



SIXGUNNER

HANDGUN HUNTERS

International

VOLUME I

ISSUE I

We are a new organization catering specifically to the handgun hunter and those who enjoy being entertained by stories of handgun hunting, handguns, ammunition and its performance as related to hunting. "THE SIXGUNNER", official journal of the organization, will be published bi-monthly, beginning in September '79. Articles will primarily be written by members, not professional writers. We think your stories are entertaining and you have information of value to the rest of us. Write it up the way you tell it and it'll probably get in print!

Somewhere down the road, if the membership is interested, we will get into Legislative and Record Book matters. Together, organized as a cohesive force, we can accomplish a lot.

HANDGUN HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL was founded by J.D. Jones, a handgun hunter, ballistic experimenter and free lance writer specializing in articles pertaining to guns, ammunition and hunting.

The first one thousand members will receive a special Charter Membership Certificate. ALL new members will receive a membership certificate, membership card, embroidered patch and one year subscription to "THE SIXGUNNER", plus the opportunity to participate actively in the organization. Annual membership dues \$12.50.



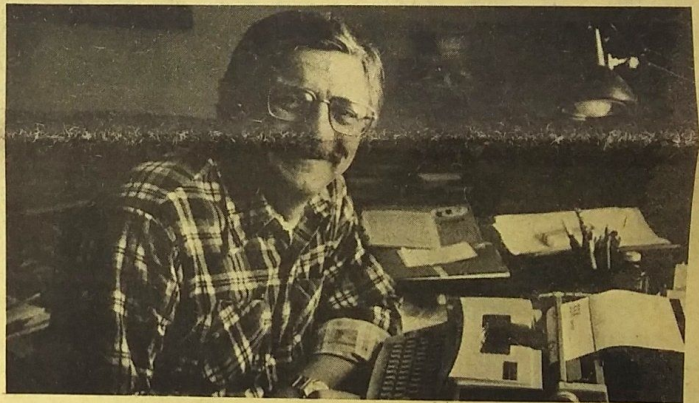
HANDGUN HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL

P.O. BOX 357 MAG BLOOMINGDALE, OHIO 43910 AC-614-264-0176 J.D. JONES DIRECTOR

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I hereby apply for membership in Handgun hunters international. I am not a member of any organization which has as any part of its program the attempt to overthrow the government of the United States by force or violence; That I have never been convicted of a crime of violence; That I am not ineligible to own or possess firearms or ammunition under any applicable Federal, State, or Local Legislation; and that if admitted to membership, I will fulfill the obligations of good sportsmanship and good citizenship.

Signature _____
Annual Member \$12.50 cash () check ()



My Corner

By JDJ

I guess it boils down to the fact that since I'm putting up the time and money to get HHI going, I'm probably going to want to say a little something each issue!!

Right now, there is so much to say and do that priorities are very elusive!

First though, I want to express my gratitude to all of you who have joined HHI and contributed to this first issue. Without all of you there wouldn't have been a first issue. Frankly, although I'm proud of it — I'm not satisfied with it. It will get better, bigger and become a more valuable publication.

As members of HHI you are enthusiastic! So far about eight of ten of you have enclosed a letter with your membership.

Everything from HHI t-shirts to HHI hunts, even an HHI National Convention this year has been proposed — plus just about everything else you can think of. You've got it right guys — I want to do it all — but right now I think "chapter clubs" are probably the most valuable to all of us. Keep writing. Let me know what

you're thinking, write those stories, etc. Let's keep rolling.

I recently had an experience I didn't like. As far as I'm concerned it's "MORE BIG BROTHER BULLSHIT!" Accordingly, I wrote to Robert W. Teater, Director, Ohio Department of Natural Resources. Technically, I was wrong — however even under the law, condoning an illegal act repeatedly sometimes voids a law. I wrote to Mr. Teater regarding the incident. My letter and his answer are reproduced as follows:

July 18, 1979

Robert W. Teater
Director, O.D.N.R.
Fountain Square
Columbus, OH 43224

Dear Sir:

On July 17, 1979 while function firing a single shot .45-70 handgun into a strip bank in Fernwood Park, I was asked to leave by a state employee.

The spot I was shooting in has been popular for shooting for the five years I have lived here. As there is a range one-fourth to one-half mile from the spot, I remarked I would go there. No problem.

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My Corner — Continued from Page 1

At that point I was informed the range in Fernwood was closed to rifle and pistol shooting because it was unsafe and it was planned that a rifle and pistol range would be constructed in the area.

For five years I have safely shot in both of these spots with handguns and rifles. I don't have any complaint with asking me to leave the first spot as a range is a short distance away.

I have shot in the company of Park employees, State Highway Patrolmen, Jefferson County Police, Cross Creek Township Police and Ohio Game Wardens as well as hundreds of citizens in this spot for five years with the direct knowledge of park employees without every having heard a complaint voiced. It is not unusual for individuals to come from as far as Cleveland to camp and shoot at Fernwood. I have met several of them.

Suddenly, without warning of any kind — not even posting signs — the range is arbitrarily declared unsafe for handguns and rifles and hundreds of local citizens who use this range are deprived of the facility.

For the record, I would like to know if the Parks and Recreation Division is now also anti-handgun, anti-rifle and if the reputed rifle and handgun range to be constructed is more than another government fairy tale and if it isn't a fairy tale, when will the range be completed?

Is closing the Fernwood range to rifles and handguns just another "Big Brother" slap in the face to citizens?

I understand I could have been issued a citation for shooting where I was. Perhaps it would have been better if I had been cited. I believe a parade of the above mentioned employees testifying either condolence of or shooting in the identical spot would have been quite interesting.

Sincerely,
J.D. Jones

August 6, 1979

Mr. J.D. Jones, Director
Handgun Hunters International
P.O. Box 357 MAG
Bloomington, OH 43910

Dear Mr. Jones:
I am writing in response to your recent letter regarding rifle and pistol shooting on Fernwood State Forest.

In reviewing this matter with Mr. Gebhart, Chief of the Division of Forestry, I find that a trap shooting range is located just north of the entrance to Hidden Hollow Campground but there is not a developed rifle and pistol range on the area. When the range was installed, it was determined by range safety experts that this site could safely accommodate only trap shooting. This concept has not changed even though shooting of rifles and handguns on this range may have been condoned locally.

In case you are unaware of it, there is a rifle range nearby at Harrison State Forest on which you can fire your handgun. A map of this area is enclosed and I hope you find this range suitable for your use.

Thank you for informing me of your concerns in this matter.

Sincerely,
Robert W. Teater
Director

Please examine the questions I posed and Mr. Teater's answers. Draw your

own conclusions. I might point out the rifle range at Harrison is a mud hole when its wet, airless when its hot and although its a place to shoot its not much more than that. It's also roughly 15-20 miles farther to drive for hundreds of shooters and will only accommodate about five shooters without overcrowding.

Personally, I'd have appreciated a straight answer telling me if Mr. Teater is either pro or anti gun — as it is I have to guess.

Right now this type incident is happening many times every day. None of us can do much alone — organized we can. Write letters — keep copies and send copies of each to HHI. Contribute to the NRA's Legislative Action war chest. That's all we can do for now; but someday - - - -

Good Shooting!
JJJ

Cape Buffalo

By Elgin Gates No. 5

In Swahili, the lingua franca of East Africa, the African Cape Buffalo is called "Mbogo." It is an expressive word that perfectly suits the animal. The natives pronounce it with a soft mmm-sound, followed by a guttural, explosive BO-GO! They say it with great respect, and a rolling of their eyes. I, too, have a special respect for this particular big-game beast.

I've faced enraged elephants and didn't worry too much. They have poor eyesight and often will shuffle back and forth threatening to charge, but they usually don't. An agile man, if he fails to stop the elephant with his rifle, can generally get away. That same man could escape the charge of most rhinos, as they also possess excellent senses of smell and hearing, but poor eyesight. Lions and leopards are thin-skinned and often can be stopped with a poorly placed shot. And, usually, these two cats do not attack unless wounded or sick. Even then, hunter carelessness accounts for most of the injuries incurred. Make no mistake about it, these four animals can be extremely dangerous. Countless fatalities have been inflicted by all of them.

But from my big-game standpoint, Mbogo is the number-one killer and the most dangerous animal in Africa, and the whole world as well.

The first Mbogo I ever encountered was a malignant old bull with a festering wound (from a native arrow) and an evil disposition to go with it. He had laid a perfect ambush, and had we tracked him to his hideaway, I'm sure somebody would have been killed or seriously injured. Instead, we were about 60 years opposite his ambush spot in a clump of heavy thornbush when he burst out in a headlong charge. Both my professional hunter and I had time to get off two shots each with our .470 Nitro-Express double rifles. It took the smashing impact from all four 500 - gr. bullets, a good 20,000 pounds of impact energy, to bring him down.

Since then I've shot a couple dozen or more Cape buffaloes in various parts of Africa and under a variety of conditions. I've also acquired a habit of carrying a .357 Magnum with a four-inch barrel on my hip when stalking these vindictive beasts. In later years I've also carried it on those occasions where there might be close work with lions or leopards. It is good insurance and produces a greater sense of security.

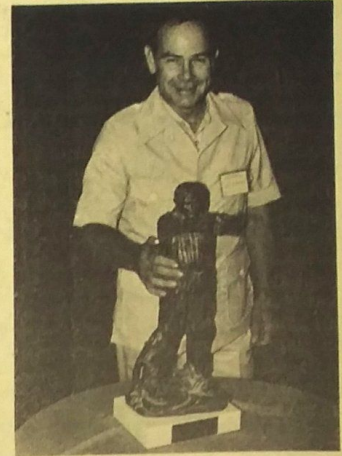
Handgunner of the Year

In ceremonies held in San Antonio May 18, Lee Jurras was honored by the Outstanding American Handgunner Awards Foundation. The three foot bronze statue, emblematic of the most prestigious award in handgunning, was presented by Foundation President Steve Vogel of Sturm, Ruger & Co.

Jurras is best known for his development of high power handgun ammunition suitable for big game hunting. It was Jurras, too, who conceived the idea of the O.A.H.A. Foundation back in 1973. A well known and highly respected hunter, he put much of his knowledge before the public in 1975 when he co-authored, with the late George Nonte, **Handgun Hunting**. (Winchester Press).

Other nominees for the 1979 award were Ray Chapman, Elgin Gates, Dean Crennell, Steve Herrett, Neal Knox, Bob Milek, Harry Reeves, Dan Wesson, and Hal Swiggett.

A special commemorative plaque was presented by Roy Jinks of S & W to Seth Wesson, in tribute to the late Dan Wesson. Bill Jordan, winner of



Lee Jurras

the Outstanding Handgunner Award in 1976, presented a plaque to Lt. Wray Dotson in memory of Captain Dan Combs of the Oklahoma Highway Patrol.

Retiring Chairman Larry Kelly was presented an award in gratitude for his many contributions to the O.A.H.A. Foundation's programs.



It is no secret that I hunt big game with rifles, powerful rifles; but I must admit that the .357 I've carried has saved my bacon on a few notable occasions.

Frankly, I've never had any desire to go on one of today's prevalent "fad hunts," like trying to kill every animal on all continents with, say, a .45 Colt automatic, or a bow and arrow, or a slingshot, or even a spear. On the other hand I have no argument with the people who do. I know there is a cult of hunters who like to hunt big game with handguns, and a few of them have done quite well at it.

The point here is that this kind of shooting is great for those who want to make a career out of hunting with a handgun.

Still, hunting the dangerous big game of Africa is a serious business, and going after it with a handgun just isn't my idea of intelligent hunting. On the other hand, when hunting dangerous animals like the buffalo, lion and leopard, but it is needed as a secondary, not a primary, weapon.

While preparing for my first African safari, I packed, on a last-minute impulse, my .22 Colt Woodsman. I'd used it on many big-game hunts in Canada, Alaska and various states,

mostly to collect grouse, rabbits or other small game for the pot, and once in a while to administer a coup de grace on a big-game trophy. The basic reason I carried it, along with a small waterproof packet of necessities, was as part of my survival kit.

It is with some amusement now that I recall putting the pistol in my briefcase — something that one could hardly get away with these days — for the long flight to Africa.

Once in Africa, it came in handy. At the end of the hunting day, usually on the way back to camp, I shot guinea fowl, francolins and a few of the miniature antelopes for our supper.

Around the safari campfire I learned a lot of African lore from my professional hunter, J.B. Blacklaws. During the course of many previous safaris he had, among other things, been clawed and chewed on by a leopard that had been wounded by one of his clients. At another time, he was knocked down by a charging buffalo that put a few scars on his body before falling dead on top of him. He had had a number of close scrapes with the Big Five: the elephant, rhino, buffalo, lion and leopard. He also told me stories involving other

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Cape Buffalo — Continued from Page 2

hunters and the dangerous animals that attacked them.

All of these anecdotes revealed a certain pattern: Once the hunter went down beneath the attack of the lion, leopard and sometimes the buffalo, he usually was separated from his rifle. And even if the rifle was within reach, it was virtually impossible to bring the long barrel to bear on the enraged animal that was on top. Usually the attacks seemed to have a slow-motion quality about them when the victim was being savaged and was trying to fend off the teeth and claws with his hands and feet. If he survived, the victim often ended up with missing fingers, hands, toes or having these extremities crippled or deformed for life.

Over the years I've talked to 25 or 30 men who have been attacked and mauled. A good dozen are personal hunting friends. Almost every one of them expressed regret at not having carried a handgun on their person; and they all had strong feelings that, if they'd had a handgun, they could have brought it to bear on the beast's head for an instant-kill, thereby saving themselves needless mauling and crippling.

The stories heard during my first safari took hold, and the following year I brought a .357 Smith & Wesson Magnum with a four-inch barrel. I didn't pack it all the time, just for buffalo hunts or close-quarter work with a lion or leopard.

But accidents kill people every day, and my closest brush with Mbogo was an accident. We were camped on the Savuti River in northern Bechuanaland. The Savuti is a slow-moving stream that empties into the Okavango Swamp. Where we were, probably 40 miles east of the swamp, the Savuti is the only water supply for many miles. Game was coming to it from all directions. One herd of 50 buffaloes watered twice a day, early in the morning and mid-afternoon, at a bend in the river just a half mile from camp. We had studied them thoroughly the first day we arrived. The herd bull was a respectable trophy whose horn-spread we estimated would go 45 or 46 inches. I'd taken better heads on previous safaris and was content just to watch this one through my binoculars. He was limping a bit on one front leg. It wasn't a bad limp, but it was a formidable clue that didn't register with me at the time. And that was a serious error of judgment on my part.

Nine times out of 10, Mbogo will spook and run at the sight or scent of a man, but if sick or hurt, he becomes a vicious, vindictive enemy. If wounded, he will nurse his wound and his rage while he waits patiently in ambush until you get close enough. Then he will burst out of cover, evil-eyed and ugly, to pulverize you. He comes with his head up, nose out-thrust and his eyes wide-open, with but one thought in mind: to annihilate you. This is no bluff. He has 20/20 eyesight, a superb sense of smell and hearing; and as long as he has four legs under him, he can charge with the speed of a railway express, pull up short, and turn on a dime. Mbogo plays marbles strictly for keeps, and when he makes his final charge, all his blue chips are in the pot.

Having bagged several good trophies of other species at our Savuti River camp, we were preparing to move out. While Blacklaws directed the final

loading of the lorry, I decided to try for some photographs of the herd of buffaloes.

I holstered the .357 Magnum on my belt and slung my 35mm camera around my neck. Nzomo, my regular gun-bearer, was helping the skinner with the delicate task of turning the ears on the cape of the big kudu I had taken that morning. This job had to be finished and the cape well salted or it would spoil in the heat. So I motioned to Mutema, one of the cook's helpers, to carry my rifle. This was my second error of judgment.

After a half-mile walk and a long, careful stalk through brush and high grass, we got into a position where buffaloes were on three sides of us with the bulk of the herd about 50 yards ahead. They had watered and were slowly feeding away from the river. With only a standard lens for my camera, I wanted to get as close as possible. I was looking for the big herd bull, but couldn't locate him. Just as I raised up beside a tree to take the first picture, a cow off to the side either saw or scented us. She snorted an alarm, and I snapped just one picture as the herd thundered away. Within seconds they were out of sight, the sound of their hooves fading. I was cursing my luck when there came a fresh sound of hoof-beats and a chilling scream from Mutema. Glancing around, I saw the herd bull coming at us. As I reconstructed it later, he must have been wallowing in the mud along the river bank behind us, probably to soothe his infected shoulder, then had laid down in a clump of thornbush. We had stalked by within 30 yards. When the herd stampeded, he came to his feet, saw us, and charged.

His gimpy leg wouldn't let him come on full-bore, the way a buffalo usually comes when it has four good legs. That probably saved Mutema. As I reached for the rifle, still slung over Mutema's shoulder, he let out another terrified shriek and ran for all he was worth. The bull swerved to pursue him. It was a fairly even race, but Mbogo was slowly gaining as he cut across the angle. As I fumbled for the .357, I saw the rifle fly off Mutema's shoulder. I leveled the revolver and fired two quick shots, double-action, not so much trying to kill the buffalo as to attract his attention away from Mutema. It worked. At the shots — one of which inflicted a minor wound on his hind-quarters — Mbogo stopped, swung around, spotted me beside the tree and, with a snort, came straight on.

I had no illusions whatsoever about going into a two-hand combat crouch, waiting until I could see the whites of his eyes and smashing him down with a perfectly placed bullet. That's for the movies. What I did was shinny up that tree like a spider monkey, breaking the strap of the camera as I went. It hit the ground just as Mbogo arrived. He took one butt at it, which crushed the lens shade and put a good dent in the metal rim surrounding the lens, then gave his attention to me, smacking the trunk solidly with the heavy boss of his horns. I wrapped both arms around the trunk and hung on.

The amazing thing is that I still had the .357 solidly gripped in my right hand. To this day I can't remember how I climbed the tree holding it in my hand.

After butting the tree trunk a few more times, he backed off about ten yards and looked up at me. I rested the .357 over a small limb, held it as steady as I could with both hands,

aiming between his eyes and fired. It wasn't a good shot, but it was a lucky shot. The 158-grain metal piercing slug caught him just at the corner of his right eye, not drawing a drop of blood, but it penetrated to his brain, dropping him as if he had been poleaxed.

I waited a few minutes, cautiously climbed down and, from 10 feet, put the clincher in his ear hold. It really wasn't necessary, but with these particular beasts, you always want to make doubly sure.

Blacklaws, alerted by the sound of gunfire, came wheeling up in the Land Rover. We recovered my camera and the slightly battered rifle. Mutema didn't come back for a half-hour and

he was still trembling with fright.

In the meantime, out of curiosity, we cut into the bull's bad shoulder and found two .30 caliber pointed military bullets, probably fired from an old .303 Enfield by some native hunter. The bullets had been there for some time, long enough to turn this particular Mbogo into a potential killer.

One more time I had been lucky and bested Mbogo on his own stomping grounds, all of which goes to say that sometimes a handgun comes in handy.

NOTE: Gates wrote this long before he became a dedicated handgunner. I think enough letters might prod him to write a little more.



STURM, RUGER & Company, Inc.
Southport, Connecticut 06490 U.S.A.

ALL RUGER FIREARMS ARE DESIGNED AND MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



RUGER Redhawk Double-Action Revolver Caliber .44 Magnum

Redhawk

The product of intensive engineering and testing, the new REDHAWK revolver is the logical evolution of the now-famous line of Ruger double-action revolvers in .38 Special and .357 Magnum calibers which have given outstanding performance in the hands of sportsmen, law-enforcement agencies, and military establishments the world over. With accuracy and power of the .44 Magnum cartridge well established by extensive competition in handgun metallic silhouette shooting, the new Ruger REDHAWK .44 Magnum revolver can be expected to be widely used as a hunting revolver.

The Ruger REDHAWK .44 Magnum revolver is an entirely new firearm, and clearly represents the most significant advance in the design and development of heavy frame double-action revolvers in many decades. Externally, the REDHAWK revolver is quite similar to the well-known Ruger Security-Six line of double-action revolvers but, of course, it is more massive. Although the REDHAWK revolver has many valuable and unique new features, it is shaped conservatively and functionally. Every part of the REDHAWK revolver is made entirely in the new Ruger factory at Newport, New Hampshire — one of the largest and best-equipped firearms manufacturing facilities in the world.

The Ruger REDHAWK revolver establishes new standards of strength and durability. This is the first double-action revolver that has been expressly designed to withstand the stresses imposed by the super-powerful .44 Magnum cartridge in continuous usage. The frame, cylinder, and all critical sections are proportioned to provide the extra strength required to ensure long life and accuracy.

The dimensions used by other

revolver manufacturers of .44 Magnum caliber revolvers are the same dimensions used fifty or sixty years ago, virtually black to the black powder, low pressure era. We are very pleased with our decision, made early on, to design the REDHAWK revolver, starting with a completely clean sheet of paper, and to make this .44 Magnum double-action revolver program the vehicle for the creation of a genuinely advanced firearm. Many of the REDHAWK design improvements are patented inventions, notably the direct locking of the crane to the frame, and the "Single Spring" hammer and trigger mechanism.

The entire REDHAWK development program has had as its main objective the means by which great strength could be incorporated into the revolver. The frame is of heat-treated A.I.S.I. type 410-series stainless steel*, strongly proportioned, with extra metal in the top strap and in the critical areas below and surrounding the barrel threads. In common with the Ruger Security-Six revolver, the frame has no removable sideplate, thus preserving both side walls intact as integral sections of the frame. The benefit of this is immensely increased frame strength and rigidity. This construction is made possible by the investment casting process employed by Sturm, Ruger & Company, and for which our Pine Tree Castings Division has become world famous in firearms manufacturing and in other industrial areas.

The crane and cylinder assembly locks directly into the frame, both at the rear of the cylinder and at the front of the crane. The ejector rod serves only as an ejector — it does not rotate with the cylinder, and its centerline is offset downward with respect to the centerline of the cylinder, thus

— Continued on Page 4 —

permitting a crane design which leaves rooms for more metal in the frame section at the underside of the barrel threads. The cylinder swings out on the crane for reloading in the usual way, but in the crane of the new REDHAWK revolver may be seen one of its unique new features — a sturdy locking bolt which engages a locking recess in the frame to lock the crane directly and strongly against a precise locating surface in the frame when the cylinder is in the firing position. This design completely eliminates the ejector rod as a locking element. The cylinder is locked at the rear by the usual spring-loaded plunger at the center of the cylinder, the plunger engaging a bearing hole in the breech face. This system of locking the cylinder is rigid, durable and rugged. A single press of the thumb on the cylinder release button completely disengages both locking devices to allow the crane and cylinder to swing outward.

The cylinder of the REDHAWK revolver has a nominal outside diameter of 1.781 in., a minimum wall thickness of .125 in. at the front of the chamber, and a minimum wall thickness of .109 in. at the rear of the chamber. This wall thickness is even greater than that of our New Model Super Blackhawk revolver, and greater by 25% than the nominal dimensions taken from comparable competitive models. It is particularly important to the strength of the cylinder that the locking notches of the REDHAWK revolver are offset substantially, and are not cut into the thinnest part of the walls on the centerlines of the chambers.

The double-action trigger pull of the REDHAWK revolver marks a major advance, with its unusually low maximum weight of less than 9 pounds, and its ability at that weight to deliver reliably the hammer energy needed for 100%, or no-misfire ignition. The hammer and trigger are powered by opposite ends of the same massive coil spring which lies horizontally in the frame directly behind the trigger. The components which link the trigger and hammer to this spring transmit spring energy with minimum friction losses and are, in effect, direct and efficient levers.

All of this mechanism is readily removable without tools and dismantles, along with the cylinder/crane group and the trigger guard group, into a small number of sub-assemblies. The most elementary object, such as a paper clip or small nail, is all that is required for convenience in disassembly, and this characteristic of the REDHAWK revolver is of immense value if sand, dirt, or other foreign matter enters the interior of the revolver.

The grip frame of the REDHAWK revolver is contoured to provide the full Magnum-style grip size so popular with revolver shooters, without the half-way expedient of wrap-around wool grip panels or separate grip adapters. Shooters involved in the testing and evaluation of these REDHAWK revolvers have generally found the grip to be secure and comfortable, notwithstanding the heavy recoil characteristics of handguns chambered for the .44 Magnum cartridge.

Because of the efficient use of space above the top of the crane, there is ample metal in the frame to permit an unusually large diameter for the

threads of the REDHAWK barrel. The thread size adopted is 3/4" major diameter x 20 threads per inch pitch, and this is far larger than the thread diameter of any comparable revolver barrel. As a result, the wall thickness of the barrel in the area of the threaded end is greatly increased and barrels can be tightened into the frame adequately without danger of stretching at the shoulder.

The forged, heat-treated A.I.S.I. type 410-series stainless steel* barrel is formed with an integral rib and ejector rod housing. The integral front sight base functions to mount the front sight blade by means of a headless Allen socket screw in the front of the base. Provided with the appropriate Allen wrench, the shooter can replace blades himself quickly in the event of damage, or install blades of alternative heights, shapes, or colors. Either yellow or red plastic insert type blades will be available. The rear sight of the REDHAWK revolver follows the design previously used on all Ruger revolvers, but is made of blued 4130 steel, rather than aluminum. The exposed outside corners of the rear sight blade are slightly rounded and the sighting notch is emphasized by a white outline.

As is the case with the Ruger Security-Six revolvers, the REDHAWK revolver employs many features which our company has used with great success, i.e.: the firing pin mounted in the frame, the transfer-bar as a means of providing an automatic safety, the hammer and cylinder interlock, and the exclusive use of correctly designed coil springs throughout the mechanism.

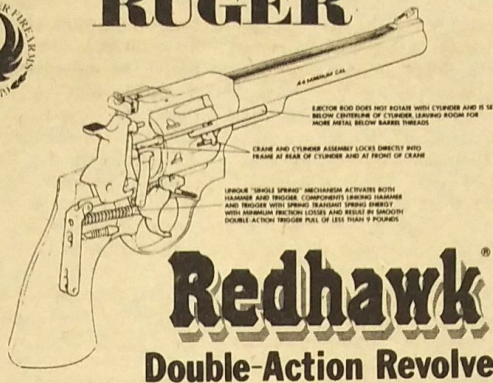
Production deliveries of the new Ruger REDHAWK revolver are expected to begin in the late fall of 1979. The tooling for this product is virtually complete, factory floor space

Writing - - - - -

for The Sixgunner is easy. Simply write the story of your hunt, experience, handgun, handloading, or anything connected with handgun hunting the way you would tell the story to a friend. Just give a little thought ahead of time so you don't leave anything out and write it on lined paper, leaving every other line blank. If you can get it typed, have it double spaced.

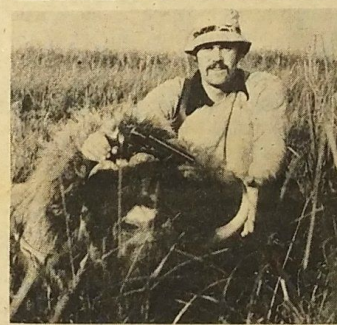
Photos are great — but not absolutely necessary. Send in negatives — either color or black and white. Black and white photos are best as they reproduce better than color does. If you have any questions, call, and let's talk about it.

RUGER



Redhawk® Double-Action Revolver

allocated, and machine tools are being set in position to create a complete operating department for the production of this revolver. Our estimate for the delivery of these revolvers is made in good faith, but we must point out that maintenance of our schedule depends on so many factors which we do not completely control, that we could be substantially delayed. The suggested retail price of the new Ruger REDHAWK .44 Magnum caliber double-action revolver will be approximately \$325.00. The introduction of a blued version of the



World Record Musk-Ox

By Dan Brainard
No. 123

Musk-ox have been protected for many years and in some local areas, have made a fantastic comeback. A few years ago, their numbers exceeded optimum in certain areas and accordingly a limited number of permits to hunt have been made available.

As they say, "It ain't cheap; but it was sure worth every penny."

The hunt began with the application for a permit, for the fall of 1977. Thirty permits are issued world wide for this fall hunt. They also issue thirty in the spring. Just getting the permit would take a stroke of luck. Some 60 days later, watching the local Bethel, Alaska T.V. station, I was shocked to hear my name as being drawn. The hard part was over.

The permits alone, for residents, cost \$500.00. Non-resident permits cost \$1,000.00. Considering the air-only transportation to Nunivak Island, the guide fee, (not mandatory, but a good idea for outsiders), the cost of a musk-ox ranks right near the top for the North American continent.

As I had lived in Bethel, a small native village 500 air miles west of Anchorage, for four years, I was pretty familiar with the musk-ox and their location.

The island they inhabit is another

REDHAWK revolver in chrome-molybdenum steel, with a 10 inch barrel available, and at a lower suggested retail price is also anticipated around the end of the year.

We have created a super-strength revolver, and yet we know that careless handloading, or the use of loads which attempt to increase the velocity or pressure of maximum factory loads, can and no doubt will cause a burst cylinder or a fractured frame — even in the strongest revolver ever made.

SPECIFICATIONS

Model	Redhawk double-action revolver, stainless steel*
Caliber44 Remington Magnum
Barrel Length	7 1/2 inch
Overall Length	13 inch
Overall Height	5 3/4 inch
Weight	approximately 3 1/4 lbs.
Sighting Radius	9 1/2 inch
Trigger Pull (Double-Action)	approximately 9 lbs.
Sights	Ruger adjustable rear (elevation & windage) interchangeable front sight blades of various heights, with red or yellow plastic sight inserts
Finish	Grips checkered walnut, Magnum-style brushed satin finish, stainless steel*
Suggested Retail Price	approximately \$325.00

300 miles west of Bethel, in the Bering Sea. The strait between the island and the mainland, Etolin Strait, is the home of some of the worst weather and seas in the world. As the musk-ox are hunted from small home-made wooden boats (about 20 footers), and me not being a sailor, I had my first doubts about the whole deal. In the fall when the weather is warmer, the musk-ox congregate along the beaches for the feed and cooling breezes. The island is skirted by boat until animals are sighted. They are then scoped out and stalked, if trophy material. It's not as simple as it sounds. The island is some 70 miles long and 30 miles wide. Considering that it's surrounded by the rough seas, jagged rocks and shoals, things can get touchy in a hurry. The weather can change from sun to gale in a blink.

My decision to use my pistol, a S & W 29, 6 1/2" .44 was not only based on the fact that no one else had shot an ox with a pistol, but also that I feel handgun hunting is the most challenging type of hunting there is. Making things tougher, considering the cost especially and the luck of the permit, some of my hunting partners thought I was a little whacky, but my mind was made up. Some doubts did race through my mind, though. I read several stories about other hunters, telling of the ability of these animals to take lead. One chap from back east had to shoot a bull five times with his .378 Weatherby Mag rifle. My hunting buddy the year before shot his seven times with a .270 Winchester. These stock little oxen could take the lead.

Considering a mature bull stands about 4 1/2 feet at the shoulder and weighs about 800 pounds, they're like the proverbial brick wall. They also have thick, long, coarse hair, some of it 14 inches long. They can absorb the shock of bullets like mosquito bites.

My hunting load for this trip was a 240 grain Speer magnum hollow point bullet backed by 21 grains of 2400 powder. I like the load and the gun shoots it well.

After several weekly trips to the local shooting pit, I felt ready for the challenge.

Hopping on a small bush plane in Bethel, I made the 1½ hour trip to Mekorvak, the only village on Nunivak Island. I was met by Fred Don, an Eskimo friend and native to the island. He knew the musk-ox habits well. The weather was unexplainably nice, clear skies and smooth seas. We skirted the island to the south, glassing every cove and bay. About four hours later, I saw my first wild, free musk-ox. It turned out to be a small herd of cows and calves . . . no bulls. Six hours later, almost sea-sick, we spotted a lone musk-ox, walking down the beach. The bulls are usually loners, so we had high hopes. Beaching the boat about a half mile down from the animal, we began an inland stalk to take a closer look. We circled behind and crept through the waist high grass. As we reached a small sand hill, there he was, about 150 yards away, feeding on the beach. We

set up the spotting scope and had a look. Fred and I both agreed he would be over 100 Boone & Crockett points, 90 being the minimum for the record book. Here was my trophy. Stalking, we got a hundred yards closer. At 50 yards, I was sure of my target. That was a nervous, long 100 yards. Part of the challenge of pistoling is getting close enough for sure shots. Sitting down, resting across my knees, I was steady. Remember — deep breath — steady trigger pull. At the crack of the .44, he was up and running down the beach. I ran to a closer dune, cutting him off and got off a two-handed standing, second shot. That slowed him down and turned him inland! Three more fast shots were all misses as he ran behind a small hammock. I crept around the hammock, looking for him, and suddenly realized I only had one good one left in the cylinder. There he is . . . twenty yards away, broadside. He's hurt badly; frothy blood from his nose and mouth. Lung shot! Steady down for the last shot. Aim for the shoulder-spine to drop him fast. At the shot, he turns slowly, takes

a few wobbly steps up a small hill and then he drops while I'm trying to stuff six in the 29! He's dead before he hits the ground. These ox can take the lead. Any normal animal would have had his feet knocked out from under him at 20 yards with a full-house .44 load on the shoulder. I'm impressed! !



Congratulations and handshakes with Fred. I'm the first person in history to shoot a musk-ox with a pistol. I feel elated, to say the least.

Upon skinning, we find my three bullets, all three perfectly expanded. Any of the three would have been fatal. The first shot entered behind his right ribs, ranged up through his left

lung and was laying next to the skin. Good penetration. The second shot, from above and away, split his shoulder blades, nicked both lungs and heart and was laying next to his breast bone. Again, excellent penetration. The third and final shot penetrated his left shoulder, both lungs, and was resting under his skin on the right side. I was well pleased with my bullets, load and gun. And terribly impressed with the animal. They're tough!

After the drying period, my musk-ox was officially scored 105 B & C points, in the top twenty of the book. What a thrill — and I put it there with a handgun.

Being a rifle hunter for years, I have found a new challenge and thrill in handgun hunting. Try the sport . . . you'll love it! In today's world of high power scopes and far-shooting magnum rifles, a pistol seems to even up the game a little more. I'll still use my rifles . . . I love them . . . but the pistol puts a new and totally different perspective on things. Long live our rights to keep and use both.

Big Bores For Big Boars



By Larry C. Rogers
M.D., F.A.A.F.P.

No. 55

Handgun hunting has always been a turn on for me. The pleasures derived from it live long in my memories. Until 1978, my revolvers were challenged only by whitetail deer and groundhogs. They were very challenging to hunt, but I wanted something more.

I was fortunate enough to find out about Crooked Creek Hunting Preserve. It's in eastcentral Tennessee and is run by Mr. John Pierce. It offered wild boar hunting at its best. Crooked Creek was given high recommendations by one of my patients (I'm in family practice in a rural area). There was a chance of danger and excitement, and it was close enough to my home so I could squeeze it into my busy schedule.

Preparations for the hunt began in June. My friend, Gene, and I had many shooting sessions at pop cans and the like. By September, his 6½" .41 Ruger and my 8-3/8" .44 S & W were hitting the mark regularly out to 60 yards. We felt prepared, but still hoped we could shoot fast enough if it was necessary.

Gene, his brother Harold, his uncle Orville, my father and I met at Crooked Creek in late September. Sleep was restless and short the first night at the lodge in anticipation of the coming hunt. A large and hearty meal greeted the anxious hunters the next morning. The dogs were as edgy as the hunters, making eating a little difficult. After breakfast, we divided into several groups of hunters, each

with a guide and dogs. As we entered the compound, I was a little skeptical of preserve hunting (but was pleasantly surprised shortly).

All skepticism was forgotten as I heard the familiar sound of hounds hot on the trail of game. The hair on my neck stood on end as it usually does when I hear dogs running bear at home. Finally the boar stopped to fight the dogs. My father and I went with the guide toward the fight. The laurel was thick and the hill was steep, even going down. After struggling with the laurel a while, we were above the dogs and the boar. The dogs were in the creek and the boar was above them on a ledge. As we approached, the boar turned toward us. His 2½" tusks were gleaming despite the darkness of the laurel.

Dad took careful aim with my .444 Marlin and fired. The boar went down in a heap. The dogs were getting in a few extra bites while we were sliding down the hill. The boar turned out to be a nice one, weighing about 300 pounds. The handloaded 240 grain Speer flat point bullet (55.4 grain WW 760) had entered the boar's neck between the shoulders, penetrated the entire length of the body, and exited out the left ham. Now that's penetration!

While we were resting and taking pictures, a shot rang out above us. The dogs were still with us. After a little hollering, we found that Orville had stationed himself on what he thought was an escape route for the first chase. The sound of the dogs had apparently scared another boar in the area by Orville. One shot from his

.30-06 rolled that little piggy into a ball of fur.

Finally another chase was formed. About 250 yards across the hollow, one of the hounds gave a yell. The rest of the pack joined in and the chase was on. The boar was heading downhill angling away from us, so we started fighting our way through the unbelievably thick laurel. As the boar, dogs, and we approached the creek, the boar turned away, straight up the hill. After 150 yards, the chase stopped and the animals began fighting. We headed up, too — straight up the steepest, thickest jungle of laurel I've ever climbed. I was backing up Gene as we topped out. We had our guns out and they were waiving like flags in the wind from our hard breathing. At least the dogs were still fighting the boar, giving us a chance to catch our breath. Gene raised his .41 Ruger, took a deep breath, and boom . . . Down went the boar with a squeal. The dogs pounced on him and started chewing him up.

Suddenly the boar was up, snapping at the dogs. The whole crowd headed over the hill we had just come up! Gene said a few words I hadn't heard for a while and was over the hill as fast as the dogs. I was exhausted so I just sat down and listened. A few minutes later, there was another shot, a squeal, lots of barking, then a third shot, another squeal, more barking, and finally, all was quiet. Was it killed by the last shot, or did it die of lead poisoning? ! ! !

That hog had absorbed about 2700 foot pounds of energy before giving up the ghost. A later post mortem showed the first bullet, a 210 grain Sierra HP, (10 grain Unique) hit the spine. It did not penetrate, but traveled the entire length of the spine. The second penetrated one shoulder and was under the skin on the off side. The third penetrated the spine and ruptured the spinal cord. All of the bullets were mushroomed, but I thought they'd all performed far less than ideal.

After a light lunch, Harold and I went off to try our luck. The first chase began shortly. The boar bayed at the site of Orville's kill. The laurel was exceptionally thick as we made our way down to the dogs. At 30 yards from the fight, still unable to see anything, the guide said, "Go get 'em, doc!" "But

I'm too young for this," screamed my insides. Carefully, I let the 8-3/8" Smith lead the way through the laurel. I finally could make out the boar lunging at the dogs. I edged toward a broadside shot, not being fond of taking this gentleman head on. At 15 to 20 yards, the Smith's sights settled behind the boar's shoulder. As the shot rang out, the boar dropped and bounced like he was hit with a sledge hammer — no squeal, no movement, nothing — just one dead boar. Later, I found the 250 grain hard cast slug (22.5 grain WW 296) had penetrated the boar completely, destroying the heart — excellent performance which I've come to expect from this load.

I was fortunate enough to watch all the boars skinned later, and would like to relate the performance of different bullets. Most of the boars weighed 150 to 200 pounds and were killed with .30 caliber rifles. Most required several shots and no .30 caliber bullet showed complete penetration. One fellow gut-shot one with 12 gauge slugs. For a while, the hunter was the hunted until two more slugs ended the chase. (None of these penetrated completely). The only bullets that penetrated were my .44 hard cast slug and Dad's .444 240 grain Speer bullet. Only four of the boar were killed with one shot, probably an example of the boar's toughness and poor performances of less than ideal loads or bullets. Large caliber pistol bullets seemed to be more effective than medium caliber rifle bullets.

All of this data appears to confirm what I've come to learn as a disciple of Elmer Kieth. Big bullets make big holes and kill quickly. Two holes in the hide allow greater blood loss, and, if placed right, can collapse both lungs.

Crooked Creek was a fine place to hunt. I readily recommend it to others. The valuable information obtained there, thanks to Mr. Pierce's fine staff, goes to prove one thing . . . for serious hunters, it takes big bores for big boars.

Crooked Creek's address is: Box 724, Jamestown, Tennessee 38556. Phone: 615-879-8440. The price is \$175.00 for one day's lodging in two bunk houses that sleep about 12. This place ain't no Holiday Inn, but you can eat and sleep away from the bugs.

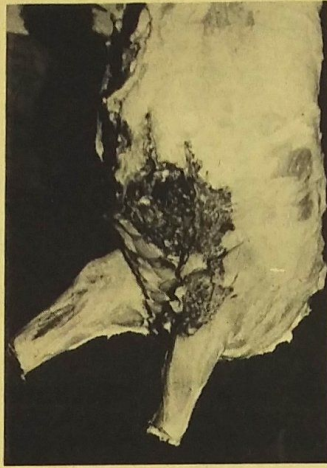
Best Cartridge For Handgun Hunting?

By Tom Shippy No. 28

No dedicated pistol nut would be content to settle on one gun or one cartridge (most of us are pistol poor) but the .338 CJMK does seem to have an awful lot going for it. This particular wildcat was developed by J.D. Jones and Phil Crowley with the intended use being hunting and silhouette shooting. The case used is the .35 Remington case which is then necked to .338 with one pass thru the sizing die. Thereafter, it is reloaded the same as any standard rifle round. I hesitate to even label it a wildcat because a lot of shooters automatically think of complicated case forming, reaming and trimming procedures. I've worked with two wildcats, and .44 Auto Mag and the .30 Herrett and while I've always been real fond of them, both involve a certain amount of case trimming and experimenting to get them to perform effectively. The .338 on the other hand is simplicity itself. I think there's an advantage to this wildcat even when compared to factory cartridges, and maybe I'm all wet, but when you adjust the die to initially neck down to .338, you can size the case just the amount necessary to allow the shoulder to touch the front end of the chamber. This is accomplished by sizing the case slightly and then trying it in the chamber until just a little effort in closing the bolt tells you that the case is headspacing properly on the shoulder. Usually you can see a ring or mark on the shoulder when you withdraw the case, but if not, you can blacken a case with a candle flame and see clearly whether its sized like it should be. Sometimes factory cases are made to minimum dimensions and chambers are cut slightly larger. This causes case stretching on the first firing, resulting in a weakened case just ahead of the web and shortened case life.

After the initial firing and the shoulder is blown out slightly to match the chamber it might be worthwhile to full length size a case, blacken it and try it in the chamber to make sure the die isn't screwed in too far. Because of differing dimensions of dies, cases and chambers, I've always set my full length sizers in this fashion and I believe it results in better accuracy and longer case life. Most instructions included with die sets say to screw the die down against the shell holder — most of the time this is okay but sometimes the shoulder is pushed back too far.

Another aid to better accuracy is setting the lock ring on the die while the die is under pressure. If your die doesn't touch the shellholder when set correctly you can place a washer on the shellholder, run this up to bring pressure against the bottom of the die and while holding this pressure set the lock ring. I sometimes set another shellholder (upside down) on the regular one and hold it against the die. The expanding-decapping rod should also be set under pressure and this can be done by lowering the case out of the die until the expander plug is tight against the inside of the neck, then tighten the nut. These procedures take up the slack caused by the coarse threads found on dies and presses and helps to center everything a little better. Seating dies can be adjusted in a similar fashion against pressure and then by using a dummy cartridge with very little run-out to set the bullet seating stem.



An 80 yard hit on a 165 lb. Boar produced this 7" diameter exit wound and an instant kill with the 200 grain Hornady Flat Point at 2400 F.P.S.

Getting back to the .338 CJMK (Crowley-Jones, Mastodon, Killer) — I believe that just the thought of a .338 in a handgun scares many away from this cartridge. However, the recoil of this cartridge isn't near what I expected and anyone who can handle a .44 magnum won't have any trouble. Case size has a definite effect on recoil because a larger case may require more powder to get the same velocity as a smaller more efficient case. Comparing a .35 Remington case to a .300 Savage (efficient cartridge and similar in size to IHMSA's line of cases) shows very little difference in capacity. I've noticed very little difference in felt recoil between my two XP's, one in 7x57, the other in .338. It should be noted, however, that my .338 has been mag-na-ported. The 7x57 case is a little bigger than necessary for optimum efficiency in a 15" barrel while the .35 Remington is nearly the ideal size.

The .338 allows the use of bullets weighing the same as bullets used in .44 magnums but with ballistic co-efficients far outstripping any pistol bullet and most other rifle bullets. I've always had the mistaken belief that when you get to bullets much larger in diameter than .308 you were talking about big blunt bullets with low ballistic co-efficients. In Sierra's new book their 250 grain .338 Spitzer boattail has a rating of .598 which is the highest rating shown in their book expect for two matching bullets, .308 (220 grain) and .284 (168 grain) and also a 175 grain .284 Spitzer boattail. Hornady shows 200 and 225 grain spire points at .384 and .425 respectively. Speer lists a 200 grain Spitzer at .425 and a 275 grain semi-Spitzer at .470. What was interesting to me in the Hornady manual is that the ballistic co-efficient of their 225 grain .338 bullet is higher than any of their 7mm bullets if you exclude the 162 grain match bullet with a rating of .725.

In order to figure some downrange ballistics for the .338 CJ launching a 200 grain spire point at 2400 it was necessary to do some interpolating as Hornady's ballistics tables only show velocities of 2500 fps and above for this bullet. I decided to use the .44 magnum in the comparison to give a general idea of the energy being generated.

Velocity

	Muzzle	100 yds.	200 yds.
.338 CJMK	2400 fps	2180 fps	1978 fps
.44 Mag.	1300 fps	1071 fps	932 fps

Energy

	Muzzle	100 yds.	200 yds.
.338 CJMK	2550 ft	2116 ft.	1741 ft.
.44 Mag	901 ft.	611 ft.	463 ft.

This shows almost twice as much velocity at all ranges and almost four times as much energy generated at 200 yards. Whether these comparisons are valid or not, I don't know. Nonetheless, it is easily seen that we are talking about a real potent cartridge, and again, an efficient cartridge with controllable recoil.

In choosing bullets for this cartridge for big game hunting, one should try to pick bullets appropriate for the velocity levels attainable and the size and type of game being hunted. Hornady introduced a 200 grain flat point bullet in 1973 for the 33 Winchester. This bullet is designed to expand at around 2000-2200 fps; velocities easily attained and surpassed in the .338 CJ. Out of curiosity I sectioned a Hornady 200 grain flat point and a 200 grain spire point. I could see no difference in jacket thickness between the two. Any advantage in expansion that the flat point has must be due to the amount of exposed lead in the tip. I feel that the Hornady spire point or a similar spire point around 200 to 225 grains would expand on large animals like elk or moose when loaded to about 2400 fps. The spire point would hit harder at longer ranges due to the higher co-efficient. The flat point should work also and would probably be my choice for deer hunting. Of course the effectiveness of any bullet has to be judged by its performance in the field and when hunting season rolls around I plan on trying some of my theories. My only problem is that it shoots so well with iron sights that I can't decide whether to scope it or not. If I do scope it, it'll probably be with a 1½ or 2 power scope that allows a larger field at 100 yards than the three or four power. Scoped or not I plan on using a lanyard attached to a quick release swivel Phil Crowley mounted for me when he built the gun. A lanyard is a definite aid to steady holding and anything that helps in the field should be used. Now comes the hardest part — I have to wait until hunting season.



Allan Bateman with the .338 CJMK in full recoil.

Jurras

By LEJ No. 6

'Ole Jay asked me to write a few lines for the initial issue of SIX-GUNNER, when quired as what to write, he seemed at a loss for words . . . That's a ?!%★ of a note for a gun-writer type! Quite frankly, most of the gun magazines today carry so much crap on general, alleged, handgun hunting that I was reluctant to indulge . . . not because of J. D., but because this is apparently what the reader wants, or the various gun magazines wouldn't keep printing the same old rot . . . However, J. D. brought out an interesting fact he and I have discussed on numerous occasions. "?!%★, there aren't that many guys around writing that have been around on that many handgun hunts." Let's face a couple of other facts . . . not every carefully planned handgun safari results in an exciting tale of lust and plunder . . . for every three or four good hunts, an even dozen will get skunked, rained out, missed, run out of gas, or get generally fouled up; guess that doesn't make for interesting reading or build the ego of the would be gun writing hack . . . ! !

What are my credentials to be any different, you ask? ? ? Pioneer international handgun hunter, author, custom pistolsmith, cartridge/projectile designer developer, general handgun promoter, and the survivor of many many of those wet, skunked, or generally fouled up hunts that I had reference to. Plus manufacturer of some 200,000,000 plus rounds of handgun ammo, and the moderately successful taker of some 165 head of medium and large game from Alaska to Africa with a handgun . . . In other words, just about enough experience to get my feet wet, and start a few arguments . . .

When I first started serious handgun hunting (serious means a major hunt after large game with no accompanying rifle) most guides and outfitters I booked with fell to the ground gasping and choking in fits of laughter, the other more sophisticated types just came across with a guttural "?!%★ No!" Not the easily detoured type; a mild display of blasting down a brick chimney from 150 yards with a box of 44's, or some other type nonsense usually got my foot in the door. In later years, after taking several head of medium game in excess of 200 yards, wild stories began to circulate, both here and abroad, opening all kinds of doors for future handgun hunts . . . However, to objectively review the past decade or so of my serious handgun hunting, I'll be the first to admit that these TRICK SHOTS were meant to impress the natives and assure myself a handgun hunt . . .

Today the IHMSA offers the best basic training grounds for the existing or potential serious handgun hunter. . . . I'll elaborate on a few minor exceptions at a later date.

Now for a moment, I'll take my usual dogmatic approach to the sport of serious handgun hunting of medium and large game. Bear in mind with me this has been a profession and a revertant subject. The basic equipment (gun) and the inherent ballistics capability of its particular cartridge are just two of the many variables involved in a successful handgun hunt. Shooter

— Continued on Page 7 —

capability under actual field conditions, general excitement, buck fever, physical condition of the shooter in relation to terrain or hunt conditions, type of game, weather, camp and clothing and related gear all play a more important part in handgun hunting than in a conventional rifle hunt.

Another Jurras approach . . . let's keep handgun hunting of big game a sport. Stalking, woodcraft, make handgun hunting a sporting proposition; a 125 yard limit on medium game and a 100 yard limit on large game regardless of caliber or configuration of equipment!

Told 'ole Jay if reader interest warranted, I'd do a question and answer type column rather than a general me and Joe approach. So . . . you studs are the serious types or you wouldn't be reading this copy to begin with. Let J. D. know your feelings and the type of copy you want to see in the SIXGUNNER.

LEJ

Editor's Note:

Actually, LEJ could have written whatever he wanted to, but he was getting ready to go to Alaska. Hence — a short column. Hit him with those questions guys; he's been there and will tell it straight. I've known Lee a lot of years and split a few whiskey bottles with him — as well as engaging in a mixed battle with him and a few others with hand held, fired and launched skyrocketes one night before we started drinking. We're all a good bit older now, but I'm not too sure we might not try that again sometime . . . They are about as accurate as a .25 Auto in the dark at equal distances and a ?!%★ of a lot easier to dodge.

I feel fortunate that Lee is interested in doing a Question & Answer column for THE SIXGUNNER. I'm sure he'll get a lot of work, and until it gets too big, everyone will get an answer. Just write: Jurras/SIXGUNNER, P.O. Box .357 MAG., Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910. Enclose a S.A.S.E.

JDJ

Handguns and Javelina

By Philip Briggs

Twigs snapping brought me back from wherever I'd been to half awake. Something was prowling around in camp. Easing my head out from the bedroll and opening a sleepy eye, I see the culprit is Kelly Neal, cook for a day, breaking up some limbs to rekindle last night's fire.

Although it's light, the sun's not up yet. It's cold out there, warm in here. Now as much as I'd like to get out there in the cold and pitch in, I wouldn't want to get in Kelly's way, so I slide back in the bag, and snuggle down into that warm spot. But I can't get to sleep, anticipation I guess, as we've been planning this trip for six months and it's finally time.

Four of us, Kelly, Joe Clifford, Mike Yeager and myself had successfully applied for handgun-only javelina permits on the Three Bar hunting unit in south central Arizona. Magnum handguns were allowed, as were any pistols firing rifle cartridges. Correctly called the collared peccary, here they are known by their Mexican name, javelina; commonly referred to by their family resemblance — pigs. Javelina, not being a particularly wary animal, with poor eyesight and hearing, are the easiest big game animal to hunt with short-range weapons. Javelina do have a keen sense of smell, so that although getting within pistol range is possible, it's a good balance of advantage between hunter and hunted. Only one hunter in three is successful.

We'd got in and set up camp late Sunday afternoon, the second day of the hunt (some of us have to work for a living). We'd picked this spot, after looking the hunt area over on a map as being far away as possible from roads and the concentrations of hunters they bring. But not too hard to get to, being on the north shore of Apache Lake. We'd figured not too many other hunters would think the same way, and we were right, as only one other party had, and they'd left before we arrived.

The last couple of hours of light Sunday provided an opportunity for a quick familiarization swing, which unfortunately didn't give us much hope. The wash bottoms leading down to the lake were fairly well traveled, but there was very little sign in the

cactus patches and cover near the lake. We'd camped in a little valley ringed by low hills; behind them rose the Matanza Mountains. A lot of up and down, and that looked like where the pigs were.

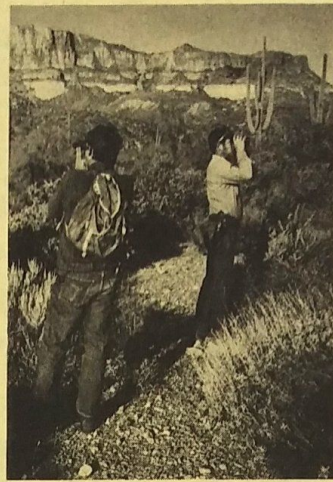
Back to camp at dark we started a fire, broke out the bourbon and mapped strategy under the warm glow of the lantern. As this was new country to all of us, we decided to work up the washes to the hills, split up, and circle back along the ridge crests, scouting for pigs, and fresh sign. If we found only sign, we'd concentrate on the best looking areas for the rest of the hunt. We had several days, and intended to stay till we filled out.

With that out of the way, Kelly started supper. He offered the choice of potatoes, steak and corn, or steak, potatoes and corn. We chose corn, steak and potatoes and settled down to wait with another bourbon. Supper was excellent, enhanced by the star studded sky, and polished off with a fine sherry.

The sun is up now, chasing away some of the chill, and the coffee on the fire would get the rest. Might as well get up, but the first exposure of bare skin to cold air is still a shock. I pull on my slightly dirty levis, coat, boots, and head down to the lake to wash the sleep out. B-r-r-r. Back to the fire and a little java while Kelly does his magic with the skillet.

He shovels a few coals into a little pile near the fire, and sets the skillet down to saute' tomatoes and green onions for the huevos rancheros. The dutch oven gets the same treatment and the bacon. The eggs are scrambled into the skillet, cooked a bit, topped with salsa verde, cheese, and we're ready to eat. Magnifico. Kelly would make someone a fine wife if it weren't for his mustache, and habit of sleeping with his forty four.

Everyone rigs out with water, lunch, binoculars, pistol, and assorted hunting and/or survival gear and we're off at the gentlemanly hour of 8:00. Mike explains that javelina don't get out and about till the sun is well up, and I'm sure not going to argue. We set off up



the main wash, stopping frequently to glass the surrounding hills. Kelly's from southern Arizona (I could tell by his cooking) and has brought his special Moses stick, fashioned from a yucca flower stalk. It's complete with rubber crutch tip and leather-wrapped handle. The rest of us soon jerry-rig a stick and pretty quick we're all glassing, standing with the stick as a monopod to support the binoc's. Damn handy. Our progress is slow, but careful. As we work the wash bottoms, we stop to glass the hillsides. As we work up the slopes, we glass below us. Everything within view is scrutinized over and over again.

Lunch finds us in the hills and things look bleak. No pigs, no sign. Here we split up; Kelly and I to circle east along the ridges, Mike and Joe to head unwind and west. Kelly and I work out a canyon while Mike and Joe cover the escape routes — to no avail. Later, we find fresh digging high in the hills, looks like they're after wild onions, but not a pig in sight.

Back to camp at dark, we're doubly down from the hike and the lack of success. We drag in some wood, slip off our boots and sit down around the fire with some cowboy koolaid. Mike and Joe drag in, also empty-handed. Comparing notes, it seems the best sign we've seen is in the foothills to the west of camp. We'll try that area tomorrow.

It's light again, the stars I watched last night are gone, and Kelly's got the fire going. Coffee will be ready soon, so I reluctantly leave my warm bag, to pull on my cold, dirtier levis. With a greater sense of urgency, we decide to skip breakfast; rig out with an extra sandwich, and move out as quickly as possible.

We head west, and shortly are working slowly uphill, glassing and reglassing below us. Nothing. About 10:00, we pair up, and separate. Kelly and I go a little ways and sit down to eat our breakfast. Below us, in a little green spot that I must have scanned 20 times, Kelly spots a single pig.

One pig — how can that be? Javelina run in herds of 10 to 20, and are seldom alone. The rest of the herd must be around someplace. While Kelly goes for Mike and Joe, I search the area — no dice. After we regroup, we find one more. They're not together and seem to be going someplace.

The wind is in our favor, there's plenty of cover, and they have no idea we're here. Mike and Kelly very gentlemanly yield to Joe and I, and we hurry down from the hill to start our stalk. Kelly stays behind to guide us in with hand signals, and watch the action from the best seat in the house. Mike

comes along for backup. Joe and Mike head off to come in from behind, and I set off on a flanking course. The cover is thick; palo verde trees and low brush. About a 100 yards out from where I think they are, I look back up at Kelly and he resets my bearings. A little further and I can see them, moving towards the lake at a steady walk. About 50 yards out I take up a parallel course. We've still got the wind on them. Mike and Joe are sneaking along in the heavy brush, can't see the pigs and are falling behind. The intervening cover is getting thicker so that I have less and less opportunity to shoot as we go along. Damn, what to do?

Well, theoretically, if I drop the leader, the other one will turn tail, and run back towards Joe. O.K., how to do it. Ahead of the leader about 20 yards is the last clearing I can see into from here; that'll have to do. I move out from behind a big palo verde to get a clear shot, and about stumble over a knee-high boulder. Perfect, this will make a good rest for what's going to be a long pistol shot. But the pig doesn't wait for the ambush, entering the clearing before I'm set.

The moment of truth, it's shoot standing or restart the stalk, and we're losing them. Instinctively, I slip into a two-handed standing position, the crosshairs of the pistol scope settle low on the chest, behind the front leg and I touch it off. The pistol recoils up out of my line of sight and I see the javelina shudder, and then drop out of sight. Better get over there quick and see what's up.

The javelina is under a low palo verde and is done for. Joe has moved up, but the other pig has come back to see what's happening, spies me and to top it off, I'm now in the line of fire. I freeze, and stay that way for several minutes while Joe works his way around to a clear shot from my left. At one point, the pig comes up to within 20 feet, sniffing and snorting, trying to figure out what I am.

Joe peeks out from around a palo verde and has a partly screened broadside at 15 yards; the first shot's a miss, the second connects.



A day and a half of hard hunting, and Joe and I are done in a few minute flurry of action. A couple of pictures of the happy hunters to record the event, and we turn to the messy part. Our hunt's over. We leave Mike and Kelly to finish the swing, and head back to camp.

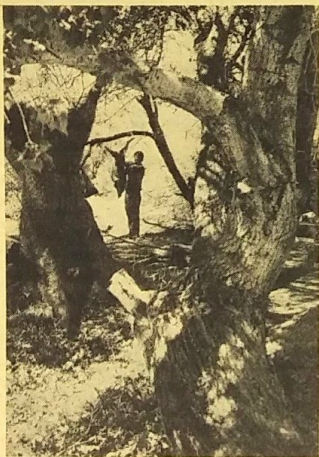
Back at camp, the first thing (after hitting the ice chest) we do is hang and skin the pigs. The day is warm and prompt field dressing and skinning to rapidly cool down the carcasses is a must. Most of the complaints of gamey taste of the meat from wild animals comes from poor field care of the carcass. That job out of the way, we retire to the water's edge to sit, sip, and recreate the hunt.

It's mid-afternoon when we hear pop, boom, boom, — pause, boom, boom, from the general direction of where we'd left our friends. The last few sound like a forty four; wonder if they've connected? Could be, if so, I'd guess they'd drag down to the lake and try to get our attention. Sure enough, a beer later, we hear another pop, and a plaintiff "bring the boat — and a beer. . ." from the lakeshore to the west. We turn to, and are shortly picking up a couple of hot, sweaty, thirsty, successful hunters.

On the way back, we get their story. They'd worked their way along the hills, had given up, and were heading for the lake to soak their tired feet when Kelly spotted a loner couple of hundred yards ahead and below them. Scanning the area with binoc's, they'd located three separate groups, totaling about thirty pigs. They slipped around downwind and stalked in on the nearest bunch. Mike got the first shot at an old sow at about 25 yards, dropping it where it stood. On the shot, the group took flight, Kelly tried two quick double action shots at a few yards at a running pig but missed. Within moments, he had another chance, also at close range, and scored.

Supper that night was a dutch oven stew, topped off with the last of the sherry. Perhaps not the most noble of victory celebrations, but memorable nonetheless. It was late that night when we broke up the bull session, and crawled, for the last time, into our bedrolls. The sky was jet black, the stars, uncountable bright points. There's so many more stars out here than in the Phoenix sky.

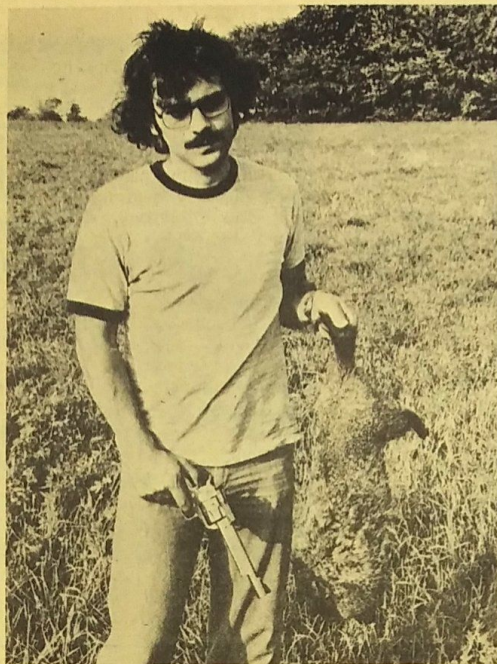
The next morning, we got up after the sun did, pulled on our really dirty levis, had a leisurely breakfast and ferried back across the lake to our trucks. We loaded up, and headed back to the big city. But we'd escaped for a few days.



I'll be back next year.

DON'T HUNT ALONE

**SIGN UP
A FRIEND
TODAY!**
SEE
MEMBERSHIP FORM
ON PAGE 1



Barach and Jones with the .357 Magnum Ruger and Scoped T/C .22 K Hornet. Both are successful groundhog guns; the K Hornet has at least twice the range of the .357.

Handgunning For Woodchucks

By Mike Barach
No. 7

Handgun hunting in Ohio is very limited as compared to some of the western states. There are no open seasons for our white-tailed deer even though the herd has grown immensely over the last decade and is the only big game animal in the state. Luckily, we also have an abundant supply of woodchucks or groundhogs, whichever you wish to call them, and it's a good thing, because the woodchucks are one of the few animals that are legal game with a handgun. I've been hunting chucks with a handgun for quite a few years and I guess I've taken my fair share of them at ranges as close as 20 feet to around 100 yards or so with an open sighted revolver. Then again I've laid out more lead in more calibers and chalked them up to experience than I'd care to admit. Regardless of a hit or miss, I do get a great deal of satisfaction from hunting the groundhog with a sidearm. As I said, I've used a good many handgun calibers on groundhogs but I've more or less settled on three. The choices for serious hunting are the .357 Mag. with open sights and preferably a 6" barrel, a scoped T/C Contender chambered for the .22 K-Hornet, and another scoped T/C in a .30-30. I use the .357 for closer shots, usually when I'm walking a field and a quick shot is required. I did a good bit of testing a few years back with the bullet weights in the .357 and I've been using the Sierra 125 gr. backed with 21.5 grains of WW-296 ever since. This is an over maximum load, so if you try it, start at least 10% below it and work up gradually, noting any signs of excessive pressure. It'll push the 125 grainer at an even 1600 f.p.s. out of my 6 1/2" Ruger Blackhawk. It delivers very good performance and I've never lost a chuck with a reasonably good hit. On one occasion, I made a running shot at a fairly good sized woodchuck at somewhere between 90 to 100 yards. He spotted me first and immediately scrambled down a hill for his hole. I shot five times, missing the first three, hitting the fourth, and missing with the fifth. It was the only chuck I'd lost at that time, but after

I'd checked the spot where I'd hit him, I knew he was dead when he crawled in his hole. From the blood he'd left behind, I'd say the 125 grainer did its job well, considering I didn't place the shot as well as I should have.

About three years ago, a friend and I were out hunting a farm I'd frequented since I was a teenager. We were sitting in my truck along the edge of a large hay field when a woodchuck popped up at around 200 yards or so. My buddy grabbed my .222 and busted him. A couple of seconds passed and he popped up again only in a different spot. He let him have it one more time and he went down for keeps, or at least we thought so. I drove down to the spot we'd last seen the chuck. We jumped out, expecting to find him laying there, but there was no sign of him. Standing there, not believing we couldn't find him, he surprised us when he made a run for his hole, acting like he'd never even been scratched, let alone hit twice with a 50 grain Hornady S.X. out of the .222! I had my .357 Blackhawk loaded with the 125's and my partner had a Browning Hi-Power strapped in a shoulder rig. I shot first, hitting him at the rear of the spine with the bullet going lengthwise and then Jed opened up with the 9mm. I know I pumped four slugs in him while he was running away from me, and Jed must have unloaded the same into him before he finally died. Interestingly enough, Jed had blown out his left shoulder with the first shot from the .222 and did the same to half the chuck's head with the second round. The only thing I can figure was the old boy was dead and didn't know it! I've never seen a groundhog take as many shots as that one did before coming to rest.

Walking the fields produces all types of shooting situations with a handgun. I once walked up on three chucks, all within 50 yards of one another in an open field. I was as surprised as they were because previous trips to the same field yielded nothing. I knew if I wanted to nail more than one of the hogs, I'd have to shoot quickly. I hit the closest chuck first and emptied

the gun on the other two as they tore up the field getting to their respective holes. I was quick enough, but not accurate enough. Both recovery time from recoil and being caught off guard was just too much for me to handle. What else can I say?

T/C's Contender in the .22 K-Hornet is a potent little chuck gun at longer ranges like 100 to 175 yards. Scoped, this rig will deliver quick, clean kills with Speer's 45 grain bullet. Velocity out of the 10" barrel runs around 2800 F.P.S. with 13.5 grains of WW-296 and it's accurate. Before I acquired the K-Hornet barrel, I did extensive testing with the T/C .218 Bee chambering and also a rechambered T/C in the .218 Mashburn Bee. The .218 Bee cartridge design has far too much taper in it with cases separating after two or three loadings. Velocity with a 45 grain Speer ran 2600 F.P.S. The .218 Mashburn Bee is, on the other hand, a blown out version of the .218 Bee, and is considerably better for handloading, not to mention the 3000 F.P.S. velocity with a 45 grain slug that I'd achieved with it during testing. Practical maximum hunting loads run in the 2800 to 2900 F.P.S. velocity range. Being realistic, the .22 K-Hornet is a more practical round as you don't have to do any rechambering and it's pushing the 45 grainer almost as fast. On the other hand, if you have to have a .218 Bee for your T/C, it would pay you to have the barrel reamed out to the Mashburn Bee. I'd be more than willing to furnish anyone load data on the .218 & Mashburn Bee. Just drop me a line in care of this newspaper.

I've shot a good many woodchucks with the K-Hornet and expansion with the 45 grain Speer is excellent. Sierra's blitz and the Hornady S.X. are also very explosive at T/C velocities. If you want good expansion qualities, work your handloads around these three bullets. The others are made to expand at higher rifle velocities and although they may well be accurate in your T/C, they just won't perform as well as the three I mentioned.

My last choice is for those extra long shots at chucks that present themselves in a most tempting way — a freshly cut field that's wide and long with nothing between you and the chuck but space! It's hard as ?!%★ to see

even a full grown chuck at 200 to 225 yards through a 2X scope, but if you can shoot well, the .30-30 T/C is more than capable of eating up a chuck at that range. I've used the .30-30 in a T/C for a couple of years now and even though I haven't hit as many as I'd like to lay claim to, I think it's a super groundhog gun. I use both Sierra's 125 grain Spitzer and Hornady's 130 grain Spire backed with 34.0 grains of 4198. Accuracy at 100 yards is excellent with the 125 Sierra shooting into 1½" group for three shots and Hornady's 130 grain will lay them into a 1¾" group. Velocity for the 125 grain is 2355 F.P.S. and 2382 F.P.S. for the 130. The .30-30 will also double nicely as a deer gun.

The .357, .22 K-Hornet, and .30-30 are by no means the only acceptable calibers for hunting woodchucks. The 9mm, 38 Super, 45 ACP, .38 Sp., and

all the magnums will do the job. It's just a matter of which are the most practical in respect to killing power, accuracy, velocity, and range limitations. It's my opinion that you are better off to have more gun than you need and use a bit milder handload in the big-bores than to be under-gunned and not be able to humanely kill the game animal being hunted. In the smaller calibers, however, you need as much power as you can safely churn up, so in light of this, mild loads are worthless. Regardless of the caliber you may choose for woodchuck hunting, or for that matter, any other type handgun hunting, keep the cartridge's practical range in mind and place your shot. As most of you know, the handgun is a great deal harder to master than rifle or shotgun, especially in the field, but I believe it to be a lot more challenging and rewarding whether you're hunting a groundhog or a grizzly.

ALASKAN ADVENTURES

Bob Daniel No. 13

I'm not much of an author. I'd feel more at home on a horse or draggin' some hunter by the hand up through the Cathedral's chasin' the elusive White Sheep. The outfit I work for is known as "Alaska-Yukon Guides & Outfitters" — owned and operated by Doug Vaden, one of the finest guides and bush pilots in Alaska. If this 'old man' (as we all call him — or Pappy) can't get you 'on' what you're lookin' for it just ain't to be had!

The outfit is located on the East Slope of the Wrangell Mountains on the White River, or maybe I should say "In" the White River. The main lodge is on an island in the middle of the White River, reached only by horseback. The river isn't deep but it's pretty swift, but those mountain ponies don't have any trouble with a little water. This little island is called "North Fork Island." There we have the main lodge, trophy room, barn and tack room, cabins for hunters and most important of all, the 'sauna'. What a way to relax after chasin' sheep for a week.

We have about fifty head of horses for riding and packing. We have docile old mares for the novice horseman and higher spirited horses for those who want 'em. This sounds like a little town, but it's located 175 miles by air from the nearest anything. From here we hunt by horse for sheep, moose, caribou, and grizzly. You'll also see wolf, lynx, coyote and wolverine. We will guide any type hunter there be it rifle, bow, handgun or camera. So if you want a damn good hunt, contact Doug Vaden or me, Bob Daniel, P.O. Box 189, Glennallen, AK 99588.

Well now, about the handgun huntin', this all started out for me in Oregon where I acquired a Ruger Security-Six .357 Magnum. After I got it I laid it on my loading bench and stared at that strange looking, short barreled thing and wondered what the ★✓? I was gonna do with it. I'd done a lot of rifle hunting in my life and had taken about 13 Bull Elk and a bunch of Blacktail Bucks with 2 qualifying for B & C, and a few Pronghorns and Mule Bucks, but I'd

never fired a handgun in my life so you can see why I was in question with my sense for even 'thinking' about trading for that damn thing! Well anyway I started blasting away at cans, bottles, stumps, trees, sticks floating down the river and about anything else I could find to shoot at. After going through about 475 'pounds' of ammo, I decided I'd better start handloading for that thing so I did. That kept me from going broke. Eventually I got pretty good with that thing, so I started thinkin' how easy it would be to carry a handgun to hunt with. I didn't really know about the legalities of using a handgun to hunt with at that time but it doesn't matter now — that was quite a while ago. Sometime during deer season, I wandered off up the North Umpqua River to an area I knew held some good Blacktails. I left my pickup and took off up the mountain lookin' for my first "handgun" buck. After a few hours of checking trails for sign and poking around I was working my way up through a vine maple draw on the north slope of the mountain (as the weather was pretty warm) when all of a sudden up the draw about 75 yards I heard the unmistakable sound of bounding hooves. I all of the sudden realized I didn't have my rifle so I jerked the old .357 from it's moorings and got ready — when the deer came into view I could see it was a pretty nice buck quartering away to the right and going up hill. I pulled down and torched it — nothing happened, so I jerked the hammer back again and sent another one after him — still nothing and he's getting away. To make a long story short, I fired three more, a total of five shots and he went over the hogback to my right. I was cussin' and kickin' brush while I walked up to check his tracks. When I got on his tracks and travelled about 20 yards — "lo and behold" a drop of blood. Well I'll be damned!! I tracked up buck up the hill finding a little more blood and right on top of the hill, there he was, deadern' a clam.

Well, needless to say I decided right then and there that this handgunnin' for game was fun, and also quite a challenge.

After a couple more deer and a few varmints and a few years, my family and I got the opportunity to move to Alaska. During my last season in Oregon, I was sittin' by a campfire in the Cascade Range with a very good friend and hunting partner by the name of Jim Elliott of Medford, Oregon. We were shootin' the bull about how the huntin' and fishin' was going to be in Alaska when Jim got up and went to his pickup for something. When he got back I found out what that something was. He handed me a brand new shiny Ruger .44 Magnum. He says something like, "Here, this'll keep 'ol grizz from gettin' ya up there in Alaska." Damn, I couldn't quite believe my eyes. I'd been wanting one of these things for a long time and here it was, and with my name engraved on the butt. I mentioned this and Jim says, "That engraving will keep ya from gettin' boozed up and selling it." He didn't have to worry about that, I wouldn't sell that old .44 for any price.

Jim and I finished our last hunt together and headed home. We bid our farewells and mother, the kids, and I got rid of everything we didn't think we'd need, packed up and headed North. (I'd have done it years ago but I guess I just didn't have the guts.)

We got settled in Glennallen and worked like ★✓? for a while to get everything in order. I thought about handgun hunting but was in question as to whether a handgun would take care of these critters up here.

When I did get my chance to take some game with my handgun it wasn't by choice. I was fishing for King Salmon on the Gulkana River one evening of the summer of '78. I had fished on by some people on the river bank who were picnicing with their families. We talked for a couple minutes and I continued on up the river a couple hundred yards. All of a sudden I heard a woman scream and someone hollered "Bear"! I looked back and there were men, women, kids and dogs goin' in all directions and a big black bear right in the middle of things. I threw down my fishing pole in the rocks and grabbed the old .44 out of my shoulder holster and headed down there. (I was kind of taken aback that nobody in this bunch had a gun — could they be environmentalists). Old bear was poppin' his teeth and makin' sure everybody knew this was his picnic and nobody elses. I got within about 40 yards of him and he looked at me as if to say "come on sucker." I leveled my blades on him and squeezed her off. He went down like you'd dropped a house on him — then he came back on his feet. I dumped him again — he got up again. I was sure every shot was breaking his neck. Finally the third shot did just that. He went down for the count. Well, needless to say I might as well have had a blue shirt with a red 'S' on it. All the kids gathered round while I was skinning him out. While talking to these kids I found out the problem with the bear. They had been putting out feed for him. This is a very dumb thing to do with bears. They lose all fear of man and can become very dangerous animals.

That was the end of the fishing that evening. By the time I skinned the bear and packed out the meat and the hide it was time to go home.

I'm getting a little ahead of myself here. The first handgun shooting I did here was when Ed and Melba McKenzie who owned the local sporting goods store organized a new club at that time shooting at these strange looking metal

targets. It looked like fun so I joined. It was a ★✓? of a lot of fun as it turned out. I about wore that old .44 out. Yes, readers if you haven't tried silhouette shooting with a handgun you should!

The gunsmith here at McKenzies and I were looking all over ★✓? for some 14" T/C barrels for silhouette shooting when quite by accident we discovered a fellow in Ohio by the name of Phil Crowley, 910 Cadiz Rd., Wintersville, OH 43952, who built one ★✓? of a silhouette gun out of a Remington XP-100. After a bunch of correspondence, I decided on a XP-100 rebarrelled to a 250-3000. My reasoning here was light recoil and superb accuracy.

Well, I banged away with the XP all summer and got lucky. I won the state championship shoot for unlimited at the Issac Walton Silhouette Range in Anchorage. Although my score wasn't great, I was feeling pretty spunky so I started thinkin' about sheep and moose with the XP-100 X250-3000. (Note: he also shot Alaska's first 40x40 with that .250).

Somewhere in the middle of all of this a good friend and long time hunting pal of mine and myself managed to buy the local sporting goods store and it is now known as Glennallen Sporting Goods.

After our guiding season at the White River in '78 we were out of hunters and still some hunting time left. Mike Lanegan, my partner in business, caught a ride to the 'white' with "Pappy" to do a little huntin' with me. We crossed the river by horse and Mike took a fine bull with very massive horns, 55" across. This was only the first day so we decided we'd try a ram with the XP-100. "Pappy" and I put the cub in the air and found two rams in a terrible spot. I thought I could get one of them. The next day Mike and I set out with the horses again. This time we crossed the White River and went up the North Fork of the White as far as we could by horse. From here went on foot. We finally got on the same mountain the sheep had been seen on. We literally turned that mountain upside down and couldn't turn 'em. Damn!! I wanted that one ram — he was a good one. About 40" — real dark horns — could be a Fannin. (The Fannin sheep and the Stone sheep sometimes marked with black spots or black roots on his hair. Quite often the horns will be almost black.) We are situated close to the Yukon Territory so a Fannin sheep is quite possible.

We had given up, they were gone. Oh well, then Mike says, "There they are!" Clear across the canyon, no possible way to get closer. A solid line of bluffs below us. How the ★✓? did those sheep get down? Too far to shoot — should pull out and come back in the morning. They might come back across. Mike says, "What the ★✓?, give it a try." Are you nuts? Might as well, no big deal. I laid the XP on a rock and looked things over. Sheep are feeding. Looked at my watch, no wonder! Sheep get up to feed about 4 o'clock. It's 4:45 — too late.

Mike says he's gonna call my shots with the glasses. I figure that 117 grain Sierra BT is gonna fall about four feet at that range. I get lined up and touch it. Forgot the wind down the canyon. Mike calls it about 8-10 inches left of his shoulders — He was facing away.

That's close, so I do it again. He's running, I shoot again. He's still running. After about 12-15 shots I decide it's too damn far. Ram stops, looks back, I look at him then at my XP-100 and go back to my horse and home. I shot a complete halo around that ram and never touched him.

Next day "Pappy" flew Mike back to Glennallen, along with his moose and I was on my own.

Fiddled around the main lodge today cussin' my luck with the black horned ram. Next morning saddled my horse and back across the river I went, to an area to the east of the North Fork. I ended up on a point overlooking Green Lake. Incidentally, Green Lake is so full of Grayling you can't believe it.

While looking at the lake and watching the Grayling "rise" I see an out of place white spot in the timber across the canyon. I look with the glasses. It's a "big" bull moose. I get back on my horse, ride down the mountain, around the hill where the bull is hiding. I very quietly ride along the edge of the timber looking very carefully up into the timber for him. Finally, there he is, about 250 yards away standing behind some willows. He thinks he's hidden. I dismount, tie up my horse. He's still standing. He doesn't think there is any way I can see him. If it weren't for his white palms I couldn't see him. I find a place to sit where I can place the little XP-100 over a Spruce limb. I get myself settled down by pretending this is just one of those iron sheep. I settle the front cross-wires right in the middle of his face — it goes off — he whirrs and disappears. Damn! Should've gone down. I untie my horse, mount up and ride up to the general area. I walk to a dead snag I had marked him with and there, not forty feet away is my bull. . . dead as a hammer. The little bullet had entered his chest and gone right to the lungs. He went about 50 feet from where he was shot. This can be accomplished by a pretty small caliber gun when old bull hasn't been spooked and doesn't have the adrenalin runnin'. You get him shook up and you couldn't stop him with a 105 Howitzer unless you break bones.

Here I was all alone in the mountains with a little bitty gun and a great big moose. He measured 62" across and very heavy. I was so damned proud of myself I went to one of our other camps to drag back someone to take my picture. I spent the rest of that day guttin', skinnin' and cuttin' up that bull and all the next day with the pack horses gettin' him out. I had some help packing him out. Don Bedrick, a fellow guide and friend, went along to help me.

Don is a bear hunter at heart. He got a close look at about a nine foot silver-tip grizzly last fall. Don was on his horse and the bear was right behind him at about 35 miles an hour. He said the bear was kind of hard to see for the dust!

By the time we got my moose out "Pappy" was back and just itchin' to do some flying. So he, my XP-100 and I got in the Super Cub along with necessities I'd need for a few days hunting. He flew me to the Klutlan Glacier country to the south of the main lodge. He dumped me and my junk out on an airstrip that seemed like it was about 14 feet long and away he went in a cloud of dust, and here I was alone again. I put my little camp together, laid a little fire from wood

we'd flown in earlier, grabbed my gun and took a hike. Didn't see anything that evening. Just as well, you can't fly and hunt the same day in Alaska.

Next morning I had a very disheartening breakfast of freeze-dried eggs, jerky and coffee. I then wandered up along the terminal moraine of the glacier. I crossed a side glacier to a mountain where we'd taken sheep earlier in the season. I spent most of the day on all points of mountain and decided that the sheep that were here were now gone. I decided it was time to head for camp as I was out about 6-7 miles. I got about halfway around the mountain and just coming around a creek. There — on the other side of the creek and up 400 yards, a ram — good one too. How am I going to stalk him? Nothing but shear shale slides. He's by himself. I'll try stalking him in the open. Sometimes it works. I watch him, he's feeding away slow. When he's got his head down I move. If his head is up I freeze. We do this for an eternity. Finally I make it to the creek. I start picking my way up the creek as he puts his head down to feed. Inch by inch, this is a very hard way to stalk with more than one hunter or more than one sheep. Sheep don't all feed at the same time. Some stay on watch. One ram alone is at a disadvantage, he doesn't have anybody to watch while he feeds. With more than one man it's very hard to get everyone to move together. Your chances of being spotted are more than great.

Damn!! He saw me move I think. He's facing me and looking right at me. I freeze. No way out now. Move very slowly, it's shadowed in the creek and the sun is in his face. Wind is in my favor. Get down slowly for a belly rest. About 300 yards. 45° angle up — gun should hit about point of aim. Finally I'm down. He's still looking puzzled. I put the crosshairs on his throat — quit shakin!! Bang!! He whirrs, I reload, he goes down, rolls and slides into the creek. I did it!! Dall Ram with a handgun — I then go to him, look him over. 37 inches about, I'm very happy, must take his picture where he fell. Damn, where is my camera — I left it on my table at the main lodge. How dumb can you get?

It's gettin' late so I cape him out, cut off the head, gut him, left him to cool and head for camp.

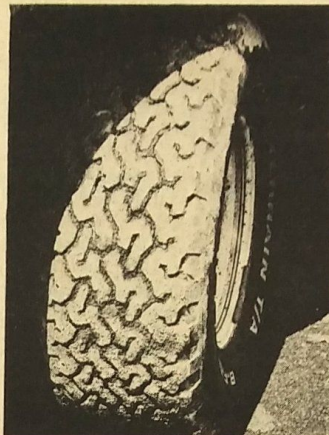
Next morning after those *&*&* freeze dried eggs I take my packboard and go after the meat. Won't need a gun — twenty miles from the nearest bush — won't be any bears. I hiked back into the creek where I shot the sheep, turned right and start up. I finally got there and what's this?? My sheep is gone. I can see drag marks up the hill to a little bench. I follow it up. There on the bench is my meat, minus a shoulder and a side of ribs. Here I stand my sheep half eaten by a damn bear and I left my gun in camp. I look the area over very closely. No sign of him. I look at the tracks. They are pretty small. I later talked it over with Doug. He thought it might be a glacier bear. A very rare black bear that is a kind of blue color — very rare indeed. I'm very nervous as I cut up the sheep. Got it on a packboard and very hurriedly got the *?/?* out of there.

I'm very thankful for a very fine hunting season in fine country, with fine people and am looking forward to next year when I can go do it all over again, and possibly get a grizzly with the .250!

Muddy Wheels

By J. D. Jones
No. 1

The BF Goodrich radial All-Terrain T/A tire is a Bad Looker! Big raised, white lettering; wide, aggressive looking, deep tread, and a mean looking mudder!



In short — it's been praised by just about every 4 x 4 magazine as THE off and on road tire. Well, maybe it is in some parts of the country where you won't be running in mud, wet grass or a lot of sharp rocks.

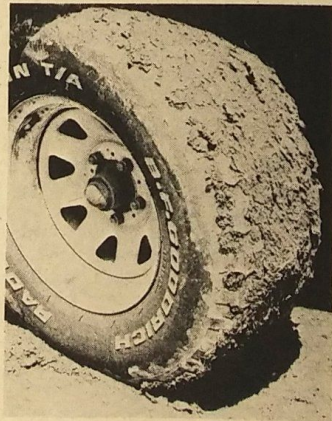
First, the BFG radial T/A is a damn good tire. It's certainly not perfect, but is a compromise tire as is any other tire.

It's built to run quietly and economically. It does that. It is quiet at highway speeds and delivers good fuel economy. It gives fantastic mileage — 40,000 to 80,000 miles on a well taken care of set isn't unusual. Handling, dry surface traction, braking, and ride qualities are superb due in part to the BFG radial construction. Steel belts and the associated breakage problems are not a problem with this tire!

In short . . . the BFG radial T/A is the NOW tire for the "don't take it off the road" four wheeler if you live in mud country!

I happen to live in mud country and don't feel the need for a 4 x 4 to get around. An F-44 Chev short bed Fleetside with slightly modified 350-4 does a fairly economical job combined with automatic transmission and a GM positive lock differential. It isn't as much power as I like, but with 1200 pounds in the bed, it goes in the snow which is the most important "go" consideration. I simply don't need anything more.

Come springtime, the weight gets unloaded and the wide BFGs provide a lot — perhaps too much flotation. They clog with mud very easily and are prone to resist self-cleaning. Simply



spinning them in an attempt to throw mud from the tread is usually futile. Front wheel clogging results in a severe loss of steering ability. On wet grass, don't stop on an up-hill, unless you want to go down backwards 'cause you aren't going up. The tread simply isn't aggressive enough to rip and claw its way through much grass.

The bulging profile of the radial — even with recommended 32 psi inflation subjects the sidewall to a lot of abuse from sharp rocks. I've picked up some severe sidewall cuts and doubt if the sidewalls will last as long as the tread.

Last spring a shower caught me in a hole. The dirt-rock road out was extremely slick. I had to get pulled out by a jeep. My buddy, driving an El Camino with a set of hundred dollar cheapies fought, clawed and scratched his way out with the bias ply street tires. The BFG simply clogged and I couldn't move. No amount of spinning would clean the tread. And I had planned to write this column long before that happened as I realized the tires shortcomings last year.

I spend a lot of time off the road and a good bit at highway speeds. The BFG radial T/A is an excellent, expensive tire — but it won't do everything in a superb manner. Recognize it for what it is; not what some advertising agency would like you to believe it is.

Remember, a hard aggressive tread that chews up and spits out grass, mud and rocks usually is noisy on a highway, rides rough, burns an excessive amount of fuel to turn, and wears fast. Many of them give rather unpleasant surprises on concrete under the stresses of an emergency braking situation.

You simply can't have everything in a single tire design. The trade-off of less traction on a few surfaces for other excellent capabilities balances itself out. It's a good shoe — just don't expect super traction on mud or grass with it.

The BFG is available in several sizes and B and C load range specs. I choose the "C" for its superior load carrying ability and probable longer mileage. Another bonus of the C is that the sidewalls are straighter, somewhat reducing but certainly not eliminating sidewall cuts. All in all, it's a very premium tire worth consideration if you are in the market for a generally very superior tire with limited mud eating ability!

I'm fairly particular about off roading. One thing I'm a believer in is adequate lighting. In my book — most factory equipment just isn't good enough to look down a stretch of mud at 4:00 a.m. and get a good idea if you can make it — or burn away fog — or a lot of other things. We'll have a column on lighting coming up, but for now, K. C. HiLites, Inc., Williams, AZ 86046 has a catalog — I assume free — that was the most informative piece of literature on lighting I've seen to date. Write for it and mention THE SIXGUNNER!



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Easy Come, Easy Go

By John Downes

It all started when a friend of mine and I had plans to build a cabin on a little lake about 45 minutes flight northwest of Anchorage, Alaska. This was going to be our dream come true; a place to get away from it all. Most guys would give their right arm for what we were about to do. Just think — an Alaskan cabin out in the bush!

The day we flew all the lumber to the building site, it was a warm spring day. The ice had just melted off the lake where we were to land, in prime hunting country!!!

I didn't have any idea what was about to happen that day. I didn't know the place was crawling with black bears. Well, anyway, we landed on this beautiful lake; the sun was out, not a cloud in the sky, birds everywhere, and best of all, no mosquitoes. You've heard about our famous Alaskan mosquitoes . . . you know — the ones with the six foot wing span! It was about a week too early for those monsters. We landed the Super Widgon we had rented to get the lumber to the lake and unloaded it. The bird took off and there I was alone with my Ruger .357 and a few tools. My buddy, Don, wasn't to come over till after he got off work that night at 6:00 p.m.

The day was about half over by this time. It was time to go to work, hauling all the lumber up the bank to the building site.

Later that afternoon, I went down to the lake to get a drink and cool off; it was about 80 degrees. As I sat at the edge of the lake, there was a nice black bear down the bank about three or four hundred yards. He had the same idea as I did, cool off. He was playing in the water, rolling, slapping and biting holes in the water. As I sat watching him, I thought a rifle would be nice to have. He would make a nice trophy. A few minutes later, he ambled up on the bank and into the woods, probably to go lay down and take a snooze. Well, back to work . . . it was fun watching the old critter while it lasted.

While putting the floor decking on the cabin a few minutes later, I looked up and there he was in all his glory. He was about fifteen yards from me. I looked at him, he looked at me. I yelled at him, trying to run him off. He wasn't listening at all! I grabbed my .357 and yelled again as he was coming closer and closer. I told him if he took one more step, I was going to blow his doors off. I don't think he understood me because by this time, he was standing, snapping his teeth and weaving from side to side. Well, he took one more step and I kept my promise. The sights were between his ears about half way down his neck to the shoulders. As I let go with a round, he spun around to his right and let out a loud bellow. The same second I fired another round; this one in his shoulder. This caused him to put it in high gear, and head for the bushes. I jumped up on the floor decking of the cabin; by this time, my knees had turned to jello and my heart sounded like a base drum. The brush was moving like it was blowing a hundred miles an hour. The bear was growling and bellowing and thrashing around like there was a ?!%* of a fight going on. Things were flashing through my mind like:

was he coming out of that brush after me or was I going to go up a tree or what? All of a sudden, it was quiet . . . not a sound! Boy, that really scared the ?!%* out of me . . . was he coming out, or what? As long as I could hear him, I knew where he was. Now I didn't know where he was. Maybe he was dead; maybe he was waiting for me to go in after him! If he thought I'd go in after him with only a .357, he was full of s---!! And that's a fact.

I remembered a friend told me one time that if a bear gets away from you into the brush, wait a few minutes, then go after him. He said to sit down and have a smoke or two before you try anything. Well, I wasn't about to go charging off after him. So I tried to hit my mouth with a cigarette; the way I was shaking, that was a joke. Then trying to light it wasn't any easy task, either. The next ten or fifteen minutes were the longest in my life. Now I know how the guy feels before they put him to death in the chair. Pretty soon I got my wits back and started thinking like a hunter; not the hunted.

I started around the brush to a clearing on the other side of the alder patch. Maybe I could get a better look from the other side. As I walked around the brush, I saw a black patch in the bushes. My heart went back to pounding again. My gun went up like Matt Dillon's quick draw. I didn't see any movement as I slowly walked toward him. I was about ten feet from him, and I stopped to see if I could hear any breathing. Then I pitched a rock at his head to see if there was any reaction; nothing happened. As I walked up behind him with my .357 still pointed at him, I saw that he was dead . . . Thank God!!

He was better than six foot long and as I rolled him over to check for rub spots, he was clean, not a mark on him. Boy, what a beautiful bear! By this time, the lump in my throat was going down and my heart was slowing down to a normal rate. It was time to start preparing him for my wall at home, but I didn't have my skinning knife. All I had was my pocket knife. It was only good for opening oil cans and cutting wire. It wouldn't cut warm butter. Don would be here in an hour or two, and maybe he'd have his skinning knife in the plane. I guessed I'd just have to wait for him to arrive.

In about two hours, I heard a plane off in the distance. As it got closer, I could see that it was the old red and white T-craft of Don's. When he landed, I ran down to tie him up to the shoreline, and tell him the good news about the bear. He got his camera out of the plane and we went up to where the bear was. We took a few pictures, and then started skinning out the bear. After it was all over, we hung the hide over the alder bush to cool and dry.

Later that evening, we took a walk around the lake to look around. As we walked back to the cabin site, there was another bear.

Don dropped down on one knee, and pulled his Browning Hi-Power. We watched the bear for a few seconds as it rounded the corner of the cabin. We took advantage of the situation, and we made tracks for the cabin to get closer to him for a better shot. We got

almost to the cabin before he came out on the other side . . . and he was looking straight at us! By this time, Don had a good rest on the bench of a tree. He told me to back him up on the shot. When he shot, the bear went down, but was up as fast as he went down. Don's 9mm ain't no bear gun, but as far as that goes, neither is mine. Anyway, as Don shot again, the bear stumbled again. About that time, I touched one off and down he went again. We could see he was hit in the spine because he couldn't get up this time. He was bawling and growling. We ran up to him and Don put a round behind his ear. That was it for him.

What a day! Two nice bears, part of a cabin built, and it wasn't supper time yet, or at least not far past supper, anyway. We had made arrangements to borrow a friend's cabin down the lake from us for the night. As we cooked supper, we talked over what had happened that day. Don thought it was funny about my go round with the bear. Then I told him I didn't have any back up like he did. He didn't make any more jokes after that.

The next morning we were awakened by the rattling at the front door. As I looked up, there was a bear looking in the front door window. He looked like a kid with his nose to the window. Don said "Don't shoot, or Frank will kill us for breaking his window." So we watched to see what he was going to do. He soon got down and walked around the cabin and wandered off into the brush.

After breakfast, we had work to do. Don loaded the two bear hides into the plane so he could get them to town to have them taken care of. It was Saturday morning, and we didn't know if any of the taxidermists would be open. I told him to call my wife to meet him to pick them up, and if the taxidermist wasn't open, take them home and put them in the freezer. So off to town he went.

That day I was wearing my old hog leg, and looking over my shoulder more than once in a while.

We worked on the cabin for three more days. When it was all finished, we were ready to go home. My cooking was bad, and Don's wasn't any better! We were as happy as two clams at high tide. All in all, we counted 17 bears that week, we had shot two of them, and had built a nice little 12 x 16 cabin. What more could a guy ask for?

When we got back to town, Don dropped me off at my house in Anchorage. I invited him in for a cold beer. When we got into the house, my wife met us with a cold beer and even colder news. It seems that the taxidermist was closed the day Don brought the hides into town. So she rolled them up and stuck them into the freezer to cool. When she took them to the taxidermist on Monday, the hair had slipped on mine. Don's hide was fine . . . but my hide was no good.

The only thing I got was a few pictures, and a lot of good memories out of it. Well, you know what they say: "Some days you get the bear, and some days the bear gets you."



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Breakdown of the New Ruger Redhawk .44 Mag.

See Story
on
Page 3



Waterbuck

By Larry Kelly No. 2

Easing through the brush behind my professional hunter, Gordon, my thoughts were on terrorists — not the elephant we were after. It was the sixth day of my safari in the Zambezi Valley, with much of the hunting being done within sight of Zambia — base of the terrorists who launch frequent attacks into Rhodesia. Some of the attacks have even been on animals. Mines, mortars and machine guns aimed at elephant herds make a real mess of things.

Gordon stopped. I froze instantly and looked beyond him to see about thirty Marabo storks. All I could do was stand in awe. They're beautiful and look at least seven feet tall. Suddenly, I realized a Waterbuck bull was standing ashore and to the left of the storks at about thirty yards from us. His horns were enormous. I put the .458 Magnum Ruger in my left hand and started to ease the .44 out of the holster. Gordon shook his head no and we backed up — leaving storks and buck undisturbed.

Dammit — six days and I hadn't fired a shot. The Ruger .458 was heavy. It was hot as hell. The ticks were eating me alive, and I wanted an elephant. Passing on Sable, Kudu and Waterbuck was an everyday thing. I hadn't lugged a rifle around on a hunt since Saskatchewan in '72. I'm a handgunner and the Ruger .458 felt heavy and awkward. Gunbearer hell, not after being stalked by a Lioness on Day One while we were resting at a waterhole. I feel a little more at ease with the .458 in my hand in this thick bush country. This Africa isn't TV Africa. No lions snoozing in the sun — as a matter of fact I had originally given a lot of thought to shooting my lion with a handgun. After what I was up against — no thanks.

On Day 13 I nailed a decent Bull Elephant with the .458. On Day 14 I figured the fun would really start. Plenty of game. Shoot anytime without screwing up a possible shot at an elephant. The Mag-Na-Port "Tomahawk" prototype rode easily in the well worn Thad Rybka crossdraw rig. Federal 240 JSP ammo sighted in dead on for 75 yards balanced the rig.

The hunt turned sour. Couldn't locate anything with hooves and horns. Did see one lion in the next five days that looked decent. Gordon finally spotted a herd of Waterbucks and after spooking them three times got within about 70 yards. On my knees and leaning my shoulder against a tree, I lined up on his shoulder and squeezed off and missed him clean; to my

amazement! I couldn't believe it but I missed him. Gordon said to hurry, we might be able to cut him off at the river. He ran — I started running and ended up stumbling, unable to go any farther, when Gordon pointed him out to me. Beat, breathing hard and excited I missed him again. The next shot hit him low in the shoulder and took the top of his heart off; dropping him in a hurry.



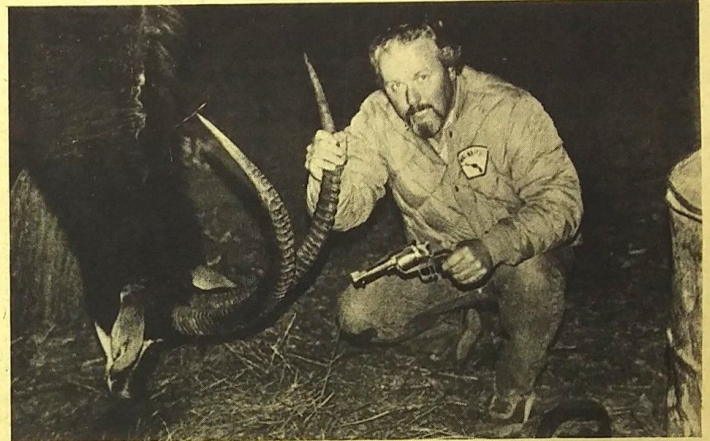
He was the size of a spike Elk and had 27" horns. It takes 29 to get into the record book. WaterBuck don't have ticks. He smelled like Lysol and the natives claim it's because of their odor.

Next morning at 5 a.m. we left camp for a water hole where we had previously seen Sable. A mature Sable Bull is beautiful, running around 450 pounds with long curving horns. A 44 inch must be magnificent!

That afternoon an old bull came in to water He didn't come where he was supposed to and this old bull got down on his hands and knees for over a 100 miles (yards) and got to within 50 yards of him. When I looked up he was looking at me. As I raised the Ruger I heard something like a drum beating. Took me a second to realize it was my

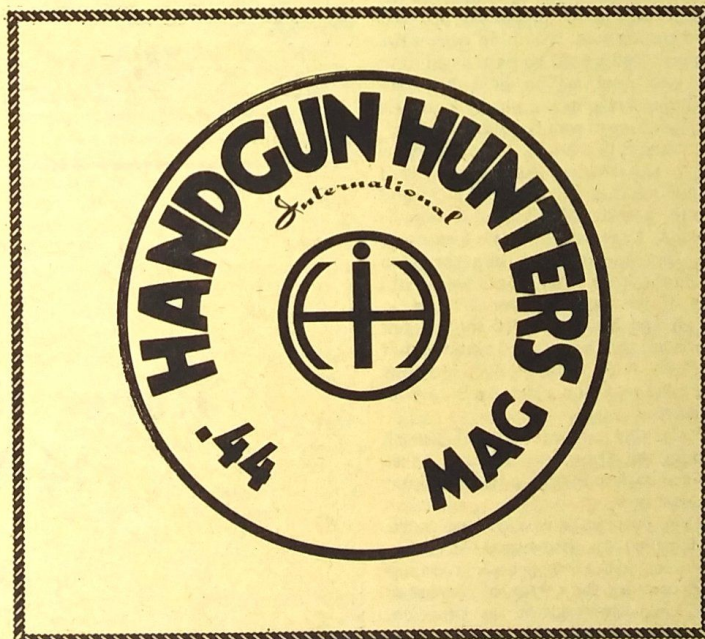
heart! I fired and he went down. I started to run to him as he tried to get up. The Federal 240 had broken his neck right behind the shoulders. Another in the neck killed him instantly. In his prime he may have been one of those magnificent 44 inchers. Now, with his horns worn to 37 inches, his cape so loaded with ??? the taxidermist might not be able to salvage it, and his teeth about gone he was lion bait — except he gave me a challenge and thrill I'll never forget.

Handgun hunting is an exciting sport whether it's for squirrels or deer. For me it's challenging and rewarding. Handgunners don't always get the big one — or anything at all, but being the special king of hunter they are — most of them don't really care.



Hunting Handgun? ? ?

YES OR NO! Some call them Rifles. They have power and accuracy. What do you think? Let us know if it is a Hunting Handgun or not!



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