

Monday August 7, 1995

Mr. Sanita,

For more years than I would care to remember, I have been purchasing Remington firearms and related components, as well as urging others to do the same. Your companies reputation for having the most inherently accurate as well as reliable firearms available "off the shelf", is very well known. Yet all of these good qualities cannot dispel what happened to myself and my nine year old son this Saturday past. (August 5, 1995)

Last month I purchased a model seven lightweight in .17 Remington for my son to use primarily as a varmit rifle. This rifle/caliber combination I felt ideal for a nine year old boy who has a great desire for the shooting sports, and who is a very capable marksman for his age, as well as a competent, safe and courteous gun handler.

We spent two evenings last week preparing his handloads, (he did all the work with the exception of the powder weighing) mounting his scope with the proper eye relief, adjusting his sling and of course cleaning the "new" off his rifle.

Customer very pleased that we called

Saturday morning, August 5, 1995, found us at our favorite spot for bench resting and long range target practice. After bore sighting, I fired a group of three shots at a distance of 25 yards. As expected the rifle grouped very well, and I continued to "zero" the rifle. All in all I fired

nine shots with no problems what so ever. Then came the time for my son to experience the thrill of firing his very own centerfire rifle. He fired 5 rounds from the sitting position at a distance of 25 yards and grouped them to within 1 1/4". We were all (my 7 year old daughter and a good friend were also present) very excited for him. As this rifle was heavier than the .22 cal. rifle he is accustomed to shooting, he opted to set asside the .17 for a while. After about 2 hours of off time from the .17 he was ready to shoot it again.

Once again in the sitting position he chambered a round and began his trigger pull. I urged him to go ahead and squeeze and he replied " I am, but nothing's happening". I asked him to try again but to no avail. The rifle would not shoot. I then told him to open the action and let me see it. After inspecting for the obvious (i.e. the safety in the "safe" position) and finding nothing wrong, I chambered a round with the muzzle pointed downrange and attempted to shoot the rifle myself. Same as before. The rifle would not shoot. But I did notice the rifle's safety would not go to the "safe" position. I worked the action once more, only this time I put the safety on "safe" before closing the bolt. After closing the action I flipped the safety to "fire" and surprise!!!! The rifle discharged by itself striking a ponderosa pine tree about 6 feet from the muzzle. (I was seated in a chair next to my son) A large piece of bark was torn from the tree and my son began to cry. You can imagine my fear. A piece of bark about 1 1/2" in diameter had flown

Paul Boden
per Jammeth
(Trigger Comments)
Boden

back from the tree striking my son in the adams apple and causing a small cut under his chin. Most of his sufferage came from the blow to his adams apple. After settling him down my own experience has taught me to get him shooting again as soon as possible. Which he did very soon thereafter. But not, I'm sure, without a great deal of apprehension. I called your parts and service department for the authorized Remington repair facility in my area this morning, and asked who I could address this letter to and was given your name. I pray that this essay does not fall on deaf ears. All I am asking from you is something in the form of an appology from Remington Arms Corporation written to my son as a sort of compensation for his ordeal. I might also mention that after this incident had occured, my son and I agreed that it was a fortunate thing indeed that this rifle was in the hands of competent gun handlers and not of a novice, where a much more serious outcome of events could have occured.

I am looking forward to your prompt reply.

Our names are:

Myself	Jeffrey O. Amstutz
My son	Wilhelm J.O. Amstutz

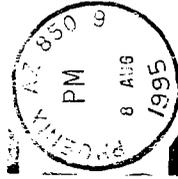
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sincerely,



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