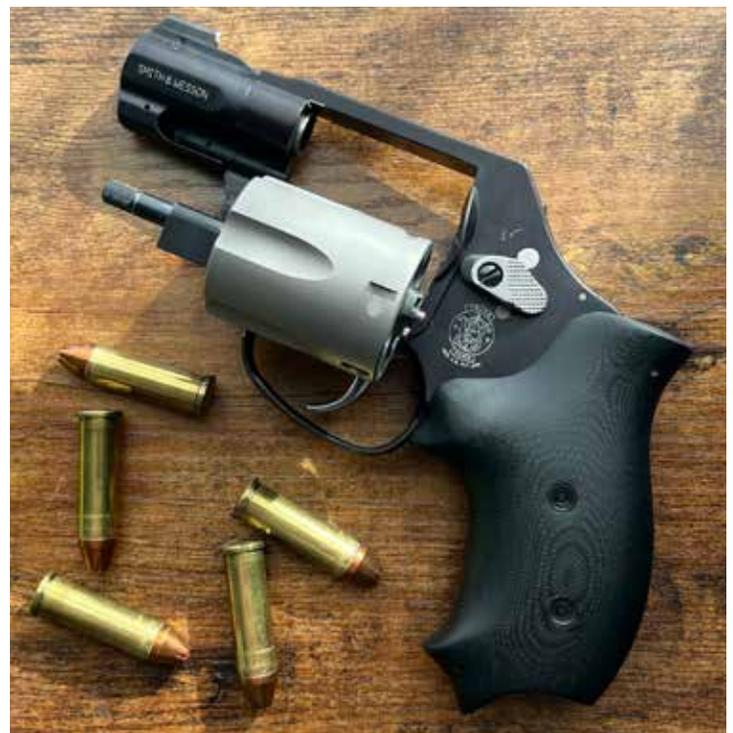
On the range, I was able to shoot nearly 200 rounds

of mainly 38 special 158 grain LRN with a few cylinders of Underwood 125gr Flat Nose 357 Magnum at the end of the session. The grips are an absolute game changer as to how they make the little revolver point. 357 loads were stout out of the Scandium framed 360PD, but not unmanageable. Perceived recoil with the 38 Special loads was similar to the previous grips this revolver wore, a set of Eagle Secret Service stocks in rosewood.

In short, 38 Special was comfortable enough to shoot, which felt recoil is a common complaint for shooters using wood or G10 grips on snub nose revolvers. While not a scientific fact, I believe the grip angle of the grips helps in perceived recoil for the shooter and make follow up shots faster.

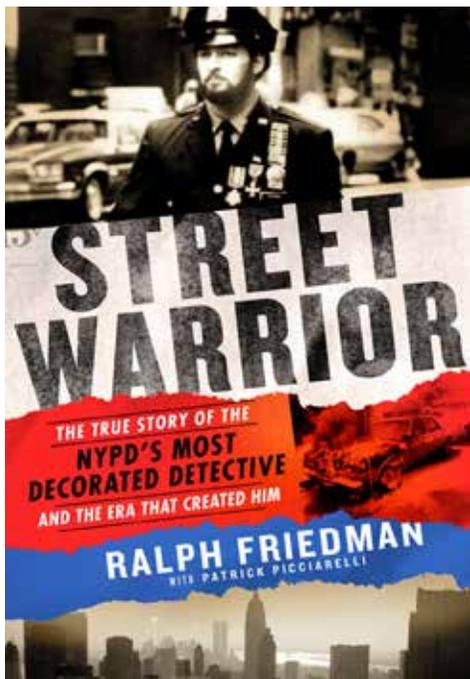
The real appeal to me with these grips is that Dave offers a customization service where he will contour the grips to fit smaller hands or to give the grips a certain, user-specific profile. Dave and I had recently been in a conversation about some K/L Frame PRG's and he told me that it was easy enough to DIY profile these grips. I liked the functionality of the grips, but they were too squared off for my personal taste. I prefer grips that are melted like butter, and less likely to snag on a shirt, print, or bite me under recoil. Like anything else I touch, I had to explore the DIY approach to these grips.

Away to the shop I went and returned after a couple of hours with a nicely profiled set of grips that really felt better than the originals I had been so happy with. I profiled these for CCW, as this little revolver sees constant carry when I'm off-duty. A 75 round range session con-





firmed that these are going to see heavy use in the near future as my constant carry companions' new shoes. In closing, if you are in the market for G10 grips with some modification options, these J Frame PRG grips from D&L Sports look nice and enhance the grip angle for the shooter. They are a little spendy, coming in around \$155, but one can easily spend that on any quality grip maker's works of art. I am currently filling out the order form to pay for these. They have changed my opinion on J Frame grips and will be on my 360PD until I give it to my son. If interested further, you can check out these grips and other D&L Sports offerings at <https://www.dlsports.com> or give Dave a call or email, he is always kind enough to share sound advice and experience with his customers.



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The Fastest Draw: Gun in Hand, Trouble Be Damned

Rebuttal to “Draw Stroke: The Ignored Master Skill”

By Randy Bartlett

It was raining when I read Issue 13 of Snub Noir. The kind of rain that seeps through your collar and into your bones. Michael deBethencourt—sharp cat, hell of a trainer—made his pitch: that starting with a gun in your mitt spells villainy. Says it’s the mark of a bad guy. Maybe he’s right... if we’re talking fairy tales. But in the alley where I work, where bad breath and worse intentions collide, the fastest draw is the one you never make. Because the heater’s already in your hand.

Now don’t get me wrong. I’m not talking about waving a rod around like some hopped-up hoodlum. I’m talking about quiet readiness. Tucked behind a jacket. In the shadows. One finger’s width from staying vertical or getting a chalk outline.

The Name’s Reaction - Action’s Older, Meaner Brother

When fists fly and bullets follow, you won’t get a cue. No orchestra, no warning bell. Just movement—and either you’re faster, or you’re fertilizer. Most of these scraps are over before your brain even catches up. That second you shave by already having your piece out? That’s your heartbeat continuing. Or not.

Drawing from under a coat, seated behind a steering wheel, or while tripping over a busted sidewalk—it’s not elegant. It’s not clean. But it’s real. And if your training’s all standing tall in a booth with clean lines and cold hands? You’re playacting while the real show’s across town, and

it’s got a body count.

You Ain’t a Bad Guy—You’re a Live One

The guy with a gun out looking for a fight? That’s a problem. But the guy who cuts through the alley with one palm resting on cool steel, just in case? That’s just a man who wants to make it home. Wrapped around a towel. Held low next to the thigh. Quiet. Thoughtful. Ready.

Sure, there are laws. There are always laws. You start waving that piece around early, some DA with a haircut and no spine might scream “brandishing.” But none of that matters if you’re bleeding out in the gutter because you were too polite to be prepared.

Wrap It Up, Sam

Look, deBethencourt’s got a point. People see what they want to see. But bullets don’t care about perception. Training does. Muscle memory does. Survival sure as hell does. So run your reps cold. Practice your draw ‘til it’s smoother than jazz. But mix in a little grit. Run drills with your hand already on the iron. With it out and low and quiet.

Because in this town, it’s not the fastest draw that wins.

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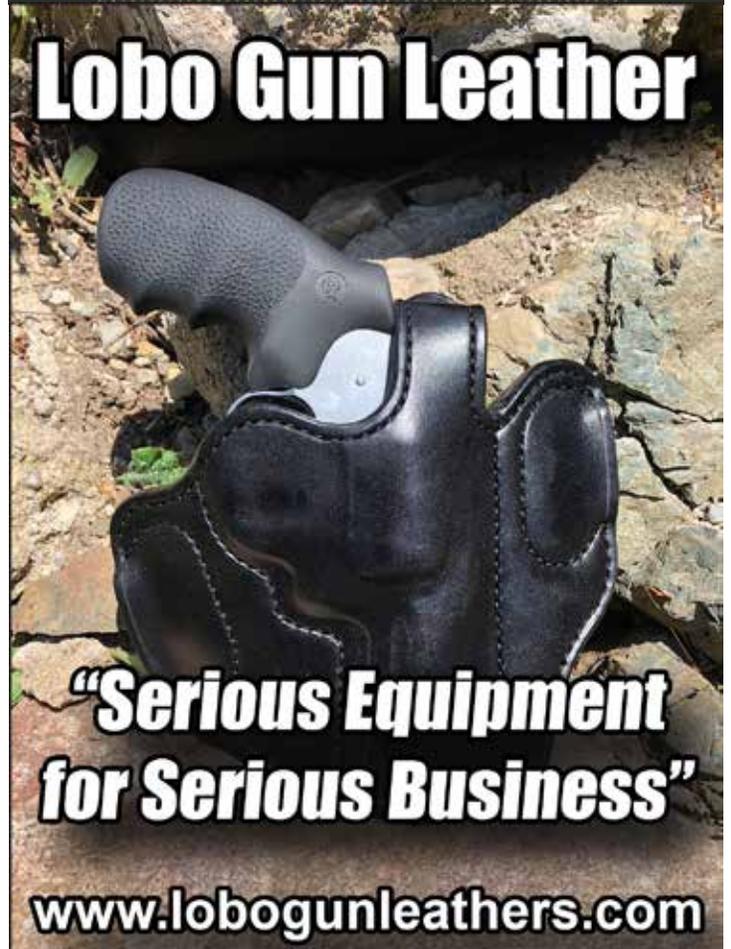
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KILLED IN THE SHEETS?

Why a Lipseys Ruger .32 H&R Magnum LCR is My Preferred Handgun for Home Defense

By Steve Moses

I have a love-hate relationship with small-frame revolvers that goes back fifty years. I loved to carry them, and hated to shoot them. The combination of miniscule sights, heavy trigger pull (which was worse with the .22 LR and WMR calibers), and recoil (.38 Special caliber back before lead wadcutters became a thing) eventually caused me to sell all of them and focus on semi-automatic pistols. I started with a Colt Commander in .45 ACP in 1993 and today I have a Smith & Wesson 9mm M&P 2.0 equipped with a Holosun EPS red dot optic. This handgun is the one that I carry the most when out and about in public. It is also not my primary gun for home defense, nor is my Remington 870 shotgun, Bravo Company AR-15, or Christensen Arms AR9. It is my Lipseys Ruger LCR in .32 H&R Magnum.

The main reason that the Lipseys LCR is my primary house gun is that it is light enough to carry anytime that I have clothes on and capable of defending me in my home or outside in my yard. If I attacked the vast majority of the time as long as I shoot accurately and place my rounds where they need to be. The advantage that it has over every one of the firearms referenced above is that it is on my person even if I am wearing nothing more than board shorts without a belt and a tee shirt.

Granted, I have several friends that are revolver virtuosos like Wayne Dobbs and Mike Harris that think my Lipseys LCR is uglier than a mud baby. I am open-minded and think that everyone is entitled to their own stupid opinion. It has an excellent trigger and visible front sight right out of the box, and at 13.9 ounces it carries very well in a belt or pocket holster. Another reason I like it is that I actually enjoy shooting it. Privi Partisan .32 Long round nose ammunition has mild recoil and I can (and have) literally shot all day without pain. I could probably do the same thing with my preferred carry load of Buffalo Bore or High Desert .32 Long wadcutters along a Speed Strip of Buffalo Bore .32 Long Hardcast Lead Flatnose ammunition. The only pain I feel with shooting more than 20 or so rounds per session with that ammunition is to my wallet.

What about stopping power? Violent criminals stop for one of two reasons: they wanted to or they had to. I always want to be prepared to deal with a worst case scenario. My vision of a boogeyman is the person that not only wants to die but wants me to die before he does and possesses the ability to make that happen. This person is not going to quit until he has completely lost all control of his motor functions. Two ways of accomplishing that are shutting down the central nervous system with a solid hit to the heavily-armored brain stem, or target the aortic arch which is located at the top of heart and in close proximity to the superior and inferior vena cava, pulmonary arteries, and pulmonary veins. There is a high probability that if the aorta is suddenly torn by a handgun round loss of consciousness will rapidly occur. I have seen Chuck Haggard shoot through ballistic gel covered by four levels of denim with my personal carry ammunition that penetrated to close to fourteen inches, and the wadcutter meplat reminds me of my grandmother's cookie cutter. It will do its part if I do mine.

For me, the Lipseys Ruger .32 H&R Magnum LCR is the best home defense handgun that I own (or am interested in owning). It is comfortable to carry in a Tully or Phlstr appendix holster, accurate, easy to shoot, and chambered in a round that literally punches above its weight. The trigger is amazing, most especially considering that it ignites hard primers that some of its competitors tend to struggle with. As a fall chicken heading straight into a hard winter I gain a little more understanding every day how older people or anyone else with compromised grip strength might struggle with handgun that is difficult to operate, has a heavy trigger, or significant recoil. My little LCR offers none of those challenges.

Decoder Challenge

IPU N HQWFFS EILMADP GNDHAQLWU VLQMG.
FWP IPU PBA LDMS VLQMG PBAS XDLV - JQLK
PBA JIMK PTA JQIADGU LT AGGIA YLSMA

Answer: it's a grubby, violent dangerous world. But it's the only world they know. - From the film *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*

CZ Duo .25 ACP

By Tim Inwood

His heart raced as he entered the sewers of Vienna. He did not think the KGB would find him down there. As he carefully moved along the edge, occasionally sliding a bit in the slippery slime, he tried his best to be stealthy. Suddenly echoes from behind and the sound of a man splashing in the sewage dashed his hopes that he had lost his pursuer. Of course, the bastard would follow here, he thought, rats live in sewage. In the dim light he could make out a connecting tunnel to his right, luckily he would not have to go down in the muck to get to it.

There he waited just around the corner. He pawed his coat pocket for a weapon. He had lost his dagger earlier in the night but still had the little CZ Duo 6.35mm pistol in his pocket that his contact passed to him, along with the film roll that had to get to the West. An untried pistol he had never fired. He could hear his father's

words in his head about how one should only go into battle with a gun you have tested... Fate would have it otherwise. He quietly pulled the slide back and let go as it loaded the tiny cartridge from the magazine into the chamber. If his foe heard it loading, he showed no sign of it as he clumsily pursued our man in the foul damp of the sewer. Again Bob's heart raced pounding in his ears. The KGB agent's approach slowed and became more quiet. He had seen the connecting tunnel and was coming up with caution. Suddenly Bob saw the TT33 emerge from around the corner in the Russian's bear sized paw and begin to turn towards him, Bob moved forward quick striking the Soviet's pistol away from him as he turned the corner and pointed the Duo in his face pulling the trigger. A sharp boom and it was over as the little .25 caliber slug entered Ivan's eye socket following the optic nerve to the brain. He dropped like a stone, rolled down into the water and remained face down. Bob let go of his breath and was relieved the little Czech pistol worked. But his night was not over. He knew he would have to come up out of the sewers and that the man's colleagues were still there searching for him. Nevertheless the little beast had

put one of them down. His chances of surviving the night had improved and he hoped to finish his mission alive.

The tool that saved our hero was a Czech made, six shot CZ Duo pistol in 6.35mm. The CZ Duo was designed by František Dušek, though it was little more than a clone of the classic FN 1906 minus the grip safety. This handy pistol emerged on the market in 1939 and remained in production during the German occupation of Czechoslovakia. Well made of quality materials, the gun survived the war and returned to the market in 1946. Af-



ter the Soviet occupation and the arms factories were nationalized, production of the DUO was moved to Ceska Zbrojovka in Uhersky Brod and the pistol was marked "Z", but it also carried the old trademark of Praga Zbrojovka and Czechoslovak Zbrojovka. That has caused some confusion among collectors of Czech arms. Nevertheless these delightful pistols are somewhat scarce in the United States and can still very well

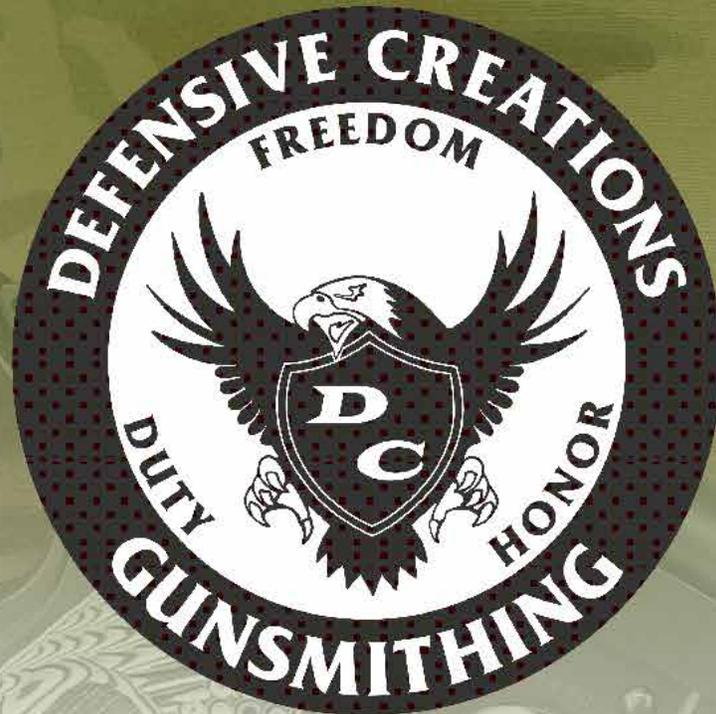
serve as a backup defense arm as employed in the fictional tale I presented earlier. Like many .25 autos hidden easily, a popular arm for those making their living by espionage in World War II and the Cold War era.



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and custom built 1911 style pistols and
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The Newhall Incident: America's Worst Uniformed Cop Massacre

My Review

By Scott Campbell

First, a little personal background: I was a senior in high school when this happened. Later, in 1973, I pinned on a deputy sheriff's badge and attended my basic academy. This incident was recreated for my academy class. In my field training time, my Training officer kept a picture of the four officers lying on coroner's tables taken from a newspaper. His handwritten note above it stated simply "There are no routine calls or stops. Two of the officers are buried within twenty miles of where I live and I have visited both of their gravesites."

The Newhall Incident: America's Worst Uniformed Cop Massacre by Chief John Anderson is a compelling account of a tragic event that profoundly impacted law enforcement practices across the United States. Published in 1999, the book meticulously chronicles the events of April 5, 1970, when four young California Highway Patrol (CHP) officers were fatally shot during a seemingly routine traffic stop in Newhall, California.

The incident began shortly before midnight when Officers Walt Frago and Roger Gore stopped a red Pontiac containing two men, Bobby Davis and Jack Twinning, suspected of involvement in an earlier incident. Initially cooperative, the situation escalated rapidly as Davis and Twinning opened fire, killing both officers. Minutes later, responding Officers James Pence and George Alleyn arrived, only to be met with a barrage of gunfire, resulting in their deaths as well. This confrontation, lasting less than five minutes, marked the deadliest day in California law enforcement history at that time.

Chief Anderson's narrative delves deeply into the personal histories of the fallen officers, painting vivid portraits of their lives, aspirations, and dedication to public service. This humanizing approach allows readers to connect with the individuals behind the badges, emphasizing the profound loss experienced by their families and the community. The author also provides detailed backgrounds on the assailants, exploring the factors that led them to such a violent confrontation.

One of the book's strengths lies in its meticulous reconstruction of the events leading up to and follow-

ing the shootings. Anderson utilizes official reports, witness testimonies, and firsthand accounts to piece together a comprehensive timeline, offering readers a clear understanding of the chaotic and tragic sequence of events. This methodical approach not only informs but also immerses readers in the tense atmosphere of that fateful night.

Beyond recounting the incident itself, Anderson examines the broader implications for law enforcement procedures and training. The Newhall incident served as a catalyst for significant changes in police protocols, particularly concerning officer safety during traffic stops and high-risk situations. The book discusses how the tragedy prompted agencies nationwide to reevaluate and enhance their training programs, emphasizing the importance of preparedness and tactical awareness.

However, some readers have critiqued the book for its narrative style, noting that it occasionally reads like a novel, with reconstructed dialogues and dramatizations. While this approach aims to provide a more immersive experience, it raises questions about the accuracy of certain interactions and thoughts attributed to the individuals involved. As one reviewer on Amazon mentioned, "My problem with John Anderson's book is that it is written like a novel, with conversations between the officers and the suspects that the author could not possibly know."

Despite these concerns, the book has been well-received for its detailed research and heartfelt tribute to the officers who lost their lives. On Goodreads, it holds an average rating of 3.74 out of 5, with readers appreciating its thorough examination of the incident and its aftermath.

In conclusion, *The Newhall Incident: America's Worst Uniformed Cop Massacre* offers a poignant and informative exploration of a pivotal moment in law enforcement history. Chief John Anderson's detailed account serves not only as a memorial to the fallen officers but also as a critical analysis of the lessons learned from this tragedy, underscoring the continuous evolution of police training and safety protocols.

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