BEST SHOT IN INDIANA

PECULIARITIES OF THE CHAMPION BREAKER OF "BLUE ROCKS."

How Jack Winston Became Famous as a Trap Shooter—His Live-Bird Matches at Chicago.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

WASHINGTON, Ind., Dec. 25.—Jack Winston, the "wizard" of trap shooters, has returned home from Chicago, where in the last two weeks he did some remarkably good shooting and also some very poor work. Winston, when in form, is probably the best shot in Indiana, and possibly second to none in the country. He has, at one time or another, defeated all the cracks, with the exception of Elliott, of Kansas City. He is eccentric, however, and may make a clean score one day and "fall down" the next. Winston came here from St. Louis a few days ago as agent of a powder company. He is about thirty-five years old, tall, slender and wiry, and in shooting tournaments he is known as "147." His favorite gun is not expensive and the cartridges he uses are machine-loaded; their number in the catalogue being the number under which he shoots.

Winston's greatest feat was the defeat of Frank Parmelee, at Omaha, five or six years ago, when he broke one hundred inanimate targets straight, the best score ever made in a match. Winston was then traveling for a St. Louis tobacco company and had not attained much fame as a trap shooter, although his work in Covington and other Kentucky towns entitled him to recognition as a first-class shot. Parmelee at that time was considered the best shooter west of the Mississippi. One day Winston picked up his gun and shells, boarded a train and the next morning landed in Omaha. He walked to Parmalee's office, and, looking through the window, saw the Omaha champion sitting at his desk writing. Winston took twenty-five silver dollars out of his pocket, arranged them in one hand and opened the door. Parmalee did not turn his head as Winston entered; in fact, he would not have known him if he had, for the two men never met before. Winston, as he stepped forward, pretended to stumble, and the silver dollars fell with a clatter and scattered over the floor. Parmalee then looked up, and Winston said, pointing his finger:

"I'll shoot you one hundred targets, $100 a side, to-morrow afternoon. There's my forfeit money!"

"I'll just go you one. Who in the blank are you?" replied Parmalee.

"My name's Jack Winston, the best shot in the world," said the challenger.

"Glad to meet you, Jack," said Parmalee. "I've heard of you, but I think I can give you your money's worth."

The match was shot off and Winston bounded into fame by breaking one hundred blue rocks straight. The incident just related is characteristic of the man. Some of his friends say he has an unlimited supply of nerve, while his enemies assert his "gall" is unparalleled. While on his way to Cleveland to a big tournament, in company with some of the best shots in the West, a stop was made in Indianapolis, sportsmen being in the car. Winston gave an example of his nerve. McMurchy and others were passing away the time by making small bets on who would get the best score at the tournament, when somebody asked Winston for his opinion. The latter arose slowly and said, deliberately: "Gentlemen, you will all lose your bets, for I intend to make the best score myself." And Winston kept his word, despite the fact that about one hundred of the most skillful shots in the country participated in the tournament.

Winston's greatest fault in the eyes of some of his antagonists is the fact that he never looses an opportunity to "rattle" his opponent. Everything he says or does is in such a good-natured way that offense cannot be taken, but the referee is some times compelled to warn him to behave. When he defeated George Beck at Indianapolis in two matches, Winston gave a good exhibition of his seemingly innocent tricks. The only time Winston was bothered himself by the "chaff" of his opponent was when Dr. S. H. Moore, of Indianapolis, gave the joker a lesson in live-bird shooting. Winston and Dr. Carver are not bosom friends, and the six recent matches at Chicago were the result of "hot talk" in the American Field. Winston now possesses the Dupont trophy, having won it from Roll last week, and it is probable he will soon challenge Grimm for the "cast iron" medal, the emblem of championship, which Dr. Carver has just surrendered.

The match betwen Winston and Fred Gilbert, of Iowa, at Chicago, yesterday, was won by the Indiana man. The conditions called for 100 live birds and 100 inanimate targets, expert rules, for $100 a side, loser to pay for the birds. Winston dropped eighty-one birds and broke seventy-seven targets, making a total of 158. Gilbert killed sixty-eight birds and broke eighty-three targets for a score of 151. String flyers awarded the shooters in the live-bird race, which partially accounts for the low scores. A majority of the birds were "tailers" and gave the experts much difficulty by their low, swift flights. Gilbert was generally expected to make the best showing at live birds and "147" at targets, but the exact reverse proved the case. The former evidently had one of those "off days" to which even the best of shooters are subject. Winston shot creditably, although he had been sick for several days. Winston had a lead of one bird upon the completion of the twenty-fifty round, Gilbert having missed five. The latter had hard luck on birds dead out of bounds, losing eleven in the race in that manner. Gilbert only dropped sixteen birds in the next twenty-five, Winston thus having a lead of five. He increased it to ten in the next twenty-five, Gilbert killing fifteen, and won by thirteen. In the following table dead out of bounds is denoted by x.

Winston—2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 0, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, x, 2, 2, 0, 2, 0, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 0, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2