

What a Lulu of a Thing!⁶⁹

By D. K. Pridgen

Few things in life are as depressing as a failed plan to attend a training class – one where extensive shooting of a new gun is involved! Unless you count the miserable, spirit-breaking, disheartening (Have I made the point I was unhappy?) aftermath of the failed attempt. My tale of woe from one such venture is here for all to see.

I had fallen under the charms of a new rifle – well, new to me at least. After handling quite a few of DSA's FAL wares, I knew some day one would be mine. I lay abed many nights with the siren song of a robust FAL sounding in my ears until...er, I seemed to have strayed from my tale.

My assignment was testing and evaluation of DSA's entry level FAL, the Austrian STG58. Nothing puts firearms through the wringer like a class, and Steve Moses, of Progressive Training Group (progressivetraininggroup.com), knows how to put on one! My very first contact with a DSA FAL was at one of his classes, so it seemed fitting I christen this offering – one I hoped to keep – at one.

The week started off great, with a writer's junket to the mountains of Colorado. Time would be tight with a late Friday night return to Texas, so before leaving I prepared everything for Steve's class on Saturday morning. Loading up 12, 20-round FAL magazines

is a thumb-tiring chore, exceeded only by trying to fill a Clinton-era 10-round GLOCK magazine! I whizzed through them with hardly a grouse, knowing I'd be poppin' primers soon enough.

Upon my tail-dragging, dark-of-night return to God's country, it was the chore of a few minutes to stuff everything imaginable in my truck, and crash in bed. A middle of the night call-out robbed me of much of the sleep I looked forward to, but still I arose quickly from what had become a two-hour nap and began a three-hour trek.

An hour down the road my truck had become a hazard to the other travelers. Asleep at the wheel, don't you know? Even more than the trip to class, I began to dread the return late that night, and for once common sense actually won out. (Funny how seldom it does.) Back to home and bed I went.

Very late that evening I dejectedly began the chore of unpacking my truck. It seemed to take twice as long to put everything away, until finally only the dozen magazines remained. Stuffing those little buggers with 20 chunky .308 rounds was not near the pain that emptying them was!

(I confess disappointment could have magnified my bad humor.)

I had unloaded only a few magazines when I began to mutter, "There's gotta be a better way." In fact, there is – not as good as shooting, mind you – to empty and load FAL magazines. (Quite a few other magazines, in fact.)

Its name is LULA, and as my Old Pop would say, "It's a Lulu of a doo-dad!" But I get ahead of myself. Shortly after my aborted trip I noticed *The Blue Press* advertising the LULA, and requested one. Within a few minutes of the LULA landing in my clammy little hands I had put it to the test. Easy loading of the magazine? Check. Easy unloading of the magazine? Double check! Now we're talking!

Primarily polymer, the LULA is a product of Israel, where versions are in use (probably in .223) by the Israeli Defense Force. (These guys are very

demanding, so you know it works!) While the FAL version (works on inch and metric magazines) attaches a little differently than the AR, they all work essentially the same.

A metal D-ring of sorts hangs off the LULA's back to hook onto the magazine latch, locking the two together. With the magazine turned vertically, and the front (where the cases feed out) facing up, push the lever atop the LULA to the rear, and load a round. Pull it

forward, and load another. It's a snap, and quickly becomes so natural you'll forget what you're doing until suddenly the magazine is full and the process screeches to a stop. Swap to another magazine and everything starts again, until all magazines are brimming full. That's the way to load magazines!

Unloading? Turn the front of the magazine toward the ground, and with each movement of the lever a round drops from the magazine. Much improved over using thumbs and a wooden or plastic dowel!

When all is said and done, and the LULA is dismounted from the last magazine, the lever presses down into the LULA body. The entire package becomes so compact it can be slipped into just about any pocket.

Check out the price of the LULA in this issue of *The Blue Press*, compare it to what your fingers/thumbs are worth, then add the expense of frustration and irritation. Cheap at twice the price. I am getting one for my AR and will never be without a LULA to fit any long gun I have. Yep, the LULA is quite a Lulu of a doo-dad!

