



# THE LARIAT

Voice of the  
LITTLE RIVER RAIDERS

Website [www.littleriverraiders.com.au](http://www.littleriverraiders.com.au)

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President: Tony Diablo

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Scribe: Patrick Floyd Garrett

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## SHOT EXPO 2017

The amount of queries received by the members that worked at the Shot Expo would confirm the interest in shooting sports particularly Single Action is on the increase.

We had a very good weekend and things ran well. The Video was of great interest to all passer-by's as was the display of both the handguns (in the glass case) and long arms (hung on the wall) that we use.

The flags were a great back drop and brightened up the rather dull walls and some flyers on the wall opposite worked well. The Black powder cap and ball pistols created plenty of interest. The bigger booth made getting around easier and gave us the ability to spread out our display leaving plenty of room for patrons to view the screen and quiz the members about our sport.

Being able to wear our handguns about also made for plenty of interest and many comments, complying with the requirements was no bother at all.

Thanks to all those that came along to help set-up on Friday, pack-up on Sunday and work through the weekend. It was great to see a broad section of Single Action club members giving their time to ensure the success we had and several others that called past while visiting the Shot Expo.

My overall impression was that we had a very successful display and managed to put on a great advert for Single Action Shooting in Victoria and elsewhere. There were visitors from Tasmania, New South Wales, all over Victoria as well as some International visitors from Canada and USA.

Ian "*Grizzly Grumps*" Cole

## CAPTAIN'S CORNER (OR SAMBUCCA'S SPEAK)

Howdy all,  
**WORKING BEE:**

The next one is Sunday 29 October. We have achieved so much in the past 12 months but still more fun on the horizon. In case you don't know we applied for and received a Government Grant to cover cost of materials (\$4,000+) to install Shade Cloth across ranges 14 to 18. This will be quite a major project but the end result will see us shooting under better conditions particularly on those hot sunny days. Please put the date in your diary.

**WEBSITE:**

If you have friends show an interest in our sport point them to the Website so they can see firsthand what we are about before you drag them down to the Range.

If you have any thoughts on what we can add please send Flossy an email and we will consider what you suggest.

**BATTLE OF WALKER'S CREEK:**

For all Black Powder enthusiasts the dates are Saturday 8 and Sunday 9 July. The application form is on the Website so give it a try and get your application in early.

**JENNY COLE SHOOT:**

The Annual Jenny Cole Memorial Shoot is scheduled for 14 October and our normal monthly match on 15 October. So put it in your diary and make a weekend of it if you can. Further details on the way.

**RAWHIDE:**

Yes, it's nearly here. 18 and 19 November are the dates so put it in your Calendar now and download the Nomination form from our Website. Remember the cost is included in your

membership. For those who don't know and for those that can't remember the weekend includes Long Range Rifle on Saturday morning, 4 Stages Saturday afternoon, a fantastic feed Saturday evening finished off with 6 Stages on Sunday. A great weekend to dust off the caravan, tent or swag or just travel down each day but make sure you get your nomination form in on time.

#### **RULES:**

I don't have anything specific to speak on this time. However, just a reminder that you can keep yourself up to date and refresh your memory by having a look at the Handbooks online at the SASS Website [www.sass.net.com](http://www.sass.net.com)

There is always some interesting information on the site if you have a few minutes to spare so go for a browse.

#### **Car Security:**

Just a reminder again to make sure your vehicle is locked at all times at the range, particularly when you put your guns away for lunch. See u on the range.

Regards, *Sambucca*, Club Captain

### **SAFETY OFFICER NOTES**

Safety rules are in place for the safety of ALL range users, please take the time to look at these rules (on the SSAA Vic website) and abide by them.

All shooters wanting to take part in the Mexican War Shoot should read the Range Officer notes for "Wild Bunch". (on the SASS website).

At all shoots **REMEMBER** that once you are called to the firing line you are under the control of the **Range Officer/Timer Operator** until you have had your firearms cleared by the **Unloading Officer**. **UNTIL** that is done your firearms are considered **LOADED!** if you sweep anyone or break the 170' you will be penalised accordingly, remember **SAFETY FIRST and ALWAYS**. I have seen this happen at some away shoots (not by our members) and no penalties were applied, this disadvantages the shooter who is doing the right thing. Remember penalties are not given out lightly "You have to have earned them". So take that little bit of extra care and time, think about what you are doing.



**STEPS** you **MUST** take when you come to the range.

1 **Sign-in** at the range office.

2 **Sign-in** at the Little River Raiders club house.

3 Talk to the Range Officer in charge and help as needed in setting-up.

4 Once the range has been **checked and cleared** the **red flag** is up you may get your firearms out of your vehicle and bring them to the ranges that are to be used.

5 Enjoy your day.

6 Lastly at the end of the day help pack-up and put things away.

7 If you are going to shoot after the end of the days shoot **Make** sure the red flag is up anyone you invite to shoot must fill out the relevant paperwork. tidy-up, lower the red flag and make sure everything is put away.

*Grizzly Grumps*  
Safety Officer

### **M-1911 PISTOL HISTORY**

The Colt Model 1911 was the product of a very capable person, namely [John Moses Browning](#), father of several modern firearms.

The pistol was designed to comply with the requirements of the U.S. Army, which, during its campaign against the Moros in Philippines, had seen its trusty .38 revolver to be incapable of stopping attackers. An Ordnance Board headed by Col. John T. Thompson (inventor of the Thompson sub-machine-gun) and Col. Louis A. La Garde, had reached the conclusion that the army needed a .45" calibre cartridge, to provide adequate stopping power. In the mean time, J. Browning who was working for Colt, had already designed an [autoloader pistol](#), around a cartridge similar to contemporary .38 Super (dimension-wise). When the Army announced its interest in a new handgun, Browning re-engineered this handgun to accommodate a .45" diameter cartridge of his own design (with a 230 gr. FMJ

bullet), and submitted the pistol to the Army for evaluation.

In the selection process, which started at 1906 with firearms submitted by Colt, Luger, Savage, Knoble, Bergmann, White-Merrill and Smith & Wesson, Browning's design was selected, together with the Savage design in 1907. However, the U.S. Army pressed for some service tests, which revealed that neither pistol (Colt's or Savage's) had reached the desired perfection. The Ordnance Department instituted a series of further tests and experiments, which eventually resulted in the appointment of a selection committee, in 1911.

Browning was determined to prove the superiority of his handgun, so he went to Hartford to personally supervise the production of the gun. There he met Fred Moore, a young Colt employee with whom he worked in close cooperation trying to make sure that each part that was produced for the test guns was simply the best possible. The guns produced were submitted again for evaluation, to the committee. A torture test was conducted, on March 3rd, 1911. The test consisted of having each gun fire 6000 rounds. One hundred shots would be fired and the pistol would be allowed to cool for 5 minutes. After every 1000 rounds, the pistol would be cleaned and oiled. After firing those 6000 rounds, the pistol would be tested with deformed cartridges, some seated too deeply, some not seated enough, etc. The gun would then be rusted in acid or submerged in sand and mud and some more tests would then be conducted.



Browning's pistols passed the whole test series with flying colors. It was the first firearm to undergo such a test, firing continuously 6000 cartridges, a record broken only in 1917 when Browning's recoil-operated machine gun fired a 40000 rounds test.

The report of the evaluation committee (taken from 'The .45 Automatic, An American Rifleman Reprint', published by the National Rifle Association of America) released on the 20th of March 1911 stated :

"Of the two pistols, the board was of the opinion that the Colt is superior, because it is more reliable, more enduring, more

easily disassembled when there are broken parts to be replaced, and more accurate."

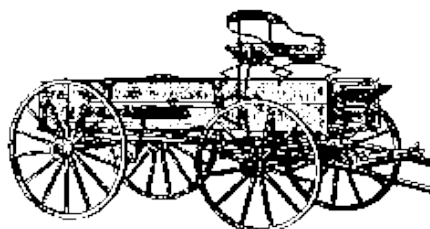
On March 29th, 1911, the Browning-designed, [Colt-produced .45 Automatic pistol](#), was selected as the official sidearm of the Armed Forces of U.S.A., and named Model 1911.

 That [original pistol](#), was very similar to  the pistols produced today. One easily-distinguishable external difference is the crescent-shaped cuts, behind the trigger of the contemporary pistols, which were missing from the original design and were adopted later on, and which first appeared on model M1911A1. All [the differences can be seen here](#).

The Colt Model 1911 was slightly improved in early 1920's when the flat mainspring housing was replaced with an arched one (not a wise selection according to my personal opinion), a shorter hammer spur was used, a short trigger was made standard as well as a longer grip safety. The new model was named [Colt M-1911 A1 Government Model](#). In 1929, Colt also produced a 1911 pistol, based on the new .38 Super cartridge, while in 1931 a .22 LR version of the pistol was produced, named Colt Ace.

In this form, the gun was produced during the remaining years until WW II, when military requirements were met by production of M-1911 by several firearms manufacturers such as [Ithaca](#), [Remington-Rand](#), [Union Switch](#), Singer etc. Several thousands of this firearm were produced during the war period.

After the war, the M-1911 was adopted by several armies around the world, as the standard sidearm. Greece, my home country was one of them. Also, Colt signed contracts with some manufacturers in those countries, to produce this model. [Here](#), you can see some pictures of an Argentinian M-1911, send to me by an Internet surfer.



## Recent History and Sizes



The same gun was produced after the war, with almost no changes in the original Browning's design. Soon after the war, Colt introduced a new gun, based on the M-1911 A1 "**Government**" design, which was a shortened version of the M-1911 A1 pistol. This new gun featured a 4.25" barrel, (compared to the 5" of its predecessor) and had an aluminium frame (for the first time this material was used in a handgun frame). The gun was called "**Commander**" (and not "Lightweight Commander" which was adopted later by Colt for this pistol) and was very well received by the public. In the years to come, Colt also produced the same pistol but with a steel frame, named "**Combat Commander**", and the term "Commander" has been used ever since to denote guns with 4.25" barrels. Still later on, Colt introduced a pistol with an even shorter barrel (3.50"), targeting the concealed carry users, called "**Officer's**", which also had a shorter frame, thus using 6 round magazines. Again, this model name, is used today to denote the smallest model versions, with shorter barrel and frames.

In the 1980's Colt introduced a new series of all their models, with an additional safety device, namely a firing pin safety, which didn't allow the pistol to fire if the trigger wasn't pulled to the end of its travel. The guns produced there after, are called [Colt MKIV - Series 80](#). This safety system (click [here](#) to view an enlarged diagram, or [here](#) to see a picture of the safety mechanism), although it was deemed necessary in today's world of lawsuits, it is rumoured to have a bad effect on trigger pull (I personally haven't noticed this to be true). For this reason, it was never widely accepted by expert shooters who want a decent trigger pull on their firearms. A member of our Forums Site has posted [this article](#) for the Series 80 pistols, which explains in details, what fits what. This same firepin safety mechanism is also used in the high-capacity pistols, produced by Para Ordnance.

During the nineties Colt announced their "**Enhanced Series**" of M-1911s, which were basically the Series 80 guns, with several modifications that most shooters would do on their pistols. Such modifications were a (sort-of) beavertail grip safety, bevelled magazine well, flared ejection port, and a cut underneath the rear of the trigger guard, which allowed the pistol to sit lower in one's hand.

Of course, during the last two decades, several other manufacturers started producing M-1911 pistols. Some of them, just follow the traditional lines, while others are state-of-the-art, based on polymer frames etc. One thing is clear, [John Browning's](#) design is still alive and doing extremely well, after more than eight decades from its initial conception.



## WESTERN SHORT STORY

### THE NEW STOCK

by L. L. Rigsbee

Sometimes it seemed like the hot desert wind never stopped, but there was an advantage to all that hot wind. The clothes at the beginning of the line were dry before she finished hanging the ones on the other end. A dust devil whipped at her long skirt and plucked the bonnet from her copper curls, racing off to new mischief when the bow at her neck refused to relinquish the faded blue material.

Clara lifted a hand to shade her eyes from the burning sun and squinted into the dusty horizon. Zack had been gone almost a month now, and they were getting low on supplies. At the moment she was thankful that their marriage had produced no children yet. They were young, and there was still time - time to make a home out of this arid Arizona range. So far their only claim to success was the pouch of gold dust they'd managed to glean from the creek bed. Still, the land was theirs - such as it was. To some, the desert was a sterile inferno, but not to Clara and Zack. To Clara it was home, and to Zack it was the perfect place to raise the stock he had always loved.

Emerging from the distant cloud of dust, a cavalry troop approached the homestead - looking for water, no doubt. The well she and Zack had dug was the only water supply for miles. Even the Indians stopped now and then to water their hearty mustangs. At first she and Zack had been frightened, but it didn't take long to realize their generosity was appreciated. There was always free water for any wayfarer, regardless of race or religion - and on many occasions, free food as well.

The cavalry troops cantered into the yard, stirring a cloud of dust that sought out and attacked the clothes hanging on the line. "Morning Mrs. Ashari," the sergeant began, snatching his hat off as he spoke. He was completely oblivious to the havoc his young troops had created with her morning work. "Could we water our horses?" His blond hair was tangled, and bright blue eyes regarded her innocently from a sun burned face.

How could she be angry? He was always so polite - never assuming anything. She nodded at the half-full water tank.

"Help yourself, Mr. Bowdin."

There was no need to remind him about priming the pump and leaving the trough as he had found it. She turned toward the house.

"I'll go get your men some coffee and bear tracks."

"Not this time," came the reluctant reply from behind her.

She turned to face him, raising her brows. "Are you in a hurry? What's up?"

He twisted the hat in his hands. "Injun trouble. We have instructions to come out here and escort you back to the fort."

Clara frowned. "Who's instructions?"

The hat made another full turn. "The captain," Bowdin answered hesitantly, and then blurted out the rest. "Old Charlie Dunes rode in yesterday. He said a war party had burned down the B bar B ranch yesterday."

Clara's heart gave a painful lurch as she struggled to keep her expression unconcerned. It was bound to happen sooner or later, and they were prepared. The B bar B ranch house was constructed of lumber hauled in from the mountains, but the home she and Zack had built wouldn't burn. Its sod walls were more than a foot thick, and the ironwood door and shutters were thick and treated with a substance that would resist flames. As for the roof - well, the grass might burn off the sod, but that was about it. In any case, the gun ports were strategically placed so that no one could approach the house without exposing themselves to rifle fire. It was a virtual fortress, built for the purpose of defending a few against many. Zack had traveled in many countries and his ever seeking curiosity had compiled an arsenal of information. To him, the American west was a challenge that couldn't be resisted.

Clara met the sergeant's anxious gaze with a level look. "The Apaches have never given us trouble before."

He frowned. "These ain't Apaches. They're a bunch of renegades up from the border - some Comanche and Kiowa, I hear. They even have Cochise worried."

Anything that concerned the Apaches was cause for alarm. She eyed the troop's sceptically - mostly young boys - and not more than a dozen of them at that. Would it be any safer to travel to the fort with them? What about the house? Abandoning it to the marauding Indians would be providing them with food, water and ammunition - as well as the opportunity to destroy the building. Most disturbing, though, was the idea of Zack riding blindly into trouble. He would expect to find his wife at the house.

Clara glanced up at the sergeant. "I'll stay here. I have plenty of water and ammunition, and my husband will be back any day now."

All eyes shifted to her. It was obvious that the troops thought she was either crazy or very brave. Actually, she was neither. The idea of facing renegade Indians was terrifying, but once she was locked inside the house, she would be safe enough. More than likely they would help themselves to the water and move on. With any luck, they wouldn't find their way to her home at all.

The sergeant tried to change her mind, but once he realized it was futile to argue with her, he instructed his men to haul enough water into her house to last for a week. That done, they finally departed. Their dusty uniforms gradually blended with the shimmering heat waves, and she was alone again.

She returned to her laundry and began pulling it down from the line. It would have to be washed again. She glanced around at the flat desert. Should she wash the clothes inside the house? No, she could see more out here.

She turned to the house, and that was when she saw it. Nothing more than a flicker of light, but it didn't belong out there. Someone was watching the house with field glasses.

She willed her legs to carry her casually to the house; forced her shaking hands to lift the heavy beam that locked the door, and then bolted all the heavy shutters. Then she took a pistol and a box of shells from the gun cabinet and began loading it. Her heart beat at the confines of her ribs, demanding release from her constricting chest. Her fingers fumbled as she pushed shells into the cylinder of the pistol, but she finally managed get it loaded. Placing a chair under one of the gun ports, she took a deep breath and climbed up on the chair. Sliding back the heavy gun port door, she peeked out into the shimmering desert. Nothing. One by one she made her way around to each side of the house, opening the gun ports only far enough to peek out. Still nothing. Had she imagined trouble? Could the flash of light have been sunlight on quartz?

Minutes dragged away into an hour, and still no Indians. Not that she was complaining, but the waiting was eating at her nerves. Waiting and not knowing if she was acting a fool. Should she open the door and get on with life? If someone had been out there, maybe they had already left. Maybe it was only some old prospector. She sighed. Maybe it was nothing but fear and imagination.

She stepped up on the chair again. One last time, and then ... she saw it again. Only this time it was close ... and it wasn't the flash of sun against glasses. It was the flash of the sun against a fancy Spanish bridle. She held her breath as the figures materialized from the desert. Fifteen of them! She watched, her face well away from the gun port. They approached the house and then circled to the front. Securing the gun port, she moved to the port on the front of the house. Cautiously sliding it back ever so slightly, she watched the Indians pause at the water trough. There some drank beside their horses, while others eyed the house. Their attention went to the door first, and then to the gun port. Her throat constricted with fear. They couldn't possibly see her, but they were looking directly at her. No doubt, they knew they were being watched. How long until they stormed the house?

One big Indian lifted his rifle and waived it in the air, emitting a long drawn out wavering scream - the Comanche war cry. Behind him, his fellow madmen echoed the blood curdling yell.

And still they waited. Why? And then it was frighteningly clear. They were waiting for the troops to get far enough away that the shooting wouldn't be heard.

Finally the lead Indian lifted his rifle, aiming it at the gun port. Clara ducked, opening the gun port further. The rifle cracked and a bullet thunked harmlessly into the sod wall on the opposite side of the room. Immediately several more rifles spat bullets into the port. Their purpose was obvious, and she responded as she had been trained.

She leaped up and thrust her pistol through the gun port, snapping off three shots. Again she ducked. It was doubtful that her shots had hit anything, but they served as a warning. Two more shots came through the port - and then silence.

She reached up and slammed the gun port shut. Immediately three shots slammed against the thick wood. It wouldn't take much more of that kind of abuse, but there was more wood in the house, and the ports were too high for a man to shoot into the room without standing on something. Even at that, it would be difficult for them to see inside the dimly lit house. She moved to the next port and slid it open a fraction of an inch - just enough to allow a sliver of vision. The Indians were all grouped together behind and around the water trough - watching the other gun port. At this angle she could surprise them, killing one or two before they could get away. Yet she waited. Maybe they would decide it wasn't worth the effort and ride off. She had no wish to kill them.

They would try for the roof, thinking it would be the weakest spot. But they didn't know about the thick slabs of cypress that lay below the sod. They would be safe from her gun, but it would get them no closer to their goal. The wide eaves would prevent them from reaching the gun ports from the roof, as well. No, they couldn't reach her as long as she didn't panic.

Minutes drug by and finally it was clear that the Indians were planning something. Keeping low to the ground, they began to fan out, circling the house.

Over the next half hour or so, she watched them through different gun ports as they cased the house. They had located every gun port and every

window - and every place to hide. Fortunately there were few of the latter. While they watched and measured her fortress, she watched and measured them.

The sun slowly sank to the horizon, and the coyotes howled - two and four legged. Night brought inky silence. Would they wait until dawn? She secured all the gun ports and sank into her rocker. They were waiting her out, but she had to beat them at their game. They would be waiting for her to get tired and drop her guard. It was too early for that. And so she dozed in the chair, catching what rest she could.

Later she emerged from her chair and crept to the port beside the door. She listened for a few moments. Every few minutes she could hear a soft scraping sound. Carefully, and with complete silence, she unlocked the port and opened it slightly. Just as she had guessed. An Indian was inching toward the door on his belly. Behind him, he was pulling some brush. On a hunch, she swung the port wide open. Instantly a hand wielding a knife stabbed through the opening. She slammed her gun barrel over the knuckles and was rewarded with a startled scream. The knife clattered to the floor and the hand disappeared. She fired two quick shots and slammed the door again. Rifles cracked and bullets smacked into the hard wood. She reloaded the pistol and resumed the waiting game.

An hour or so later she heard a scraping sound at one of the ports. An Indian was trying to work it free. After a few minutes a snapping sound was followed by a guttural complaint - one knife broken. They were beginning to get the idea now.

For the rest of the night, she heard no more sounds of activity. Had the Indians departed, or were they merely trying to make her think they had?

Dawn crept through the tiny cracks under the door and windows. Still she waited. They would be watching the ports now, and even the slightest movement would be detected. She was blind to their activity, yet the tiny cracks in the shutters provided some information. A shadow - one of the Indians waited under a gun port. There was probably an Indian under every port.

The inside of the house was stuffy, but it would be cooler than the direct sunlight where the Indians waited. She drank deeply of the tepid water and waited. Would Zack be home today? Would he return with his precious stock only to be overwhelmed by the Indians? She should have gone with the troops. The Indians would have done their plundering and be gone by now. Or they might have found Zack on the trail. She caught her breath. Had they already found him?

No. She couldn't...wouldn't think of that. She had to be ready when he came home - had to warn him, somehow. She lifted the pistol and took aim at the sod wall opposite her. She pulled the trigger and winced at the reverberating sound. Yes, that was how she would warn him. She smiled in spite of the situation. What would the Indians think of that shot? It was mildly satisfying to think that she wasn't the only one who was blind to what was going on. The morning drifted into afternoon. She drank water, dozed, and then cut some bread and cheese for supper. Occasional peeks through the cracks revealed that the Indians were still waiting.

As the sun shaped the long shadows of evening, the Indians began to stir. Their cries brought her to the cracks in the shutters again. They were obviously upset about something. And then she saw it - Tall graceful shadows moved across the desert toward the house. She caught her breath sharply, her heart pounding again. She raised the pistol and shot into the wall three times - their signal for danger. And yet, the shadows continued without hesitation. Couldn't Zack see the Indians yet?

But when she looked, the Indians were moving away from the house. They chattered to each other anxiously and pointed at the approaching shadows. After a few minutes of what seemed to be heated debate, they mounted their horses and beat a hasty retreat. She couldn't believe her eyes. They were actually running away from Zack!

Clara cautiously opened the door, but all the Indians were gone. She ran outside and waited as Zack rode into the yard. He gazed down at her, clearly puzzled.

"Are you all right?"

She nodded. "I'm fine. You were right. They

couldn't get into the house." He nodded, staring reflectively after the Indians. "Do you suppose they never saw a camel before?" She turned to watch their dust as the Indians ghosted into the desert. "Well," she finally said with a sigh. "I guess our new stock is going to have more uses than we anticipated."

## ADVERTISEMENTS

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*Andrew*  
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Regards *P.F.G.*