

Wilson, the Stingy

“Wilson” was the stingiest person I ever knew... with his ammunition.

In his mostly unfurnished house, he had built a “wall of ammunition”. He had stacked the little boxes of 7.62×39 and the bigger boxes of .40 S&W so as to build a “wall” against the back wall of his living room. It didn’t actually cover the whole wall, but it was about 3 or 4 feet high and about 6 feet long. It continually grew. I don’t know why he didn’t find a better way to store it.

But when we would go out shooting, he would only shoot one firearm that day. He would either shoot his carry pistol or he would bring along his SKS to shoot. He would never shoot both on the same outing. And he would only bring *3 to 5 cartridges* to shoot. That was it.

The first time we went out to shoot his SKS I offered to buy a box of ammo from him for us to shoot. (He always bought every round the local shops would get as soon as they came in.) But, no, he wouldn’t do that. He was convinced he might need it later.

When I ran into him years later and miles away he told me he had gotten married, but it went bad and his angry wife reported him to the cops for abuse. They came to his house, cuffed him on the floor at gunpoint, and stole his guns and all his ammo. He said he never got it back. I have no clue if he really abused her or not. It’s possible– he *could* be a bit excitable. Doesn’t sound like she was without issues, though.