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SIXGUNNER

HANDGUN

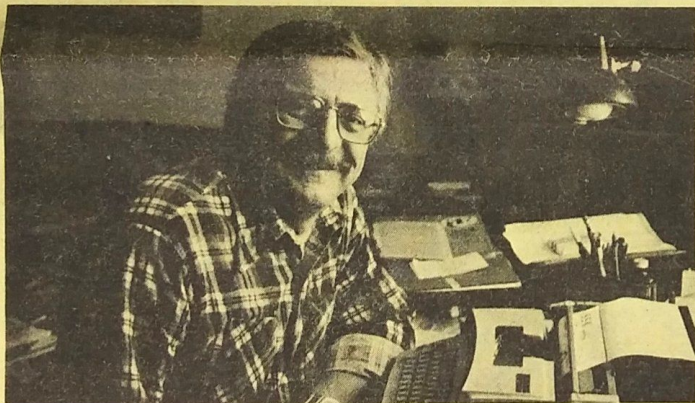
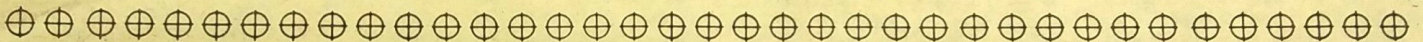


HUNTERS

International

VOLUME I

ISSUE II



My Corner

By J. D. Jones
No. 1

Obviously, as you'll see from this issue, I was very pleased with the response from *Sixgunner* No. 1.

I really like all those letters — keep them coming. At this point though, we really need articles and photos for every issue. You can write. Just print, write or type. Leave an extra space between the lines. Don't worry about grammar or spelling. I can't spell either — who the hell cares about a misspelled word anyway? Just write it the way you tell it. Who, what, when, where and how big the hole through it was. I know it's a busy time of the year with hunting and all of the holidays, but let's keep the ball rolling and make every *Sixgunner* better than the last.

One object of HHI is to give everyone an opportunity to participate in the organization. Don't be bashful, write letters and articles. Others want to know what you think.

We have enough members in the northeast to get something going for a weekend combination get-together — hunt at a preserve within a 4-5 hour drive of a lot of us. I'd like to meet all of you, and this is a good way to get some regional meeting of HHI members going. I'd suggest something in March. If 15-20 guys are interested that's enough. Drop me a note if you are serious about getting together and I'll try to set something up. If anyone is interested in getting something going anywhere else, I'll try to co-ordinate it and give you all the space in the *Sixgunner* you need.

Wouldya believe we have several women charter members? Some have joined with their husbands — others joined on their own. I was a little surprised but it's the kind of surprise I like. Silhouette shooting brings some **My Corner — Continued on Page 2**



Sometimes we get lucky and sometimes we don't. Jurras nailed this seven foot plus Griz with his .375 Jurras caliber T/C from about 60 yards. Smacked him twice; once with a 270 Hornady and once with a 350 Barnes. Both exited and the Griz expired in a hurry.

of the women out and it is the first shooting sport that really welcomed them warmly. Glad to have you'all with us and hope we have a lot more join HHI.

I'd like to introduce Larry Zieme. Larry is a Charter Member and does some mighty fine outdoor art work. His work has appeared in numerous publications and he has consented to help us out with pen and ink drawings to fit some of the stories without photos. I call him with an idea from your story and he takes it from there. I guess the best introduction is to take a look at the drawings he has contributed to this issue. Larry is available for commission work of almost any type from pen and ink drawings to oil murals. You name the subject and he'll do it! His work is very reasonably priced and Larry is a conscientious man.

Did you notice how long it took you to read Sixgunner No. 1? Only 12 pages without many photos or ads takes a while to get through. I compared it with a few of the gun magazines as far as actual reading content. The Sixgunner had more than some, less than some. This leads into the subject of advertising. Gotta have it for two reasons. One, the revenue would be welcome. Two, the revenue would be welcome. Individual members may advertise anything they want to in classified ads. Five bucks will cover any reasonable one column ad. For larger ad rates, contact the Sixgunner. I certainly do not want to cut into the size of the Sixgunner just to publish ads and no editorial subject is likely to be influenced by advertising bucks because the rates won't generate enough income to make any difference to me.

I'm going to try not to drop below twelve pages of reading matter for the time being. As ads are generated, I intend the Sixgunner to grow in size. Pages are added or deleted in four page increments. Each issue, a decision will have to be made on how many pages will be printed. Until such time as the membership grows to support a backlog of articles and photos, that decision will have to be made a couple of days prior to printing.

Changing the subject to a more serious problem; that of the excessive number of feral horses running around ruining the open ranges starving themselves and natural wildlife out in many areas. The Bureau of Land Management has a new idea. The Adopt-a-Horse program failed miserably. Now they intend to develop and feed the mares (if they can figure

out which ones are mares) birth control pills with an effective period of six months.

Seems to me it would be a heck of a lot easier to catch a stallion one time and take care of the problem than to catch a mare every 6 months! Looks to me as if an improvement in quality of animals would occur from selective castration too. 'Course the .44 Mag and .30-06 are the easy, inexpensive solution to reduce damage by feral horses, but no one seems willing to face reality. And in this case, reality simply means that no one who understands the problem is in a position to do anything about it.

As Americans, we have a constitutional right to bitch. Most of us exercise that right. BUT: whatever the hell happened to Motherhood, the Flag and Apple Pie? Do any of us — at least any of us who are patriotic Americans do anything but bitch? The Anti's somehow get the well funded spokesmen such as Jane Fonda Hayden, Tom Hayden, Jesse Jackson and others who seem to get the media coverage. In '72 Fonda was in North Vietnam being photographed in an anti-aircraft gun crew chair. She also broadcast propaganda aimed at American GIs on North Vietnamese radio. Now she and Hayden are on the Anti-Nuke trail — an attempt to further weaken us from within. No effort to do anything positive has been undertaken by these two. Their North Vietnamese pals are murderous and have repeatedly proven it. We sit back and complacently permit citizens to commit traitorous acts and do nothing about it. Jackson represents himself as some sort of self-ordained spokesman. Who is Jackson speaking for — sure as hell isn't me or anyone I know. Yet we have powerful, influential news media individuals who glorify this crap. The same anti-U.S. people are the anti-gun people. Bitch — yes. How about backing up the bitching with work and/or bucks in the right place.

If you want specific facts on these anti-U.S. individuals, drop a request to U.S. Congressman John M. Ashbrook, House Office Building, Washington, D.C. 20515 for "The Misadventurers" and you'll get some facts that should scare you into action. Your congressman should have a mailing list and you should be on it and receiving directly from him, news of who is doing what both in and out of government.

How about sending a copy of your state's current hunting laws as pertains to handguns? Numerous members have requested information I simply didn't have.

JDJ

O A H A F Nominees

The Outstanding American Handgunner Award Foundation has announced the following ten individuals have been nominated for the prestigious award for 1980.

Ashbrook, John: U.S. Congressman from Ohio's 17th District is a tireless and effective protector of our right to own and use handguns.

Bianchi, John: Best known for his work as founder of Bianchi Leather, he is a major contributor to efforts to keep and bear arms and supporter of numerous shooting activities.

Bowman, Joe: His international exhibition shooting is viewed by the non-shooting public as well as by shooters.

Center, Warren: A handgun hunter who became the designer of the Thompson/Center pistol as well as numerous other arms, his designs have placed high quality arms at minimum cost in the hands of sportsmen.

Davis, Bill — Ex-police officer, pistolsmith, competitive shooter, and current holder of six national records. Davis has several design innovations and is a staunch supporter of pro-gun political organizations.

Pachmayer, Frank: Has contributed advancements in handgun accuracy and durability to shooters for over thirty years.

Petersen, Robert E.: As Chairman of the Board of Petersen Publishing has devoted much effort to our right to bear arms and is also a handgun hunter.

Pfitzmayer, Al: Policeman, exhibition shooter and big game hunter. Al has also hunted Africa extensively with a handgun.

Rowe, Ted: President and General Manager of Harrington & Richardson, President of SAAMI, active in NSSF, holder of several design patents, has also contributed greatly in the legislative area.

Yaciano, Michael: Massachusetts GOAL is Mike's baliwick. His efforts on the legislative front could serve as a model for fighting anti-gun legislation anywhere.

Presentation of the coveted OAHA will take place in April, 1980 in Kansas City in conjunction with the NRA Annual Meetings.

The Award Banquet is open to the public. Reservations may be made by contacting the Foundation, Outstanding American Handgunner Awards, P.O. Box 45-70, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910.

High Standard Sentinel

By Mike Barach

In the mid-fifties, High Standard introduced a newly designed nine shot double action revolver, uniquely dubbed the Sentinel. It was inexpensive, dependable, and became very popular with many sportsmen. Realizing that the Sentinel was a "crowd pleaser," High Standard later offered other fancier variations of the Sentinel. Although I've never seen any, I've heard that they were produced in a limited number of colors to attract the feminine market.

As the innovative efforts of High Standard were being scrutinized, I was just a pre-schooler learning the alphabet and arithmetic. However, High Standard had done their homework on the Sentinel — so well in fact that the Sentinel has continued to fill the needs of shooters and sportsmen for just over two decades.

In 1975 the Sentinel was given a complete facelift, endowing it with added eye appeal and other improvements over its predecessor. The new Sentinels, Mark I (22 L.R.), and Mark IV (.22 Mag.) are styled in the likeness of a police detective revolver. Having a heavy barrel, the lower part is an integral ejector rod housing running full length to the muzzle and there being nicely rounded. Not only does it look good, it also adds weight to the muzzle for a bit more steadiness.



The Sentinel handles as well as it looks. The added weight of both the full length integral ejector rod housing and the all steel frame gives the gun a good feel as well as aiding the shooter in steadiness of aim.

The Mark I/Mark IV revolvers feature all steel frames differing from the older alloy framed Sentinel. The extra weight of both the heavy barrel and steel frame give the Sentinel a heftiness that I find to feel more comfortable than an alloy framed handgun.



The Sentinel's barrel is streamlined and with the added weight of the full length integral ejector rod housing, it aids in more stability for aiming.

The smooth walnut grips are of the combat type with small palm swells on both sides to accommodate either the right or left handed shooter. The grip design seems to be versatile, fitting both small and larger hands well.

Sights on the Mark I/IV come in either fixed or adjustable versions on all barrel lengths with the exception of the two inch tube. The front sight is a ramp, streamlined to the contour of the barrel. Although this sight set-up works well, I'd prefer to have the ramp stepped to offer a more pronounced sight picture. The revolver comes in a total of 16 combinations in your choice of barrel lengths (2", 3", 4"), sights, and either nickel or blue finish. Another descendent of the Sentinel called the Camp Gun, comes in trophy blue, choice of 22 L.R. or .22 Mag., and a six inch barrel with adjustable sights. All told, that's 18 combinations to suit just about anyone's needs.

My test gun was a Mark I, 22 L.R. with a four inch barrel and adjustable sights. All steel surfaces were nicely polished with a few tooling marks left here and there. The Trophy Blue finish on my test gun is deep and attractive.

Out of the box, the Sentinel's single action trigger pull was rather heavy at 86 ounces, but void of creep. It lets off crisply and didn't seem to feel as heavy as it actually was. Although I didn't measure double action pull, it was very heavy, but again it let off clean. This condition will correct itself somewhat after being fired a while and the lockwork has a chance to polish its contact surfaces. After approximately 450 rounds of ammo were put through the test gun, I noticed a lightening up on the single action trigger pull. No malfunctions were encountered while testing and I dare say that I will experience no problems with the little hip gun for quite a few years.

Accuracy with the revolver should be of no problem. At 25 yards the Sentinel grouped two inches for five shots with each of two brands of ammo. Shooting double action from the 25 yard mark, at a box with no aiming point, produced a three inch group for four shots and one flyer. Considering the heaviness of both single action and double action pull, this is quite good in my eyes.

The Sentinel Mark I/IV was designed as a versatile piece for use as camp gun, kit gun, plinker, and even doubles as a home defense arm. As I see it, the Sentinel meets these requisites very well. After having tested the Mark I and using it for plinking and general fun-shooting, I can understand why it has been around for so many years.

Firing Line

Response to **Sixgunner** number 1 was great! No, even better than that — terrific!!! The great majority of the letters were highly complimentary and of a congratulatory nature. A few offered well taken constructive criticism. I know of absolutely no one who was disappointed with his (or her) membership package.

Frankly, I'm not a worrier. I did worry about getting it all together and in the mail during September. Without the help and super-service of Don Peatty at Freeport Press, it wouldn't have happened on time. Anyway what I'm trying to get across is that all those letters and phone calls made me — and my boss, Jane, who put in a lot of work getting everything out, feel pretty damn good. Thanks . . . all of you.

So now, with Issue number 2 we have had enough responses to try a "Letters" column. You'll send them in and we'll try to get a good many printed. The following are representative of letters received other than the many congratulatory ones.

I have just received my first copy of **The Sixgunner**. I have read it twice already. I am very pleased with the membership certificate and the patch.

Minnesota has a bill in the legislature that would permit handgunning in this state. If we can write enough letters to our Congressmen, maybe we can get it passed.

In response to your question and picture on the back page of **The Sixgunner**, I would like to express my opinion. My idea of a hunting handgun is not the one pictured. These single-shots are awkward to carry in a holster, and take longer to get into action than a standard revolver or auto. I have no interest in this type of firearm, but have no quarrel with people who do.

Wayne Randall No. 320

I sure was glad to see those articles on hog hunting!

D. M. Terry No. 301

Issue number 1 of **The Sixgunner** was fantastic! I never put it down until I had read every word in it. I was particularly interested in Mike Barach's story on handgunning for 'chucks' as that is my main interest since I did the job on my shoulder, my shooting shoulder too, damn it. The enclosed article covering some of the highlights of my years of handgun hunting, particularly since I messed up my shoulder, may be of interest to others who find they are no longer able to hunt with rifle or shotgun. I now enjoy my hunting more than ever thanks to the handgun.

As the organization grows, I definitely would like to see it branch out into the legislative field as the more who are informed as to what the anti-gun creeps are trying to do to us the better.

Keep up the good work, JD, and long live the **Sixgunner**! It's just what we've needed for many years.

Robert E. Helmer No. 260

I first learned of Handgun Hunters International in the "American Handgunners Magazine", and am proud to say I am Charter Member 337. As I read what is surely to become a

collectors item, Volume I, Issue I of **The Sixgunner**, I see room for much growth in an excellent start of a publication for us handgunners. I would like, if I may, to express some of my opinions and suggestions for your consideration to be incorporated into future issues. Practically all magazines have a Letters Department for persons like myself to convey our comments to the publications staff and other readers as well. This provides an outlet for questions and ideas that would otherwise go unnoticed. I am also in favor of an Editorial or Readers Viewpoint Department. I am highly interested in the opinions of others, as well as getting own above the table.

May I take this opportunity to offer my praise and support to Pennsylvania Representative Richard A. Geist (R-Altoona) for his support of House Bill 401, which would allow homeowners to defend themselves and their homes against intruders. The bill would amend the Pennsylvania crimes code by prohibiting the prosecution of any person who uses a weapon in defense of his home or life. Rep. Geist is a co-sponsor of the bill, which was introduced by Rep. Joseph V. Grieco of Jersey Shore. I applaud Rep. Geist, not only because he represents the District in which I reside, but he is a young man first elected in the last election and obviously supports the pro-gun sector of the community. I urge all Pennsylvanians to support Representatives Grieco and Geist on House Bill 401, as well as you handgunners from all other states to press for and support your respective Representatives for similar action in your own states.

I would also like to tip my hat to former Blair County Sheriff George Replogle and present Sheriff Eugene Wegemer for their practice of issuing handgun permits for protection purposes to all citizens over 21 years of age who are of good character and have no felony convictions. There is a modest fee and absolutely no hassle from the sheriff's office to obtain this permit, which, while listing only one handgun, covers all handguns owned by the permit holder. Although I have not made an in-depth study, (I have been tempted to do this) practically all crimes committed in the Blair County area with guns in general and handguns in particular are committed by unlicensed persons, those underage, or those with a criminal record. This is an indication to me that the responsible citizen does not obtain or carry a handgun to do intentional bodily harm. I understand that the pistol-packing permit I possess is not as easily obtained in other areas. At least in Blair County, PA, the law respects the rights of those who respect the law.

While most of this does not pertain specifically to handgun hunting, it does to handgun ownership and use, and I feel they are closely related.

I presently own sidearms in calibers .22, .25, .38, .357 Mag. and .44 Mag. I am especially prejudiced to my Dan Wesson .357 and Thompson/Center Contender in .44 Mag. Last year for antlered deer season, I left the trusty old Winchester .32 Special in the well tutored hands of my 14 year old son, John, and carried only handguns. The .44 was in my shoulder holster and my

.357 in the holster to back up the T/C if several shots were needed. Unfortunately, it was a lean season for Whitetails around my father-in-law's camp on state game lands and we returned without even seeing game. I had hoped to try my skill on small game with the T/C .44 Mag Hotshot load, but have been unable to obtain the barrel and choke device for this particular round.

One more comment about the **Sixgunner**. On the front page, in large print, I see the comment "more big brother b.s.". If that ain't telling it like it is then I wasn't raised in the rural community of Blanchard, LA. Makes me feel like old J.D. was telling me about the incident in Fernwood Park over suds at the local gin mill, instead of reading it in a national publication. We need more of the "down home, from the hip" communication and less pompous formality as found in most publications. I subscribe to four other gun publications and don't mean to take from any of them, as they are informative as well as entertaining, but J.D. Jones sounds like my kind of pistol-packer.

In closing, I'd like to touch on a sore spot in my craw. In PA there is a big game archery season, a regular deer season and a muzzleloader season. What about me? I happen to favor percussion cap wheelguns and muzzleloading pistols, which can be used during the regular season, but not the muzzleloader season which is rifles only. I hunt the regular season with a handgun. When do our evergrowing ranks of sidearm lovers get a handgun season all our own in PA?

When I have the time I shall write of an experience that happened to me 15 years ago and whenever some anti-handgunner gets my dander up, perhaps I'll blow off steam; but in the meantime, I shall be anxiously waiting issue number 2 of **The Sixgunner**.

Robert F. Williams No. 337

Ed Note: How about it PA! There are enough of you to get together and go after that handgun season if you want it bad enough. Someone start it off by writing for the PA members names and addresses like Wayne Randall did in Minnesota.

JDJ

I like the first issue of **The Sixgunner**. My orientation to handguns is hunting and I must admit I get a little bored hearing about the relative merits of the M-39 S&W as compared to the Devel and the ASP. Perhaps if I were a C.I.A. agent, I would value the information more. As I have no need to carry concealed, my choice for personal defense is a shotgun.

The next might be a good R & D article for Lee Jurras or yourself. Specifically the .256 in a revolver. I know it's been tried, "American Handgunner" ran an article (Jan.-Feb. '79) by Fred Massey about a Dan Wesson so converted by Jim Koons of Cleveland Bluing. Needless to say it was not entirely successful. Although this attempt met the same problems of any bottleneck cartridge without adequate support, there is another solution to case back-up. Bob Booth of Bobcat Magnums (AH Mar.-April '78, I believe) uses a regularly bored cylinder and puts a plastic collar around the neck of each cartridge. This supposedly works quite well. I wrote to Mr. Booth about a .256 and recived an answer to a question I hadn't asked. Then I wrote to

"American Handgunner" and received only silence. Assuming that Bob Booth system is reliable and enough interest could be generated to get the plastic collars made up, why not a working .256 wheelgun? If this really is a viable idea I would love to convert a Python and rename the Boomslang after the African snake. Do you think the idea has a chance?

Michael J. Slaback No. 129

Mike — The .256 has a good bit of potential. I'm currently involved with a manufacturer of high quality revolvers who is working with the .256 now. First problem licked was extraction — it's no problem now. Next problem was difficult cylinder rotation due to the case expanding and "sticking" against the recoil plate. I made a suggestion that is in the works and if you ever see a .256 revolver with "weird" chambers you'll know where it originated! The gun has a 10" twist for 100 grain bullets and so far I'm told it shoots like a .22.

JDJ

Dear J.D.

First copy of your new Handgunners International is very good, especially enjoyed the article on cape buffalo and concur with him 100% on that beast, but don't see why the devil he carried and used a little .357 on them. Maybe that was before my .44 Magnum came into being. I've shot enough heavy 2000 to 2200 lb. domestic bulls to know you need the penetration of the .44 Mag for certainty or at least the .41 Mag on such critters even for frontal brain shots.

Hope you come a long long way with the new paper as it's needed.

Sincerely,
Keith

Yep, that's Elmer Keith!!

California permits handguns on pig and black bear only. Let's get our legislator "experts" and our Fish & Game people to justify the restriction against handguns on deer. We have an archery season, and written "facts" as to the lethal qualities of the arrow aside, I somehow feel that my Super Blackhawk is a little more dependable.

I've "backed up" two bow hunters — both of whom were at least experts — on wild pig (using an 870 12 ga. and Brenneke slugs - sorry) and my services were needed by both bowmen. Their hits were both fatal to the pigs (both of which were in the 250-300 lb. class) but not quite fast enough for comfort. Both of these guys came away from the hunt with a healthy respect for "Porky" and the 12 ga. Brenneke. I've taken pig with both rifle and handgun (.44 Mag) and already had a respect for pig. If you're not familiar with the Brenneke just picture a .73 cal. 400 grain full wad-cutter at about 1400 fps. Very strong stranquillizer!

I'm sure we can get something going on this anti-handgun attitude here in CA. Californians just love to stir the S— up. I think an excess of government crap mixed with the smog, does something to the mind.

Looks like HHI's off to a good start.

F.C. Beckmann No. 154
Well, California? Wanta Organize??

Your .338 CJMK Wildcat sounds like the best thing to happen to handguns since smokeless powder. My only knowledge of it came from an

Firing Line — Continued on Page 4

article in the *American Rifleman* several months ago; and now your article in the *Sixgunner*. Why haven't the other major gun magazines devoted an article to it? What's the big secret? Please let the shooting world know about it!

Which guns can be chambered for it, what gunsmiths can do this work, and what will it cost? Have you approached T/C about making Contender barrels chambered for it so a poor man could enjoy this superb cartridge?

Please send me all your information about the .338 CJMK, or better still, write a full article about it in the next issue of the *Sixgunner*.

Kirk Markham
No. 460

Kirk,

Let's see what more members want on the "Loudenboomers" such as .338 CJMK, .375 JDJ, .375 Bear Banger, .45-70s and the Jurras Wildcats for T/Cs. How 'bout the .375 CJRS (Crowley Jones Rhino Stomper) and .458X2" in XPs? See Crowley's ad for XP conversion information. Ask SSK for data on the .375 JDJ and .45-70 T/Cs. I'll write it if there is interest.

JDJ

Dear Mr. Jones:

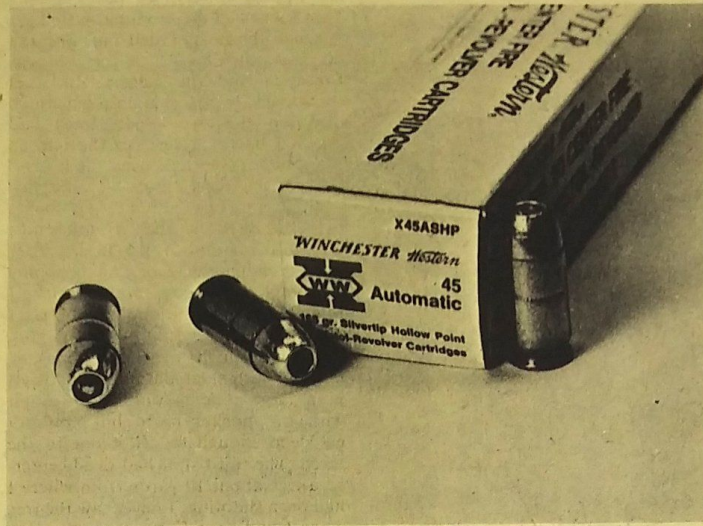
Hunters and shooters can gain through improved responsible communication. I wish you success along those lines in your new endeavor, *The Sixgunner*.

The first issue indicated a need for information about Robert W. Teater, Director of the Ohio Department of Natural Resources. I started working as a game protector in 1949 which was the year the Department of Natural Resources was created by the Ohio General Assembly. Having worked under all the directors of the department, I can say without a doubt Bob Teater is the best. He is a knowledgeable natural resources conservationist, an excellent leader, a hunter and a straight-shooter. He has been right out front and positive on big issues which concern hunters. He is a staunch supporter of the right to own arms and the privilege to hunt and trap.

Sincerely,
Carl L. Mosley, Jr.
Chief
Ohio Department of
Natural Resources
Division of Wildlife

I sincerely hope every word of the above is the God's truth. Personally, after having received a "Politicians" answer to my original letter I'll wait and see. If a rifle-handgun range is constructed at Fernwood for public use *The Sixgunner* will surely give it — Mr. Teater, the ODNr and individuals within the department involved, Politicians and everyone else concerned as much space as I can afford. To assure this isn't a Publisher Has The Last Word Game; I'll print any response or correspondence from the ODNr or the Politicians. Whatever you think of Mr. Mosley's letter, he obviously read *The Sixgunner* and had the sense of responsibility to write. That's something no one else from the Ohio powers did. That puts Mosley one up on the rest of them in my book. Thank you, Mr. Mosley; I appreciate the response.

J. D. Jones



SILVERTIP!

Staff Report

Winchester-Western has produced Silvertip rifle bullets in innumerable calibers. The idea behind the Silvertip was to protect bullet noses from distortion while rattling around in the magazines during recoil and to provide a slight delay to initial bullet expansion at impact.

The Silvertip accomplishes this through utilization of an aluminum alloy "cap" over the lead nose of rifle bullets.

Over the years, the Silvertip's performance in rifles has been alternately praised and damned. Nonetheless, I feel quite sure if it had not provided adequate performance in terms of both accuracy and expansion characteristics, Winchester-Western would have quietly dropped it from production. As it is, it's been in production a helluva long time. Someone must be satisfied with its performance.

W-W's newest development in the Silvertip line is in 9MM and .45 ACP loaded ammunition. These bullets will not be offered as components.

Silvertip pistol bullets retain the general configuration of ball ammo with a large inverted cone-shaped hollow point. The Silvertip alloy goes all the way to the bottom of the cone and appears to be unbroken even at the deepest point of the hollow point. The lead appears to be very soft — probably pure lead or 1% antimony.

The Silvertip alloy is perfectly capable of withstanding the stresses of engraving, providing accuracy at least

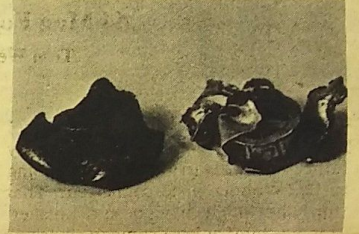
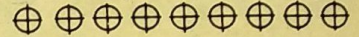
equal to conventional bullet jackets and will in many cases provide superior accuracy. The Silvertip alloy is also weaker and lighter than conventional jackets. This means pressures will be lower or velocities slightly higher at equivalent pressures. Winchester claims approximately 6% higher velocity without increasing pressures. In addition — they do expand. The lead flows without shattering. The Silvertip jacket comes apart and is usually found somewhere in the first few inches of wound channel. It doesn't make any difference that it separates from the core — it doesn't weigh enough to make any difference.

The 9MM and .45 ACP aren't really my idea of big game guns. The Silvertips will improve their bullets expansion characteristics and performance somewhat. I don't know at what distance velocity falls off to the point the bullets won't expand. Shooting groundhogs resulted in an excellent balance of bullet upset and penetration — just about the best I've seen from the .45. One exit wound in a jackrabbit was almost exactly a match in diameter for a silver dollar laid beside it. The velocities quoted by W-W are just about right for my guns and summer-time temperatures. W-W's figures are pretty honest in this case.

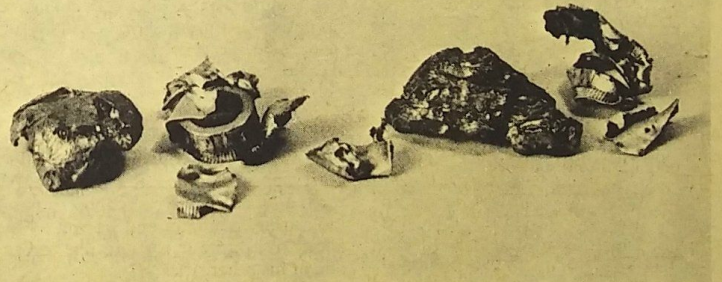
I haven't shot the 9MM enough to form a solid opinion of it, but results from the .45 lead me to believe the 9MM should work even better.

Since the performance and related sales success of the Silvertip in 9MM and .45 has been excellent for W-W, I have information from a certainly "unnamed" but reliable source that the Silvertip will be available in all the calibers you might expect and some you might not expect in 1980!

The Silvertip is the first significant advancement in handgun ammunition in about 15 years, even though W-W started selling it in rifle ammo in 1940.



Base view of Silvertip recovered from lengthwise shot on a groundhog.



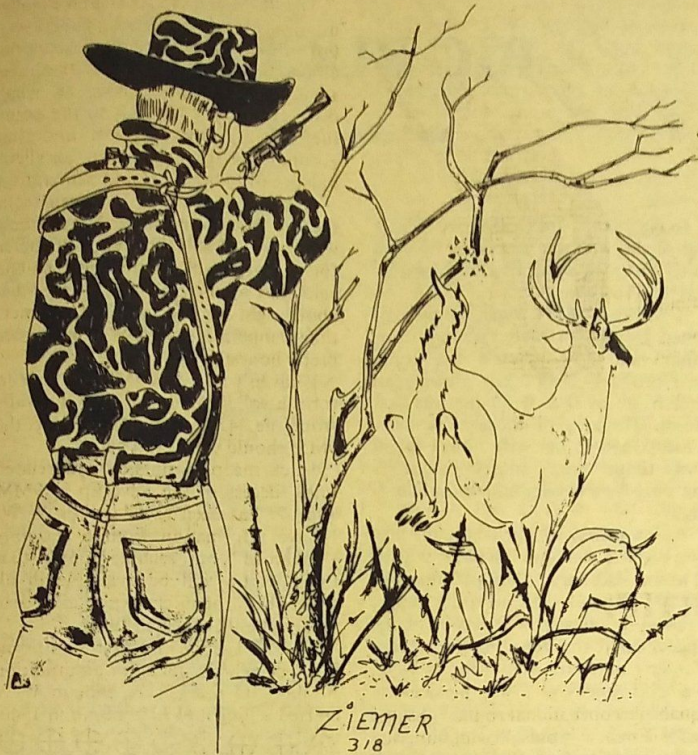
Two Silvertips recovered from groundhogs. The bullet on the right entered through the head and encountered as much bone as you can hit in a groundhog.

Ballistic Data

Winchester Silvertip Hollow Point vs. Conventional JHP Cartridges

Caliber	Bullet		Velocity Feet Per Second			Energy — Foot Pounds			Mid-Range Trajectory	
	Wt.-Grs.	Style	Muzzle	50 Yds.	100 Yds.	Muzzle	50 Yds.	100 Yds.	50 Yds.	100 Yds.
9mm Luger	115	STHP	1225	1095	1007	383	306	259	0.8"	3.6"
9mm Luger	115	JHP	1155	1047	971	341	280	241	0.9"	3.9"
.45 Auto	185	STHP	1000	938	888	411	362	324	1.2"	4.9"
.45 Auto	185	JHP	940	890	846	363	325	294	1.3"	5.5"

Specifications are nominal. Test barrels are used to determine ballistics figures. Individual firearms may differ from these test barrel statistics. (Data is from Winchester-Western).



.44 Mag For Whitetail

Tom Welsh No. 31

Shots . . . One, Two . . . Three! And they are from the direction my father-in-law, Harry, said he was going to be. Wonder if he connected? That third shot might have been a finisher. If it was him, at least someone is seeing deer. It's been so quiet this side of the river this morning, I figured all the deer had gone to Florida for the winter. Well, maybe something will come this way. If so, it should be coming right up this little valley on a well used deer path about 50 yards in front of me. Nuts, they must have gone down hill to cross the river. Maybe Harry did get one. Should I stay here, or go see if Harry needs help dragging one out? Wait! Something's coming. Oh, no, they're running like hell — three of them. Should have brought the .30-06 instead of the Smith. The .44 is up and cocked now; come on deer, slow down. Slow down heart. They stopped! Looking back down the hill behind them. OK, now line up the sights, not too fast . . . BLAM! Smack! I hit! Jeese, that deer jumped two feet straight up in the air! She's running, shoot again — BLAM! BLAM! She's down. Good . . . good.

Three-thirty is not the best time to crawling out of bed in the middle of December, but I've got to do it so I can get everything done and drive 40 miles to meet my wife's dad by 6:00 a.m. I've been married to Harry's daughter for five years, but this is the first time I've hunted with him and I'd like to make a good impression. I hadn't seen any bucks during the season where I hunt, so he invited me over to hunt with him during the antlerless season. We had gotten together during the week between the two seasons and had located a likely looking area a few miles from his home along the Red Bank River in Jefferson County, Pennsylvania. The ground was mostly up and down and thick with second growth timber and as I have an artificial

leg, I'd need both hands free to get around. I told him I was going to hunt with my .44 Magnum instead of a rifle as I couldn't see lugging one through all that stuff.

I'd been shooting metallic silhouettes all summer with a Smith & Wesson Model 29 in the 6½" version and had won a couple of first place trophies in competition. A load of 19.0 gr. of 2400 pushing Hornady's 240 gr. jacketed hollow point appeared ideal as every steel target hit with the combination was knocked from its stand. The only alteration to the Smith was the addition of a set of Pachmayr's Signature neoprene grips, which for me, made the revolver a lot easier to handle.

I met Harry at the appointed time and we sat down for a cup of coffee and finalized the where, what and how then went back out into the cold. Harry packed up his Remington .270 with a variable 3-9X scope, took a look at my handgun and I believe was about to ask me if I would like to use one of his other rifles.

The weather looked good for the deer but not for people. We stuck the pickup once on the way to the back side of the valley, but with a little maneuvering we were on the way without too much delay. When we got there it appeared we had the whole area to ourselves as no other vehicles or hunters could be located. Looked like we were going to have to find the deer all by ourselves. We split up. Harry heading for a more open part of the woods and myself off toward a small valley a half-mile distant. There was plenty of deer sign all along the path I was following and I got to my spot about 7:30. I had a good circle around me for shooting and two deer trails crossed about 50 yards in front of me. The woods were quiet as the snow was still soft, but it was also cold. By 10:00 a.m. I'm cold, hungry

and wondering why I do this to myself. That's when all the shooting started.

When the noise faded out, and the doe was down for keeps; the cold was forgotten and the fingers and toes came back to life. I didn't see which direction the two other deer had taken. I had eyes just for the one on the ground. She had been hit by two out of the three shots — one low through the lungs about two inches over the heart — and the other just grazed the front of the neck. After field dressing the deer and propping the body cavity open with a stick, I went to survey the shooting area. I found where the first shot had gone straight through the deer (breaking a rib on each side) and imbedded itself in a large pine. I dug for it a bit with my pocket knife but couldn't get deep enough to get it out of the three. The third shot had dead-centered a tree about 10 yards from where I had been shooting. I never saw the tree when I had been firing at the running deer.

I had just started dragging the deer out when I spotted Harry coming up the valley so I gave him a holler. He came up and looked at the deer, got

a smile on his face and asked me where I hid the automatic weapon I had been shooting with. I hadn't realized how quickly the shots were taken with the .44. It was Harry who had done the earlier shooting, but he said they were all clean misses. He hadn't seen anything where he was and had decided to swing around to where I was and go for a sandwich and coffee at the truck. He had spooked a heard of eleven deer and they'd taken off like rabbits. Most had gone downhill, but when he was shooting, three had broken off up the hill toward me. He strapped the rifle over his shoulder, looked at my handgun, then just grabbed onto the tow rope and we started off toward the truck with the only deer taken that season by our little group.

Next year, I'm planning on taking the .44 Magnum out for the first day of buck season, and as I've only bagged two bucks during the fifteen years I've hunted, this is a big decision. If number 3 is taken with a handgun, instead of a rifle, this will be a real trophy to me. The excitement of the hunt is greatly increased when you buckle on the six-gun and leave the rifle at home.



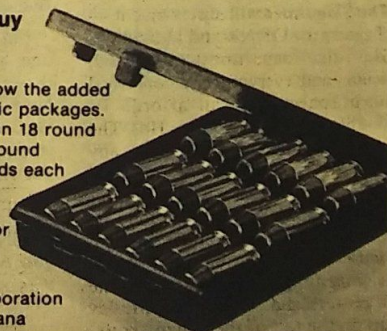
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.22 RF vs. Rockchuck

By Leonard Isaak
No. 425

BIG BUCKS!

Bill Buckman No. 24

Before you decide that this is a case of under-gunning and go on to the next article, rest assured that I am not crazy and can account for 15 chucks during the past summer.

The special case where this little cartridge is effective is when the range is very short and shots are placed — shall we say — accurately.

My .22 hunting is done with this in mind. Accuracy varies with the gun, in my case, a Ruger standard auto w/6" barrel that leaves nothing to be desired for accuracy.

After trying literally hundreds of different types of long rifles .22s, I found that the best and most accurate for my particular pistol is the CCI Stinger. In fact, it is more accurate than I am.

As for getting a close shot, well, some background is necessary. I work for a canal/irrigation company which requires that I travel some 45 miles each day over canal and ditch banks, distributing water to farmers in the area.

As my .22 goes with me, I get plenty of practice on various Jacks and other assorted varmints. I also get to scout out where the best chuck colonies are. (along with getting the farmer's permission to thin them out.)

One such colony is only 25 yards from where I must travel every day, located in a rock pile where the farmer has discarded old pipe.

I don't shoot at the chucks there on Monday, Tuesday, or even during the week.

First, there is no way that you could sneak up on those observant critters. It seems that they have a clear view of my comings for at least a quarter of a mile in each direction.

For the first part of the week, all I see as I travel on my motorcycle is a

bunch of brown blurs as I approach. As the week gets on, they get more confident — used to my presence — and they wait longer to hide.

By week's end, they don't even run when I stop the bike some 25 yards from them, but I still don't shoot. Instead, I fiddle around with the bike, or my books, or something else.

But Sunday, here comes that crazy-looking thing with the funny sound. There he is, stopping and fiddling around and . . . ZAP!

Usually I have a very good shot at the guard chuck standing along on top of the pipes. I find that normally one shot will bring them down and sometimes another to finish is necessary.

The best shot last summer was at an old male sunning himself on the pipe. Only his head was visible. After checking downrange for other dangers (sometimes cattle are around), I let one stinger go. Nothing! After swearing to myself and getting off my bike to look around, I noticed what looked like a blob of Jello melting through the pipes and onto the ground.

That one stinger had entered his mouth and stopped in pieces, just inside the skin at the back of his neck, after going through his spine.

I can only call it a lucky shot.

Handgunning with large caliber pistols is a lot of fun, especially on a big game hunt. They are great on chucks, too, but a lot of us don't have time — or money — to go on an extended hunt every year, or to burn the bucks it takes to shoot the big ones a lot.

The .22 can take some of the boredom out of this lack of hunting, it's effective on small game, and you can't beat it for inexpensive practice for the larger guns.

As for next year, well, there's a colony . . .

In the fall of 1976 I killed two White-tail bucks within a few days of each other, both at a distance of probably less than forty yards.

It was then that I began to think of other deer I had taken at very short ranges and how the last one could have probably been taken with a head shot from my S & W 17 (he was that close). Thinking of those close deer, I mentioned to my wife how I might make things more "sporty" by carrying a big-bore handgun for close shooting.

As it was nearing Christmas, the idea of a bigbore handgun suited my wife as it would take care of her gift shopping for me if I stayed in her price range. I talked to a dealer in Dallas by phone and ordered the versatile Thompson-Center Contender Vent Rib .44 Mag. On Christmas Eve I was particularly anxious to open a certain gift from my wife, Joyce. I wasn't disappointed. I had thought I was "nuts" about shooting .22 pistols, but after firing several rounds through the new .44 the next morning, I was really getting excited about bigbore handgun shooting even though mine was a real kicker with the skinny grips.

I got right into reloading my first handgun cartridge and started firing on a regular basis. It was convenient for me to shoot a few rounds almost every day when I would go to the ranch to feed my cattle just before work. Due to this regular practice, I was shooting "pie plates" size groups at about 50-60 yards by summertime with a load of 22 grains 2400 and a 240 gr. Sierra JHP. Later in the summer a dealer friend offered a S & W 29 6½ at his cost. Well, like many people who get "bigbore handgun fever" I, of course, wanted a Smith & Wesson 29 and besides, I would have been crazy to pass up his price offer for although our business had a fire-arms license, I just didn't deal in enough handguns to get a 29 S & W at his price! I immediately started to work with the "SMITH" for I decided if I was going to get that deer with my handgun, I had better work up an extremely good load and be accurate with it to at least 50 yards. I found the load of 23 gr. H110 behind a Sierra 240 gr. JHP (1255 fps) could print a one inch group at 25 yards from a rest, so I began shooting at 8" bull targets at 50 to 55 yards off-hand. By November I was confident of my ability with the 29 and ready for deer season.

Come mid-November I was on my way to the northeast part of Red River County for my sixth season at Oakridge Hunting Camp. I was anxious to be the first bigbore handgun hunter in the history of this old, long established deer camp. My buddy Charlie had a stand along an old 'jeep' road in the heavy thicket of secondary growth and young pine and since he wasn't going to use the stand right away I decided to try it. This location wouldn't allow for many long shots but I carried my rifle just in case. There was a very small (maybe 1/8 acre) cleared area where the stand

stood and I had an imaginary line of around 45 yards from the stand within which was to be my handgun range for a good kill on my first try with a handgun.

Morris, my business partner in our pharmacy, was a hunter on the same lease so one of us had to be on duty at least part of that first Saturday and this year it was me "in the hole". Our lease isn't but about 40 miles from work so I got in a few unsuccessful hours of hunting on the first day and saw several deer. Sunday, the second day was a beautiful fall day. I hunted a few hours in the early morning before going to the cabin for lunch around ten o'clock. Early afternoon is often good hunting in the thicket area so about one I grabbed a couple of ears of corn, got into my Jeep and headed for the stand some ¼ mile away. I parked the Jeep and walked some five to six hundred yards down the road to the stand. The afternoon was warming up and after a while in the stand I began to doze off. Suddenly deer began to stir around me, coming up and nibbling at the corn we kept out during parts of the fall and winter when food is a little short. About five o'clock I still had a couple of deer in front of me some 35 yards away and a big doe and yearling at my right side about the same distance away. The big doe at my side seemed to know there was another deer out in the brush behind me. In a few minutes I began hearing that ever so exciting sound of a deer slowly walking in dry leaves, coming closer from the area where the big doe seemed so interested. The seconds seemed so long before the approaching deer was in good position for me to see that there were spikes on it some five or six inches long. (Spikes were quite common in this thicket area). The spike was coming out into the narrow road to my right at about 30 yards but to an angle away from me. I didn't like the angle but I had a good view of his shoulder as I placed the sights on him. I cocked the 29 quietly, then fired. The spike seemed very unbalanced as he jumped high in the air, then ran into the brush. As I climbed out of the stand I thought "Oh no! A lost, wounded deer at near dark. I'll loose him and they'll never let me live it down at the camp." Those thoughts were short lived though, for there was a large blood trail leading some 40-50 yards to the young buck that had folded in the thick growth. I had hit him perfectly in the shoulder but due to the angle of the bullet I didn't break him down, so he ran out his last few heart beats as deer so often manage to do. As I stood there staring at my first buck with a handgun, the feeling was just fantastic. I guess it was a feeling of both a great accomplishment and of sportsmanship, but it was only the beginning.

Within a couple of months I was out at my range working with a T/C Contender 10" Bull .30 Herrett. I thought it would make a good handgun

Big Bucks — Continued on Page 7

REVIEW:

BIANCHI'S Blue Steel & Gunleather

What can you say to describe the quality and content of a three year effort of the world's leading holster designer and manufacturer? I've never heard of any book covering the design, manufacture and function of handgun holsters. Bianchi starts out with the old gunfighters and progresses through up to date leather developments and presents some interesting ideas of trends of the future.

This book cannot be considered in any way a man simply blowing his own horn to peddle his products. In fact, "Bianchi's Law" which states "while many different combinations of holster and guns are available, there will be one that is just right for each individual, considering body height and weight. Unless this proper combination is found, the user will not be satisfied", is in direct contradiction of one trying to sell only his own products.

Throughout the book's well illustrated

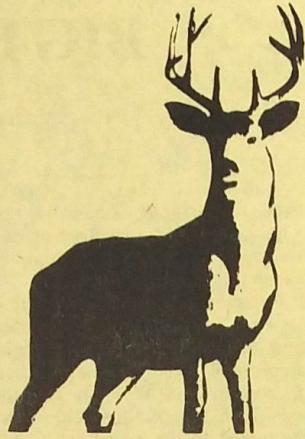
213 pages, Bianchi's observations are clearly and concisely conveyed to the reader. The design, comfort and carryability of various holsters are discussed. Humorous and action incidents from many friends and customers intersperse Bianchi's own thoughts and theories.

I'm not terribly fond of books on one particular subject. Frankly, I thought Blue Steel & Gunleather would bore me stiff. . . . It didn't turn out that way! I got interested and stayed interested. I found out a lot of things about a subject I'd never really explored very deeply. It's easy to get into a rut after years of strapping on guns and simply make a snap decision about a gun carrying rig at a glance — and maybe be dead wrong.

If you have any interest in holsters, I can't think of a better way to learn ALL about them than putting 10 bucks in Blue Steel & Gunleather JDJ

to carry in the Jeep for shots at predators. I had mounted a 2X Leupold on it and had it grouping pretty fair at 100 yards. In February I had the opportunity to go after Spanish Goats on a ranch near Fredericksburg, Texas and this Herrett seemed like just the weapon to carry along. The weather turned out to be miserable, but I managed to get a shot at a fairly nice "billy" in the fog. The Herrett definitely did the trick but since the shot was taken at rather close range, I couldn't pass good judgement on the cartridge. I thought it would be best just to keep working with the .30 and be ready for hunting season come fall. I later had this Contender custom stocked and accurized by Jim Fox in Richardson, Texas and fired one group of just over 1½" at 100 yards. I knew then the gun would be ready, but I had entered the silhouette game now and I wasn't shooting the hunting-handguns as much as I had previously. By September I had acquired a T/C Super 14 .44 Mag which I thought might make a good gun for the unlimited silhouette class. I soon gave the big .44 up for use in silhouettes but hunting season wasn't long off so I set a IX Lobo on it and headed for the range. That stock Super 14 shot very accurately at 60 yards and my Oehler No. 12 Chronograph showed the load of 24 gr. H110 behind a Sierra 240 gr JHP to move out the muzzle at almost 1700 fps. That's good enough for about any deer.

Hunting season finally arrived and I was quickly on my way back up to Oakridge Hunting Lodge. Something was much different this year from the years past. This year I was not carrying a single rifle, not even to the camp. I chose to hunt the stand I had in 1977 with the Super 14 and the S & W 29-6½ for back-up or 'whatever'. We had been feeding the deer corn and other food supplements for the better part of two months and through the previous snowy winter and the first morning showed the deer to be in good shape. Once again I had to leave the stand early to get to work and as I walked away from the stand on the way to my jeep, a buck crossed about 50 yards in front of me. I didn't get a shot though. The second morning of the season I was right there though waiting for him again, but this time he or one like him, came from a different direction. This buck was about 75 yards away and coming right at me. I did not like the straight ahead shot so I waited for him to turn a little bit. When he did, he turned into the thicket. In a few minutes I heard my buddy Neil fire from the direction in which the buck seemed to be headed so I figured I wouldn't get a chance at that buck again. A few minutes later I noticed Neil coming up the jeep road some 150 yards away with one of those "my first buck" smiles on his face. Neil looked very close and noticed I had deer at my stand and I was also motioning for him to go back. He hadn't been gone but about 15-20 minutes when I heard something in the brush at almost the same area from which the spike of 1977 had come. Moments later I could see a deer coming through the brush and my Zeiss 8-20 B binoculars revealed the deer to be a nice buck. The buck started out of the thicket to cross the road at around 40 yards, close to the same trail as that of the spike. As he took a step across a water filled rut I had



the fine crosshairs of the Lobo right on the shoulder and I gently squeezed the trigger of the big Contender. The buck finished the step with his head in the rut. The T/C had performed beautifully. The buck didn't have near as many points as I thought I had seen through the bushes but he had a nice fork on each side with no brow points. This is a four pointer by our method of counting. A four point was fine though for he was mighty good eating and worth several pictures to remember him by even if some of the pictures of him were along side Neil's 5 point!

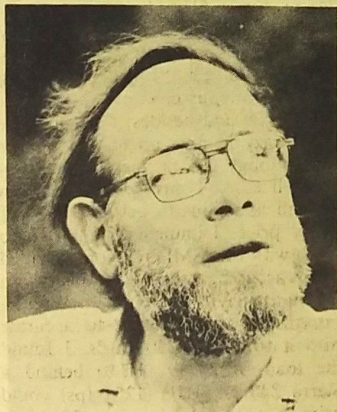
Although the season in Red River County was over for me with the four point buck, my annual trip to South Texas was only a couple of weeks away. I was really anxious to try the .30 Herrett on a deer at a distance somewhere near 100 yards. Two weeks later I was on the way to our lease near Bracketville, Texas on the beautiful Nueces River. The first afternoon showed us several bucks and lots of doe in very good shape. I saw one extremely good buck at some 400

yards, but I didn't start a stalk since it was getting late and he seemed in a big hurry. Next morning my friend Buddy and his son Rusty were riding up in the rocky hills (they're mountains to me!) when a band of a dozen or so Javelina walked single file in front of my Jeep. I scrambled for the Herrett but by the time I was ready and out of the Jeep they all had their "hams" to me and that wasn't the kind of shot I wanted. I took off running up and down ravines to try to get in front of the band while Buddy and Rusty went for higher ground to get a shot with their rifles. Moments later, Buddy fired and as so typical of Javelina bands, they went every which way at the shot. I thought my chances here for a "pig" were over when suddenly a stary sow came running by me and stopped maybe 25 yards away. I threw the Contender up at arms length and luckily caught the pig's shoulder in the 2X Leupold and down came the Javelina.

Next morning I was in the same area after that big buck when a very cold Texas norther blew in. Sure enough, there was my buck and one or two more but at their distance and my cold shivers there was no way I could get a decent shot even with the rifle I was carrying (the SMITH was on my belt of course). That afternoon I was back with plenty of clothes on. I no sooner got set down good on a rock about one o'clock when I saw a nice buck coming at me some 200 yards away. I didn't look like the one I had wanted but I wasn't going to pass him up. He disappeared for a moment and then showed up quickly getting further and further away. I had an extremely good position and rest so I decided to take him with a long shot with my rifle at better than 300 yards for he was on his way out of the area. The 180 gr. Sierra SBT from the .308 Rem 700 put the buck right down with a broken back and another

to the upper neck finished him off. I realize I hadn't taken him with a handgun, but if you can't take a decent shot with a handgun, then what could be better than a long shot with the 'long arm'? Besides, I had an antlerless tag I could use for the .30 Herrett. Several days later I still had not killed a deer with the .30 Herrett. This morning a nice deer was travelling on the opposite side of a small canyon 100 yards across from me. I placed the cross-hairs a little forward on his shoulder leading him a bit as he walked on, then I touched off the trigger. The 10" barrel Contender sent the 110 gr. Sierra round nose at 2300 fps (24 gr. H4227) right to his shoulder. The bullet hit the deer a little high and forward on the shoulder travelling into the neck dropping him on the spot. In fact, with the performance of the bullet in the neck, he was 'bled out' by the time I reach him . . . yes, him. The deer must have been a yearling that just didn't grow antlers that season for his large "nubs" hadn't broken skin yet, he field dressed around 70 pounds which isn't extremely small for a deer in this particular area.

Well, here it is 1979 and I still get excited thinking about those first few animals taken with a handgun but I guess that first spike is the one to remember the most because he started a new style of hunting for me. You see, even when in South Texas carrying a rifle, I still have a handgun most always on my hip or shoulder . . . just in case I get the chance to use it. Up here in this area where I live, it's strictly handguns. As a matter of fact, Richard King of Arlington, Texas is building me an XP-100 conversion in 7X308 and that might be nice for Whitetail with a 4X Leupold and a shot at around 150 yards . . . sounds like an idea for 1979 season! Good hunting to you . . . that's handgun hunting of course.



Here's One For Lee Jurras . . .

Having read the recent report on your "Howdah" pistols, I'd like to draw upon your expertise, either from experience or opinion, concerning re-chambering a 10" or 14" T/C to .444 Marlin. (I know the 14" will be more potent but the 10" is so handy.) I'm concerned with the possible performance of 265 grain bullets and a comparison with the .357 Herrett. This would be a hunting gun as I'm sure I couldn't take the recoil for the 40 plus rounds needed for "tin turkey" work. Also, could the lightweights (180-200 grain) be made to work for varmint work? The big game in question is wild pig, some of which (the feral variety) tops 500 pounds.

F. C. Beckmann
No. 154

Dear Mr. Beckmann,

Your questions are interesting, if somewhat self-contradictory. Specialization is the American way of life . . . if a guy wants or thinks he has a need for a 4" barreled 60 caliber handgun, that's his prerogative, and his alone. Ever notice, no matter what a guy buys or builds, there are always those stander-bys free with the critique?

If you want to retain the factory ammo capability, the 444 would be a good choice. Naturally, the 14" bbl would offer better all-around ballistics efficiency over a wider bullet spectrum; however, by your own admission, the 10" bbl would be "handier". So the question is . . . what do YOU want? This is the beauty of the T/C action, you can really specialize.

For a one gun choice, the 14" 357 Herrett would probably be the better all-around selection. If you prefer a 10" barreled bone crushing blaster and still have factory ammo available, but want a bullet for the biggest hogs, I'd suggest the 500 grain Hornady. You could get nearly 1100 fps, not a load for the faint of heart, but what the hell for a few rounds while hunting? ? ? 'Scuse me, the afore mentioned load if you chamber a 10" bbl for the 45-70.

Mr. Beckmann, sometimes we have the tendency to get carried away with caliber selections rather than the bullet selections available within a specific caliber. The 265 Hornady bullet is the heaviest generally available in 44 caliber, the Barnes makes an excellent

300 grain. However, most readily available 44 caliber bullets are at best suitable only for deer size game. Whereas those guns chambered for cartridges that can readily utilize the broad spectrum of rifle bullets offer more to the SERIOUS handgun hunter.

I'm not sure I follow your line of thought when you say could the 180-200 grain bullets be made to work for varmints? I've taken Moose, Elk, and Sable with the 180 grain bullets in the 44 Mag. and over the past 20 years, literally thousands of varmints.

LEJ



**.357 Mag.
and
Whitetail!**

**Is It
Adequate
Or Not?**

* * *

Hogs, Dogs & Handguns

By Steve Wynn
No. 4

Tame animals shot up close, caged animals shot as soon as they are released, or even worse, a rerun of "Guns of Autumn". These are not the type of memories that I wanted to have from a boar hunt, and I'm sure that you don't either. I still had close to a dozen brochures from various hunting preserves from around the east and south in a file in my drawer, and I was a wee bit skeptical about committing myself to hunting under unknown conditions. But somehow, somewhere, I was going to go wild boar hunting under true hunting conditions. And it was going to be the RIGHT place. Somewhere, I didn't have to be ashamed of hunting.

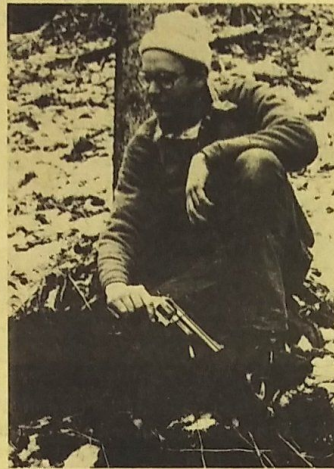
It was right before my eyes and it would have bit me had it been a bear . . . oops . . . I mean a BOAR! You merely go to where the writers go, and this had to be TELICO JUNCTION, Hog Hollow Road, Englewood, Tenn. 37329. Located about midway between Knoxville and Chattanooga, Tennessee, Telico Junction is about as close to the natural habitat of wild boar as you can find. Telico's owner, Joe Meeks, and his crew, have hosted more gun writers than almost every other boar hunting hunting preserve. It's a rare magazine that has not had a boar hunting trip from Telico Junction fill a few pages. George Nonte and Lee Jurras hunted boar and bear, (when bear was legal), there for a chapter in their book, **Handgun Hunting**.

After calling and arranging the date with Joe Meeks, the word was put out to our friends who had expressed an interest in boar hunting with a handgun to put their gun and money where their mouth was. Several close friends were denied a spot on this hunt because they wanted to use a rifle. It was a hard decision, but in the words of J. D. Jones, "Hogs, Dogs and Handguns."

The day of arrival at Telico Junction, I really had my doubts. The hills and brush looked like they could snarl up a Patton Tank and hold it for keeps. Was I really in good enough shape? If I didn't die of running up and down all those hills, (we had determined that we wanted to hunt behind a pack of dogs, the most strenuous way of hunting boar) it would be my luck to get it in the backside by a mean old tusk as I tried unsuccessfully to climb up a tree. I was like everyone else that had not hunted boar. I had read so many war stories that were stretched to the point of no backing down that I thought the first thing you did upon arriving in the woods was to look for a tree that was big enough and easy enough to climb.

The night of our arrival, Joe Meeks got us all together to set a few things straight and answer any questions. Let me tell you this . . . there were one hell of a lot of questions, and with patience found only in the south, Joe left 13 hunters feeling a lot more secure. We had definitely chosen the right place to hunt. J. D. had not led us down the wrong way.

Monday morning arrived and everyone ate a breakfast that could be called a meal fitting the description of the "last meal".



Exhausted after the chase and the excitement of the kill fading, Steve shows his weariness.

Transportation from the trailers to the hunting area was provided by Telico Junction, and after what seemed like forever, we arrived at some area that looked like it could hide a 100 hogs in the first 20 yards. J. D. had brought along some of his "Hand Cannon" barrels for Thompson Centers, and Jon Powers of Holly, Michigan, had his handmade prototypes of his autoloader that handled the .44 Remington Magnum. With the Model 29's and Super Blackhawks of the rest of us, we were ready to fulfill our dream.

At Telico Junction, you control the hunt and decide when you think you find the boar you want. We had split up among the three guides and Joe and all headed off toward different directions. J. D. and myself were hunting under the eye of Larkin or "Lark" as he was called, and we had elected to hunt the first morning without dogs for the benefit of some of those in our hunting party who wanted to hunt from a stand on the ground. Lark got on the trail of some hogs and probably thought I was nuts when I elected not to take a shot at what could have been the grandpappy of a lot of hogs. But we had decided that when I killed mine, it was going to be in a bundle of fur and I was going to work in close enough so that I would be able to smell the kill before he went down. But Lark understood after we explained what we wanted, and after several more good possibilities, we took a break for lunch.

Monday afternoon saw the arrival of dogs and now my blood began to flow. Several of our party had found the right one to fill their need, but the rest of us were still hunting for the ideal boar. We had abandoned some of our excess clothing which would not be needed with the running and exercise which we were planning to do.

It wasn't long into the woods that the sound of the dogs rang out and we took off like our life depended on it. In fact, the lives of the dogs may have depended on it as well as the lives of small hogs which the dogs could possibly kill. Luck was with us as the dogs had the hog bayed up and he was making a stand until he saw us coming.

He was what could be called the humongus hog, but before I could get a clear shot, he made a bolt for the hills and away we went. He was circling around the top of a ridge and we sprinted across the valley to cut him off.

With Lark leading the way, and steadily pulling away, on the way down the hill, it was all I could do to manage to keep my feet in the light snow and steep hills. Lark made it across the low lying area and started toward the top. The hogs and dogs were at a halfway point and so was I. But, I was at the bottom of a hill and wondering if I could make it in time. The whole time, Lark was yelling about how big the hog was and the size of his tusks. About the time that Lark was eight to ten feet from the top and the hogs were about twenty feet from the point of intersection, Lark yelled, "Shoot the big 'un, third one back." Shoot? Hell, I was still sixty feet from Lark and all I could see was a little bit of the tops of their backs. When Lark saw the look on my face and the position I was in, he broke out in a smile and said not to worry about it, that we would catch up to him later. . . Now, let me tell you that I felt a little bit foolish after that chase, and made up my mind that it would not happen again. But still, the legs were aching, the thighs felt like they would never be the same again, and the lungs were gasping for air, and Lark and J. D. were talking about how much fun this was! I do have to admit that it was fun, but at the time, I wondered if I had made a big mistake. Here in Northern Ohio, the only hills we have are the hills that are used for bullet backstops and those are made by bulldozers and front end loaders!

The silence was broken by the now familiar sound of the dogs at bay. Damn! . . . just when I was catching my breath. Off we went at a pace that would kill you if you "blew out" the sole on your boots. "Boots, don't give out now!" We got to the scene at the same time as Joe and some of the others. The dogs had gotten in on the hog on the way down a hill when he had slipped, and they had him by the ear, belly and backside. Joe and Lark rushed in and grabbed the hog, and I helped pull off the dogs. Joe, starting to catch his breath, asked if I could hold onto the back legs while he led the dogs over the hill. Deciding that it was safer to be holding the back legs than to be downrange from the hog, I agreed, bracing myself against the tree, I grabbed ahold while some of the others snapped some pictures. Before I knew what was happening, everyone was back about fifty yards, laughing and yelling, "Let go!" Let go? Hell, I was safe . . . for awhile, anyway, but they had fifty yards on the hog, and nobody had told me what to do next.

Deciding it might work if I flipped him head over heels in the hopes he would lose his sense of direction and give me a head start, I planned my escape route. Might as well go for broke! Now! I flipped him over in what should have been good for two or three somersaults . . . he came out of it like a cat after only one! And "Hog"

was looking toward me. Now, I might be crazy, and I might be a Yankee, but with all the laughing going on about fifty yards away, the hog looking my direction, and the value I place on my hide, now was no time to draw a knife and have it out. So, playing it safe and with all the finesse of a giraffe climbing a tree, that is exactly what I did until Mr. Hog decided that he was tired of this movie.

The first day of the hunt ended without a hog dropping in the sights of my Smith. We all slept good that night, we had a day of experience under our belts, a little more than half of the party had decided they had found the one they wanted to kill, and the second day was going to be coming up.

Tuesday morning arrived sooner than I would have liked. Breakfast, consisting of "El Paso Eggs" were meant to keep us warm. (I'll let J. D. pass on the recipe for the eggs) and they did. About an hour into the woods, the hogs were located by the hounds and away we went. The night before, Joe had brought out a six foot long spear. Deciding to give it a try and save some money by not using any bullets, I was carrying it. The purpose of the spear is not to throw it, but to point it toward the hog, work in close, and let him run into it. Sounds simple enough, and after holding onto the south end of a hog the day before, I decided to give it a try.

As luck would have it, the hogs were not in too good of a mood with all the people in the woods, and the dogs were feeling like they hadn't done enough of this lately, and so they were really giving it the old college try. We went down a hill that made the ones the day before look like molehills. At the bottom of the hill, we heard the dogs again . . . at the top. So, what else was there to do but go back up to the top! As luck would have it, and it's too hard to believe, the hogs had led the dogs around the hill and back down! Splitting up, J. D. and I went one way, and Lark went the other. Now we had it figured out . . . or so we thought! The hogs had gotten tired of this game and split into the hills in all directions. Lark had seen a couple of the hogs but didn't really know how the teeth were, so we started to catch our breath after the last 45 minutes of strenuous exercise, but once again, the hills were erupted with the sound of dogs and a gun shot. That was probably the hog that I wanted. Then it happened again with the dogs, and it was our turn. Back and forth over the hills, we retraced our path. By this time, I was getting to see some familiar landmarks in the over 4,000 acre area. I was also beginning to think that this spear was weighing closer to 50 pounds after the last hour or so of running. The hogs pinned down another hog and after freeing him with a lot more finesse than the first one, the dogs had found a couple nice ones in a pine thicket.

J. D. and I took root in a good lookout point and Lark circled around the other way. Before we knew what was going on, two hogs made a break and came right by us, about thirty yards away. Neither J. D. or myself could see much in the way of teeth, so we didn't jump right into the chase. Lark came out a-yelling that one of the jet black hogs had some teeth on him that would make a nice trophy. What a time for J. D. and myself to decide to take a break. The race was on again, and within six or eight minutes, the dogs had clamped onto a small hog.



Steve Wynn, with the spear, Lark (who had seen better days), and Jim Brayton who took his hog with a .357/.44.

J. D. grabbed the hog and Lark and I grabbed the dogs and put them back into the chase. A couple of minutes later, we caught sight of the hog putting up a stand against two of the dogs. They were about a hundred yards or so from us, and on the side of a very steep hill which turned into a cliff. I felt like I was ready to drop over dead after all this, and I really wasn't ready to hold onto the spear while the hog was on the other end. The hell with the spear! This hog put me through pure hell, and I was getting madder at him than I care to admit. Deciding to work in closer than the hundred yards which we were now apart seemed like a good idea. I had carefully and faithfully practiced out to one hundred yards, but that was when I had some life left in me. At sixty-five to seventy yards, the hog saw us coming and made a break. Lark yelled to shoot if I thought I could connect, and dropping down on one knee, I fired. Spotting the low under the belly miss, I settled down and had to settle for a running shot to my left at seventy to seventy-five yards. You could see the puff of steam erupt as the 225 grain Speer Hollow Point took him in the left lung. But all he did was stop

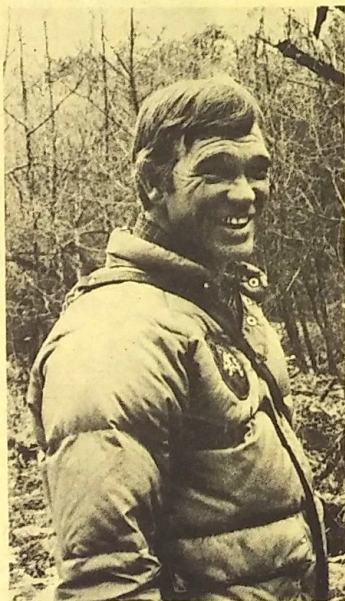
momentarily and go behind a tree about six or eight feet ahead of him. Waiting a second or two, he came out the way he went in, and I fired a third shot. . . . This time for keeps! The hog, bent on getting the dogs, evidently blaming them for the pain in his shoulder, tumbled down the hill with the dogs all over him.

Content with the fact that he was down for keeps, I was congratulated by Jim Brayton, J. D. Jones and our guide, Lark. Photographs were taken from all angles and the distance stepped off a couple of times. A lot of practice paid off with a couple of good solid hits on the hog while on the move . . . but, most of all, I now knew why so many writers go to Telico Junction and why it was the right place to hunt. Joe Meeks and company cater to the hunter. You control the hunt, and you will have a trip worthy of any hunt you will ever have.

The break for lunch really gave us a good chance to see the size of the teeth on my kill, and was surprised us with the fact that although he had the largest teeth, he was really outweighed by several other hogs. Mine probably went about 165 to 185 pounds, but what he didn't have in weight, he had in tusks. He made up into a super mount for the wall.

Telico Junction is really the place to hunt. On the journey back, we decided to return about November and do it all over again. At the time of this writing, we have 11 more hunters returning to hunt in Tennessee for wild boar, and if you have ever dreamed about such a hunt, contact Joe Meeks, (Hog Hollow Road, Englewood, Tennessee 37329), who can make that dream come true.

The load I used in the 29 was 24.0 grains of H-110 under the Speer 225 grain three-quarter jacket hollow point. CCI 350s lit the fire. The Speer catalog number is 4435. Two of the three shots were hits and the lung shot penetrated completely. Bullet performance was adequate for a .44 at the fairly long range involved. After the guttin' and draggin' when I reloaded, I noticed the core of the fourth round was sticking out of the end of the cylinder. It wouldn't have shot the fourth time if I had needed it! The jacket stayed in the case. Under the wrong circumstances, that experience could ruin your day.



Joe Meeks, TJHP Honcho shortly before total exhaustion!



These are decent tusks for any hog. Those stories of eight inch tusks don't tell you five inches were in the jaw. Add five inches to these and this old boy would have starved to death in a hurry. The upper and lowers work against each other and are usually quite sharp. The often referred to "razor sharp" is a crock, although what they do have is quite enough.



Note the third shot entrance in the shoulder. That's some shootin' on a runnin' 75 yard hog. He end-over-ended it for 25 yards down a steep hill before piling up.



Core moved forward in recoil. Jacket stayed in place.

SWAPPAHUNT!!

The Sixgunner will publish at no charge, information from individuals who would like to swap hunts. Please submit your name, address (phone number if you like), what kind of hunt you have to offer or what kind of hunt you would like to go on yourself. It's up to ya'll to get together. Maybe even swap a pistol for a hunt.

For example, here in eastern Ohio, we have some of the best groundhog hunting I've ever encountered. An Out-of-State license is \$30.75. Not too bad if you consider a visitor isn't paying for a room or meals. The guide works cheap, too! Stalk 'em with a sixgun, zap 'em with a scoped T/C or miss them at 1500 yards with a 7mm/300 — This part of Ohio has it all! I'll swap a groundhog hunt for damn near anything!

JDJ

Muddy Wheels

By J. D. Jones

Lighting is a subject we seldom give a second thought. We either have enough, too much or too little light and seldom the "just right" amount.

I guess Detroit is geared for providing adequate lighting to get around in big cities. The key to that statement is "adequate" — they don't cut it in lousy visibility conditions. When you get to mountain driving, it's bad enough. In the dirt, factory lighting is downright criminal.

Two friends had a hunt ruined by inadequate lighting. One dropped the right front into a washout at about 10 mph or less. The stop was immediate. The number two hunter, about half asleep, kept going until his size 7-5/8 head hit a whole lot bigger windshield. Both broke a little. The cost of emergency hospital care almost equalled the cost of the windshield, but didn't come close to the cost of the stabilizer bar, brake hose and sheet metal damage. The scar did improve number two's looks a little. Number one claims he could have done a better job improving number two's looks with a 2 x 4.

Sum total — ruined hunt, many bucks down the drain, a little pain and suffering, inconvenience, and one guy with slightly more "character" than he previously had.

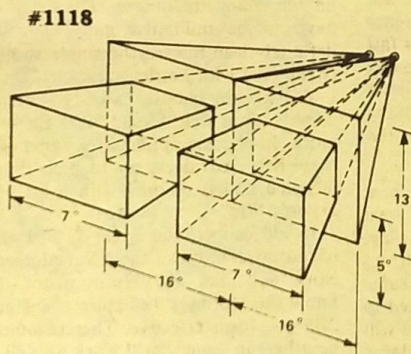
Seat belts could have prevented the injury. Proper after market accessory lights, fog burners, would have prevented the whole incident. After market accessories have their place in providing what the manufacturer didn't. You can definitely get burned with some of the discount house products that aren't worth taking home. KC Hilites, Inc., (Williams, AZ 86046) is a major manufacturer of accessory lighting. Their catalog is very fine information on the general subject of lighting. In addition, complete specification for each lamp — including amperage draw and diagrammed lighting patterns are shown. You can see and compare the light pattern of each available light and determine exactly the light that does what you want it to. K.C. has a wide variety of lights available from interior maplights to back-up, fog, wide beam, competition, long range, and several others. Padded lamp covers and installation kits are also available.

There is no doubt about it — some of these lighting rigs will blind an oncoming driver at half a mile and are rightfully illegal for highway use. K.C. also tells you what's legal and proper for highway use and what isn't. This catalog packs more information on lighting than any other source I'm aware of. I don't think there is any charge for it, and it's certainly a worthwhile 20-page freebie.

I hadn't really intended to get into lighting in this column, and will probably get back to off-road lighting more specifically a few more issues down the line, but coming through the secondary highways of West Virginia last week at night with a new vehicle reminded me of the importance of proper lighting that I hadn't yet installed . . . K.C. also has a reasonable warranty.



Nope, you don't get one free with every set of K Cs but you do get a sturdy, well built light. The padded lens cover is a good idea for on or off road use. This little number will really burn a hole in the darkness — it's illegal for highway use in every state!



K C tells you what a light will do up front. If you can't read, comparing the diagrams still tells you what you need to know about the particular lamps characteristics.



SNAPSHOTS

By Steve Wynn
No. 4

The fall hunting season is right around the corner and to borrow an old saying from the Boy Scouts: BE PREPARED! This means not only your gun, ammo, clothes and comfortable boots, but a camera to record the hunt. It may be an afternoon with your buddies after the elusive quail, a brisk fall morning after the wary squirrel, or maybe it is the hunt of a lifetime, the dreamed about safari to the darkest of Africa. Whatever the occasion, the memories will be more pleasurable and vivid when relived with good quality photographs.

The camera, as insignificant as it may seem at times, is your only means of bringing back the memories of the

hunt, including the grandeur of the sun setting in the rack of the majestic bull elk, or even the answer to the old question of, "does the bear shit in the woods?" The camera and the resultant photographs will allow you to share the memories and moments with absent friends and relatives and bring back the thrill of the hunt, months afterward.

Have you ever gone through this: You have just returned from the successful hunt, the gun is cleaned, oiled and stored away. The trophy head which you spent countless hours stalking through thorns, thistles, and snakes where thousands of mosquitoes and black flies feasted on your blood, has been shipped directly to the taxidermist. Nothing to show for the trip until you receive the stuffed product. But wait a minute . . . you pull out a little pocket sized camera and pop out a narrow cartridge about

the size of your little finger. You drop off the cartridge at the friendly neighborhood druggist, who may still sell drugs back in the far corner and anxiously await the return of the finished processing. When the pictures come back, you nervously plunk down the \$3.67 plus tax and almost apprehensively open the envelope. You glance through the pile of pictures once, maybe twice, and retire them to the extra drawer reserved for the almost exclusive use of storing pictures. Why? Maybe because the quality of your photographs was such that they did not make a big enough impression upon you to warrant leaving them out. The problem may not have been readily apparent to you, but you didn't like the pictures and with a little help or the right clue, the subsequent results of following through on them will result in improving your photographs to the degree that people that didn't even think about going hunting will soon be requesting prints from your negatives.

One of the first steps towards improving the quality of your photographs is to locate the problem areas that will make the biggest improvements in the majority of the photographs. There is no better way than to compare your photographs to some of similar topics published in books and magazines. The ideal setting may not appear in your present or even future photographs, but with a little old fashioned critical analysis, you can go a long way toward improving the quality of your pictures.

First, look and see that the photograph is good and sharp. Is it in focus or is it blurry due to one of several things: too long of an exposure to hand hold? Camera movement during exposure can be caused by punching the shutter release instead of squeezing it like a rifle or pistol trigger. Assuming that it is in focus and you can pick out detail, see how much detail you can really distinguish. Look for tree bark. Can you find rocks and clumps of dirt? How about picking out leaves and blades of grass? If the photograph is sharp and clear, you should be able to pick out these, and maybe more. If you can't pick out detail like this, something is amiss in either the camera lens, film, or photographic paper. While you are looking real close, look at the color in comparison to color photographs in books or magazines. You will not be able to get the same degree of brightness that is characteristic to magazines and books, but, you should come in a close second. Compare the greens, blues, blacks, browns, yellows, and whites. Compare any and every color. Is there anything wrong? Maybe your photographs show an overall cast of a greenish or grayish tint. Later on, I'll tip you off to one of the common reasons for this green or gray tint which is almost to the point of being accepted as normal or unavoidable by some people. Whatever you do, do not accept it as normal. It can be corrected or avoided.

Continually compare every photograph that you make to determine what if anything went wrong or what can be done to improve it the next time that you pick up your camera. Your camera store, not the corner drug store, but the bonafide photographic supply type of camera store can help a great deal. They are staffed by people who are making photography a part of their life and not just passing out

Snapshots — Continued on Page 11

pictures over a counter to the same people who dropped them off a couple of days earlier. Pick their brain during their slow moments. Most of all, keep referring back to some damn good photographs. Constant viewing of mediocre photographs often begin to look better when there is nothing to compare them to. You may never achieve award winning composition, but if you review each photograph half as carefully as you do each group you shot with different loads for your favorite gun, you will soon see a big improvement in quality.

If you think that this seems like a lot of work, let me remind you that it only takes a little work, a little knowledge and some halfway decent equipment to get the results. None of which are out of reach of any of the average hunters. With good quality photographs, you can relive with uncanny reality the burning sensation in your lungs from the high altitude in quest for the wary sheep, or the aching legs and thighs after chasing that same wild boar back and forth over the hills for an hour and a half, at which time you didn't care if he weighed 41½ pounds while caked with red clay, had lost his teeth and new ones weren't ready to come in yet, he was going to die. This is all possible with good quality photographs.

Remember earlier I mentioned 110 cameras, in the form of a "thin narrow cartridge about the size of your little finger?" Well, the time has come for me to get into the anti-110 army. I think that about 70% of the bad photographs taken with this film format is not the blame of the small negative (which incidentally is about as big as your thumbnail) but is rather the fault of the cameras and lenses that use this film.

Your first solution is to forget about 110 cameras and pick up at least a low priced or moderately priced 35mm camera. Either a rangefinder or a single lens reflex will work just fine. You may feel that you need a camera that automatically sets either the shutter speed or the aperture. These are fine, and if you are photographing a fast action series with changing light conditions, you will find that you really do need one of these. I personally prefer the shutter priority type where the user determines the shutter speed, necessary to stop the action. The camera in turn sets the lens opening. Thus, all that is left to do during the action is to focus. In many cameras, total automation may take place and you have no control over any of the settings, or maybe just the extreme limits are within your reach. This could be heartbreaking if the camera sets a fairly slow shutter speed and you thought that you had the complete fight of two bull moose on film when in reality you may end up with a bunch of blurry blobs.

If you will be photographing animals and action that leaves you more time to adjust the camera after focusing, almost any decent match needle exposure determining camera will work out at a minimum of cost and offer in most cases the addition of interchangeable lenses.

Should you still be thinking about 110 cameras because of the size difference, weigh this. A Smith & Wesson Model 29 6½" barrel is not the lightest gun to carry around ten hours a day. A kit gun on the other hand is almost like carrying no gun at all. Yet, if you run across a hungry

bear or mad boar while in the woods, how would you like to try and stop him with a .22 or even a .32! I just hope that you can stand your ground until you can place a tiny bullet into a small important spot to stop him while he is blowing his foul breath down your throat.

I recently tested a half dozen 110 cameras from several manufacturers including some exotic new models which have turned a few heads. None of the cameras which I tested would really be what I would call adequate for the hunter. One of the models was the new Pentax Auto 110 single lens reflex which also has the availability of adding an autowinder to advance the film to the next frame. My main complaint with this camera model was that the user had no control over anything other than focusing and pushing the shutter release. It totally determines the shutter and lens opening. It only tells the user when the shutter speed falls below 1/30th of a second, warning you to either use a tripod or steady rest. The other high priced model was a Vivitar Model 742XL which also completely determines everything.

Unlike the lower priced models, these two had decent lenses which gave pretty good color reproduction. They were the tops in their class, but were actually priced higher than quite a few good acceptable 35mm rangefinders. If you want to get the top buy for your hard earned dollar, buy something other than a 110 camera.

If you already own a 110 camera, and want to make an improvement in quality, sell that little paperweight at the next garage sale and use the money for part of the downpayment for a 35mm. The cost difference between 110 and 35mm cameras is fast becoming non-existent. The Pentax Auto 110, Vivitar 742XL, and Minolta Zoom 110 are priced above many 35mm cameras that would serve the hunter quite well.

When you make an enlargement from the small 110 negative, great magnification ratios come into play. When enlarging a 110 negative to an 8 x 10, you enlarge it by about the same degree as a 35mm negative enlarged to 16 x 20. Chances may be that you will never have the need or desire to enlarge a negative to 16 x 20 but should the occasion arise, the capability is there. The quality obtained from a 35mm negative leaves little if any to be desired when enlarging to an 8 x 10 or 11 x 14. When going to the more popular 5 x 7, results are superb. To reinforce my stand behind the 35mm cameras let me remind you that almost all magazine photographers, and newspaper photographers use 35mm's. Fashion photographers commonly use 35mm's and thousands of photographs taken with these are published each week.

Many of your 110 cameras and possibly a few 35mm cameras use lens elements made with plastic. In my opinion, nothing could be much worse. It scratches easier and at one time offered some really atrocious distortion. The distortion is now less of a problem that it once was, but plastic lenses still do not allow as true of a color rendition as a "real" lens. Often seen is a greenish or grayish cast over the whole photograph. I don't know about you but I don't like greenish photographs where everything is green! Not every photograph has the whole rainbow of colors in it. But at least let the photograph reproduce colors as they

were and not introduce all colors into the photograph as greens. Reds are also "muddied" by these cheap plastic lenses.

When picking out the camera for the hunter, I can not stress the point enough to buy a camera that is threaded for the use of screw-in filters. The eventual use of a filter may arise and you will be thrilled to be able to simply screw in a filter to correct the color imbalance brought on by outside sources or to enhance the weak colors in the original scene.

I hope that I have given a couple of people a start toward better photographs on that next hunting trip. I plan to cover some of the problems encountered by the outdoor hunter-photographer, including film, processing labs, cameras and more. If you have any problems or areas that you would like discussed and I can help out, drop me a line and I'll see what I can do to solve it. My address is: Steve Wynn, 2819 Wren Avenue, Elida, Ohio 45807.

So until then . . . keep on clicking.

"DOGS"

By Tom Shippy
No. 26

Looking for a shooting challenge that requires even a steadier hand than silhouette shooting? Try shooting prairie dogs with your handguns! The handguns that can be used effectively on prairie dogs can and do vary as much as individual preferences vary. I prefer the super accurate types found on the silhouette ranges. They don't have to be unlimited guns, but I definitely lean toward the single shots chambered with bottleneck cartridges. I also like to choose cartridge-bullet combinations that'll yield 2000 fps or more. In choosing bullets for some of these rifle cartridges, try to pick thin jacketed bullets or ones with a lot of exposed lead.

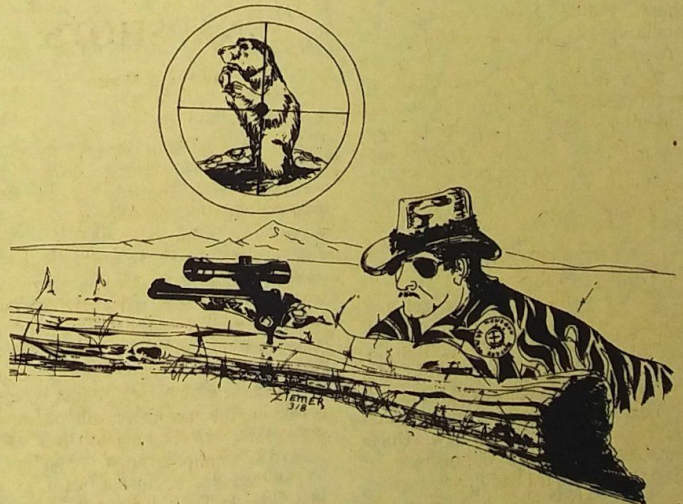
In .30 caliber, the Speer 110 grain round nose and also their Varminter work well. For a 7x57mm pistol, I know the Hornady 120 spire point at 2700+ fps is effective. There should be others in 7mm that'll work as well. If in doubt as to how tough a bullet's jacket is, cut several in half (lengthwise) with a hack saw. (Holding them in a vise and filing with the corner of a fairly coarse bastard fire also works

well.) It isn't hard to do and it's better than just a stab in the dark. You could also shoot them into wet catalogs or something strictly for expansion comparisons. In .270, 90 to 110 grain bullets seem to work real well with the 110 grain Sierra being the one I've used most often. I haven't had a lot of experience with the .221, but have read that the Sierra blitz is a good performer.

As far as guns are concerned, the Merrill pistol in several of its chamberings is a good performer as is the Thompson/Center Contender. The standard Remington XP100 in .221 is a real accurate, easy to shoot pistol, but definitely needs a scope as the iron sights are a real handicap. A lot of wildcat cartridges have been chambered in the XP and also in the Contender and most all should be effective. Vern Juenke's .270VJ is one that is super accurate and easy to shoot all day as recoil is practically non-existent. The 7x47 should also work, but I've had no experience with it. Actually, any of the wildcats based on the .222 or .223 cases necked to anything from 6mm to 30 caliber are flat shooting, efficient cartridges. A .250 Savage, .284 CJKK, or some of Elgin Gates' IHMSA series of cases should be excellent also. There is certainly nothing wrong with a .30 Herrett, .30-30, .35 Remington or .357 Herrett either, although the last two may have more recoil than a lot of people like for the continuous shooting that you find in prairie dog towns. The point is, if you have a capable caliber, I'm sure you could come up with a good argument in support of it. Almost anything will work — some just a little better than others.

The prairie dogs I keep referring to are the ones we find in Wyoming on dry, semi-desert land. These are nowhere near the size of some of the prairie dogs I see in the various gun articles and are only about one-fourth the size of the rock chucks found in Idaho. The only prairie dogs I've seen in Wyoming that had any size to them are the ones found in National Parks, such as near Devils Tower, that have a steady diet of junk food given them by tourists. The variety normally found on the plains run around 3" thick and about 6" to 7" long. As you can see, the target can be pretty small at long range. The dogs do, however, accommodate by standing erect on their hind legs and some that haven't been shot at much will allow three to four shots before disappearing in their burrows.

"Dogs" — Continued on Page 12



It's fairly easy to find a rancher that is thoroughly fed up with these "dogs" and they generally will welcome someone who wants a little target practice as long as your shooting doesn't endanger their livestock. Prairie dogs are a real nuisance to the rancher as a few hundred of them can destroy a lot of grassland that could have supported a few more head of cattle. Not only do these varmints eat grass themselves (usually pulling it out by the roots) they also rake the ground bare around their dens so that they can see anything apt to be creeping up on them. Their burrows present a hazard to horses and cattle that might be unlucky enough to step in one of these holes. Undoubtedly the man on the back of a horse that steps into a hole isn't going to be too fond of prairie dogs. Ranchers have poisoned them over the years with only mediocre results and unless the whole population is wiped out, they're apt to be back in as large a numbers the following years.

With the foregoing in mind, and feeling satisfied that I wouldn't be harassed by the Humane Society for destroying animals, I decided to try to eradicate a few of the furry little beasts. Since I'm chiefly a handgun shooter, (I sold my only rifle last winter) I decided to take an XP 7x57 that Phil Crowley (910 Cadiz Road, Wintersville, OH 43952) built for me, and a 10" .30 Herrett that Vern Juenke (The Accuracy Den, 25 Bitterbrush Road, Reno, NV 89523) had accurized. The 7x57 has a Lyman peep with a Lyman 17A front sight and I used the insert shaped like a hollow circle on a post. This particular gun is accurate with just about any load and was built to comply with IHMSA's rules for unlimited silhouette shooting. For prairie dogs, I loaded up some 120 grain Horandy spire points to about 2700 fps using 46 grains of H380. The .30 Herrett is also an accurate, pleasant gun to shoot and it was topped off with Leupolds M8-2X scope on a set of maxi-mounts available through SSK Industries (Route 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, OH 43910). These mounts eliminate any scoping problems usually associated with hard kicking handguns. Also, as with the stock XP, I'm not too fond of T/C's production sight and felt a scope was necessary. The loads used for the .30 Herrett varied as I had a lot of bullets I was experimenting with. I had several boxes with only 15 to 20 bullets left, and frankly, wanted to shoot these up. A pretty much standard load I use with 110 grain bullets is 23 grains of H4227. Hornady's 100 grain short jacketed bullet was loaded this way. The heaviest bullet I tried was Sierra's 125 grain spitzer and it seemed to come closer to the mark out past 200 yards possibly due to the better ballistic coefficient. At that distance, for me at least, I was truly giving them a sporting chance. The dogs that stayed for three shots allowed me to zero in and connect on enough to keep me interested.

The first evening, I crept up on a small village and some dogs were so close that I used my S & W Model 41-.22 automatic. Even though I had picked some of Federal's semi-hollow points (the ones with a slight dimple in the point) thinking they would do the job, I soon found that head shots were the only reliable way of anchoring them with the .22. Sure, now and then, a body shot would kill before they

made it down their holes, but I like to stop them in their tracks! So I soon switched to the other two guns.

You know how it is, some days when everything is just right and you can't seem to miss . . . and sure as the devil, no one is around to witness what a helluva shot you think you are. Those days make up for the days you can't do anything right. I believe out of the first 10 shots, I had eight dogs anchored, three with the 7x57 and five with the .30 Herrett. Then I started shooting at the level to which I was accustomed . . . about 50% hits, or slightly less. I think a lot of pistol shooters are like me in that I find it easy to rationalize away my misses and remember only the long range hits.

The first prairie dog I killed with the 7x57 simply disintegrated, I later found out when I went out to check the results. He was only about 85 yards out and at first, I couldn't find anything that looked like a prairie dog. After looking around, I found a chunk of chewed up green grass here, a piece of bone or gut over there, with no pieces larger than a 50¢ piece, and scattered over a 15-yard arc in back of where the dog was standing. I never had that happen before, nor did it occur with any of the other hits that day. Someone suggested that the bullet might have hit something and glanced into him, exploding on contact. I don't know, but with prairie dogs, it would be nice to be able to consistently do that. Most of the well hit ones would be blown apart and some would also be thrown into the air a foot or so upon contact, but I wasn't able to detonate any of the others. Those who enjoy the visual impact of the targets falling in silhouette shooting should get a kick out of seeing a dog hit with the 7x57. All told, I got around 20 to 25 dogs in about an hour, and expended about 50 rounds.

The next morning, I located a village about four times the size of the previous one, and this time, I couldn't hit a bull in the butt with a baseball bat. Predictably so . . . this time, there was an audience! I guess that's the frustrating part about pistol shooting that keeps me interested and wanting to try again.

For keeping in practice for not only big game hunting but also for silhouette shooting, there's nothing that I've found that equals a day spent attempting to eliminate some of these prairie pests. A person can also sometimes use the same positions that you use in silhouette shooting. The creedmore is real effective if grass and weeds don't block your vision. I have even used some of the same loads on prairie dogs that I've used for silhouettes. A person should be a little selective when it comes to bullets because lighter bullets seem to work a little better than the heavier ones used as ram killers. After all, it's far better to be insured of a quick kill than to allow a prairie dog to crawl into his hole and die a lingering death.

After shooting dogs all afternoon, it makes it a lot easier to hit the steel targets that are so much larger. A person has to pay a lot closer attention to sight alignment and trigger squeeze to hit these small targets; this helps to eliminate those 1" misses around the edge of turkeys and rams. In silhouette shooting, many times you can get a hit even when you feel the sight picture was off slightly or the squeeze wasn't as smooth as it could have been. I feel that a person would have fewer misses on the silhouettes if they tried to hold on a smaller area. In other

words, instead of holding merely on the belly of a ram, hold on the belly just behind the front leg or in a similar manner — define it a little better. So give prairie dog shooting a try . . . you'll be surprised at how it helps your shooting, and it won't hurt your rancher friend's feelings one bit!

Plan Ahead

D. M. Terry No. 301

That little 'goodie' list should be made up before a hunt. Such items as hard candy, chewing gum and whatever makes you a good woods snack, plus for emergencies, I recommend the following: extra boot laces, brown cotton work gloves and pocket size packages of kleenex. These are easily kept in a pocket of one's hunting jacket. I almost forgot . . . an extra pair of socks. Whatever else one considers necessary can be added. This will vary a lot depending on what type hunting and part of the country is involved.

A good safety tip is to leave a note with your wife or other person with the following information on it:

1. Where you are going, with a second and third choice of locations in case you can't hunt at the first.

2. Who you are going with. Tell her a little something about them so she will know what kind of people they are.

3. If possible make, model, color and tag number of the vehicle you will be in. That will make it easier for anyone that has to bring an emergency message.

4. If there will be dogs. I have seen them make one drive and spent the rest of the day and half the night hunting them . . . and find them two weeks later!

5. If the property is privately owned, leased by the gun club or state, leave a phone number if possible. This is for emergency use only.

6. What time to expect you home. If you will be in much later than this, call and let her know. If she fusses about it, that is between the two of you.

These are all for emergency use only. One never knows what will happen and it is the dickens to need someone in a hurry and not be able to get them. With this information, the sheriff's department can be notified and they in turn will notify the proper officials where you are hunting.

Recently I read a letter in a shooting magazine from a guy with a big problem. Seems like his shooting was off and he was quite upset about it. Naturally, he took his gun to the gunsmith and paid a pretty penny to get it fixed. Even after that it was still off and he was worrying about the loads he was shooting. Originally, they had been good ones for that particular gun. Evidently he had not thought to take himself to the doctor for a check-up. All too often we forget ourselves when we are used to doing accurate shooting and when it slumps, we blame the poor gun. Inaccuracy can be an unsuspected medical problem or that our glasses may need changing. I feel that getting an annual check-up for eyes and a physical is a must for a good hunting season. It is a preventative measure against getting sick in the woods.

For those who must take medicines regularly and like to hunt, it is a good idea to tell your buddies . . . show

Plan Ahead — Continued on Page 13

Number 1's

HHI is growing daily! The following is a list of the first member from each state.

AL	Wiley Hales
AK	Bob Daniel
AZ	Phil Briggs
AR	Kenton Hunnell
CA	Alan Gaede
CO	Robert Braun
CT	R. B. Maliza
FL	Luis Lasa
GA	R. W. Shore
ID	Elgin Gates
IL	Keith Bates
IN	Arnold Griggs
IA	William Lieser
KS	Edward Benson
KY	Frank Bowersox
LA	Dennis Sharp
MD	Gary Redmond
MA	Richard Lemme
MI	Larry Kelly
MN	Al Zink
MS	Louis Fetterolf
MO	Mike Schwallenstecker
MT	Earl Prophter
NE	Bill King
NV	Mike Large
NH	Warren Center
NJ	William Wolfenden
NM	Lee Jurras
NY	Wilsey Moore
NC	Michael Shorter
ND	Steve Greer
OH	Terry Bates
OK	Dwight Malone
OR	Joseph Brasky
PA	R. W. Holup
RI	Colonel Richard Hanson
SC	William Moore
TN	Frank Davis
TX	Hal Swiggett
UT	Herbert Hunt
VT	Daniel Boyce
VA	Robert Grubbs
WA	Cliff Thayer
WV	Larry Rogers
WI	Duane Uttke
WY	Dave LaRue
D.C.	William Nesbitt

A. Roberts is the first Australian member. Doug Shogren is the first Canadian member. (British Columbia). Jacques Dailland is the first French member. In fact, Jacques will have visited us in November. So far, Ohio leads in the number of members from one state. This would be true, even if the Lima Sabres had not given 10 memberships as prizes in the Ohio State IHMSA Shoot.

The five states leading in membership are: Ohio, California, Michigan, Pennsylvania, and Texas.

Four states . . . Delaware, Hawaii, Maine, and South Dakota, do not as yet have a member.

HEY PA!

Tom Harman (515 S. Second Street, Lykens, PA) wants to get an HHI chapter started. The easiest way for him to get it going is for some of you to get in touch with him and form an organization. Right now, it wouldn't be practical for Tom to contact all of you PA members individually. He has some good ideas and I'm sure that combined with yours, PA can be one of the first states to get a strong organization going.



Hunting — Yes! Handgun — No!

Received my first issue of HHI paper today. May this be the beginning of something really big. I especially like the title. As a shooter of big bore sixguns for 25 years, I think "The Sixgunner" is the perfect title. On the back page is a picture of a customized XP100 raising the question of whether this is a hunting handgun or not. Hunting — yes, handgun — no. For me handguns take handgun cartridges, if it takes a rifle cartridge its a rifle regardless of barrel length. To me the perfect hunting handgun is a 10" Ruger flat top .44 Magnum carried in a Goerg shoulder holster. Easy to carry and shoots flat. This spring I had a mate to this rarity made up, starting with a new model super Blackhawk. I had a 10" Douglas barrel installed, red ramp front, action job, Pachamyr grips and satin nickle finish. Second choice for hunting is a Ruger flat top 7 1/2" .44 Magnum or a Smith Model 29 6 1/2". The Douglas barreled Ruger will do double duty as a hunting arm and silhouette piece. Unfortunately I must shoot against the bolt action single shot handguns (?) in silhouette competition, even my original 10" flat top is classified as unlimited because it has three gold bars inlaid in the front sight. To me handgun means sixgun and I wish silhouette rules would be changed to allow sixguns versus sixguns and singleshoots versus singleshoots.

For non-hunting, knock around the woods use give me a Colt SA or Ruger SA in .44 Special or .45 Colt. I have a much customized Ruger Blackhawk in .44 Special by 4-5/8" that is a real joy. I also like a Smith 1950 .44 Special 4" and a Model 29 .44 Magnum 4" with reasonable loads. Even though sixguns are my passion, I would probably choose my Colt MK IV .45 if I had to carry a gun for defensive use. With RCBS 45-210KT ahead of 7.0 gr. Unique it would be perfect. Everyone to his own choosing, but I just can't bring myself to accept the rifle cartridge single shots as handguns. If my wife buys me that Super 14 .35 Remington for Christmas, I just might have to reconsider! One thing the single shots have done is stimulate interest in handgunning. Anything that increases support for handgunning is worthwhile.

John Taffin No. 76

That picture and question on the back page of "The Sixgunner" has been one that has bothered me for some time. By definition I guess anything that can be held in the hands and fired is a handgun. But where does it end?

With todays and tomorrows technology with metals, porting, venting and stocks, pretty soon we may be firing the .375 H & H hand held —

or even heavier. (Note: .458 has been done numerous times. .458X2" appears to be a better choice. JDJ)

So, my feeling is what can be fired in company built wheelguns and semiautos is one thing and these "hand rifles" are something else.

As long as it can be hand fired go ahead and call it a handgun but don't put them in the same class or compare hunting or trophy taking with them.

The article "Best Cartridge For Handgun Hunting?" clearly shows there is no real comparison.

I say to the man that wants more and more to go! But save a little room for those of us who feel that when you neck the brass or it gets too long you are talking hand rifle.

By all means keep handgunning going, but let's not try to compare apples and oranges.

George W. Whitlow, Jr. No. 384

Your picture on the back page of the XP-100 strikes a nerve dear to my heart. I just can't consider these shortened rifles to be in the same class as true pistols. To me, the revolvers and automatic pistols are both more challenging and exciting. You must be closer to your game which requires harder hunting, more careful stalking and more accurate shots since pistol cartridges are less powerful than the mini-rifles.

I just can't get turned on by blasting a deer or larger game some 200 plus yards away. I like to see the whites of their eyes and see all the action. Like Lee Jurras said in his article, these long shots are trick shots, often easily made by the mini-rifles, but seldom taken by pistol shooters at big game.

I'm not really knocking long shots. I like to blast ground hogs at reasonably long ranges, but I've only let one deer tempt me past 100 yards.

Oh, well, I've strayed . . . the bolt action pistols are really in a separate class and I don't feel they should be fairly compared with regular production revolvers.

Keep up the good work. I'll do what I can to help.

Larry C. Rogers, M.D. No. 48

I've just finished reading The Sixgunner and hung my charter membership certificate on the wall. It looks like you have a good thing going. I'm going to pass my copy around to some of my shooting buddies and try to get them signed up also.

Regarding the XP conversion question as to whether it is a hunting pistol (excuse me — handgun) Yes! It is. I like revolvers, autos and single shots. But, when something as efficient as these "silhouette" style guns comes along, I will by all means try to have one — for hunting and target shooting. The more powerful versions will

produce more humane kills in the hands of good shooters than was possible before with the limited selection of cartridges acceptable for handguns.

Please find enclosed a story of my deer hunt with a handgun. It opened up a new side of the sport for me as I lost my left leg in an accident a few years ago. A rifle was a little difficult for me on an extended day out in the woods — now a handgun makes it possible for more activity for me. Can't play football, but I can hunt and shoot.

Thomas Welsh No. 31

Hunting Handgun? Yes, it is. It may be a small rifle in many respects, but it is still a handgun. To disqualify it because it is "special" and does not look like a traditional sixgun would mean that we would have to also disqualify such "weird" guns such as the T/C. Really now!

Leonard Isaak
No. 425

To me, you can use the XPs both ways, supported by a strap harness you can use it as a rifle. Supported just by the hands, you use it as a handgun. So I'm calling them a "Handfle" (not ful, but fle). To me, you have a mixed breed on 'your hands' and it's beautiful. Handfle is No. 1 by me!

Donna Le Markham
No. 395

I say the XPs are handguns. In my book, any gun supported by the shoulder with a rigid stock (detachable or permanent) is a rifle or long gun. Any gun supported by the hands (lanyard included, because it is not rigid from gun to body) is a handgun.

Kirk Markham
No. 460

But we haven't heard the last of this argument! Crowley didn't exactly get flooded with inquiries, but he did get more inquiries than I got comments on the question. There is a very definite appeal to these guns and after over 15,000 test rounds through XP conversions in a very wide variety of calibers, I've formed some pretty definite opinions. Holler if you want to see an article on them in various calibers.

I have developed a few hunting cartridges for hunting use in the T/C. They include the .375 Bear Banger, .375 JDJ and .45-70. Performance is somewhat astounding when you pour the proper fuel to them. If there is any interest let me know and I'll put something in the next issue.

JDJ



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Plan Ahead — Continued from Page 12

it to them, tell them what it is for and how to give you first-aid if needed. Then they will not be uneasy about being out in the woods with you. Don't hide a heart condition by being the "bull of the woods".

If you don't reload yourself, give your custom reloader plenty of time or use factory loads. The custom loaders usually like to get away for a little hunting too!

Get your hunting clothes out and go over them early. It will give your wife time to make any repairs needed and you time to buy new ones if your size has increased since last season. You will also have a better selection if you do this before the last minute.

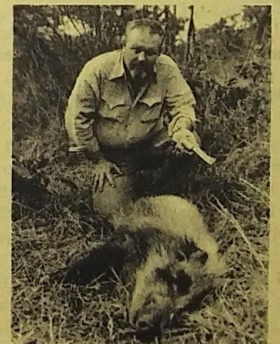
Last, but not least, have a list of the people in your party. Names, addresses and phone numbers of who to notify. This is kept in the glove compartment. This is your safety list for the woods — in the event of accident or sudden illness — they do happen, suddenly and quite unexpectedly.

These are a few ideas that have been followed around my home and have worked very well. Some readers may consider them as being soft, chicken, etc. It is not — just good common sense and the "where you are" list is good for fishing and any other sports where the whole family will not be attending.

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Sixgun Accuracy

By Mike Barach

How accurate are some of your pet handgun loads? The usual reply goes something like 2" at 25 yards, 3 1/2" at 50 yards, or 6 1/2" at 100 yards, which is well and fine. What about the flyer, was it a pull? Could be, but then again it may well have been the load itself. So how are you to determine which it is? The most practical way is through the use of a machine rest. I've wondered about the true accuracy of some of my handloads for quite a long time, so I finally got off my duff and obtained a Lee Pistol Machine Rest with an assortment of gun holders to determine just how accurate my handloads are.

The Lee Machine Rest eliminates a great deal of human error, although the shooter must grip the handgun and squeeze the trigger. This takes a bit of practice in order to grip the gun holder and squeeze the trigger consistently for optimum accuracy from the Lee Rest. At first, some vertical dispersion will be encountered and also bullets flying left or right. After some practice rounds are fired, the groups will start to tighten up with vertical dispersion disappearing. This depends to a large extent on the ability of the shooter as to how many practice rounds are needed to become familiar with the Lee Rest. The main points to remember are to grip the gun holder the same for every shot, squeeze the trigger as if you were aiming at the target, and permit the gun to recoil the same way for every shot. It sounds harder than it is to do.

I personally favor the Lee Rest over the Ransom, not only because of price, but also for its portability. If desired, the Lee Rest may be set up on any solid surface using only "C" clamps to hold the base. It naturally may also be set up permanently using bolts. The design of the Lee Rest directs recoil away from the base to the gun, T-bar, and shooter, so once it's clamped down, it won't work loose. Secondly, the Lee Rest is simply designed with no little parts to break. All parts are ruggedly constructed. It's adjustable for both windage and elevation, and incorporates a point of reference to return to after every shot.

Disadvantages: Some of the gun holders are too large for my hands,

making the gun harder to control. Jerking the trigger, flinching, or as I mentioned earlier, failing to grip the gun the same for every shot will cause the groups to open up. Shooter fatigue may also have some affect on accuracy if test sessions are extended. The four contact points must be maintained to insure accuracy. I could go on and on with pros and cons of the Lee Rest versus the Ransom, but for the average hunter or experimenter, the Lee unit is, in my opinion, a better buy.

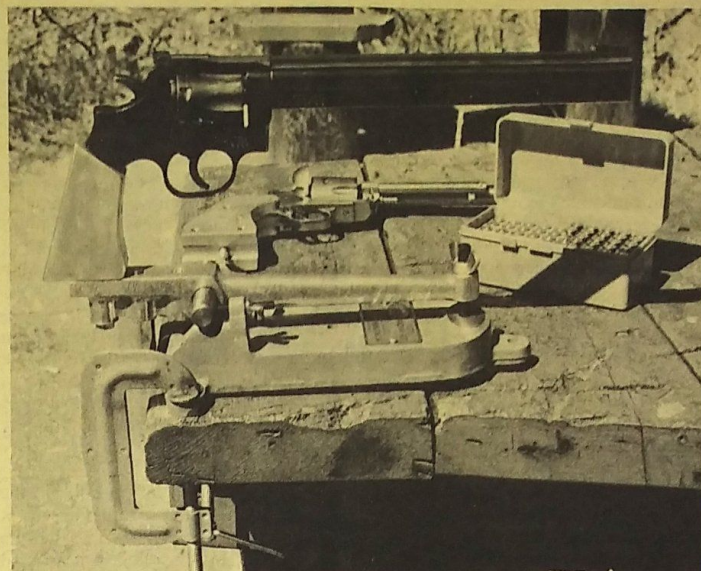
I used an assortment of handloads in various calibers in testing for accuracy. They're by no means complete, but they do give an idea of what's to be expected out of the Lee Rest.

One of the most accurate 50 yard five-shot groups I've come across came out of a 6 1/2" barreled S & W Model 29. The first three shots went into a perfect triangle measuring 3/4". The next two, for some reason, went a little high and left, opening up the group to 3-1/2". It's still an accurate load in my judgement, but further testing is needed to determine why it opened up.

The Dan Wesson .357 Mag. with a 10" barrel seems to be very accurate, which comes as no surprise, yielding an 1-1/2" five-shot group at 50 yards. I haven't had a chance to work with the 12" and 15" barrels as yet, but the testing should prove to be interesting. My 6" Python held its own with respectable 2-3/8" five-shot group at 50 yards.

On the average, any group measuring under 3" with the Lee Rest is exceptionally good at 50 yards. At 100 yards, I'd consider anything under 6" as very good. This is with the wheelguns. A T/C or converted XP will do much better, even off hand. I've shot several 1-1/2" to 2" 100-yard groups with the T/C and XP, and I've been with a fella when he shot a 2-1/2" group at 200 meters with a T/C .35 Remington, using factory loads. I should note that the groups shot with the T/C's and XP's were only 3-shot groups, because if they were 5-shoters, they would most probably open up a bit . . . however, they'd still be more accurate than a wheelgun.

The majority of the handloads I've worked up over the years are all maximum or over, according to the



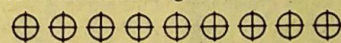
The Lee Pistol Machine Rest is a portable, economically priced outfit that's capable of bringing out the best in accuracy. After testing the Lee Rest, the Author concluded that it's an invaluable aid in determining exactly how accurate one's handloads are.

books. I won't suggest using super-hot handloads to anyone as they do tear up a gun prematurely, and if you're not thoroughly experienced in handloading, you could end up knee deep in pressure problems. All my loads have given me trouble-free performance in my handguns. Such may or may not be the case in your particular gun. I'm including a list of the loads I tested in the Lee Rest for those of you that may be interested in trying them. To insure against excessive pressure, back off the powder charge by 15% to 20% and work up slowly.

The Lee Rest will put your mind to rest to an extent, but it'll also raise some other questions regarding the accuracy or inaccuracy of your handloads or the factory stuff. A good example is the .44 Mag. handload I used in the S & W Model 29. As I mentioned earlier, the first three shots went into a perfect 3/4" triangle, and the next two opened up the group to 3-1/2". Why? It could've been me becoming tense, knowing I had an exceptionally good group going, and unconsciously permitting the gun to recoil differently, or possibly not gripping the gun the same. It could also be the particular lot of primers, brass, bullets, powder, or any combination of them. Then there's temperature, humidity, and heat buildup of the

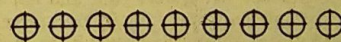
barrel to consider, also. So, in short, it's kinda' hard to nail it down to one or two factors. It is interesting to speculate and experiment in order to try to logically determine just what factors affect accuracy the most . . . if you have the time and patience. Regardless, from now on when I go out into the field handgun hunting, I'll know that if I miss, it's my fault and not the gun/handload that I'm using. If you question any accuracy of your handloads and are serious about improving the performance of them, I'd seriously recommend that you give some thought to latching on to a Lee Rest. I think you'll agree that it's worth the time and money to know exactly what your handgun and handloads are doing before you take after that once in a lifetime trophy.

The following loads were assembled in the normal manner of loading. No real effort to load super-accurate ammo was made. Cases were simply processed by headstamp without trimming and charges thrown by a powder measure. No effort was made to inspect bullets for uniformity. These loads should be fairly representative of average loading techniques in average to better than average revolvers.



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.357	Python	6"	Sierra — 125	WW630 — 15.0	1350	3-1/2"
.357	Python	6"	Sierra — 150	H-110 — 16.2	1294	2-3/8"
.357	Python	6"	Sierra — 158	A1-7 — 10.0	1185	2-3/4"
.357	Ruger S.A.	6-1/2"	Sierra — 125	21.5 — WW296	1590	2-3/16"
.357	Ruger S.A.	6-1/2"	Speer — 140	20.0 — WW296	1469	3-5/8"
.357	Dan Wesson	10"	Sierra — 125	21.5 — WW296	1696	1-1/2"
.357	Dan Wesson	10"	Speer — 140	20.0 — WW296	1586	2"
.44	S & W — 29	6-1/2"	Sierra — 180	30.0 — H-110	1641	2-3/16"
.44	S & W — 29	6-1/2"	Sierra — 240	24.0 — WW296	1388	3-1/2"
.357	Ruger S.A.	6-1/2"	158 Gr. Cast	10.5 — Herco	----	3-1/4"
.357	Ruger S.A.	6-1/2"	Swaged 137 Gr. 1/2 Jacket	19.0 — WW296	----	1-3/4"
.357	Ruger S.A.	6-1/2"	Swaged 121 Gr. Zinc Base	11.0 — WW630	----	2-3/4"
.45 Colt	Ruger S.A.	7-1/2"	Sierra 185 Gr. (ACP Bullet)	15.0 — Unique	1465	3"
.45 Colt	Ruger S.A.	7-1/2"	Sierra — 240	26.0 — WW296	1394	4"
.45 Colt	Ruger S.A.	7-1/2"	255 Gr. Cast	22.5 — 2400	----	3-1/2"
.38 Sp.	Ruger D.A.	4"	WW — 125 Gr. + P	-----	----	3"
.38 Sp.	Ruger D.A.	4"	Sierra — 125	10.3 — Blue Dot	----	2-3/4"

Note: Many of these loads are way over maximum and strictly not recommended . . . JDJ

One Gun — One Load

Robert J. Braun No. 155

The first thing you must remember is that one man's requirements are not for everyone. I want to share my experiences and findings but they may not suit you although have proven to work very well for my limited requirements and desires. Satisfaction with and faith in something is a psychological thing that makes things work well for some and not for others.

For sometime I have wanted to put on paper my opinions considering the handguns best suited for varmint hunting in the field. A pair of very sophisticated single shots are purposely omitted for the very reason I feel only the experts can squeeze their ultimate capabilities out of them in the field. I also have a strong preference for cast bullets which eliminates full charge loads for some of the rounds available in the single shots.

For what I want in a handgun, I first eliminate the Three Fifty Seven Mag. In my opinion, again, the .357 is not the "blow them apart" cartridge, with cast bullets I like to use. Penetration is good, expansion poor. Severe leading with other than a very hard bullet is a problem. The hard bullet doesn't have the hydraulic shock effect that is needed. I might add that I favor the 173 grain, plain base, Keith design bullet with 11.5 gr. of 2400 in .38 Spl. cases as my favorite load. Although mild, it is very accurate and does all I feel the .357 can do in the field with CAST loads. Using some of the jacketed soft nose jobs on the market today, it is another story, but more expensive.

As a beginners gun, after the .22, I highly recommend the .357. A wide variety of loads in .38 and .357 is available and it's about as perfect a caliber as one could ever find for learning to shoot centerfires. As far as actions go, I like the Smith doubles and the Ruger singles. I feel both are excellent with my personal preference going toward the big Smiths, but my pocket book steers me towards the Rugers. I like a 6" barrel in double actions and 4-5/8 in the single actions. The trend right now seems to be towards investments in the Smith & Wessons and I haven't found a good deal on one for several years. I like to pack and use my pistols and can't bear to put the wear and tear on something that costs 20 to 50 percent over suggested retail.

Since buying my first .44 Mag in 1960, I've had several to date. How I wish I still had the first one. I acquired it, a standard Blackhawk, for \$16.50 at a hock shop. Somebody had used it for quick draw work. He cut the barrel off in front of the ejector rod with a hacksaw at about a 45 degree angle. The sights were gone and not a working part was still in one piece. The local gunsmith cleaned it up, put sights on it for \$45.00, fixed up the action and straightened out the end of the barrel. The 4-5/8" barrel sounded like a howitzer and kicked like a mule, but shoot it did. The only way to load a .44 Mag is at the top. The Keith recommended load of 22 grains of 2400 with the 250 grain cast Keith plain base bullet is all I ever shot. I learned that gun, and its performance was like you would never believe. I wanted to master the .44 Mag, partly because

of the myth involved with its kick and blast and because it was not popular with the people I knew. I shot about 100 rounds every other weekend at the rifle range, all at 100 yards using the backrest, knees drawn up, forearms resting on the inside of the knees with two hands on the grip position and it wasn't long until I was hitting a 2 pound coffee can enough times to make it interesting. Practice, with one gun and load, long enough, you are bound to get efficient enough to satisfy your own needs.

I found by using a firm hold on the .44 and letting it roll rather freely in recoil, its bark is much worse than its bite. Too many people grip it as hard as they can trying to hold the gun down and these are the ones who suffer most from recoil.

Flinching is one habit we hear a lot about. It's a bad habit for sure, but using one gun, one load a person with a flinch can take care of it with consistency by adjusting the sights to compensate for it. Consistency is very important in any type of shooting as we all know, but in the flinching area it has to be mastered and I feel it can be by anyone. Just because a person flinches with the big .44 does not mean he can not become a decent game shot. I feel everybody has this habit to some extent; some just master the consistency of it better than others. So before you burn me at the stake, let's remember I say one gun, one load — and get to understand them both.

Several years ago eastern Colorado had quite a jackrabbit population. Any day you went out, there was no problem connecting with several of the wirey varmints. Using the .222 with the SX Hornady bullets and the .44 Mag, I received my first lesson in how well the 250 grain cast bullet performed. The big .44 slug did more damage than the SX Hornady in the .222. Any time so far I have connected with the big

250 gr. slug on a blacktail bunny, he has been downed for keeps. I will try not to fool you, but I have hit a lot of air around them that had absolutely no effect on them. I had to hit 'em to stop 'em. There isn't any black magic connected with the big .44 and its stopping power; you sure have to do your part!

As I have said before, the .44 in my mind isn't any good unless full throttle loads are used. The more you use it as such, the better you will be prepared for whatever use you might have to put it to. One load, one gun, lots of practice and that spells proficiency. I like this cartridge very much and feel if called upon to perform any task, and I do my part, no way will it let me down. It's great for varmint hunting and as a field gun.

Never having had or even having shot a .41 Mag, I cannot express a lot on it although it should perform very well with cast loads. I don't believe the difference between the .44 and .41 is enough to be noticed on the receiving end.

Being an old timer, the .45 Long Colt has been neglected by the people I know in this neck of the woods. Since the Ruger was introduced in this caliber, interest has been renewed somewhat. In the past I imagine price has been one objection, along with the lack of adjustable sights concerning the Colt SA. I happen to have both, but wanted the strong Ruger for the hotter loads it is able to digest. Sad to say, I have not been in the least satisfied with the hotter loads. I just haven't been able to achieve either the accuracy or performance others have reported. Now I load the same 255 gr. Keith and 10 gr. Unique for both the Colt and Ruger. This load shoots well in both guns to one hundred yards. After the century mark the trajectory is way down and the .45's long range capabilities are not like the .44 Mag at all. All in all, the big fat slug is mighty potent in this loading for the man who takes time to learn the trajectory of it. I do not feel under-gunned by packing either one of my .45s but I like the adjustable sights of the Ruger. The Colt also shoots high and to the left with this

load which is very inconvenient in the field. Stuffing the .45 hull full of black powder (about 37 gr.), it shoots real well in the Colt and very close to point of aim but the added trouble of cleaning both gun and cartridge cases offsets the use I want to put the Colt to.

Several years ago I got the scope bug and had to try one. Having a Smith in .44 Mag at the time, I figured this would be the best of the better. Alas and woe, recoil would shear the mounting screws off before you could get a cylinder full fired. The scope mount was of the old type, mounting in place of the open sights and in this way you didn't have to modify the pistol in any way. After I tried to get the scope to stay on a couple of times and failed, I decided I didn't want to modify the fine Smith .44 so decided to go another route. Having a 4 inch Highway Patrolman .357, I decided to try the scope on it. Since recoil was not as severe the scope remained in place with no problem. I found it was a lot easier to hit tin cans. Sand-bagged off the bench it shot better groups. Packing it was a problem and getting it in action was slower than the seven year itch. I just felt for a packing and hunting pistol it was useless. A person might hit better, but with the game long over the hill and you still didn't have any type of a picture in the lens, you might as well join a bird watching club.

One word of advice using large calibered handguns with heavy loads. After working up your load and sighting in at your range, find some vast amount of real estate and do some varied shooting to determine ricochet. Big heavy slugs can do a might of dancing across the countryside and still have a lot of power. I once watched a .44 250 gr. slug miss a big jack and bounce clouds of Colorado dust five times. The fifth time was a half mile away and on the very top of a fair sized hill. There wasn't a thing but more country and several hills behind — thank goodness! Through the years it seems like I have passed up more shots with handguns because of terrain than I have taken. This is one of the

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Little Grizzly!

By Larry Ziemer
No. 318

If the Boone & Crockett Club or the Pope & Young Club had an opening for another animal to put in its records, would it be the M. Monax? It's better known as the eastern groundhog, woodchuck, whistle pig and even the "little grizzly" to some.

Pound for pound the alertness, challenge and tenacity for life that the groundhog exhibits certainly offers the hunter, on any given day, all he can handle.

The hunter does not have to travel to Africa or Alaska in pursuit of this animal either. This varmint can be found almost anywhere in Ohio and all neighboring states in this part of the country.

Imagine the big game trophy hunter coming to Ohio in pursuit of a 25 pound gray faced of Boar! As it is sometimes phrased, "he didn't get that big by being dumb". The woodchuck is a creature of habit though; he is sometimes predictable, therefore vulnerable. His natural instincts will make him more cunning as the degree of pressure that is put upon him heightens, making him as elusive as the so-called exotic game of other countries.

Observing the number of holes a groundhog makes may tell you the number of rodents living in that particular set of dens. Finding only one hole may tell you that a young first year hog has bought some real estate. He normally will not have an escape hole attached. The groundhog is just about the only animal to dig holes that give ready made protection to other small game. As the groundhog gets older and wiser, he will have an entrance hole, an exit hole, and a straight down tunnel, a safety valve danger hole, that is also used to break the legs of unsuspecting cows, horses and hunters. Because of this and his appetite, it isn't usually difficult to obtain permission to hunt groundhogs. If you really get into a thickly populated area, you will sometimes find the "condiminiums" complete with penthouse observatory, frequently built right into the banks of a bass choked lake or on the black berried hillsides bordering the lush soya bean, alfalfa and clover fields.

In one groundhog contest here in Ohio where \$1000 in merchandise was offered, the largest hog brought in was 16 pounds and people came in from all over the state to enter. Twenty-two pounds and over can be considered real trophy groundhogs.

Anyone can shoot at a woodchuck with one of the .22 through .30 caliber rifles at 200 yards plus. If under the B & C rules of fair chase, only pistols were to be the only recognized weapon for the hunt, jump hunting or still hunting would become about the only way to meet the groundhog on even terms.

Stalking the hog with a pistol, iron sighted or scoped demands a higher degree of skill from the hunter that can only add to your capabilities as a handgun hunter as you pursue the larger species of game.

My first hunt for the groundhog was with an old .25-20 Stevens using an 86 grain cast bullet. Knowing the limitations of that caliber, I kept most of my shots at 100 yards or less and jump hunting became the order of the day.

Since that time, I graduated up the ladder of calibers in pursuit of the ultimate in varmint stoppers. All that I used had their place and I tried my share of them.

About 10 years ago, I discovered the .221 Fireball and using its iron sights, I re-discovered the fine art of stalking. A varmint hunter hasn't found himself until he has crawled on his belly through a freshly cut field, over a nest of chiggers, ticks, yellow jackets or a batch of poison ivy only to arrive at his destination and find that his quarry has vacated the premises because he smelled, heard, or saw you. To add insult to injury, he will often let your presence be known by a shrill whistle that just might stand the hair up on the back of your neck as you pull your elbow out of the cow-flop.

To find the full capabilities of the Fireball, I added a 2.5X long eye relief scope. That increased my effective range to about 125 yards. Most of my shots were limited to 80 yards though because of the scopes' heavy cross hairs and too little magnification to place my bullet in the vital area of a "hog".

I finally put a 3X9 variable scope on the Fireball and it brought the gun into its own. Using the 600 Rem. one piece mount to compliment the scope and using a bi-pod, it has stretched the .221 caliber capabilities to 220 yards on a groundhog, confirmed.

I found through reloading a very good load that prints right alongside factory .221 fodder. It consists of Rem. brass, Rem. 6½ primers, Sierra 50 grain spitzers and 15.2 grains of 4227 powder. Lyman says this is near maximum load; it's Speers starting load and is a mid-range load in the Hornady manual all listing its velocity at 2500 fps.



Hornady's manual also lists the 2500 fps load sighted in at 100 yards to have a drop of 6.4" at 200 yards, a remaining velocity of 1786 and the remaining energy of 354 pounds. Although this is a "safe" load found in the manuals and is tailored to my Fireball, like anything else, it should be loaded with caution . . . no two guns will react exactly the same to a given load.

The chuck is also good to eat. A big one, cooked with whole carrots, potatoes, onion and celery makes pretty good table fare, although small (8-10 pounders) are better eating. Simply par-boil, dump the first batch of water, and cook like any roast.

Whether you hunt this small game animal with an iron sighted .22, a scoped flat shooting single shot or a .44 magnum, the challenge is there.

Well, the little Griz is taking a snooze now and giving us a break for deer and other big game. After that, a little time for load development, and it'll be time to pick a spot in that warm spring sun with a high powered glass and pick out the boars. After you find an early spring boar, a scoped .221 Fireball certainly isn't a bad choice to make him yours.

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biggest handicaps the handgun hunter faces in open country. It is a very important factor to determine and realize before going afield. If there is any doubt before pulling the hammer back, don't do it.

A handgun can be packed when a rifle would be out of the question. I have packed it on my hip while using the chain saw for the never ending job of cutting fire wood, often getting shots at crows and porcupines. The latter usually after the dog gets a mouthful. While trailriding motorcycles, walking mountain property fence lines, carrying fence stretchers, staples, hammer and wire the pistol can be there also, offering a wide assortment of the varmint clan to count coup on. A person can come upon more varmints when he is working in the field than when hunting, so the handgun can be a great asset for a wander of the hill and dale.



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