

M·W·C·A

Minnesota Weapons Collectors Association Official Publication

VOLUME NO. 30

ISSUE NO. 1

JANUARY 2017



“Learning The Tools of The Trade”

Stan Nelson on board a landing craft in Tokyo Bay.

See page 10 for the story.

M • W • C • A News

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Official Publication of the Minnesota Weapons Collectors Association

PO Box 662 • Hopkins MN 55343 • www.mwca.org • 612-721-8976

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Editor's Note: For those who are not familiar with Stan Nelson, he is one of the 84 original founding members of the MWCA. We want to personally thank him for his dedicated service to the MWCA, for the many interesting and informative articles he has written over the past 63 years, and especially for his service in the Marine Corps during World War II.

On the cover: On board a landing craft in Tokyo Bay, Stan Nelson checks his Colt Single Action 45 before going ashore with the first contingent of U.S. forces to step on Japanese soil. This was just before Japan signed the surrender document on the USS MISSOURI. The Marines didn't issue ammo for that type of pistol in Stan's hand (he got it from a wounded friend) so his mother sent him the right size bullets in the bottom half of a coffee can topped off with candy. He was 21 years old at the time.

GUESS THE GUN!



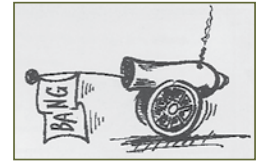
**Win a FREE business card size ad (\$25 value).
First five correct entries win!
Call Dale at 763-753-1663**

For the answer to last issue's "Guess the Gun," see page 23.



Good luck on this issue's "Guess the Gun" and remember, the first 5 winners will receive a FREE business card ad in the next MWCA News.

The President's Shot



The President's Shot

2016 brought gun owners very positive election results. At the State and Federal level we will not be threatened with new anti-gun legislation and should have an opportunity to pass pro-gun legislation.

The MWCA has again contracted with a lobbyist to work at the State level on our behalf. He is currently meeting with members of the legislature to discuss their willingness to support and move program legislation. He will then report to the Board of the MWCA and we will make decisions based on his recommendations as to what may be possible and direct him to proceed on the MWCA's behalf. In future newsletters to the membership the Board will be requesting that members contact their legislative representatives regarding the program legislative initiatives.

Gail Foster will be leaving the MWCA sometime in early 2017. The Board and all the membership wish to thank her for her years of dedicated service to the organization. The Board has hired a new Show Manager, Matt Cooklock, and you will be seeing both of them as the transition takes place.

Chuck Geyer and Larry Rogers have both ended their Security job responsibilities at our shows. We want to thank them for their service.

David Hinrichs,

2016 - 2017 MWCA President



2017 Show Dates

Minnesota Weapons Collectors Association

Celebrating 63 Years!

January 14 - 15 Rochester Mayo Civic Center

February 4 - 5 Jackpot Junction Casino

March 18 - 19 MN State Fair Coliseum Building

April 22 - 23 MN State Fair Education Building

September 30 - October 1 MN State Fair Education Building

Annual Trophy Show — Plan Your Display Now!

October 28 - 29 MN State Fair Coliseum Building

December 9 - 10 St. Paul RiverCentre

**New
Location!**

MWCA 2016 Trophy Show

The annual show was held at the Minnesota State Fair Grounds on October 29-30 in the State Fair Coliseum Building. There were 20 displays this year and 3,000 public, plus members, in attendance at the show. Congratulations to all the winners and “Thank You” to those that exhibited even if you did not win an award. You are appreciated by all for your efforts. Thanks to Ed Pohl who heads up the Trophy Show Committee and selects the judges and the awards. Again thank you to this year’s judges for donating your time and efforts to make this another successful show.



Ground “0,” where the action is.



The empty table was in honor of Alvin Olson who was a long time MWCA Board Member who recently passed away.



The Winners

MWCA 2016 Trophy Show, continued



Al Rehder received the “Best of Show” for his outstanding Kentucky Rifle display.



1st in “Modern Long Guns” guns went to Bill Jokela for his Winchester 61 display.



Vern Berning won two awards: 1st place for “Antique Long Guns” and “Best Gun” for a Henry rifle.



1st place in the “Antique Handguns” went to Dale H. Peterson for his Smith and Wesson revolvers.



Fred Vandersnick’s Winchester Model 12Y, the first one, won him 2nd place in the “Modern Long Gun” category.



Mark Reese received 1st Place in “Military Hand Guns” for his Walther pistols.

MWCA 2016 Trophy Show, continued



Robert Rolander's Colt revolvers received 1st place in "Modern Hand Guns" and 3rd place for "Related Items" with his Heiser Holsters.



Ed Pohl received two awards, one in "Antique Hand Guns" from the Civil War and 1st place in the related category for the German 88 display.



Mike Splittgerber's Stag Grip Ruger Revolvers won 2nd place in the "Modern Hand Gun" category.



1st place in "Military Long Guns" went to Jim Curlovic with his 1898-1942 Winchester lever actions.

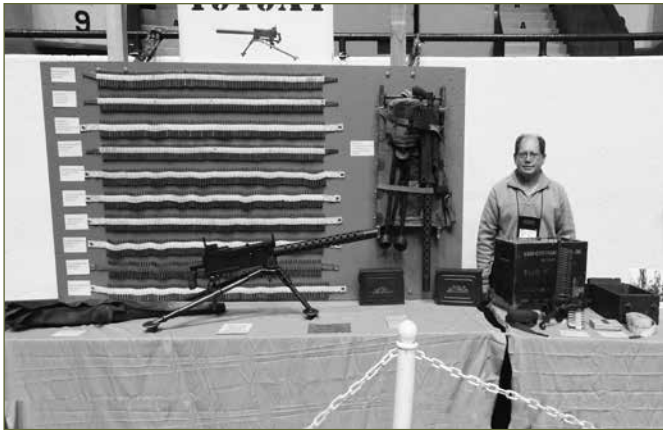


Al Boehne received 2nd place in "Related Items" with his assortment of Springfield cartridge belts and boxes.



2nd place in "Antique Long Arms" went to Ingvar Alm's 1700's air rifles.

MWCA 2016 Trophy Show, continued



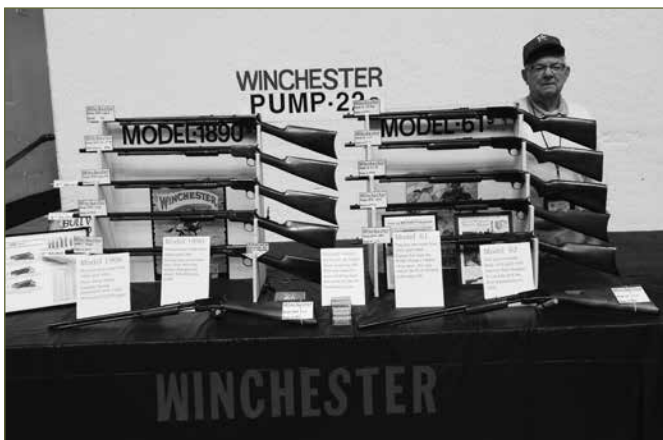
For Mike Pfremer efforts he received 2 awards “Best Educational” and 2nd Place in “Military Long Guns”.



Robert Pfeffer received 3rd place for his impressive spread of Carcano Rifles.



The Original Mauser display got Jerry Veches a 3rd place in the “Modern Long Gun” category.



Rex Brown with his Winchester Pump 22s.



Jim Moores with a dandy '86 Winchester.

MWCA 2016 Trophy Show, continued



Steve Osman with a table full of items for sale.



Wyatt Carlson with some nice Browning rifles.



Our Friends from the NRA.
Keep up the great work, men.

MWCA Awards First Scholarship

The Minnesota Weapons Collectors Association has created a yearly scholarship fund. To apply for a scholarship the applicant must be sponsored by a MWCA member. The applicant must apply on the MWCA.org website between February 1 and May 1.

The 2016 recipient is Olivia Westover. Some of you may remember her as a little girl helping her mother at the Ear Gear custom ear plug table. Olivia is now a 20-year-old Junior at the University of North Dakota. She is majoring in Elementary Education. Congratulations Olivia!



2016 NRA Annual Meeting

By Dale H. Peterson

Louisville, Kentucky was the host for the 145th NRA Annual Meetings & Exhibitors, May 19-22, 2016. The meeting was held at the Kentucky Exposition Center, which encompasses a little over ten acres under one roof. There were over 800 commercial exhibitors featuring guns, ammo, optics, hunting gear, gunsmithing, knives, and just about anything connected to or related to the indoor or outdoor sports.

MWCA's booth was in "Collectors Row," where 25 groups (collector clubs) set up their displays. I was fortunate to have won "The Best of Show" at our last trophy show and was selected to bring my display "Colt Conversions" to the NRA Annual Meeting.

Set-up day was on Thursday as the show opened on Friday. Things get a little hectic on set-up day with commercial display crates, carpet and what-have-you in the aisles. This year it seemed to be better organized, as the aisles were not quite as congested compared to some of the shows I've been to in the past.

The following MWCA members attended the show and assisted with the set-up and helped man the booth during show hours: Alvin and Eleanora Olson, Brian Van Kleek, John Chappuie and myself. Having been to several shows in the past, I had the display well organized so the set-up went well, only taking about 4 hours.

The days get to be long for the exhibitors. The Exhibit Hall opens to the public on Friday Saturday from 9 AM to 6 PM, and on Sunday from 10 AM to 5 PM. Usually the exhibitors try to get to the show a half-hour before opening but on Saturday the display judging takes place and the judges arrive around 7:30 AM (You have to be in attendance to answer any questions they may have about your display). By Sunday afternoon you are pretty-well bushed after the long hours and the many people viewing the displays you look forward to tearing down the display and hit the road for home. I can personally say that the experience is really worth all the effort.

There were around 80,000 people attending this year's meeting, we promoted the MWCA with giveaways: MWCA magazines, note pads, show schedule cards, silicone cloths with the MWCA logo and of course everybody's favorite "CANDY." We had visitors from around the USA and foreign countries.



Alvin presenting the MWCA donation check to Phil Schreier for the NRA National Firearms Museum.

We did not bring home one of the silver medallions that are awarded to the 10 best guns on display, but we received "The Spirit of the Game" award from the National Firearms Museum. I think it is interesting to note that most of the displays are made up of a grouping of their club's collector items. MWCA's displays are, for the most part, from one individual and not a group effort.

The 146th Annual NRA Meeting will be held on April 28-30, 2017 in Atlanta, Georgia. I encourage MWCA members to attend if possible. It will be an experience that you will not forget.



Dale Peterson manning the booth, "Colt Conversions".



The set up crew John Chappuie, Brian VanKleek, Eleanora and Alvin Olson.



Dale Peterson receiving the "The Spirit of the Game" Award from NRA Director Jim Supica.

Learning The Tools of The Trade

WWII "Guns of the Pacific" - My Experience

By Stan Nelson

This essay has nothing to do with antique weapons. For some reason, perhaps my age? Friends have urged me to write something about my personal use and/or opinion of the issue weapons of WWII. Most technical and statistical information on the millions of weapons used by the good guys and the bad guys during that war is available to anyone with a computer, but I understand the interest in a personal account. What follows is based primarily upon memory.

I was 19 years old when I joined the Marine Corps in early 1943, and with a mob of other Midwest teenagers got a free train ride to San Diego, California. At the recruit depot we were taken into custody by a tough looking SGT. and marched into a large warehouse where we shed civilian clothes and were issued our work clothes by a guy guessing at our sizes. We were then herded into a mass production barber shop and by a 30 second haircut reduced to that lowliest of beings, a Marine boot.

Assigned to Platoon 220 we were taken by truck to a tent camp near the Marine base parade ground. Here we met our Drill Instructor, who gave the orders, and his assistant, the slave driver who saw they were obeyed. Actually, boot camp was no problem for most of us. An obese kid was an oddity in those days. After a week of learning bugle calls, keeping in step during close order drill, running a mile every morning, pushups, sit ups, etc. We finally went to the base armory for our rifles. A surprise was in store.

The M1 Garand was adopted as the standard infantry rifle in 1940; but we were issued the 1903 Bolt Action Springfield. Our DI assured us we would have a semi-auto Garand before we went to the rifle range. So we learned the manual of arms with the Slim Older Model .03 Springfield, an easy handling rifle. (we did not know that scope sighted .03 Springfield were still used at Marine Sniper Schools in No. Carolina and California). See Frank Tolbert's article in the Oct 1943 issue of "Leatherneck" magazine.



M1 Garand



.03 Springfield

A few days before heading out to the Camp Pendleton rifle range we were issued our new semi-automatic Garand rifles. I still recall the lamentations of an old Gunnery Sgt. there who felt that marksmanship was being replaced by indiscriminate rapid fire, which in fact often happens with Green Troops. We did a lot of dry firing while learning the offhand, kneeling and prone positions before being issued live ammunition. We then burned a lot of powder while learning our rifles sight adjustment at various ranges, from 100 to 900 yards. During all this shooting our coaches were the only ones with ear protection; they stuffed cotton in their ears.



High Standard .22



1911A1 .45 Colt

Shooting for record I made bulls eyes out to 300 yards. But fell off and made marksman at 500 to 900 yards. My excuse being that my left eye is my master eye and the Garand has a peep sight. We also shot for record with the pistol, practicing with the High Standard .22 before shooting the 1911A1 .45 Colt automatic. Here I made expert easily enough, having fired hand guns of my own.

Another indispensable weapon of the foot soldier is their "pocket artillery" the hand grenade. We practiced throwing "duds" before pulling the pin on the live grenades, and this was done from behind bunkers. Though the danger range of the Mark 11 "Pineapple" grenade was about ten yards, the base plug could fly much farther and the idea was to take cover before the explosion. The Mark II had an approximately 5 second fuse and weighed 1.4 Lb.



"Mark II Pineapple"

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

One of our guys dislocated his shoulder throwing it like a baseball. Overall, our rifle range experience we felt, was the best part of boot camp. I was not to happy with what happened next; our graduation.

Assembled on the parade ground, on graduation day, I watched as members of Platoon 220 left for their various assigned units until I stood there alone. My DI and the Review Officer finally arrived and explained. I had been selected as Honor Man of Platoon 220 which means an appointment to Officer's Candidate School. This however required a high school diploma and I only had a 9th grade education. My DI apologized as this information was in my recruit interview. So I mailed my "Honor Man" certificate home to my mother, and the Review Officer assigned me to Officer's mess duty on the base.

After a month of scrubbing floors, washing dishes, and associating with cooks and bakers, I was getting desperate, but salvation showed up one day on the base bulletin board. Volunteers were needed for a Raider Replacement Battalion then being formed at Camp Pendleton, 30 miles north of San Diego. Despite the dire warnings of a Mess Officer I and two other guys headed for Base Headquarters to sign up for the Raider training. The three of us were to become lifelong friends.

Signing up was not so simple. A Raider Capt. interviewed us at length after first establishing minimum requirements. Size: not less than 5'7" and 140 Lbs., strength: 25 pushups in less than a minute and qualification with rifle and pistol. It was hot in his office, no air conditioning in those days. Anyhow, he arranged our transportation to the Raider Camp, wished us luck, and with a smile shook our hands. Something seldom seen in the rigid caste system of the Marine Corps. As we soon learned the Raiders were different; though rank was strictly observed our officers were never above helping us in the mental and physical ordeal ahead.

Raider Replacement Training was based upon the advice of those who had experienced combat against the Japanese in the jungles of Guadalcanal. In 1943 a 69 page booklet was issued to officers involved in the training of troops headed for the South Pacific. From interviews with Col. Edson, Lt. Col. Puller, Sgt. Basilone and other First Raider personnel, Marine Gen. Vandegrift states in the preface that "we should study the tactics of 'Rogers Rangers' in the 18th Century French and Indian Wars."

From what I have read of Rogers Rangers tactics we would have had whiskey in our canteens, not water. I think Gen. Vandegrift meant using unconventional methods; night fighting, ambush, etc. (though I knew one Officer who believed in whiskey).

Raider Training was not easy; after two weeks we had lost nearly 20 volunteers. Most had dropped out during endurance and water discipline marches, day long hikes with weapons and full packs on one canteen of water. Night beach landings from a submarine using rubber rafts (we captured Oceanside, California on one of those adventures). Physical combat courses were conducted by some well qualified instructors, knife fighting was, fortunately, explained and carried out with rubber knives. We practiced a few rudimentary Judo moves with general agreement being that a kick in the groin or a good left hook are the best. We also had a boxing ring set up where the Officers always stopped by to watch the sparring. Having had a little prior experience I did pretty well.

And, of course, we did a lot of shooting, the favorite part of our training. This too was unconventional for the time; the rifle range was an irregular trail going up the sides of a brushy canyon with hidden pop-up targets at various distances from 5 to 15 yards. These would stay in place for approximately 3 seconds and we shot the course with several .45 cal. submachine guns. These were the venerable Thompson, the Reising, and the M3 "Grease Gun".

Though heavy with the 50 rounds drum magazine, I liked the Thompson, it got lighter after a few bursts. The Reising, the only one with selective fire, was accurate with an aimed shot but frequently jammed on full automatic.



Thompson Submachine Gun

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

The “Grease Gun,” though made with stamped parts and spot welds, worked well and was accurate enough to soon replace the Thompson as the U.S. standard submachine gun. Price was probably the deciding factor here; the “Grease Gun” cost the Gov’t. \$18.00, the Thompson \$55.00. We did not fire the .30 cal. Carbine, I heard these were all going to Europe at this time.



“Grease Gun”



Capt. J.B. Sweeney, 1st Marine Raider Battalion with a Reising machine gun.

Raider ordnance had other firearms that I had read about but never seen; the Johnson semi-auto rifles and light machine guns. The Garand M1 had been selected as the standard U.S. infantry rifle in 1941 after nearly 20 years of testing and rebuilding. It was an accurate and reliable 8 shot gas operated rifle and I qualified with it and used it in combat. It’s only fault, as some combat veterans complained, you could not keep it fully loaded after firing only 6 or 7 rounds from the 8 round clip. Some guys told me Japs had used enough Garands taken from dead Marines to understand this and in close range jungle fighting would move in fast when hearing the “ping” made by the ejection of the empty clip.

Weighing about the same as the Garand the Johnson used a short recoil rotating bolt action with a 10 shot semi circular magazine that could be kept loaded with the bolt closed on a live round, quite an advantage in the thick jungle. Some of the early Raiders kept their Johnson rifles, which had been issued for testing in combat in 1942-43. I saw a few on Guam and Okinawa. Some of us tried the Johnson rifle out on the practice in Onofre Canyon, and despite its pregnant appearance, it handled well.

We also fired the Johnson light machine gun which weighed only 3 lbs. more than the rifle and was capable of being fired from the shoulder. Like the BAR it was very accurate, but with a 30 round magazine sticking out from the left side was awkward to carry in the jungles. It was issued to some Marine Units with an extra barrel, as with the Johnson rifle, a hot barrel can be replaced in a few seconds, an important feature in sustained combat.



Johnson Semi-auto rifle

Most of our practice shooting was based upon the concept of close range jungle encounters, but one day we hiked to long cleared areas in the foothills. Here at ranges of 500 to 1,000 yards we fired the anti-tank weapons being used in the South Pacific at that time; our targets were junked trucks and Amphtracs.



Johnson Light Machine Gun



British Boys .55 Caliber



Browning M2 50 Caliber machine gun

We first fired British Capt. Boys design, a potent .55 cal. Bolt Action Rifle with a 5 shot magazine, a muzzle brake, and a spring loaded shoulder pad. It weighed 36 lbs. with an attached bipod and was fired from the prone position. The 400+ Gr. bullet had a muzzle velocity of 3,250 F.P.S and the recoil was significant. The 2nd Raiders used it in wrecking 2 Japanese planes on Makin Island and the 3rd Raiders stopped Jap tanks with it in New Georgia. At the training camp I fired it 5 times and my shoulder was black & blue that night.

The Browning M2 HB .50 cal machine gun was very accurate at 1,000 yards but with the tripod weighed 125 lbs and took 2 men to move it quickly from one place to another. It proved effective against Jap tanks.

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

The 37MM Antitank gun M3A1 weighed proximately 900 lbs with wheels and required several crewmen to move in heavy growth but its armor piercing rounds easily penetrated Jap armor and its canister ammo helped stop 3 Jap Kamikaze attacks on Guadalcanal in late 1942. As it turned out I never used any of these antitank weapons in combat. The 2.36 inch M9 rocket launcher had proved itself in North Africa and Europe as the answer to the infantry company's prayer; an easily carried tank and pill box destroyer. We called it the "Bazooka," and with the Flame Thrower it became an important weapon in an unorthodox war.



Bazooka Rocket Launcher



"Gung Ho"
Hollywood's
1943 salute to the
successful raid on
Makin Island.

As the final days of Raider training drew near an unexpected delay was called, for whatever reason Major General J.C. Fegan, Commandant of the United States Marine Corps had offered us to Warner Bros Film Co. as unpaid extras to play the part of Col. Evan Carlson's 2nd Marine Raider Battalion in a movie based upon their Makin Island Raid of August, 1942. Starring Randolph Scott, the title of this epic was "Gung Ho," a Chinese expression meaning "Work Together," and our scenes were shot on the beaches and among the palm trees of southern California.

This was a welcome diversion for us, and we got to talk to a few of the healthy looking actors, like Robert Mitchum and Rod Cameron, who had somehow evaded the draft. The best part of this event came a week or so later in Hollywood.

Hosted by Randolph Scott, we were given an evening of dinner and entertainment at the Masquer's Club, an actor's organization, in appreciation of our help with the movie. After an excellent dinner and a couple of hours of comedy, song, and dance, we peons were allowed to circulate among the elite and get autographs to send home. Knowing we would be shipping out in a few days, I had my program card signed by Randolph Scott, Cary Grant, Ronald Reagan, etc., which I knew my mother would enjoy, and mailed it home.

In early Oct 1943 we left the Navy Dock at San Diego on board an old wooden deck Dutch transport ship. The Blom Fountaine, destination unknown. We found out soon enough, and after 10 days of bed bugs, cock roaches, and a C Ration stew, we arrived at the Port of Noumea, New Caledonia, a French island east of Australia. On board ship we had learned of our assignment to the 4th Raiders who had a tent camp south of Noumea and needed replacements after combat on New Georgia in the northern Solomon Islands. This camp, under command of Capt Walker was our home during the brief stay in New Caledonia; brief, but far from dull. Perhaps our new tent mates, recently returned from combat, were just trying to scare us. Maybe it was what is now called Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. In December, after a quiet Christmas with Roast Spam, and a church service in the HQ tent by a visiting pastor, we looked forward to the new year and a scheduled move to Guadalcanal.

That New Years Eve was the wildest in my experience. The 4th Raiders celebrated with liquor and live ammunition. My friends Woropay and Bracamonte were with me in my tent but when bullets slashed the tent top, we departed and spent the night in the nearby hills where we met a few other abstainers. We had good officers, but they were all in Noumea that night, leaving a Staff Sgt in charge. We heard later that an (unidentified) officer had been court martialed.

In January 1944 we shipped out to Guadalcanal which became our base camp for almost two years; but not as Raiders. As the war against Japan grew in magnitude the need for small, specially trained forces lessened, or so some of our senior Generals thought.

Thus the Marine Raider Battalions were broken up, and, joined by the Para Marines and a special weapons unit became the "New" 4th Marine Regiment, the old 4th regiment having surrendered to the Japs at Bataan in May 1942. Our regimental commander was Col. Alan Shapley, and he came with orders for our first mission.

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

On March 1st aboard several fast destroyers we headed for Emirau, a small island north of the Jap stronghold of Rabaul. Our landing was unopposed, the few Japs there having gone to Kavieng, 80 miles south of us. It became an interesting month long stay. There was a small Leper Colony presided over by a robe gowned Priest, and a number of natives afflicted with Elephantiasis, their swollen legs covering their feet, and one poor guy with a watermelon size scrotum. And Emirau was an entomologists paradise, I have never seen so many insects; a 4" long beetle with a sharp spike on his nose and smaller spikes on his grasshopper type hind legs; a cave full of fox head bats with 3 ft. wingspread, and lizards large and small.

While we were discovering these wonders our Seabees had shown up and built an air fighter strip with Marston mats and soon F4U Corsairs and Grumman "Wildcats" were stopping by. We were happy to see them for their mere appearance stopped the nightly nuisance bombing by Jap planes from Kavieng; we could now use gas lanterns and have campfires.



Browning 1919 A4 .30 cal machine gun

By early April we were back at the Canal Training for the Mariana Campaign. Here our 4th Reg't. was joined by the 22nd Reg't and a special weapons battalion to form the First Provisional Brigade. I was assigned to a machine gun squad under George Tomaiko, a veteran of the 4th Raiders. Our machine gun was the .30 cal Browning 1919A4 air cooled model, which, like all Brownings was a very dependable firearm. Under sustained fire the air cooled barrel could overheat so

we always fired in short bursts unless faced by a mass attack. This method also saved ammo which we Machine Gun Crews had to carry in combat. Our load was lightened somewhat when we were issued .30 cal. Carbines which weighed 4 lbs less than Garand's, even with a 15 shot magazine. I was not impressed with its cartridge; a 110 gr. Bullet at 1900 ft per second.

By late May 1944 we headed for the Marianas in a large convoy, soon to be made even larger by ships from Hawaii. Our goal being the capture several of these islands, Saipan, Guam and Tinian. The overall plan was to secure Saipan first then my outfit, 1st Prov Brigade, was to do the same on Guam, then with the reserve take Tinian. All three of these islands had landing strips but were heavily fortified.

Saipan surprised everyone, confusion between Army-Marine positions and heavy casualties from fortified ridges inland. We cruised around in our ships for 3 weeks listening to the bad news, some of which seemed especially bad to some usually soft spoken southerners in my outfit. Because of the many casualties ashore colored Marines (new to us) doing ship to shore supply duty were into combat and did very well. To hear the raving about "Niggers" in the Marine Corps by guys from Alabama, So. Carolina, etc. was amazing to those of us from the Midwest. After waiting so long for the secure signal from Saipan we were low on fresh water and food so our LSTs went back to Eniwetok to resupply. When we came back to make the landing on Guam we were in poor shape, having been on board the LSTs for 52 days with little exercise and poor food.



P.F.C. Tomaiko, Stan Nelson, Ross (left to right)

Finally on the morning of July 21, with full packs and weapons, amid the deafening racket of naval shelling and plane strafing, we crept down into the hold of our LST and in a fog of exhaust fumes crammed into our assigned Amphtracs. Once loaded these vehicles clanked over the lowered ramp of the LST and dropped into the sea, churning into irregular lines being formed by Amphtracs from other LSTs. Being in the 3rd wave our Amphtracs circled in the heavy swells, waiting the signal to go in. Some of us became nauseous, no doubt the

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

result of a greasy breakfast, exhaust fumes and ocean swells; soon almost everyone was vomiting, and ashore things would get no better.

The first wave got in ok, the second received some artillery fire, and we really caught hell. From high land beyond the beaches the Jap artillery had our range. Directly ahead of us I saw 3 wrecked Amphtracs and guys crawling on the beach and a few yards alongside us a direct hit blew the pilot off his Amphtrac and helmets and weapons were flying. Something broke the tread on that side of our vehicle and we had to flounder to the beach in knee deep water. There were dead and wounded Marines along the beach and shallow water and our corpsmen were pulling the wounded in to some tidewater ridges for protection from small arms fire. (see p203 "UNCOMMON VALOR," Infantry Press 1946)

Farther inland Jap artillery was all overhead indicating fixed gun positions, but machine gun and rifle fire was heavy in certain areas where they had cut fire lanes. We were soon able to work in close enough to use grenades and satchel charges on caves and pill boxes. This was slow going until about noon when we were joined by two men from Special Weapons Battalion armed with Rocket Launchers, which we had never seen before, though the Army had used them in North Africa and Europe. Nicknamed "Bazooka," it was a hand carried weapon that could knock out a tank. These two guys made short work out of the concrete pillboxes we found for them. We took care of the Japs not killed by concussion, and here doubts about the carbine were verified. A small Jap fell when hit by at least 2 carbine bullets but got up and escaped down a brush filled path.

We now had hope of reaching our first day objective, Harmon Road near Mt. Alifan where we should find the 22nd Marines. We had a little excitement on the way.

Going up a steep slope, a dozen or so of us reached the ridge top and stopped to catch our breath while waiting for those behind us. Some guys were smoking, some sitting, Jim, a BAR man was kneeling while putting a loaded magazine back in his BAR while I was adjusting an Air Force shoulder holster for my 1911 A1 .45 while sitting on a steel can of belted machine gun ammo. Someone yelled "Look Out" and we turned to see a Jap officer with upraised sword flanked by 2 other sword bearing soldiers and 3 loyal riflemen screaming



Japanese Officers Sword

"Banzai" (or something). What followed was over in about 20 seconds. Caught with our pants down we all reacted well. Jim blocked the officer's overhead sword swing with his BAR; I already had my .45 in my hand so thumbed the safety off and shot first, just pointing, dropping the officer and one of the NCO's

with 5 shots. The guy who yelled the warning had a Thompson Submachine gun which he picked up and started firing just after I did while Jim, still kneeling, regained his balance and fired his Bar from the hip, cutting the Jap riflemen down not 20 feet away. Our officers came running up anticipating an attack in force, but scanning the foothills with binoculars they saw nothing but dust on the distant Harmon Road where our supply trucks were coming up. So we conducted a post-mortem on the dead Japs. The officer and 2 NCO's all had Nambu pistols, fully loaded, yet no shots were fired – another Japanese mystery.



Japanese Nambu Pistol

As we dug in that night our line had linked with the 22nd Marines at Harmon Road, and we hoped for some needed sleep. It was not to be. About midnight those on watch poked us in the ribs and we awoke to flares in the sky and the sound of distant shooting. We waited for the word to move out which never came, and the shooting stopped. We were awake now, watching the dancing shadows produced by the swinging parachute flares.

About 2 AM more noise, much louder, and the word came; Jap tanks and truck mounted howitzers were coming down Harmon Road followed by infantry spread out on either side, some of whom were reaching us. In the uncertain light this led to some sporadic but effective shooting which kept them back toward Harmon Road.

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

Here one of our 4th Reg't. Bazooka men took a position where he was able to knock out the first 3 Jap tanks before he was killed. His sacrifice gained enough time for some of our Sherman tanks to reach us and destroy the remaining Jap tanks before they cut through our lines. (see p 18, "HISTORY OF THE SIXTH MARINE DIVISION," Wash. 1948)

The following morning before moving out, we went over to the supply trucks on Harmon Road to draw ammo. Here we saw the Jap tanks that had been smashed the night before. One of them still was smoking hot. It was chow time and everybody was eating their morning can of C Rations. There was a delicious aroma of roast pork in the air and I asked a Sgt. if someone had swiped a native pig. He laughed and said there is a well done Jap in one of those tanks.

After finally taking Mt. Alifat we were relieved by the 77th Army Division, and we headed for Orote Peninsula to reclaim the old marine barracks and airfield. This took some time for the high ground was fortified with the typical Japanese overlapping caves and pillboxes. Again our tanks and Bazooka men helped drive the Japs out of these relatively secure positions and we began to see their desperation in the form of suicidal banzai attacks usually after dark. We were forewarned by the noise they made, indicating the use of Sake', which was plentiful on Guam. We grew to welcome these insane frontal assaults for we got rid of Japs quicker than by blowing them out of caves and pillboxes. But some diehard Japs used other methods.

A patrol under Lt. Markusen was checking out a building on the Sumay Road. I was with this patrol, in George Tomaiko's machine gun squad. Leaving some men to watch the front of this shack we started up a heavily wooded ridge to cover the rear. Halfway the up ridge the ever watchful Tomaiko saw something in the foliage and shouted "Japs, hit the deck". Lt. Markusen, leading the group called back "Don't shoot there are Marines back there" replied P.F.C. Tomaiko "Marines hell, I can see the moonfaced S.O.B." In verification of Tomaiko a sudden burst of machine gun fire killed 2 of our guys and wounded 3 others.



Lewis Gun



Broom Handle Mauser



.455 Webley

We all blazed away at where the firing came from, cutting down leaves and branches. When the shooting stopped, we reloaded and took a look. The machine gunner was a small Japanese Sgt., his weapon a British Lewis gun, with a bipod, shoulder stock and 47 round drum magazine which was empty. Two ammo carriers were lying next to him with loaded drums; another seated against a Banyan tree had the top half of his skull shot off with surgical precision leaving his brain exposed.

None of us were souvenir hunters but were not above picking up items at hand. The trio around the Lewis Gun carried personal sidearms: a Broom-Handle Mauser, a .455 Webley, and a Belgian .25 pocket pistol, all of which found new owners. The question of a Jap held shack now resolved, we rejoined the 4th Marines near the old air field and in his official report Lt. Markusen never mentioned Tomaiko's inelegant comment.

Not long after this I got a few days off in the rear reserve because of hearing loss by "friendly Fire". An artillery unit misread a map and sent the usual morning barrage through our fox holes instead of 100 yards beyond them, thus causing several casualties as we bounced in our shallow holes in the ground. My ears were still ringing when Guam was declared secure on August 10.

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

Organized resistance had ceased but we spent another 3 weeks hunting Japs working out of the many caves in the seaside northern cliffs. On one occasion we found signs of group activity; cracked coconut shells, fish bones, human waste, etc. Moving slowly, somebody (not me) heard muffled Jap voices in an area of thick brush. Investigation led to a tin pipe projecting about 6" from the ground, clearly a ventilation pipe. George Tomaiko, our trusty squad leader did not hesitate. With a grim smile he took a grenade from his pocket; pulling the pin he let the handle fly off and dropped it down the pipe where it stuck. We all turned and dove face down, where by some miracle we all escaped the flying shrapnel, including no doubt the Japs. Our Navy blasted caves in the seaside cliffs, but Jap survivors were still coming in after 1950.

We left Guam in early Sept., returning to Guadalcanal where my situation underwent another change. The 1st Prov. Brigade was dissolved and the 4th Reg't and 22nd Reg't were joined by the 29th Reg't., plus some auxiliary units to form the 6th Division. I had served in the infantry and machine guns and was now offered a position in Headquarters as a recreation assistant, Boxing Instructor, etc. In combat to be assigned where needed. Our Lt. Leo Gotsponer urged me to accept the position, which I ultimately did. I lived to regret it.

My new position was ideal for a Goldbricker, running an outdoor gymnasium, arranging Saturday night fights, I had plenty of free time, but I missed my Raider buddies who were training for the next campaign. When the 6th Dv. left the 'Canal in March, 1945 I was left behind with the 4th Reg't Quartermaster to pack up recreational gear for the move to Guam which was to be our new forward base. I accomplished this in about a week with the help of a Sgt. Persky, who recovering from wounds received in Guam. Being of like mind Persky and I went to see the captain in charge of the move to Guam. We wanted a release from these mundane moving chores so we could join our combat units wherever they might be. Wearing a bandage from a wound received on Guam himself, the captain proved sympathetic, but needed higher authority.

So we waited, and waited, until late March when the Capt. handed us signed releases, saying "Wish I could go with you". He had also arranged a ride for us on an ammo ship bound for somewhere. After a few days aboard ship we learned a name never to be forgotten by a lot of Marines, Soldiers and Sailors: OKINAWA.

Knowing nothing about Okinawa we enjoyed the boat ride, especially the Navy chow, potatoes and gravy from a tin plate instead of C Ration Stew from a tin can. The sailors were interested in our personal sidearms; Sgt. Persky's 1911A1 .45 Auto and my Single Action .45 Colt inherited from a Texas buddy who got hit on Guam.

At Okinawa we disembarked at a damaged dock near some bomb shattered buildings; no Marines in sight. A large tent turned out to be an Army HQ post and a helpful Lt. pointed out on a detail map about where the 6th DV. should be. It had been raining for 2 weeks and we could follow the tracks and occasional trucks stuck in deep mud. It was slow going but after a couple of days we could hear the rumble of artillery. At night we rolled up in our ponchos, trading watch hours. The smell of death was in the air and we encountered bodies of dead Japs in and around broken concrete tunnel openings, evidently the mud kept our Graves and Registration people out for we passed some dead Marines with their rifles stuck upright in the mud beside them for easy location.

On the third morning one of our small observation planes flew over this abandoned landscape and at our waving came lower and pointing the direction we were going, nodded his head; we were on the right track.

Later that day we topped a ridge and saw a row of 105MM Howitzers and beyond them several tents. By nightfall we were eating C Rations in the HQ tent of the 22nd Marines where we got an idea of what we had been missing, and it didn't sound good. Our landing on Okinawa had not been opposed and, though suffering many casualties against 1,500 Japs on Motobu Peninsula, the 6th DV. had taken the northern two thirds of Okinawa in 3 weeks, thus achieving their major objective. They had then been ordered south where the 24th Army Corps was bogged down near the capital city of Naha.

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

Sgt. Persky and I soon located our 4th Reg't HQ tent, where the Lt. Col. sent Persky to find his infantry company. While I went to the Graves and Registration unit for unspecified duty. This turned out to be riding shotgun on a six wheel truck heading back where I had just come from. The rain had not fallen for days and the poncho covered bodies Sgt. Persky and I had seen were easily reached. The ponchos were used to keep body parts together, all but one having been killed by artillery fire. The importance of dog tags to the G and R people is quite apparent. But what a job; I didn't watch everything. I was watching for something else. Twice shots were fired at us from a distance (you can tell by the sound) which probably fell short. The G & R guys said that's not the first time; and I was wishing I had a scope sighted .03 Springfield.



Scoped 03 Springfield

We arrived back at the 6th DV. Med. Battalion late that day with the remains of 8 young Marines to add to the already recorded bodies (serial number, name, rank, cause of death) waiting burial at the rapidly growing 6th DV. Cemetery at Yontan Beach where most of them had stepped ashore on April 1st. We made a few more such trips looking for the bodies of missing men but found only a few dented helmets and broken firearms amid the other detritus of war.

However the battle of Okinawa was drawing to a close and the various HQ units were moving south to the base of Oroku Peninsula. Here the 4th Marines (my outfit) and the 29th Marines had made a surprise beach landing to capture the NaHa Airport and flank the heavily fortified ridges. The 105 Howitzers, flame throwing tanks, and demolition teams were fearful to watch. Casualties from mortar and machine guns were few now but I still rode guard on what was crudely called the meat wagon. At night I manned a Browning Light Machine Gun on a road heading north, something I don't like to remember.

Almost every night small groups of Japs and, unfortunately, some Okinawans would try to get through our lines. So we would shoot, and few got through. That's when the civilians would get killed. They were bombarded daily with paper pamphlets imploring them to come out in daylight, and loudspeakers at cave openings blaring the same message. On one well recorded (and photographed) incident it appears that these repeated instructions did have a cumulative effect. Several hundred Okinawan old men, women and children, plus a few dozen walking wounded Jap soldiers were allowed to leave a large cave by two free thinking Jap officers who then shot themselves. This became a trend, enlisted men surrendering in droves and officers committing seppuku in the miles of caves and tunnels in southern Okinawa most of which we sealed with demolitions and bulldozers. The last shots I fired on Okinawa were at someone taking pot shots at bulldozer operators.

On June 21 Okinawa was declared secured and we headed back to Guam to regroup and think about the coming invasion of Japan. the 6th DV. had suffered 8,227 casualties in taking Okinawa and there was no talk of surrender in Japan. But then came the A-bombs, and on August 14, despite opposition from a few Samurai Emperor Hirohito agreed to the terms of unconditional surrender. The 6th DV. now received orders for a move to China to oversee the Jap surrender there.

This did not prevent some of us from taking part in an "Invasion" of Japan, (see Chapt. 17 "HISTORY OF THE 6TH MARINE DIVISION," 1948)

At 5:50 AM, August 30, 1945, men of the 2nd Battalion, 4th Marines became the first Marines to land in Japan in WWII. This was an elaborate process and how it came about is too tedious to explain here.

But the "New" 4th Marines took part in the release from a Japanese prison of surviving members of the "Old" 4th Marines, who had surrendered at Bataan in early 1942. I talked with a couple of these emaciated guys who, under the watchful eyes of our medics, were catching up on their drinking.

Learning The Tools of The Trade, continued

These prisoners were not the only hungry people in Japan, everybody was on short rations because of the war, and our bombing had broken up many of their elaborate irrigation systems. Despite the language barrier we got to know some families around Yokosuka who welcomed our donations of C Rations. And they helped our crews out searching for anything that looked like a weapon. Knives, swords, family heirlooms such as matchlocks, flintlocks, etc. were to be taken to our HQ and destroyed. Some were, but most were taken as souvenirs. I've often wondered whose idea that was. The only modern weapons I saw were in the military or under lock and key for home defense units. The best items I saw were some Smith & Wesson Old Model .44 Russian revolvers with Japanese Naval markings (Anchor) in absolutely new condition. I didn't get one of these; our officers had first choice.

I was in Japan about 90 days, we were sent back to the U.S. by a point system based upon days overseas, days in combat, wounded in combat, etc., I knew I'd be going home soon. I found that some of my friends with severe wounds had already shipped out. Visited Tokyo several times, terrible destruction from our fire bombing. On one occasion sightseeing in our jeep, we drove past a large group of recently discharged Jap soldiers, and if looks could kill we wouldn't have lasted long.

Heading home on a merchant marine ship taking the short North Pacific route we ran into a gale force winds and had to stay below deck. That was memorable; everybody got deathly sick, vomit all over the floors. We docked in San Francisco at midnight, another stroke of bad luck; merchant marine guys are union and don't work overtime. The ships Capt. relented and let us use the cranes to lift our sea bags and other gear from the holds to the dock where our Marine trucks were waiting. By daylight we were on our way to San Diego tired but happy.

While in Japan I had been promoted to corporal and while being mustered out in San Diego I was offered promotion to Sergeant for signing over which I didn't even consider. I value my Marine Corps experience but did not wish to extend it. A buddy from Wisconsin considered it but was dissuaded by the action of a nasty little 2nd Lt. who was in charge of living quarters at the Marine base. After a surprise inspection one morning he ordered us all to remake our bedding. I heard muttered death threats and no one there signed over. Semper Fidelis!

Bruno Kirsch, another buddy from Wisconsin was married, and his wife had driven down to get him so I got a ride home, and driving continually we all made it home for Christmas, Dec. 25, 1945

Just a note: Author William Manchester was in the 6th DV. and his book, *Goodbye, Darkness*, 1980, is a moving return to the scenes of his memories.



1st Machine gun Squad, 2nd Battalion, 4th Marine Raiders. Stan Nelson standing far left.



Smith & Wesson Old Model .44 Russian



Stan Nelson (on left) and Jim "Bronko" Bracomonte "Buddies for life"

Scheintod Repetier Pistole

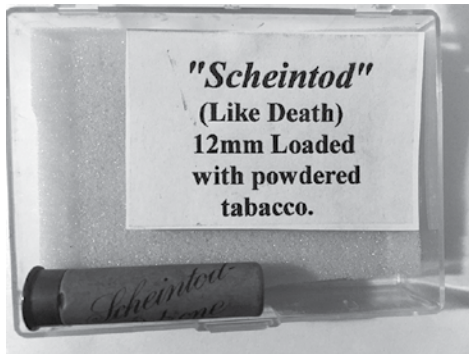
By Mark D. Reese

This unique three barreled handgun was purchased from Mr. Bob Guist, former MWCA President, at MWCA's annual firearms and accoutrements appraisal gun show this past April at the Minnesota State Fair Education Building. Mr. Guist didn't have much history regarding this item at the time I made the purchase. The following article is a brief summation of what I was able to find out from a variety of sources.

According to author Ian Hogg, as stated in his book: German Pistols and Revolvers, 1871-1945, the word Scheintod translates to: "Apparent Death" or "Simulated Death". The handgun shoots 12mm blackpowder cartridges that resemble small shotgun shells that are loaded with either tobacco dust, pepper or some other form of chemical irritant. Mr. Bob Ruebel, active member of the International Ammunition Association, supplied the photograph of an original cartridge he has in his collection. Mr. Dale Eggert, retired Executive Director of the Minnesota Waterfowl Association and avid collector of vintage hunting accoutrements, inquired online via numerous forums regarding the availability of this ammunition. He recently stated that these cartridges are very rare and demand for collector specimens is much greater than the supply.



The frame, barrels, trigger and grip panels are made out of aluminum. Interior springs, selector switch, firing pin and screws are steel. The German proof mark Crown/U is found on all previously stated aluminum parts along with an inspector's mark. Evidence suggests these small personal defense handguns were made after WW I and into the 1930's. Both grip panels have a brass medallion with the letters NICO printed on them. The logo represents Neiderdrunk und Co which was founded in 1874 in Velbert, Germany. This town has a long tradition of metalworking craftsmen and related firms. NICO left Germany in 1932 and moved their operations to Letchworth, England and are still in business today. According to their website, they are not manufacturing firearms. An email inquiry for further historical information to NICO last spring went unanswered.



I have displayed this handgun recently in a WW I/post-WWI German handgun display. As you can about imagine, the Scheintod draws a fair share of attention, questions and comments. If you have any further information to share, I would sure like to hear from you. I can be reached at mdrsales@hotmail.com

Last Issue's Guess the Gun

Congratulations to Jerry Veches for winning the last issue's Guess the Gun contest. The gun was pictured on page 11 in Stan Nelson's article in the same issue's "The Ultimate Field Test." It is a Smith & Wesson .38 Safety Model (or Hammerless as referred to by most collectors). This is a 4th Model with a somewhat scarce 6 inch barrel. The 4th model was manufactured from 1898 to 1907. The one in Stan's article is a 1st Model which has the same basic profile with the exception of the barrel release.





Founded in 1954

MWCA Contributes

Thank You

**for your support of the
Minnesota Weapons
Collectors Association!**

***MWCA Contributed
\$18,000 during 2016.***

**We are pleased to have contributed to a wide variety of
local youth-oriented firearms safety and skill development
organizations and the National Rifle Association:**

- | | |
|--|--|
| • National Rifle Association Foundation | • Rochester MN Eagles Telethon |
| • Red Arrow Camp Youth Shooting Program | • Northern Star Council, Boy Scouts of America |
| • Mtka Game and Fish, Women on Target | • Minnesota Volunteer Safety Instructors Association |
| • Scott County Youth Firearms Safety | • Totino Grace High School Trapshooting Team |
| • Edina Minnesota Firearms Safety Training | • 4H of Crow Wing Cty Shooting Sports Program |
| • South Metro Friends of NRA | • Coon Rapids High School Trap and Skeet Team |
| • American Legion Post 435 Venture Group | |
| • Minnesota Outdoor Heritage Alliance | |

For 2017: All requests for contributions must be submitted in writing to the MWCA Board of Directors by October 1, 2017 to be considered in the MWCA 2017 budget. In addition, you must agree to have a representative attend the December 2017 show to receive that contribution.

MWCA Contributes, continued

MWCA Contribution Recipients

Recipients of MWCA contributions in 2016 were invited to our December show to receive their checks and to be recognized for their work. Several are pictured here.

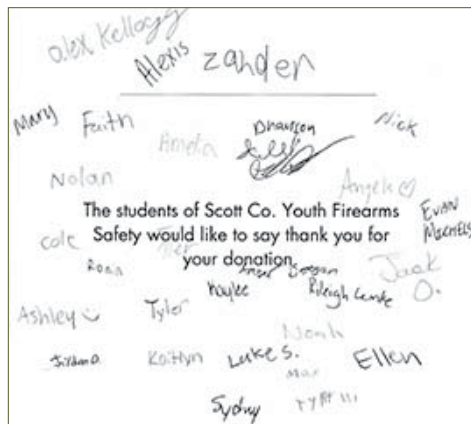


“Women On Target”

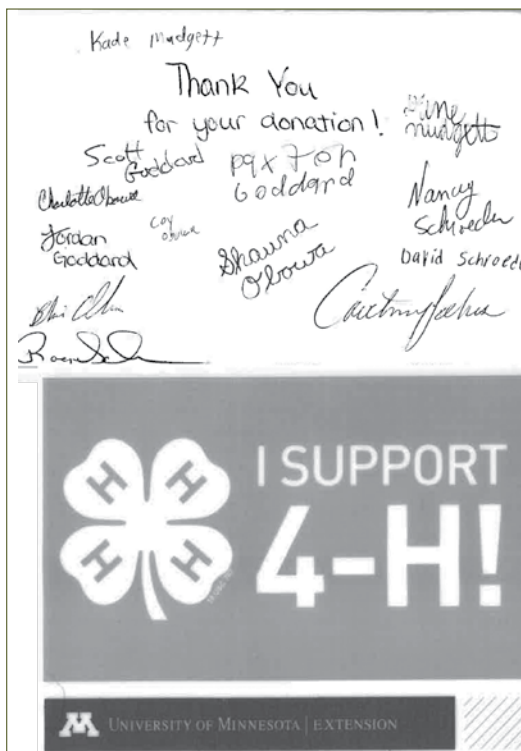
About 40 plus ladies got acquainted with a variety of firearms at the Minnetonka Game & Fish Club while attending the annual “Women on Target” day thanks to the MWCA’s contribution.



Scott County Youth Firearms Safety



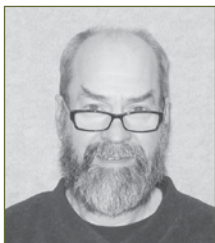
4H of Crow Wing County Shooting Sports Program



Just in case you find any mistakes in this MWCA publication, please remember that they were put there for a purpose. We try to offer something for everyone. Some people are always looking for mistakes and we didn’t want to disappoint you!

Meet Your 2017 Board Of Directors

Dave Hinrichs President, Dave Corbin Vice President, Brian VanKleek Treasurer, John Chappuie Secretary and Dale Peterson Historian. If you have any question and/or suggestion about MWCA policies, show rules etc., they will be glad to answer them.



David Hinrichs
President



Dave Corbin
Vice President



Brian VanKleek
Treasurer



John Chappuie
Secretary



Dale H. Peterson
Historian



Gary Kottke



Larry Rogers



Mark Reese



Ed Pohl

Here is a short bio on Matthew Cooklock who is transitioning into Gail's position. He has some large shoes to fill so any help from the members will be appreciated.

My name is Matthew Cooklock and I am the new Executive Director of the MWCA. A little bit about myself: I live in Brooklyn Center, MN with my wife Amy Cooklock and our one year old daughter Claire. I hold an

International Business degree with a minor in Economics from Metropolitan State University. Before the MWCA I had worked for over 10 years in the transportation industries, I have had experience working gun shows since high school, attending, setting up, admissions and even catering within those shows. I am looking forward to working with this organization to help it continue to grow and be a strong network of collectors, sportsmen and enthusiasts.



The American people have elected a president who has pledged to protect our Constitutional rights and a majority of both houses of Congress that will work to ensure that our individual right to keep and bear arms will be preserved. The work of those who love liberty and our nation's hunting and shooting sports traditions is never over.

Americans need to remain politically involved to help ensure that the defense of our Second Amendment remains strong and the lawful commerce in firearms is protected at all levels of government. We thank all those Americans who supported NSSF's 2016 #GUNVOTE voter education and registration initiative.

Support The NRA!

Sign up now! Call 800-672-3888 or go to www.nra.org



Support The MWCA!

Visit www.mwca.org for show, membership and other important info.



MWCA Retirements

Gail Foster is retiring after 35 years as MWCA Show Manager and Executive Director. Dale H. Peterson presented Gail with a “gift certificate to her favorite jewelry store” on behalf of the MWCA members.

Thank You for Gail.

As you retire, I want to tell you how much I admired your dedication, integrity and enthusiasm for the MWCA. I am proud to have worked with you. My heartiest congratulations on your retirement and best wishes for many happy years to come.

Jim Stoker
Past President, MWCA.

WOW Gail, 35 years.

I have worked with you while on the MWCA Board and have really appreciated your efforts, especially your attention to details that have made my job a lot easier.

Thank You
Dale H. Peterson



Gail Foster Tribute

For this life member, Gail Foster has always been a primary face of the MWCA. About two decades ago, I bestowed upon her the title “Queen of the MWCA,” but that’s back when another member was vying for the title – that’s another story (you can laugh now Gail – it’s our inside joke). Her natural pleasant demeanor, positive attitude/personality, and wide-ranging sense of humor were always there when we walked into a MWCA show.

Finally retiring as the association’s long-term show manager, a job she excelled at for 35 years, Gail might finally get a few extra weekends off in the future. Many thanks (tusen tack) for all your dedicated efforts and the way you accomplish them. They made all of us better members.

S.P. Fjestad

Gail (The Rock) Foster,
Where do you start?! After a 35 year hitch herding a group of wayward, lawless cats.

It’s just too daunting a task! I guess just a simple “THANK YOU” will have to do.

Take care of yourself, stay out of harms way and find some stretch of beach somewhere and run your toes through the sand.

Jeff Stricker

Gail,
When I think of MWCA I think of you. Thank you for all your time and work. To me this is your legacy. Hope good things come to you in all you do.

Gary A Kottke
Sec. and Board Member
MWCA

Gail, if Bill were here upon your retirement I know that he would like to say that you have done an outstanding job working for all the members of MWCA. You have kept everyone organized and have always tried your darneest (with a smile) to accommodate everyone’s wishes as to where their tables would be situated and lots of other minutia associated with making us all happy. Making reservations, sending out notices, attending all the board meetings and gun shows adds up to millions of hours of dedication. Organizing all the extra personnel for the selling of tickets, memberships, money counters, publicity, coffee and snacks for setup nights....so many extra duties that are often just assumed it will happen. You made everything run so smoothly and always took the time for a little conversation asking how everyone was doing. I, too, always felt very welcome and appreciated all your help throughout the years and during Bill’s illness.

Congratulations to you!

Jane Nemitz

Gail,
Thanks for all the help you gave me and Ralph over the years. I wish you all the best in the future and hope to see you in the future at some of the shows.

Good luck,
Jim Goergen



At the August 1984 show in Minneapolis, Gail, MWCA President Alvin Olson and Secretary Frank Litherland present Minnesota Senator Rudy Boschwitz with an engraved powderhorn and honorary MWCA membership.

Gail,
Thanks for the excellent job you've done over the years, always with a smile on your face. You will be missed and it will be hard to find someone who can do half as good a job.

Jerry C Wobig

Gail,
After 35 years of service, Bob and I wish you the very best in your retirement.
Bob and Karen,
Ice Man Sales

Gail, she is the GREATEST! Always a help, especially at the Trophy Show. It will take at least 2 persons to replace her.
Ed Pohl

Gail,
We wish you many happy and restful retirement years, even though we are sad to see you leave MWCA. We have enjoyed our friendship with you over the past 30+ years and Hopefully we can stay in touch. Thanks for all your hard work done for MWCA ... it was truly appreciated!
Barb and Bob White

The MWCA is just not going to be the same without Gail. She was always there to greet us with a smile, solve our problems and listen to our concerns. We wish her the very best life has to offer for her retirement.
Ernie Vrolson and Kathy Lambert

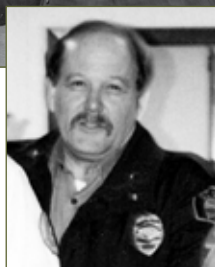
To you Gail,
We wish you all the happiness on your retirement. Time to enjoy family and more adventures in your future.
We thank you for all you have done to make these shows fun and enjoyable. It was a joy to see you at each one. You did a fantastic job - be proud.
To you, my 'third friend,' you will be missed.
Tom and Barb James



Two kids, Gail and her brother Jerry Nystrom (now a firearms instructor) in 1956 at the old Stagecoach - where the MWCA began. Destiny?



Chuck in uniform, 1995.
St. Paul Police Department.



Chuck Geyer is retiring and was presented with a card and a monetary gift on behalf of the Board of Directors and MWCA members. Thank you Chuck for your many years of service heading the Security Team. Enjoy your retirement.



In Memoriam



Alvin Olson

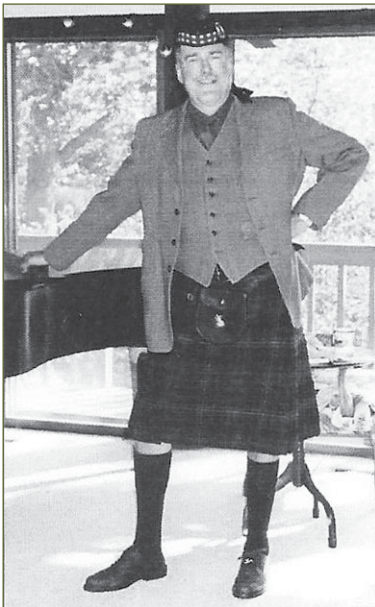
On a very sad note, Alvin Olson, MWCA life member and board member, passed way on June 27th. Alvin was a staunch benefactor member of the NRA and enjoyed representing our Association on Collectors Row at the Annual NRA Meetings. As Steve Fjestad said of Alvin, "I'm really going to miss that red sport coat, white Stetson, and the walking firearms/ammo encyclopedia inside - it's the end of an era."

Our heartfelt condolences go out to Alvin's family.

From Alvin's Joke Book:

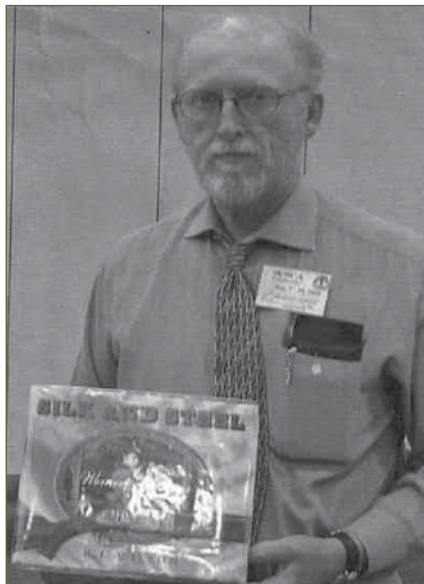
Before closing Alvin's Joke book, here is the last one in his honor: Sven and Ole spent a week in Canada Walleye fishing. They caught only one Walleye. On the way home, Sven, after totaling the cost of the trip, said to Ole, "dat one Walleye cost a thousand dollars apiece." Ole said, "Sven, it's a good ting we didn't catch our limit."

James Cheever



James was a long time member of the MWCA and the HAS Group. He was an outdoorsman and a collector of field sport antiques. He was one of the "Good Guys" and will be missed by his fellow collector friends. We'll miss his friendly smile, great laugh and congenial personality.

R.L. Wilson



Picture was taken at the MWCA show in August 2003, where R.L. was introducing his new book "Silk and Steel."

Author R.L. Wilson was born in St. James, Minnesota and attended Carlton College at Northfield, Minnesota. His many books encompass the broad history of firearms covering Colts, Winchesters, Kentucky rifles, Derringers, engraving and other related firearms subjects.

Keith Kallstrom



Keith was a member and a frequent exhibitor at MWCA shows. He always had a friendly smile on his face.

Dee Hettig

Dee worked in admissions at many of the MWCA gun shows in the 1970s.



28th Annual

Heritage Arms Society's Antique Arms Collectors Show

Saturday, March 25, 2017 • 9:00 AM - 3:00 PM

Public Welcome - Admission \$5.00 (Age 16 and under free with adult)

Free Parking all day

Friday, March 24, 2017 • 12:00 - 6:00 PM

(members & exhibitors only)

This is Minnesota's longest-running show dedicated exclusively to antique sporting arms, accouterments, ammunition, edged weapons and militaria produced from pre-Colonial days through WW 2.

This vetted quality arms show is sponsored and attended by leading collectors who offer and display historical, antique & collectable arms & related items.

Only legal historic arms and related items produced before 1945 are allowed.

Expert appraisals available.

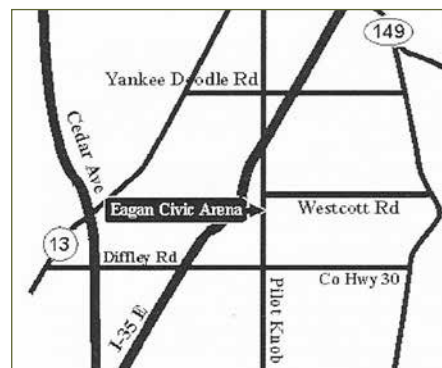
For table reservations call evenings 651-260-4532.

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You may have heard on the news about a Southern California man who was put under 72-hour psychiatric observation when it was found he owned 100 guns and allegedly had 100,000 rounds of ammunition stored in his home. The house also featured a secret escape tunnel. By Southern California standards, someone owning 100,000 rounds is considered "mentally unstable."

In Arizona, he'd be called "an avid gun collector."

In Arkansas, he'd be called "a novice gun collector."

In Utah, he'd be called "moderately well prepared," but they'd probably reserve judgment until they made sure that he had a corresponding quantity of stored food."

In Kansas, he'd be "A guy down the road you would want to have for a friend."

In Montana, he'd be called "The neighborhood 'Go-To' guy."

In Idaho, he'd be called "a likely gubernatorial candidate."

In Georgia, he'd be called "an eligible bachelor."

In North Carolina, Virginia, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky and South Carolina, Minnesota he would be called "a deer hunting buddy."

And, in Texas he'd just be "Bubba, who's a little short on ammo."

Consider becoming a member of the Minnesota Weapons Collectors Association!

- **Responsible firearms ownership.**
- **The enjoyment of collecting.**
- **Firearms safety.**
- **Hunting and shooting sports.**

Without involvement of our current members and the encouragement of new members of all ages to join the MWCA, the enjoyment of firearms and interest in ownership that brings you to our shows will not continue to grow.

Help us to promote safe and rewarding firearms use and to contribute funds to other organizations that share and teach the same values.

As you can see from reading this publication, there are many reasons to become a MWCA member.

Visit our membership table at a show or our website www.mwca.org for more information about the benefits of joining the MWCA!

MWCA is the largest and oldest weapons collectors group in the state of Minnesota.