

IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO OWNERS OF REMINGTON MODEL 600 AND 660 RIFLES, MOHAWK 600 RIFLES, AND XP-100 PISTOLS.

Under certain unusual circumstances, the safety selector and trigger of these firearms could be manipulated in a way that could result in accidental discharge.

The installation of a new trigger assembly will remedy this situation. Remington is, therefore, recalling all Remington Model 600 and 660 rifles, and all Mohawk Model 600 rifles—except those with a serial number starting with an "A."

Also included in the recall are any

XP-100 pistols with a serial number below 7507984, except those with the prefix "A" or "B" before the number.

Remington recommends that prior to any further usage of guns included in the recall, they be inspected—and modified if necessary. To obtain the name and address of the nearest Remington Recommended Gunsmith (who will perform the inspection and modification service free of charge), phone one of the following numbers:

In all states except Georgia (toll free):

1-800-241-2444—ask for operator 61

In Georgia (toll free):

1-800-202-1333—ask for operator 61

In Canada (collect):

519-621-7271

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MacArthur

smoke in spite of its fearful fumes, my mother's hatred of the habit, and the expense to my non-existent budget. But somehow the idea of sitting there, pulling tentacles, pragmatic smoke rings until my tongue blistered added the final touch to my vision of myself as a would-be mountain man. By just closing my eyes I could be dressed in buckskin—fringed, of course—and palaver-ing in pretty good fashion complete with the two or three gestures of "finger talk." I had picked up in my brief encounter with the Boy Scouts.

In those days you could buy at any good country general store a pair of what was known as "over-the-knee" boots. How far over depended on how tall you were, but they were never over enough for wading in anything more than a rivulet. Any retrieving chores in my wind-sheltered pothole necessitated going in over the tops; why I didn't just take the boots off and wade wet escapes me now, but I know I never did. No doubt getting wet and a little bit cold only enhanced the mood of wilderness and adventure—part and parcel of being out on your own, surviving against the elements—with home and a glowing wood-burning kitchen stove a brisk hour's walk away, just the right distance in the dark to have its owl-calling moments of chilling thrills before the yellow lights of the farmhouse appeared with their promise of warmth, security, and a homemade meal.

My pondhole delivered the occasional duck before freezing over early in November, and now and then a gray squirrel or rabbit, but that was the small end of its purpose. To a yearling farmboy with an imagination that bordered on run-away, it served magnificently as a frontier: at times an ocean, more often an unnamed mountain bivouac, or the headwaters of a wilderness river. It lent credence, in its way, to the visions of Hudson's Bay, the Rocky Mountains, and eager comparisons with the lives of Carson and Boone, Lewis and Clark, Bridger and Green. My ducks were messengers from places unknown and truly wild, passing through from what I believed to be moose and caribou country to an equally believed tropics filled with anacondas and bushmasters—how I wished then, and still do, that I could see for myself the lands they saw and lived in! And their just being there, those pintails and blacks, in front of my oak and hazel and cedar blind, created a belief in things I could only dream about—their wings whispered that all these things were real and true; that they had seen and known places and creatures that would beggar my wildest dreams.

My visions of exploring these wondrous tracts never failed to include the company of what was the most longed-for thing in my life—an exact duplicate of my father's gun (forbidden to me then, of

course); that most exquisite piece of machinery known as a Winchester model 97 hammer pump. With this in hand, I would be fearless, unconquerable, and completely self-sufficient . . . anywhere. I'd sneak it out and sneak it when no one was around and marvel at how perfect it sounded as the various rods and slides drew a shell from the magazine up into the chamber, the bolt slid the hammer back as slick as anything, and it all closed with consummate authority and sat poised to strike with a power that to me was akin to lightning. Then I would work it empty again, ease the hammer back to half, the way Pop left it, wipe it off, and place it back in the closet where it always sat.

Before I was big enough to handle it, Pop traded the 97 for another pump he never liked as well. And then we moved. The fact that the pondhole and the pump are gone are indisputable. But I still have my pintails and the occasional black . . . and have now and then gone where, no doubt, some Indian has walked before. The dreams have shrunk somewhat and the night-calling owls bring another kind of chilling thought . . . a moment beyond the help of even Pop's old model 97. But the hushing sound of wings can still evoke that timeless magic and as I watch them start above my hiding place, I still wonder, as always, what it was they saw yesterday and what they will see tomorrow.