

# DOWNLOAD PDF COMMONSENSE SHOTGUN SHOOTING WITH FRED ETCHEN

## Chapter 1 : Books by Nash Buckingham (Author of The Best of Nash Buckingham)

*Commonsense Shotgun Shooting With Fred Etchen [Fred Etchen, Nash Buckingham] on calendrierdelascience.com*  
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The hearts of clay-target shooters everywhere were saddened on August 28, with the passing of Rudy Etchen at the age of One of the most proficient skeet and trap shooters to ever call out the word "Pull"â€”with victories and trophies garnered throughout the world see sidebar listing â€”Rudy was a man whose picture could be put alongside the words "gentleman" and sportsman" in any dictionary. As you will see, Art has a great deal to share about his memories of the wonderful man who will be sorely missed. Details included the line weights, rods and boots needed for our fishing trip on this private water on the South Platte River. It went on to say that flies would be supplied by the Salvation Army Reclaimed Departmentâ€”a reference to our not needing any fancy flies of our own. Additionally, instructions were to bring shooting gear for some gun and ammo testing at the Olympic Training Center. My personal memories of Rudy go beyond his wide acclaim as a shotgunner. To me, another wonderful side was Rudy the sportsman. His keen interest in a fly rod selection, his endless collection or accumulation of fly fishing gear, his astute selection of a western hat and his choice of a distinctive complimenting hatband, his careful consideration of a classy silver smith Indian made bola tie, or his discriminating eye and love of quality Parker shotguns, coupled with his wonderful wit made for a most unforgettable character and dear friend. A discriminating sportsman he was, particular in picking out just the right fly rod, acquiring tote bags, creels, nets, fly boxes loaded with every creation known to man, all of a particular brand, style, or shape and in great duplicity; so that a tag of being "queer for the gear" put him in a select club like myself. I want to remember him beyond his awesome shooting abilities and on a personal basis; capturing the essence of the man at ease over a glass of Crown Royal, on a bench along The South Platte, or shooting quail at the Grand National Quail Club not to mention the hours in motels, automobiles and at fancy restaurants finding our mutual interests, love for the sporting life and somewhat humble, country backgrounds Coffeyville, Kansas and Forest City, Maine established a common bond between us. With his father, the Daltons and Jesse all from Coffeyville, I gave him the nod on a town of recognized roots. His keen eye for a gauge C-grade Parker or the bola ties made by his Navaho friend or the conches and matching tiny buckle on his hatband that must have just the right stone and silver combination and the love of a good bird dog in action closed our 17 yr generation gap. When he elected to make me a member of his select Bola tie "club" with the gift of a handsome silver tie inset with turquoise stones and silver bolsters, it was a magic moment, not only for the outstanding craftsmanship and design, but for the personal attention and token of friendship from a man revered by so many. Pulling into the Wigwam Club, watching the water spill into the pools in front of "Bachelors," we spied an elderly member leaning against a split rail fence and "the Rude" as he was affectionately called by a select few personal friends sidled up to him and hit the electric window button for the passenger side window. From the back seat, I watched as he recognized the gentleman and proceeded to hail him across Tommy Millner through the now open window. Bob never turned around because he did not hear a word. Never thinking, he was deaf as a stone himself, and the spontaneous remark punctuated the hypocrisy. Later, after duffels were placed in our "assigned room" Ken and I were to attend the ritual at his lockers. And then, digging way in the back of his locker he extracted a new bottle of Crown Royal, Tangeruay gin, and Black Jack for the evening cocktails, so carefully laid away waiting for this very day. The fly fisher had just the right creases, a few flies hooked into the band and a tiny little hole in the crown adding a taste of character to an already aging, battle worn personality from sufficient doses of bug spray, torn out dry flies and grease laden finger prints. So as we unloaded the this treasure trove, the banter reached fever pitch and expectation grew high before we even cast the first "egg sucking leech. Most likely he had the fly in all of the colors and sizes made, if the fish were really turned on to a particular brown wooly bugger, wooly worm or streamer pattern. So it was many times for me, the routine upon arrival at Wigwam. The fish we caught were

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many but who cares. It was the cocktail hour with him, Ken Waite, Dick Heckart, Bobby Brown and later Tommy Millner, all executives with deep interest in the Remington Arms Company, that made for long memories of the man, his zest for the sporting life, the aesthetics and point ability of a shotgun, and his dead pan humor. Long into the 2nd round of refreshments, the dinner bell provided a break in the conversational action. His time spent on the Louisiana oil fields contributed to his love for the hot sauce that would burn your gullet with just a nip. Then out of the corner of his eye, he spied Bobby who ran the fly line through his hook keeper. Without a blink, he says we usually rig them "western style" out here and proceeds to restring the whole rod. Finally, with waders on, rods rigged, and a landing net hung on the side mirror, he, like a mother hen, proceeds to deliver each of us to a designated hole to his liking: We all fell in line, fishing the "hole" to his liking, while he proceeded to drive his van along the stream to tend or check our success with great regularity. One day on the bench at the "bench hole" we reorganized the company while he tried out my new Loomis 8-wt for distance across the tailraces and into the calm water where it widened out into the bench hole. Yup, not only a master at his game at identifying the blowing wind in corporate politics but at laying a line across that still water from the bank of mowed grass. Using the "double haul" to get the most out of the rod, commiserating over the new STS target load and the keys to its success, I found a companion, a friend and confidant and maybe even a father figure as our worlds converged with common ground, yet I was 17 years his junior. Born in Chicago in , the son of Fred Etchen, a legendary shooter in his own right as well as an instructor, and author of "Commonsense Shotgun Shooting" copyright As a chip from the old block Rudy was his prize student, both for his natural ability and his desire to win. On to the oil fields of Louisiana and throughout his life with a Model as his sidekick, only eclipsed by his wife Harriet who he plucked from the United Airlines flight attendant ranks for a bond of over 50 years. When Rudy passed away on August 28, , the shooting world lost an icon, his family lost a dad, Harriet lost a loyal companion and I lost a pal. Recapping an illustrious shooting career from an endless list of wins places Rudy in the top ranks of competitive shooters. Shooting accomplishments on the skeet field, trap field, and pigeon ring were unmatched, but his lightening speed with an pump or 20 gauge Parker left an indelible mark on me when we took to the field at the Grand National Quail Club in Enid, Okla. As I readied for the shot on a rising quail, Rudy was marking his doubles or triples already on the ground. His history of competitive shooting accomplishments is extensive see highlighted insert but to him there were a few precious memories that stand out. Lightening struck twice for him as he broke straight with the same trusty pump at the Grand, the first ever at The Grand and the fifth ever registered in ATA competition, then 30 years later in at the Louisiana State Shoot. Registering over , trap targets alone, not counting his skeet and live pigeon totals, he was selected to 17 All-American teams, won Grand Doubles titles in , , , and won High-Over-All HOA in , and while as an industry shooter from to collected 15 Grand trophies. From to he won four veteran and four senior veteran titles in Arizona alone and he and son Joel tied for the Parent-Child championship at the Grand with a score of To be on the 16 yard line with Rudy at the big daddy of them all, the Grand American Trapshooting Tournament I will remember for the intensity, focus and commitment each of us had many times in the presence of the master, hoping not to let him down as we edge along toward the end of the bird race for the North American Clay Target Championship. With one target at a time, the grind to win with Rudy on station 3 or 4 my right and the squad tempo on my mind, attention to each targets flight path from wind effect or proper setting of the trap, all a part of the squad leaders responsibility, made my nerves hit a razor edge for each of the targets. As we started the trek to the first trap field, there was a little humor along the way, and consistent interruption by shooters making their way either to their beginning posts or to the parking lot just to say hello to the old warhorse. Everybody knew Rudy, heard of Rudy or admired him for his record book performances. Stepping onto post one, checking to see if the remainder of our five-man squad was in place and the scorer had climbed into her chair with the score sheet in place, it was time. Let me see one! Now for 25 rounds it was one at a time, focus, head down, keep up the tempo, be ready when it was your turn, till I signed the scorers sheet that nerves were keen and it was the only game it town. And that signature humor noted at the Grand

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American was always present and could not have been better when, after landing in Casper, Wyoming and in our rental car headed for the One Shot Antelope Hunt I remarked after he had put on his cowboy hat, that mine inadvertently had been left at home. That was the start of my indoctrination and ultimate initiation into the One Shot Antelope Club. My dance around the campfire, our initiation ceremony and joke telling escapade in front of the whole crowd on awards night, were part of the Rudy memories I will treasure. Whether we dined in the host hotel or at some fancy local restaurant, it was a lunchtime or dinner adventure. As the Master gunner, he and I were given the task of developing the STS target load with properties for reloading and performance at both the 16 yard and 27 yard line to put Remington back in the target load market where their absence for over 25 years became a worthy assignment near and dear to our heart. Testing on his home grounds at the Phoenix Gun Club with Dan Bonillas, Dan Orlick and other accomplished competitive shooters was followed by dinner at the Pink Pony with some of us facing the "Orlick cut," a humongous slab of prime rib that would serve four, and ordered at his insistence. One time in Ilion, we all settled in for an evening dinner with a number of us selecting the veal chop, not always available in every restaurant. What do you mean, luck of the draw? Not only had he been caught unawares, but little did our dutiful server realize that such a remark was fighting words to Rudy. No tribute to Rudy would be complete without mention of his Hollywood years. Whether it was Roy Rogers, Roy Clark, Marshall Teague, John Laughlin or some other celebrity, Rudy was recognized for his tremendous ability with the shotgun and his wonderful gift of gab, mixing with any group and establishing relationships that lived on for many years. We, in the Remington family will find our events missing something. We grew to appreciate the man, his character, his big heart and being in his wonderful company. We thank you for your contribution toward making ours a better company; in the products we make, the customers we serve and our responsibility for its stewardship. Your humor lives on as we retell those stories over a cocktail and roaring fire. I will miss you, old pal. This was a wonderful gift from Harriet and son, Joel, and a treasure for my den. Tough keeping water from the eyes!

### Chapter 2 : Rudy Etchen, Another case of a Magazine article "getting it wrong" | Page 2 | Trap Shooters For

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