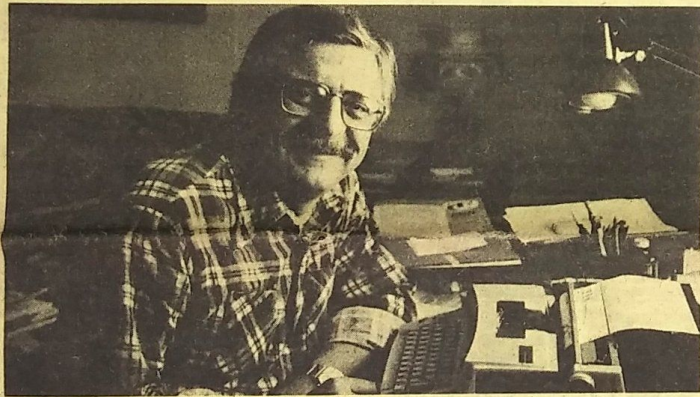




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

NRA WHERE ARE YOU?

Some time ago I was contacted by local TV station's News Director. The station had previously shown a pro-gun program and had scheduled a one hour program leading off with a film produced by Handgun Control Inc., called "The American Handgun War". I was asked to appear as a pro-gun representative on the program. Pete Shields, Chairman of Handgun Control, Inc. and father of one of the 1974 San Francisco Zebra murder victims, would also appear. Mr. Shields, since 1975, has worked earnestly and effectively for very restrictive federal handgun control. I won't go further than that in print right now.

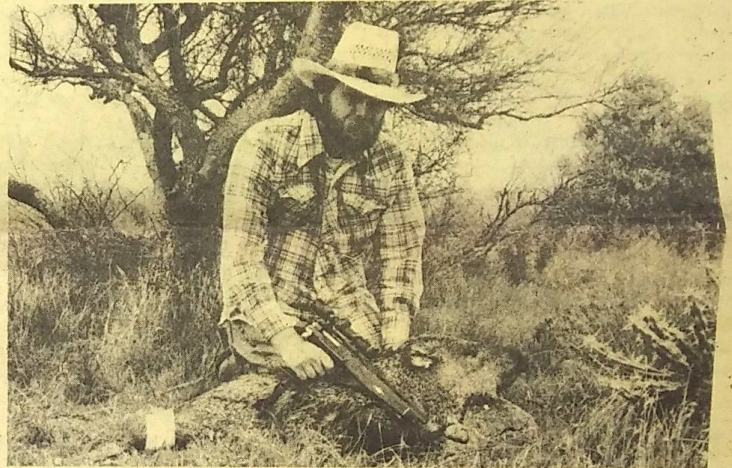
I felt that since this program would be available to the large Pittsburgh viewing audience, with the anti-gun film and Mr. Shields' professional abilities, a professional from our side, rather than myself, should represent the pro-gun side. Accordingly, I called John Adkins at NRA-ILA for assistance. John does not handle this type problem and referred me to another

party who was out. The other party was to contact the News Director on the following Monday. He didn't. A later conversation led me to believe the NRA would help or let me know if they couldn't or wouldn't help. A couple of weeks later, I visited the NRA in Washington and didn't take further action on this subject as I felt it in good hands.

A couple of days prior to the broadcast, the News Director again called and asked if I would appear. He stated that he had not been contacted by the NRA. By phone, Adkins then gave me quite a bit of helpful information.

The American Handgun War is narrated by James Whitmore. The film is an expensive, very well put together, professional attempt to bias the viewer against handguns, you and for more Federal control if not outright confiscation of handguns. It certainly presents a distorted view of handguns and you, my friends. It's a very effective film in my opinion. Pete Shields does not come off as a nut. He personally

Continued On Page 2



THE FIREBALL AFIELD

By Philip C. Briggs, No. 9

"Sit down, Dad's going to shoot." On my request, Becky, displaying unusual patience for a seven year old bored with three days of tromping the desert, sat. Sara, a few paces back, froze in mid-step.



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We'd been working quietly down the nose of a ridge when I'd spotted the two javelina on the side of the next one. Laying down my Moses stick, I unslung the scoped XP-100, loaded it with a round from the watch pocket of my Levi's, stuffed two more between the fingers on my left hand, and looked around for a rest for what was going to be a long shot, even for this pistol.

Nothing suitable near me, I moved as quietly as possible on the loose rocks that littered the ridge toward the pigs. No big rocks, no large limbs on the palo verdes. I kept moving forward, making what seemed to be an inordinate amount of noise, looking for the right spot. A few more steps and a large palo verde blocked my path. Shedding my hat and pack, I crept under its canopy, and out the other side into the clear. I was going to have to shoot from here.

Easing down into a sitting position, I rested the XP on my knees, and holding a leg with my left hand,

Continued On Page 2

is effective. This showing of the film was its first public presentation. I'm not embarrassed over my contribution to the program, but have deep concern over "how to" combat and "if" this film will be effectively combated on a national basis.

Handgun Control Inc. appears to be well funded. I feel the film will get tremendous exposure. What will you do about it? Well, I still think the NRA-ILA is the best vehicle to combat this anti-gun propaganda. But — where are they? Are they sufficiently staffed? Are funds available and/or budgeted for this purpose? I have to say the NRA involvement or lack thereof didn't make much difference in my particular circumstance. What will it mean in yours? A short time ago an NRA executive mentioned in conversation that silhouette shooters were important in legislative matters to demonstrate the legitimate users of handguns. I couldn't agree more completely. Handgun hunters were — and have been almost totally ignored, particularly in this context. I think we're important, too. Let's do ourselves a favor. Write Harlon Carter, Executive Vice President NRA, 1600 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D.C. 20036. Say, Hell yes, Harlon, we want to fight the best way we can — work, votes, bucks. You set it up. We'll back you up. Including a few bucks to back it up wouldn't hurt — and there's space in the next *Sixgunner* for an NRA reply to the previous questions if one is forthcoming. In the meantime, if you need a copy of the script to The American Handgun War, I'll furnish it.

HHI SIXGUN

There will be one. Hopefully full details next issue. .44 Super Blackhawk. 6" Mag-na-ported, action job, Metalife SS. Figure \$550. Maximum of 200. Customized by Mag-na-port Arms and will be so identified.

SIXGUNNER

Will come out sometime in October. Probably toward the latter part of the month. Reason: I'm going hunting for the month of September . . . Alaska. All pistols. All month. How about getting the articles in A.S.A.P. so I can get something done with the next issue before I leave. Will also need them for the following issue. THANKS! S & W 629

First shipment to a distributor was made May 23, 1980 and it's expected by now all jobbers will have received some. The one I saw looked great. Look for limited supplies for awhile and dropping prices on M-29s.

REDHAWK

Now in production — Shipments commence? ? ?

WILDEY

Hope to have a shooter in a couple of weeks. No kidding, really. I mean it. I believe it. Wait and see. There will be at least one on the HHI Hunt October 4 and 5.

THE SIXGUNNER

Published six times yearly in February, April, June, August, October and December by J.D. Jones, Director, Handgun Hunters International at Route 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, Ohio. Domestic Rates: \$12.50. Foreign: \$20.00. Application to mail at Second Class Postage Rates is pending at Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910. Address Changes: Mail new address, old address and membership number to: HHI, P.O. Box 357 Mag., Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910. Editor and Publisher: J.D. Jones.

DAN WESSON .44

Don't look for it until early '81'.

SOAP BOX TIME

Guest Author
Bill Carpenter, No. 669

I would like to take this time to write about someone very beautiful. We all should know her . . . she is old, over two hundred years old, but she is still strong, beautiful and proud. I'm writing about beautiful Old Glory. The flag of this great nation, the U.S.A.

This grand old gal sure has had a hard life, yet she is still a symbol of freedom to all of us. It has not been an easy life for her. She has had to watch over our homeland, at places like Bunker Hill, Valley Forge and Gettysburg, and has had to travel worldwide.

She has stood proud at places like Flanders Field, Normandy, Iwo Jima, Seoul, Inchon, Mekong Delta and Hamburger Hill. It may seem at times that she falters, but she never fails . . . she is still No. 1 worldwide.

It makes me wonder how she can endure so much. I have seen her shot full of holes by NVA soldiers, torn down, set on fire and tramped in the mud here at home by none other than so-called Americans, yet this old girl is still being tortured . . . she is used on a regular basis to haul the garbage from our embassy in Iran.

If anyone doesn't think she is still No. 1, show me another flag who has flown so long, traveled so many places, and represented so much. There is no other nation who can even come close to us. I can feel only rage when I see her being mistreated, especially by so-called Americans.

I urge each and every American to unite together and give this old girl the respect she deserves, and try to live by the Constitution of the United States for which she stands. I urge any of you younger people who think the draft is not right to stop and think, or better yet, go to a cemetery and look around. You will see a lot of little red, white and blues. The people buried here died so that you may live.

These are the ones who made our country the land of the free, and the home of the brave. Where would we be today if when Pearl Harbor was bombed we were marching in the streets shouting "Hell no, I won't go!"

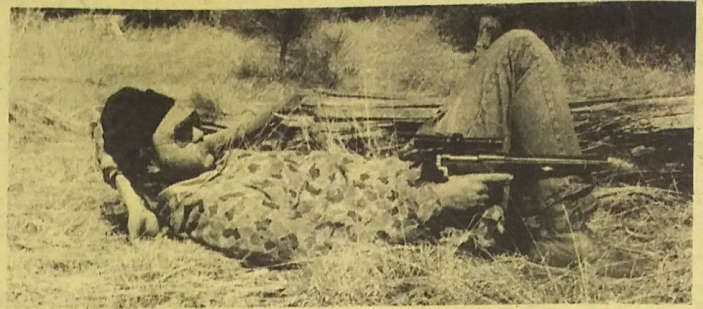
I don't like war either, but we must be prepared should it happen. I must go to Ohio State Hospital and face possible brain surgery for something that happened in Vietnam 13 years ago in addition to other wounds and sickness I have already experienced. Even if it would mean my death, I would do it all over, for I choose death before I choose dishonor, by not helping my country.

I ask all of you to unite together again as real Americans . . . get those flags out of mothballs and fly it proudly.

If you don't like the way things are going, go to the polls and vote. We are a nation of the people, by the people, and for the people.

To end this, I would like to use a few words from a Johnny Cash song, that are, "I'm not one who likes to brag but I'm sure darn proud of that worn out flag!"

* * *



Who says you can't use those funny positions in the field? How else can you utilize the potential of a Long Ranger?

leaned back and aligned the scope on the one pig in view. Not real solid, but not bad.

By the time I was ready, the pig disappeared behind another tree. Looking ahead of where I'd seen the two javelina last, it was obvious the next clearing in their path would be my last chance. Aligning the four power Leupold on that opening, I waited.

The first one crossed the opening rapidly and disappeared again. The second paused in the opening for a bite of something, presenting a shot at its rear. But through the scope, I could see it was behind a thin bush — could the 221 Fireball's little bullet find its way through? I was still considering that question when the javelina turned as if to go on. I could now see the outline of the head clearly — perhaps the bush wasn't too thick after all. Time to shoot.

The range was enough that even with the 4X scope, I still couldn't make out any features — just an outline. Should I hold a little high? No — hold dead center — that should be close enough. It was quartering away, and I put the cross on the center of the mass, probably just behind the leg. Shoot.

The Fireball, even with the 70 grain Speer bullet I was using, recoils minimally; on the shot, I could see feet in the scope. A hit. Was it down for good?

Quickly reloading, I called to Sara. She'd been still, watching the pigs (six in all, but I'd seen only the first two), listening to me clatter around, and waiting expectantly for the shot. "It's thrashing around!"

Off my butt, and on my feet, I moved as quickly as possible down the steep rocky ridge, and up the opposite slope. With Sara's directions, I was shortly to the pig. The entry wound was exactly where I'd held; turning the body over showed the bullet had traversed the length of the chest, exiting between the neck and the foreleg on the off side. It had died instantly.

Looking back at Sara and Becky, now carrying my gear over, I tried to estimate the range. Long, but I'm not much of a judge of distances from ridge to ridge. More than 100 yards, certainly, but probably not more than 150. Hell of a shot, though.

The load for this outing was Speer's 70 grain semi-spitzer over 20.0 grains of H335 ignited by a Federal 205. Loaded to 1.73 inches overall length, this combination will average under three-quarters of an inch at 25 yards from a solid rest, and clock over 2300 fps. I expect out where the javelina was, the load would average four to five inches.

The bullet obviously expanded very little, if at all, and as I found out while butchering, had done little damage. It broke a few ribs going in, angled through the spine, and blood shot a small amount of meat. Just what I wanted, as an overkill would have destroyed a lot of fine eating, and there's not much meat to waste on one of these little animals. Performance on a lung shot might not have been as good, as expansion would no doubt have been nil.

The table which is taken from an article I did for *The Handloader*, (September-October, November-December 1979), lists a lot of loads for the Fireball, from varmint to small big game. Take your pick. All were good — some were better. If you want more information on the pistol and the loads I suggest you find copies of the magazine.

I've also had the pistol afield after turkey. The object here is to have something left besides feathers, so I've developed a few squib loads with the 70 grain Speer. Among them are: 17.5 gr. H335 for 2006 fps; 18.5 grs. 748 for 1873 fps; 18.0 grs. 48955 for 2001 fps; and 19.0 grs. 4320 for 2065 fps. All stayed near three-quarters of an inch at 25 yards in the limited accuracy testing I did.

Although this sounds like a typical
Continued on Page 3



Web Sling and QD Swivels is one of the best ways to carry the big pistols afield.

loads for the .221 Fireball

powder	charge (grains)	Group size - (inches)		Velocity (fps)		remarks
		max.	avg	min.	avg	
60-grain Remington spitzer						
factory load	0.63	0.49	0.36	2,514	54	
63-grain Hornady hollow-point match						
RL-7	17.5	0.58	0.37	0.24	2,472	28
	18.0	0.44	0.33	0.26	2,595	55
	18.5	0.67	0.55	0.38	2,717	52
H-322	18.5	0.36	0.30	0.26	2,325	19
	19.0	0.45	0.33	0.16	2,474	50
	19.5	0.43	0.31	0.16
	20.0	0.34	0.33	0.32	2,594	63
WW-748	21.5	0.31	2,246	49
65-grain Sierra spitzer						
H-4227	15.0	0.62	0.51	0.38	2,497	44
	15.5	0.48	0.46	0.43	2,565	26
	18.0	1.00	0.84	0.75	2,651	39
WW-680	16.0	0.51	0.50	0.48	2,494	25
	16.5	0.71	0.61	0.54	2,635	36
WW-748	21.5	0.52	2,254	...
65-grain Hornady full metal jacket						
RL-7	17.0	0.74	0.51	0.26	2,448	75
	17.5	1.24	0.66	0.23	2,606	107
	18.0	1.58	0.84	0.28	2,722	30
BL-C2	19.0	0.86	0.63	0.36	2,423	59
	19.5	1.33	0.83	0.57	2,495	49
	20.0	0.97	0.82	0.69	2,576	33
65-grain Speer full metal jacket						
WW-680	15.5	0.28	2,441	21
	16.0	0.58	0.47	0.38	2,532	65
	16.5	0.62	0.58	0.50	2,629	102
IMR-4198	17.0	0.42	0.37	0.30	2,604	122
	17.5	0.61	0.53	0.38	2,675	62
60-grain Hornady hollow-point						
RL-7	17.0	0.45	0.46	0.38	2,360	90
	17.5	0.79	0.52	0.40	2,508	107
	18.0	0.82	0.52	0.33	2,635	29
IMR-3031	18.5	0.71	0.58	0.43	2,315	58
BL-C2	18.5	0.78	0.69	0.58	2,406	73
	19.0	0.72	0.45	0.26	2,410	92
	19.5	0.63	0.58	0.48	2,498	27
63-grain Sierra semipointed						
IMR-3031	17.5	0.49	0.45	0.40	2,209	35
	18.0	0.48	0.42	0.36	2,260	55
	18.5	0.60	0.50	0.44	2,359	80
BL-C2	20.0	0.60	0.46	0.26	2,514	21
H-335	19.0	0.38	0.30	0.25	2,302	47
	19.5	0.52	0.44	0.37	2,381	87
	20.0	0.87	0.56	0.33	2,460	66
IMR-4895	20.0	0.53	0.47	0.38	2,289	73
70-grain Speer semipointer						
WW-748	18.5	0.81	1,873	328
BL-C2	18.0	0.68	0.56	0.50	2,171	22
	18.5	0.52	0.40	0.31	2,232	21
	19.0	0.72	0.63	0.53	2,303	34
H-335	19.0	0.38	0.35	0.33	2,228	30
	19.5	0.49	0.38	0.30	2,306	36
	20.0	1.05	0.74	0.54	2,362	38
20.0**	2,303	41	
20.0***	2,370	46	
IMR-4895	19.0	0.40	0.34	0.28	2,151	44

* Unless otherwise indicated, group sizes for five-shot groups fired from sandbags at twenty-five yards; average sizes for three five-shot groups.

Hornady 1.80 in. (old), 1.83 in. (new), 55-grain Speer 1.80 in., 60-grain Hornady 1.88 in., 63-grain Sierra 1.83 in., 70-grain Speer 1.73 in.

hunting story, let me tie it to the basic premise of this column.

I've shot a few thousand rounds through stock XP's, both for load development, and in competition, to date. I used both scoped and open sighted XP's in local NRA and IHMSA matches as my production gun for over a year, and with the scoped one, always hit in the high 30's — X's were another matter with this light hitter. In any event, I was very familiar with the

pistol, the load's performance down range (it was my favorite competition load), how to hold the pistol solidly for long shots.

When it came time to shoot, I just did — it was automatic — and a miss, although certainly a possibility, never entered my mind.

Not that I'm the world's best shot. There's a lot of silhouette shooters that could do the same.

You see... practice makes perfect.

late-riser consider the consequences of murder!

After a couple of polite suggestions were made, I decided it was time to look for a special shooting place of my own. I went to my father's farm and wandered around where, not too long ago, my two younger brothers and I used to terrorize every blackbird and woodchuck on the place with our .22's. I was well aware that the neighborhood had grown considerably since that time, but a coal mining operation some years ago had left some of the land unsuitable for any development. I found a sheltered place that hadn't been backfilled any too well, but looked like it would make a great backstop. It looked even better after a second going over with a tape measure in hand, as it showed I could work out about 200 meters from the disturbed land and come up with a safe place to shoot. Now for the fly in the ointment. The whole place was full of about 20 years growth of aspen and briars.

I had a talk with my Dad, and he gave me the go-ahead to do whatever I wanted to it, as he felt it wasn't any

good for anything else, anyway. Now, I thought, if I just had one of those giant earth movers . . . Since I don't, I bought a chain saw (I figured I could use it to cut firewood, someday), and after a little care and instruction, I learned how to run the dang thing and not place myself in mortal danger. You would think that a fellow who shoots a .35 Remington T/C Super 14 and enjoys it would know how to operate just about anything, but I found that that's not always so. By the time I had gotten about half of the proposed range cut out, I found a whole new set of muscles that let me know, painfully, that I had ignored them for quite some time. Lots of Absorbine Jr., sympathy and gentle loving care from the wife fixed me right up, although I was sure the damage was going to be permanent.

Since I was the Supervisor on this job, I didn't burn the trees and brush that I cut down, I just cut them up and stacked them in piles for cover for rabbits and other interested creatures. I even planted some grass seed on the bare spots. I located the backstop to the north from the planned shooting positions, so the sun would always be behind the sights and not in the shooter's face.

I have a bookshelf and a half full of books about guns, hunting, and how to do as the authors did, so planning a shooting bench and other necessities wouldn't pose any difficult problems. Finding materials proved to be a little tougher, but they are out there if you put a little imagination into the effort. For the target area, I scrounged up some old railroad ties and a lot of those discarded metal plates that keep the rails from wandering off from the ties, and proceeded to construct a hum-dinger of a setup. I learned how to weld the plates together in various patterns and how to use an acetylene torch to cut out a fair facsimile of the silhouette targets used in the International Handgun Silhouette matches. Elgin Gates didn't supply those templates with membership to IHMSA for filing away and forgetting. I'm trying to work out models for a deer, a woodchuck, and maybe a bear for metamorphosis to steel. I even picked up a couple of stop sign posts that had been run over from the Township and added a couple of 2x4's and made a dandy board for tacking up paper targets. Also, some good stuff for just plain plinking fun was picked up and carried back to the range.

The place is just about half done — completed just enough for me to get a couple of other handgun shooters interested in a little work and a lot of shooting. This, I feel is the only sensible answer to Bob Shimek's, HHI 524, well made point against a special handgun season at this time in Pennsylvania. I've seen what he is talking about. A fellow here in town had someone else load his muzzle loader for him every morning before he went hunting in the special season because he didn't think he could do it right himself!

But, here is the point — Everyone Has To Start Somewhere. I remember my first introduction to a handgun very well! My Uncle turned a .32 caliber over to me when I wasn't yet dry behind the ears, and given the advice that I get my father to teach me how to shoot the gun before I got into any mischief with it. The revolver was taken and put up on the shelf and I was told that the teaching would be done a little later on.

Well, the first chance I got when no one was around, that revolver came

down off the shelf and was sneaked into the back washroom for a good looking over. Of course, no one had had time to tell me that guns are always considered loaded — BANG! !, Oh God! — Somehow, I missed everything in the washroom, Mom's new wringer washer, the wash tub, and my fragile self. I did, however, manage to shoot a real nice hole right through the center of the floor! Since no one was there to hear the shooting, I just never bothered to tell anybody what happened, and nobody ever seemed to notice the new ventilation in the room. The ideal situation is for everyone to start out right, not with mistakes.

I have had two offers from qualified firearms instructors to come out to the range and offer assistance and advice if they could shoot along with us. I guess they want to be able to have a little fun, too, as it seems that some organized ranges aren't very flexible when a shooter wants to try something different. That is a problem that I believe drives some new shooters away from becoming proficient with their handguns. Keeping someone interested in shooting holes in paper until they are good enough to go after live game is a very difficult task. I like shooting paper because I want to see how many holes I can squeeze in the smallest space, but maybe that isn't what a new guy has in mind when he buys a Magnum. Probably more like knocking off an old Mastadon or Dinosaur fits their ego. Keeping their interest, I believe, will eventually get them back to earth and serious practices after the shine is worn from the new handgun. If somebody wants to shoot at targets while hiding behind a tree or even standing on his head, with his shoes on the wrong feet, maybe he should be given the chance to do so. This is a step, as far as I'm concerned, toward getting rid of some of the slob hunters and getting better marksmen in the field.

Sounds pretty good, doesn't it? I just hope the range doesn't turn out too nice; somebody will probably come along and want to build a house right next to the firing line. That would put me right back to waking up weekend late sleepers again.

An afterthought . . . maybe I'll make membership in HHI mandatory before anyone is allowed on my shooting place.

MAG-NA-PORT WINNER!

Tom Frick with his story "Hunters Heritage" is this month's Mag-Na-Port winner. Send in your story; you may win next issue!

YOUR EXPERIENCES MAY HELP SOMEONE ELSE WRITE TODAY!



A PLACE TO SHOOT

By Tom Welsh

No. 31

As I'm sitting here writing this, I'm looking over the finalized sketch of plans for a place to shoot. In the past, I've readily grabbed a pick and shovel, helped lug stuff around, and generally sweat pretty hard for someone else with the promise that I could shoot on their range anytime I liked. However, it seems that when I'm ready to practice, other folks sometimes indicate that perhaps I'm being a little inconsiderate. Most likely they're probably half right, because I like to get up early on Saturday and Sunday morning when the sun is bright and the world seems real fresh; that's the perfect time to turn those big bore handguns loose on steel targets, bullseyes, cans, rocks, and any other target of convenience. Believe me, that'll make a weekend



LIMITED EDITION OFFICIAL 1980 COLT PATCH

Colt Firearms announces the availability of a special official limited edition Colt patch.

Originally designed in 1967, this patch depicts a gold "Rampant Colt", silhouetted against a Colt blue background, and bears the date 1980.

Accompanied by the 1980 Colt catalog, this offer is available only from Colt for \$2.50.

Check or money order should be directed to: Colt Firearms, Department PC, 150 Huyshope Avenue, Hartford, CT 06102.

SSK SPRING KIT TEST

By Tom Frick, No. 23

SSK Industries, Rt. 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910, makes a number of replacement spring kits for many popular handguns. These make an inexpensive "Do-It-Yourself" instant action job. I ordered a couple of sets for the S & W K and N frames, same kit fits either. Since I just picked up a new M29 .44, one of the kits was destined to be put to the test, as this particular piece had the usual unsatisfactory "out of the box" trigger pull so common in today's rushed manufacturing processes.

The following results were obtained using the untouched, unfired M29:
Stock springs: DA pull, 12 lb.; SA pull, 4-1/2 lb. Trigger return 100%.
Replace mainspring only: DA 10 lb.; SA 4 lb. Trigger return 100%.

Replace T.S. with short spring: DA 8-1/2 lb.; SA 2 lb. Trigger did not return.

Replace T.S. with long spring: DA 8-1/2 lb.; SA 2-1/4 lb. Trigger return 70%.

The next stage was to give the S & W the usual touch-up or polishing (lightly) of the following interior parts. Not recommended if you don't have some experience: frame interior, rebound slide, cylinder stop mech., SA notch on hammer, trigger seat, hammer and trigger posts, DA fly, hand and slot, hammer block and slot.

Retest with SSK springs: long trigger spring: DA 8 lb.; SA 1-1/2 lb. Trigger return 95%.

Did not retest with short TR spring

as above results are satisfactory. The trigger return reliability will improve to 100% after about 500 to 1000 dry firings which every new handgun needs to "wear in".

The final test was to place the other kit in my much used M19 K frame .357 mag. These results were obtained using the SSK mainspring and the short trigger return spring: DA pull 7-1/2 lb. SA pull 2-1/4 lb. Trigger return reliability 99.9%. (Can any really be 100%?)

Some conclusions and advice for what it's worth:

The SSK Spring Kit is a good answer for a lighter pull without a "smith job." For a new gun with a lot of roughness and burrs, perhaps about 1000 rounds of dry firing would be advisable before installing the SSK Kit. A light touch up would also help if you have the experience to attempt it. You may experience more reliability than I did from your new S & W and the SSK Kit as there is a great deal of variance between individual guns. However, your old faithful companion you've shot for years can show quicker and better improvement.

Don't cut your coils and file the mainspring from your stock S & W. The work and problems encountered aren't necessary with the SSK Kits available within pocket change range of most handgun hunters. Keep the stock parts in your shooting box for spares and use in Metallic Silhouette production class competition. SSK also offers the kits for Colt, Ruger and T/C handguns.

Love Affair With A Wall Hanger

By Tom Atkinson, No. 439

From its place of distinction on the dining room wall, the old cap & ball revolver gives off an air of superiority to its surroundings; much the same as it must have commanded respect when Col. Colt first introduced it to the frontier of the mid-1800's. Today, it is silent; its authoritative voice stilled by the passing of time and the introduction of cartridge handguns, as are the voices of those who could shed light on the gun's history. Even the Colt's Patent Firearms Company records of this gun were destroyed in a fire at the factory before the turn of the century. Nevertheless, this aging Colt has provided an interesting period in this writer's life.

The big .44 Colt Army model revolver first entered my life about twenty years ago during a visit with relatives in the Washingtonville, NY area. At the time, the gun belonged to a family friend.

During one of our inevitable guns and hunting bull-sessions, the Colt was disturbed from the trunk it had reposed in for several years, and immediately caught my fancy. Little was known about the gun by the owner, except that he had obtained it from "some guy in Newburgh, NY". This upstate New York area was one of many links in the Civil War Underground Railway that smuggled slaves to the North, and many Colt revolvers played a part in that tragic era of this country's history. Whether or not my Colt was ever employed in the conflict will perhaps always remain unknown, due to lack of records or people who could relate the gun's history.

Before the gun was returned to the trunk, I expressed my interest in it, and my willingness to buy it. I was told that it was not for sale at the time, but that I would be definitely kept in mind if, or when it was ever offered for sale. I would not see the big dragoon again until the owner and family friend had passed away. During the estate liquidation, the family sold the .44 to my father, who had remembered my deep interest in it. I had all but forgotten it existed. After some fatherly carrying on about how he had acquired a real nice collector's piece, Dear Old Dad produced Colt Army, .44 caliber, serial number 17151. In order to get his hammerlock off the gun, I had to repay him the modest sum (ridiculous actually) that he had paid out for the Colt. I also had to agree to a pact that says I cannot sell this gun to anyone else but him as long as he's still tromping the woods. I have placed the same conditions on the gun for the day when I turn it over to my son's collection.

From a collector's standpoint, Colt Army No. 17151 would probably be given no more than a "fair" condition rating because some internal parts are not in working condition. Due to much unnecessary cocking and uncocking over the years, the hammer, hand and trigger have been worn to the point where the hammer will no longer stay in the full cocked position. The original browning, rather than bluing, that was used in those days, remains in relatively good shape. A couple of small nicks and worn spots are the only signs of visible wear and tear. The naval engagement that Colt engraved on the cylinders of this model is quite clear,

and the words "Engaged 16 May 1843" are clearly visible. Apparently Colt intended this to refer to the date of the sea battle engraved on the cylinder. Whether it is historically accurate or not, I do not know. The brass parts of the frame remain bright, despite years of handling. One curious feature of this revolver defies my efforts to find out "Why?" The hinged ramrod under the barrel appears blued, rather than browned like the rest of the gun. Some replicas of this gun have blued or case-hardened ramrods. My thought is that this part may have been a replacement some years after the gun was made, after bluing became the accepted way of coloring gun metal, but since it has no serial number, I can't tell for sure. The serial number also holds a bit of oddity with it. While the number 17151 is consistent throughout the major parts of the gun, smaller internal parts carry only the number 1715 stamped on them. This could have been an intentional "mistake" at the Colt factory, since the parts with the missing digit are very small and perhaps the last digit would not fit on them.

The fact that the gun has matching serial numbers throughout, leads me to believe it is a civilian gun, privately owned rather than a military issued weapon. The military practice of stripping many guns down at one time, for cleaning or servicing, caused most military weapons to have mixed serial numbers. The easy interchangeability of Colt parts was but one of the reasons the military found them so desirable. Colt No. 17151 also has the large, or "fourth" screws on each side of the frame immediately above the trigger. These screws were on 1860 Colt Army models to allow installation of an optional shoulder stock. Few, if any shoulder stocks seem to have been purchased by the military.

After doing historical research on my Colt, I had developed a yen to see if it would still shoot, and if so, would Colonel Colt's power and accuracy claims hold up?



Colt 1860 Army 4 screw model wall-hanger.

Back to the research books again, for remember, at the time I acquired the Colt, black powder shooters were only beginning to be reborn, and replica arms were in their infancy. A Lyman loading manual provided some information on lead, powder loads and percussion caps. A trip to a local library yielded several books that contained many photos of Civil War era weapons, but little in the way of information on how to shoot the daddled things. A visit to a local gun shop for other reasons, brought me in contact with a brother of the gun collector's disease, who had considerable knowledge in shooting black powder weapons. With this fellow shooter's help, I developed

Continued on Page 5

what I thought was a suitable lead mixture for making the round .451 diameter balls to shoot in my gun; worked out a beginning powder load that should at least get the balls out of the barrel; and learned of a sporting goods shop that was eight miles from "You can't get there from here" that carried No. 11 Remington percussion caps. The black powder was the easiest of the components to get as I have a friend who works for a B. P. company that makes fireworks and powder for us smokeburners. Now I was in the business of black powder shooting. **WRONG!** As Murphy's Law states, "The thing that will go wrong, is that which can cause the most trouble or damage".

First, I threw oversized lead balls, measuring .454 to .457; they wouldn't even begin to scrunch down into the chambers. Ole Hotshot here corrected that problem by adding some plumbers lead to the printer's lead I had used first, and voila! .451 round balls. Next came the percussion caps, which proceeded to spit nasty little pieces back at me when popped. I discovered (as I should have before, not after) that even though I had cleaned the gun well, the cylinder nipples retained enough corrosion or residue to restrict to cause the caps to split on ignition, I suppose from back pressure caused the caps to split and break up. A piece of steel needle imbedded in a piece of hardwood made a handy nipple pick and cured this problem. Now, off to my first firing of the Colt, right?

WRONG. About here, I remembered that the Colt would not stay at full cock position. Ah, but the genius in man rose again to the occasion. After some cautious experimentation, using only capped chambers, no powder, I found that I could get a reasonable facsimile of a shooter's hold and release the hammer with very little wobble of the gun . . . sort of a poor man's version of fanning a sixgun.

Now, I set about measuring out some powder charges to squat those shiny new lead balls on. Beginning with twenty grains of DuPont black powder, I found this light load affecting accuracy to the extent that a large barn would have been in little danger, but it did prove that the Colt would still go bang and stay in one piece. Working upward a grain or two at a time, I began to get acceptable accuracy at a load of 24 grains, and at 26 grains, I was very happy with the hits. A bit of housecleaning was in order at this time as the gun was burnt powder fouled enough to cause some problems in seating the bullets.

After making a mess out of about three yards of cloth, I loaded up the gun again with the powder load increased to 28 grains. After firing three of the chambers with this load, I found out why frontiersmen always put some bear-grease or lard over each chamber. With the drop of the hammer on the fourth chamber, my hand jerked up, and hard left; resultant smoke was considerably more than previous shots fired. One chamber had detonated the next one. The ball coming out of the second chamber fired, had fortunately deflected off the side of the barrel or ramrod without any injury to my hand. I also noted a black burn mark on the hood of my truck which I had used for a rest. From then on, all chambers were loaded, then coated with lanolin which burns quite cleanly. No multi-chamber detonation occurred after this.

Using 28 grains of FFFg powder, I found I was able to keep most of my shots inside the area of a one gallon oil can, with only an occasional flier when I did not release my hold on the hammer cleanly. By today's metallic cartridge standards, I suppose this kind of accuracy could only be accomplished using Jello for a rest, but considering the gun used and that I was "thumbing" the hammer and sighting down the rear notch in that hammer, I felt quite good about my shooting. From this, I proceeded to shoot at some cans and plastic bottles I had filled with water. When I managed to hit them, these targets produced an aquatic display that would do justice to a modern .357 magnum or high powered rifle. This test served to explain why the .44 black powder guns had a reputation for being able to take a man completely off his feet or stop a charging buffalo. While I have my reservations about such claims, it is still easy to see why and how such rumors got started. I had also noted that recoil with the 28 grain loads had increased quite a lot from the 26 grain load, not enough to cause a lot of discomfort in shooting, but relatively greater than the recoil of the 26 grain load. Switching back to 26 grains, I loaded up with some conical bullets I had scrounged from a friend. Accuracy with the conical bullet was, in a word, lousy! Going back to round ball, I found that with 26 grains I was comfortable shooting the gun, and had sufficient accuracy to justify looking for replacement parts for this old wheelgun.

Today, it is not necessary for you to shoot your original, and valuable, antique weapons. Most of the more well known black powder handguns and long-guns, are being sold in replicas, and at reasonable prices. Colt is now producing remakes of my .44 Army as well as a .36 caliber gun. These are being made up, I've been told, in some cases from original parts or at least from the original patent. Such notable Colts as the 1872 Police Model is also being put out by Colt. Ruger has both a stainless steel version, and a blued model in their .44 Old Army model BP handgun; a gun that strongly resembles the original Remington Army revolver. I now shoot one of the Rugers, Navy Arms, Dixie Gun Works and Thompson/Center are but a few of the more well known companies that also produce some pretty fine black powder replicas that are made for shooting. Prices on BP replicas vary from quite reasonable to Ohmigod! Compared to the prices shooting shape originals are bringing, even the Ohmigod ones are a bargain. My Ruger was in the moderate price range, I thought, but still caused my wife to comment that I needed another gun like I needed a couple of Cadillacs . . . I keep telling her I never wanted a Cadillac!

Having shot the big dragoon enough to satisfy myself that not only did Col. Colt build revolvers that revolutionized the firearms industry, he also built them to last, I began to worry. Like so many grand old ladies I know, the Colt was durable but might also be fragile at its age. Not wanting it to have other parts break, I decided to retire it so that future generations could enjoy it as I have.

Loading the cylinder one more time, I allowed my imagination to run rampant as I touched off each of the last six black powder shots I would fire

until I acquired my replica Ruger. While the smoke cleared from each shot, I envisioned the big Colt smoking in the hand of a Wild Bill Hickock as he shot it out with the Wild Bunch, or prospectors warding off marauding Indians with their Colt "sixshooters". If the Colt never again raises its voice, it will still have given me many years of joy and pride . . . simply because I have been fortunate enough to own it.

"OLDIE BUT GOODIE"

By Jimmie Smith, No. 663

We, as hunters, are always trying to come up with that special something that will improve our sport. There are numerous new handguns and cartridges being tested and proven almost everyday. Some of which are probably capable of one shot kills on any animal that exists in the world today. But, along with the good there must be a little bad. Most of these super boomers are designed strictly for big game and as primary hunting guns. Now, what about the plain old everyday working gun? It's almost impossible to get a scoped sighted T/C or XP-100 in your pocket while you are fencing or doing other chores. So, yes, there is still a need for a plain old simple type handgun. One that you are likely to have with you the next time you are charged by an enraged groundhog, skunk, or some other varmit that might be hazardous to your health.

There are not many handgunners that wouldn't like to try for some of the world's big game animals. (I know I would.) But let's face the facts! First and probably the most important is the money. Not everyone can just stop what they are doing and go on a thirty day safari to another country. Second, if we all could, permits and license would be scarce as chicken's teeth, with most being a once in a life time affair. Third, is the fact that most everyone is like me, the next wild beast we'll see will most likely be a rabbit and if we take it home for the stew pot it will probably be with some old gun that we happen to have with us instead of our pretty, fancy gripped hunting gun, that we left at home, so as not to mar it's fine finish. Probably everyone that hunts has some type of knock-around gun that sees a hundred times more use than our hunting guns see hunting trips.

Now that we have all this piled up and drying, to make a fresh batch of throwing chips let's talk about a plain old working gun/cartridge combination.

Introduced in 1899 and adopted by our government in 1911 the 45ACP is still one of our finest cartridges. Most everyone thinks about combat and

bulleye shooting when you mention the 45ACP round or the 45 auto pistol; but this fine old cartridge is equally good at home in the hunting field or simply hanging on your belt as you go about your everyday chores.

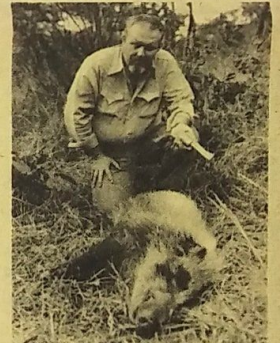
One must realize the limitations of any gun/cartridge combination and the 45 is no exception. It is not a mouse to moose cartridge and it will never be. Neither is it a 200 yard varmint gun. Then on the other hand, for small game and some of our larger varmints, at moderate ranges, it is almost ideal. Although I have taken foxes, ground-hogs, rabbits, squirrels, beaver, and bobcats with the 45 auto I have never used it on big game (it is not legal for big game where I live); but the much loved and read George C. Nonte, Jr. and others have and had excellent results. (See Handgun Hunting by Nonte and Jurras).

Sure, there are times anyone would wish for their pet T/C, XP-100, or a good tuned RSBH, as I have many times; but most of the time I have made do with the gun I had with me at the time and that was usually a 45 auto.

I can't help but believe that this gun/cartridge combo is overlooked by a lot of people who would not only be pleased with it but also surprised by it's performance. Anyone who likes to hunt, camp, or just be outside with a gun should take a good long look at this oldie but goodie. Even when hunting with other types of handguns if anyone were to take a close look at me they just might see my old 45 auto around someplace.

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BUCK NO. 1

By Bruce Sacavage, No. 292

I have always been intrigued with handguns, but unfortunately, my father wasn't, so while I was young, I stifled my urge to own one. In fact, I hid my urge so well that it didn't emerge again until I joined the Marine Corps in 1973. While in bootcamp, everyone had to fire 20 rounds through the .45. Although it was indeed a brief encounter, it did feed the flame and encourage me to own my own.

After bootcamp, however, the handgun dream was pushed back on my list of priorities. It wasn't until I was sent to a school in Texas with another Marine, George Zustak, that my break came. George owned his own .45 and was quite a shot with it. He kindled my interest with lessons on sight picture, proper breathing, trigger squeeze, and so on. He let me practice with his .45 once too often, and my urge could no longer be suppressed.

Well, thanks to my understanding wife, Kathy, I soon had a Ruger Security-Six .357 Magnum in hand and quite a smile on my face.

I bought the double action revolver mainly because my home state of Pennsylvania outlaws the use of semi-automatic weapons for deer, and the whitetail was my ultimate goal. George and I did a lot of paper punching that summer. He even introduced me to the joys of reloading. But I knew I was just biding my time until I could go home to PA and attempt to get with a handgun, the buck I couldn't get with a rifle.

Luck was with me and I was next stationed at Fort Meade, MD, just 200 miles from my hometown and those PA mountains. When I told my dad I intended to use my .357 to hunt with, he first questioned its killing power, and then my judgement. Or did he question my judgement first? Well, I was determined and I ignored his advice to take a rifle, also.

I had my chance at a 4-pointer that year, but it saw me first and rudely reminded me how the whitetail got its name. I had to miss doe season that year because of operation duties back in Maryland, so the season ended without a shot fired.

During the spring of '78, I grew tired of the .357, sold it, and purchased my dream gun, the S & W Model 29 .44 Magnum with a 6½" barrel. This time,

Kathy wasn't nearly so understanding. Pachmayr grips were the only change to the pistol and with much practice, I was prepared when buck season again rolled around.

Unfortunately, the only thing I got was looks of doubt from fellow hunters. I could almost hear them thinking, "Who's he kidding, trying to kill a buck with a pistol?" No bucks crossed my field of fire that year, but my father scored on a three-pointer late the first day, so all was not lost.

I returned for doe season this time, still packing the .44. On the first day, the Lycoming County mountains I hunt were barren of hunters and I only hoped that the deer would still move, despite not being pushed by hunters. It was a gorgeous day, and as I relaxed against a tree, I really didn't mind if no does came by. But luck again was with me, and a nice doe trotted about 40 yards away and stopped when I whistled. "Now's your chance," I thought. "Don't blow it." Reflexes took over. The .44 leveled on the doe's ribcage. The revolver fired what seemed to be a perfect shot, but the doe didn't drop. Instead, she wheeled and ran straight toward me for about 15 yards. I was stunned at this point. "I couldn't have missed," I thought. But I was sure a hit by that 240 grain semi-wadcutter backed by 20 grains of 2400 would lay her down. She then veered right and ran full bore broadside to me as I did a very poor rendition of "Dirty Harry". After four more shots, she fell, but she had only one hole through her. The first shot was a perfect heart shot, but hit no bones. Whatever happened to my other four rapid-fire rounds, I'll never know. My first experience with the .44 was not too heartening, but with venison in the freezer, the wife forgave me somewhat for buying it.

The 1979 season had a horrible start. It rained 3 inches that day, but my brother, Roy, and I refused to be "fair-weather hunters" so we left the truck before dawn. My dad, alias wise old man, elected to stay in the truck until the rain stopped. By 9:30, soaking wet and willing to risk my reputation as a 'hard-core', I said, "I'm joining the fair-weather hunters! At least they don't drown!" I returned to the truck to find my dad laughing at both me and my brother, who had returned, soaking wet also, 15 minutes earlier. None of us had seen any deer. So, with no end of rain in sight, we called it a wasted day, returned home, cleaned and dried our wet weapons, watched football and drank some beer.

The second day turned out much better. The rain had stopped and when the sun broke the horizon, I was at my appointed place. By 8:30, I had seen 13 deer but none would grow antlers for me. By 10:00, however, I hadn't seen another whitetail and I got discouraged. I decided to wander to the top of the ridge where the 13 deer had gone. With the wet ground, everything was quiet so I took my time walking. As I reached the crest, I saw a deer across the ravine to my left. I thought I saw antlers! It was about 85-90 yards away and disappeared behind some trees so I couldn't tell for sure. It wasn't spooky and when it strolled from behind the trees, there was no doubt about it being a buck. "My God, what a shot!" I remember thinking. When he stepped behind some more trees, I dropped silently to the prone position, picked my spot, and waited. When he emerged, he was broadside and moving faster than I had anticipated. I panicked, jerked

the first round off and came to my knees. I lost sight of him. Where did he go? Damn! Another missed chance.

But then he materialized, trotting straight at me. I had missed the buck, but he was confused and didn't know where the shot had come from. "It's still too long of a shot," I thought.

Since I had come to my knees after the first round, I no longer had the ground to rest the pistol on. The barrel swayed horribly as I tried to sight in on the buck. The .44 roared, seemingly all by itself, and I saw the buck drop straight down in his tracks. I knelt there for about five minutes, not believing I had finally bagged a buck after 12 years of hunting, and at the same time, hoping he wouldn't get up because I doubted my ability to hit him at that range again.

When I regained my composure, I walked to the buck, a walk that seemed to last an hour, and examined him. He was a 7-pointer and weighed around 145 pounds.

The bullet had entered the lower right side of the neck, gone the entire length of the deer and left a 4" exit wound on its left hip. I was quite satisfied with the performance of the round which was the exact same round with which I got my doe the year before.

Out of curiosity, I returned the next day and measured the distance of the killing shot. It was 70 yards exactly. Proud of myself? DAMNED RIGHT!

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4th Edition Cartridges Of The World

Frank Barnes — inventor of the .308 X 1.5" and .458 X 2" has completely revised his book on cartridges. Every shooter should also have this book for reference and entertainment. Occasionally you'll run into that "unidentifiable" round or want to know the remaining energy of an eighty ought eight Hong Kong at 26.4 feet. If it has a bullet and a case, Barnes' book is the best place to start looking for it.

Aside from its reference value, Barnes gives a short history of phenomenal number of cartridges. Most metric and American cartridges are covered. His section on wildcat handgun cartridges is sadly lacking in information that is readily available from several sources — maybe the 5th revision will cover them, Chapter 16 deals with handgun lethality and I found it very interesting as far as it went. Again — the new developments aren't covered, but those conventional cartridges in useage by the vast majority of handgunners are covered in an interesting fashion.

The chapter on Pistol and Revolver Cartridges of the World is quite extensive. Current, obsolete, B.P. and smokeless are well covered.

I'm glad to see Barnes point out that the new Remington 7MM BR. isn't really all that new as the 308 X 1.5 was necked to 7MM years ago and also the .280 British are two very similar cartridges with the exception of not utilizing the small rifle primer. The book is normal "Digest" format and cartridges are broken down by general category — i.e. Current American Rifle, Obsolete American Rifle, Military Rifle, Pistol & Revolver Cartridges of the World, British Sporting Rifle, American Rimfire, Shotgun Shells,

Projectiles and many more chapter divisions.

Obviously 384 pages can't cover every cartridge ever made in the world; however, Barnes covers the important ones in excellent fashion with informative comments. This book is "the" basic book on cartridges. It is edited by Ken Warner, published by Digest Books (No. 1 Northfield Plaza, Northfield, IL 60094) and retails for \$9.95.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

OUR FIRST HANDGUN HUNT

By Bob Krueger, No. 755

It all started about the middle of November when I was thinking about hunting wild boar with a handgun. I have been shooting handguns about ten years now and I always wanted to hunt big game with a handgun, but in my home state of Wisconsin, it is not legal, so my cousin, Glenn Kallies, and I started talking about a Boar hunt in Tennessee.

I contacted the Renegade Hunting Preserve in Crossville, Tennessee and made all the arrangements to hunt on the 12th of April, 1980. Glenn also planned to use a handgun for this hunt, but did not yet own one. We went down to the local sporting goods store and looked over the various handguns. He decided on a .357 Dan Wesson with an 8 inch barrel.

I planned to use my Ruger Super Blackhawk .44 magnum with 6½ inch barrel and custom grips. For the next few months, we practiced at various ranges. Finally the day came to leave for Tennessee.

We checked into a motel in Crossville, Tennessee on Friday. I called the guide to tell him that we were ready to hunt. He said he would meet us at 7:30 the next morning at our motel.

The next morning about 7:30 our guide knocked on our door and told us we should follow him with our truck out to the Renegade Range which is about 15 miles southeast of Crossville.

For the first half day he was going to put us both on a stand and if this didn't work, we would use dogs later in the day. We went into the woods and the two guides put me on one stand and took Glenn about 100 yards further and put him on another stand. About an hour and a half went by when I heard a shot. I thought it was probably Glenn, but I didn't want to leave my stand. About another hour went by and one of the guides came over to my stand and asked if I had seen anything. I said no, but I had heard a shot earlier. The guide said that Glenn had wounded a boar and that I should come along because they were going to get the dogs to track it down.

We got the dogs on the trail... there was blood. About half an hour later, the dog had the boar at bay.

We ran through the woods to locate the dog and hog. We could hear him howling. We found them. He had the pig at bay. Glenn was going to try to get a shot in. The Boar seemed really mad. Glenn got a good shot in at about 25 yards and got him in the head. Then the boar really got mad.

The Boar took after the guide and the guide climbed a tree. That left Glenn and I in the open. I knew I couldn't climb a tree, so I just got behind the biggest one I could find. The dog came in and got between the guide and the Boar and kept him away.

Glenn got in another good shot, in

Continued on Page 7

the head. It seemed like it took another 3 or 4 minutes for the Boar to finally go down.

Then it was my turn to see what I could do. The guide told the dog to hunt up another boar. About two hours later, the dog got on another hot trail and we waited and listened to the dog till finally we could tell he had the boar at bay. We took off through the woods to find them. When we found them, it was my turn to try and take the Boar. I moved in to about 30 yards when the opportunity came. I put one well placed shot right behind the front shoulder with my .44. The Boar didn't go down like I expected him to. So I cocked the hammer back to take a second shot, but I could see there was blood squirting out of him on both sides, while the dog kept him at bay. So I didn't shoot. It took a while before we could finally see he was weakening. He finally went down, and that ended our first handgun hunt.

In October, we plan on going to Wyoming to hunt Mule Deer with our handguns, if we are lucky enough to get our licenses, but the first Boar hunt was one we'll never forget.

CUSTOM MAGNUMS

By Wayne Randall
No. 320

The handguns featured in this article started out as top of the line firearms from Colt and Smith & Wesson. The .357 Magnum is a blue, 6 inch Colt Python, Colts premier handgun. The S&W is a 6½ inch blue model in .44 Magnum. The custom accessories were added to improve their already fine performance.

The sights of any handgun are of major importance. You can't hit what you can't see. The S&W has excellent sights as it comes from the factory. The rear sight is the fine micro-meter adjustable with a white outline blade. The front sight is a regular ramp with a red plastic insert.

The Python has no such refinements, so I had to install my own. A white outline blade is available from Omega Sales and was easily fitted following the directions sent with the sight blade. A red insert was installed in the front ramp using a Lee's Red Ramp Kit. It took less than 30 minutes after reading the easy to understand directions. This sight combination is easy to pick up quickly and to see in dim light.

I next turned my attention to the actions of both handguns. The Colt came with a 3 lb. trigger pull. I carefully disassembled the Python so I could observe how the action works. By carefully polishing the inner parts and trigger-hammer contact areas, I was able to achieve a smooth 2½ lb. trigger pull. Another trigger lightening technique further improved the double action pull. With the Colt completely assembled, but with the grips removed, a small screwdriver is inserted into the mainspring and the action is cocked. This weakens the mainspring slightly and lightens the double action pull. Care must be taken not to over weaken the mainspring as misfires may occur.

On the M29 I proceeded the same as I did on the Colt. After removing the sideplate, I cycled the action several times to become familiar with its operation. The S&W standard trigger



Glass "bedding" custom stocks to the individual frame is the best way to "fit" them.

has always felt better to me than the wide target trigger. Because of this, the target trigger was replaced with a narrow, standard one. Polishing the contact areas of the Smith reduced the trigger pull to 3 lbs. I left the trigger return spring and mainspring at full strength for reliable ignition of primers. The double action pull is smooth and clean throughout its travel.

Those factory grips had to go. The Colts were narrow at the top and wide at the bottom. Just the opposite of what it should be. S&W target stocks are good but they try to fit everyone. I decided on made to fit grips from Herrett's Inc. These grips are made from a tracing of your hand and they fit very well. Two sets of Jordan Troopers with finger grooves and thumbrests were ordered. It is impossible to perfectly mate grips to factory frames without the frames. Not wanting to ship the guns to Herrett's, I did the next best thing. As the picture shows, I used a glass bedding compound to tightly fit the grips to the frames. By having identical grips that fit my hand, both the Colt and the S&W feel almost the same to me.

These handguns are nice to look at with their custom features and fancy walnut grips, but would they shoot? Basically I wanted a mid-range and a magnum load for both the .357 and .44.

After much experimenting with different loads, I settled on the loads listed in the table that accompanies this story. Both the .357 and .44 loads shoot close enough to the same point of aim at 25 yards that I don't have to do a lot of sight changing.

The stories I read about the virtues of Mag-na-porting finally got to me. I shipped the pair of magnums to Larry Kelly at Mag-na-port Arms Inc. and waited. In ten days the guns returned. The Python was a pure joy to shoot. With the slick action and Mag-na-porting, fast double action shooting was easily controlled. The .44 Magnum's controllability was greatly improved by the "porting" job. The muzzle blast was still there, but the upward jump of the barrel was not.

Except for the grips and the Mag-na-porting, all the work done to these two handguns was accomplished with a minimum of cost and effort by myself. These magnums should perform equally well in the field or on the silhouette range.

LOAD TABLE

Case	Power Grs.	Primer	Bullet	Vel. Est.	Group Size
.357 RP	Unique 5.8	CCI 500	140 Cast	900	1-3/8"
.357 RP	2400 15.0	CCI 550	158 HP Speer	1250	1-1/4"
.44 Mag.	Unique 9.5	CCI 300	240 L Speer	1000	1-1/2"
.44 Mag.	2400 22.0	CCI 350	240 SP	1425	1-1/2"



TALKING HANDGUNS

By Richard A. Hall

At my place of employment, a machine shop, the fellows are very gun oriented, and when we get the chance to chit-chat during working hours, the small-talk is quickly turned to the various handguns. If it wasn't for this gossip, none of us would be able to handle the eight to twelve hours a day that our employers hand out.

I would say that at least sixty percent of the handgun talk is centered around the .357 Magnum and the guns chambered for them. Why? Maybe it's the magic of the Magnums or the versatility of it, I'm still not sure. Having owned two of them, one a Smith & Wesson, Model 13, and a Ruger Security-Six, both four inchers, I'd say both.

I liked both of my Magnums for being double-action, but four inch barrels are not my cup of tea with Magnum loads. I shoot .38 Specials and the .38 plus P loads in them to my complete satisfaction. I know that the more knowledgeable handgunners out there will scorn the use of the old .38 round-nose bullets as reliable manstoppers nowadays, but then again, they haven't been shot at with the old round to know. I haven't been shot at, either, but I still respect it enough to keep out of its way. Besides, the cases come in mighty handy after practice sessions for my reloads of Lyman's 358495 168 gr. semi-wadcutters and 5.0 gr. of Unique. Pushed out the barrel by CCI primers, they form a very formidable round. So knock the old round-nose if you want to, but they still offer the shooter a lot for the money.

I'm not fond of the .357 Magnums in the short four inch barrels as they are hard to control. I know what I need is the longer six inch barreled jobs, but every time I wander into the gun shop, I always carry home the four inchers, as the guns feel better and point better.

I like my "less magic" .45 caliber New Model Ruger's for my all around guns. One has a four and five-eighths barrel screwed into the frame, while the other has the longer seven and a half inch barrel. If I were only to have one caliber of handgun for the rest of my life, the .45 Long Colt would be it. It is the one handgun in our house that is constantly loaded, hanging on my bedpost in its Smith & Wesson holster. If it should ever be needed, I believe that its bigger bore will suffice in a one-shot engagement.

I like the .45's as they won't try to jump out of your hands like the Magnums, and it is easy to control. My wife and three children are able to hit what they aim at, and they love the gentle recoil that it produces in the single-actions. No modern handgunner should be without this cartridge and the various guns made to shoot it.

Reloading for the .45 Colt, I like to keep things under 1000 feet per second, using cast bullets of my own making. I use the Lee .454/255 flat nose and the R.C.B.S. .45/255 Keith type molds for my reloads. They are sized to .452 diameter and lubed, using the Lee lube and resizing tools. All bullets are cast from wheel-weights. I now use large pistol primers to light the 8.0 gr. of Unique, but I'm in the process of using only Magnum primers for cleaner burning of the powder in the old .45 Colt cartridge.

You can use jacketed bullets for better velocity, but keep clear of the type without a crimping groove unless you have a cannellure tool, as I tried some Hornady 230 gr. full metal jackets early in the reloading game, only to find out after firing two rounds through my Ruger .45, then tipping the gun towards the ground to walk up to my target, that powder was covering my clodhoppers because of insufficient crimp on my handloads. A copper-colored bullet lay several feet behind me where I had been shooting.

I got so caught up with the old .45 that I wrote to Omak Industries, Box 856, Lewiston, Idaho 83501 about some shot loads like they put up for the .357 and .44 Magnums. If you are interested in such shotshells, contact Mr. E. W. Heter Jr. at the above address. They are interested in them, too.

Speaking of doing some writing, wouldn't it be nice to have a modern handgun, chambered for the old .32/20 Winchester round? I have been trying for a year and a half now to get Sturm, Ruger & Co., Colt Firearms, Browning, and Marlin, to bring forth such an Arm. I wrote to Federal Cartridge Co. to see if they would give us a loading for it in the shape of a semi-wadcutter, if we get the guns, we might get the cartridges. Could be, we could get a convertible, .32/20 and .30 Carbine, as their bore diameters are about the same. Elmer Keith, Sketter Skelton, and the late George C. Nonte Jr. were fond of the old cartridge, so you bet it must be something. Let's not let it die out without a fight! ! !

One more thing before I let you go . . . if you want to become knowledgeable handgunner, get all the reading material you can afford, and study it. There are many gun magazines on the market, as you know, but you can still miss the boat if you don't buy some of the hardback books that are pertaining to our sport.

Happy hunting! ! !

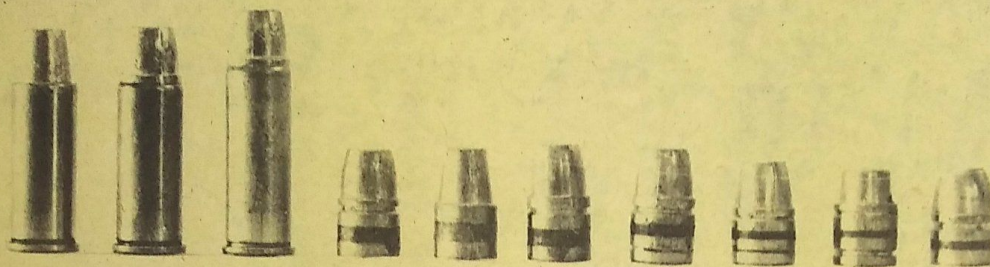
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OHIO SHOOTERS SUPPLY BULLETS

By John Taffin, No. 76

For the past couple of weeks, I have been loading and shooting a generous supply of .44 caliber bullets by Ohio Shooters Supply, 7532 Tyler Boulevard, Mentor, OH 44060. They provided me with two different bullets for testing: their 215 gr. semi-wadcutter and their 240 gr. semi-wadcutter. In correspondence with the President of O.S.S., John Musacchio, I have been informed that these are mass produced, not hand cast. The 215 gr. SWC seems to be a dead ringer for Saeco Mould No. 444 which has two wide bands, one wide grease groove and no crimping groove. This bullet must be crimped over the front band and the long nose is reminiscent of the type used in .45 auto's for combat shooting, such as the RCBS No. 45-201 KT. In looking for a mould for dropping bullets like the OSS 240 grain SWC, I found it is much like the Saeco No. 441 with one wide grease groove, a crimping groove, and a narrow front driving band. It also looks much like the Lyman No. 429 421 except for a slightly shorter nose and the narrower front band.

Before loading, bullets of each weight were carefully examined. Being a mass produced bullet, some will be found with wrinkles, and with grease grooves not completely filled out. The same thing happens using my Star lubricator when the pressure drops off. The lube appears to be a beeswax base and looks and smells like the micro-lube I use in all of my own bullets. The O.S.S. bullets are hard cast and in miking them, I found a consistent .429 which is perfect for most .44s. I usually size my bullets .430 for use in my Magnums and Custom .44 Specials and .428 for use in original .44 Specials as most of these barrels slug out at .426-.427.

Ten of each style were picked and weighed on an OHAVS Scale. The 215 gr. SWC's weighed an average of 227 grains with a high of 228 grains and a low of 225 grains (rounded off to the nearest grain). The 240 grain SWC's weighed in at an average of 242 grains with a high of 244 and a low of 238. Ten of my own cast bullets from a DC Lyman No. 429421 mould averaged 244 grains with a high of 247 grains and a low of 242 grains. Being curious to see what jacketed bullet weight consistency would be, I decided to check Hornady's 240 gr. FMJ's and found a high of 240.0 and a low of 239.5 with an average of 239.7 . . . very consistent.

A friend, Tony Kojis, was given some of the 240 gr. SWC's to check out and load. He found in weighing ten of them at random a high of 244 and a low of 239. Both of us labeled our notes "Utility Grade." They definitely are not match grade bullets but are designed for maximum utility at maximum cost . . . more on this later.

In reloading, we used both Special and Magnum cases. In the .44 Special, the 215 gr. SWC was loaded over 7.5 grains of Unique, my favorite load, while the 240 gr. was loaded over 6.0 grains of Unique for a factory duplication load. These two loads gave approximate velocities of 950 fps and 750 fps respectively. For .44 Magnum loads, we chose 9.0 gr. of Unique for approximately 1050 fps; 20 gr. H110 and 18 gr. No. 2400 for approximately 1100 fps, and 20 gr. No. 2400 for approximately 1250 fps. All of these loads were assembled with the 240 gr. SWC. We felt we pretty well covered the range of .44 loads with these, using all but the heaviest loads.

In all 11 different .44's were used to test the OSS bullets. For .44 Special testing, the following were used: two late 1950's Colt Single Actions, one 4-3/4", the other, 5-1/2"; A new Model Colt Single Action, 4-3/4"; A S & W 1950 Target 4"; and a Custom Ruger Single Action, 4-5/8". The .44 Magnum was represented by two 20 year old Model 29's, one a 4", the other a 6-1/2"; Another later model 6-1/2" Model 29; an Old Ruger Flap-Top, 7-1/2"; and two Custom Rugers, my 10" Douglas barreled Super Blackhawk and my friend's stainless Blackhawk which had been rebored to .44 Mag. and rebarreled with a Douglas stainless barrel by Contaur Systems.

We drove up into the foothills and set the paper up at 25 yards to see what kind of accuracy we could expect. Using the top of my Luv 4x4 as a makeshift rest, we found that with every gun tested, we could expect to put three shots into a 2" to 3" group. (I later went out with my 10" Custom Ruger and using a bed roll on top of the pickup as a rest and shooting at 30 yards, using the 240 gr. SWC over 6.0 gr. Unique, I tried for some accuracy testing. My own cast No. 429421 provided a best group of 1-1/2" and the best group I shot with the OSS SWC was 2". A better shot could probably tighten up both of these).

After preliminary testing on paper, what we really wanted to do was some long range shooting. Normally in June the Southwestern Idaho foothills are dry and dusty and perfect to see bullets strike for long range shooting. This year, however, has been quite different. We have had an over-abundant supply of moisture, so instead of dry, dusty ground, we had to shoot in old abandoned dirt roads or wet mud-holes. We found one wet hole in a gully with a 6' rock in it and spent a great deal of our shooting time at it at a range of about 100 yards. We were able to hit it consistently with the 6-1/2" Model 29 and the 7-1/2" Ruger. The 9.0 gr. Unique load was particularly good for this, and was very pleasant to shoot. The greatest pleasure was

found, however, in putting 125 rounds of the 215 gr. SWC over 7.5 gr. Unique through my old Colt Single Action 4-3/4" .44 Special. To me, there just isn't any sixgun that is as much pleasure to shoot as a Colt SA that will shoot where it points.

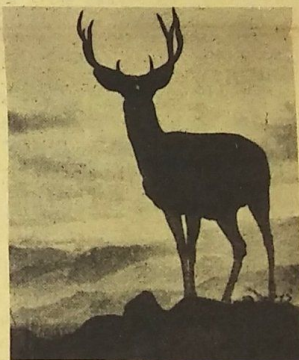
These Ohio Shooters Supply Bullets will fill the bill for plinking, long range shooting, and small game shooting. Match shooting or big game shooting should deserve a carefully cast bullet or factory jacketed bullet. On the negative side of OSS Bullets, do not look as good as carefully hand-cast ones, and you will find a few with wrinkles and some with improperly filled grease grooves. I also found a small amount with excess lube on the nose. It was a simple matter to scrape this off and pack it into the grooves which needed more lube. On the positive side, these bullets will shoot and the best news of all is the price. Locally, bullet metal is selling for sixty cents a pound. Figuring 28 .44 bullets to the pound with no waste, 1,000 bullets would cost \$21.60, plus time, plus lube, plus resizing time. Factory load bullets in .44 caliber are \$9.00 per box or \$90.00 per thousand. Ohio Shooter Supply is selling their 215 gr. SWC's for \$29.50 per thousand and their 240 gr. SWC's for \$30.50 per thousand! This is a bargain, pure and simple.

At this time, they are cataloging 12 different bullets with SWC in .38, .41, .44 and .45 ACP; WC in .38 and .45; and RN in 9MM and .45. They are priced per thousand with the least expensive, the 9MM, running \$20.50 per thousand, and the most expensive

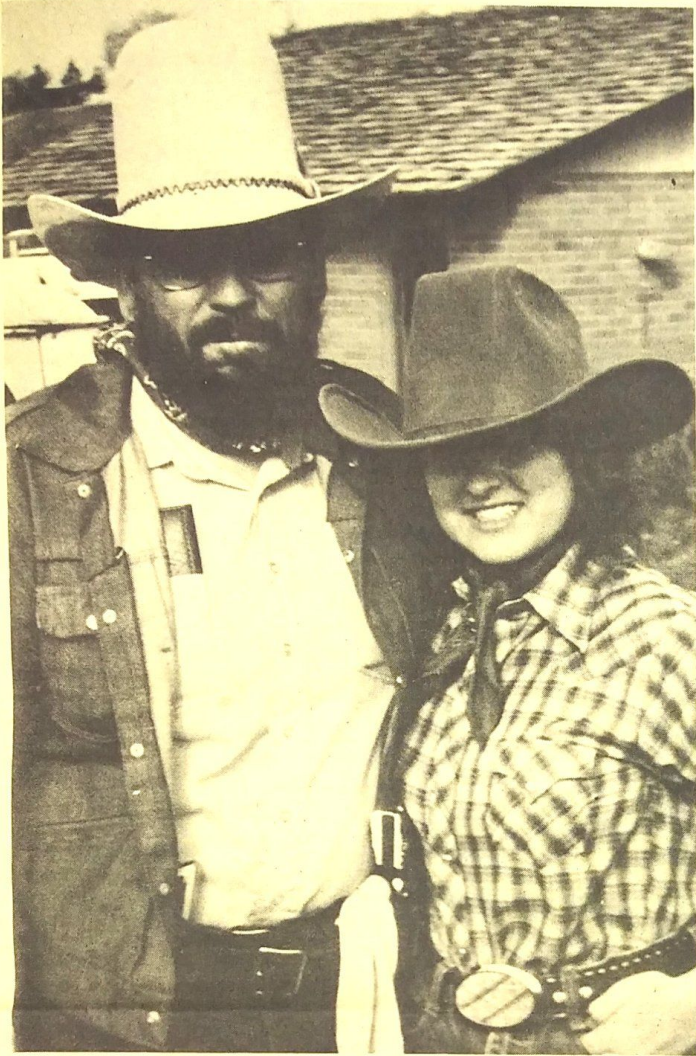
being the 240 gr. SWC at \$30.50 per thousand. Sizes in between are correspondingly priced. Write them for a complete listing, or call them at 1-216-953-8354.

I have tried both styles of their .44's and I plan to try their .38's and .45's next. Try these OSS bullets, and I think you will like the way they shoot. Since they are one-third the price of other bullets, they represent an exceptional value.

As we finished our shooting session, two Deputy Sheriffs rode up on motorcycles and informed us we were on private land. They said they were concerned about motorcycles and 4x4's tearing up things, and didn't think there would be any problem with us using the land as we were. We talked guns a while, and as with all other law enforcement officials I've had contact with, they were pro-gun. It's getting harder all the time to find a place to shoot long range. It used to be a simple matter to drive into the foothills or desert to shoot. Now, houses are going up everywhere. What used to be prime jackrabbit country now houses the Idaho State Penitentiary. Beyond that is a military track vehicle area. I went ten miles up into the foothills and ran into hikers on a narrow trail. I'm a conservative (ultra-conservative?) in politics, but I'm afraid of the sagebrush rebellion. It's bad enough, having the Federal Government owning or controlling most of our state land. But if it goes in the hands of the State, I visualize the special interest groups having a field day. Public ranges are fine, but I cherish being able to find shooting areas in the wide open spaces.



Some of the test guns. Top: 7.5" Ruger Flattop .44 Mag, 4" M29, 4.75" SA Colt, S & W 1950 Target and Custom Ruger.



GUNS IN THE CLASSROOM

By John Taffin, No. 76

Sadly, the National Education Association has given the public a very distorted view of teachers and their thoughts concerning guns. The NEA a few years ago came out strongly in favor of gun control (whatever that is! ?). Because of the stand of an organization that many teachers must belong to with no choice in the matter, many shooters have the mistaken idea that teachers are anti-gun. No doubt some are, but there are many that are not. In fact, in Idaho, our State Association passed a resolution against the stand taken by the NEA. Educators have gotten bad press coverage because of the NEA, but I would like to let all members of H.H.I. know that there are many teachers who are working in their respective schools to promote pro-gun feelings.

Since I teach mathematics in a junior high school, I will relate the things that have been done in our area in the cause of guns and shooting.

One of the first places to start is the school library. Through the cooperation of our librarian, we regularly receive *The American Rifleman* and *Shooting Times*. As teachers, we are given the opportunity to select books each year for our library, and I select gun books and hunting books every opportunity I have. Elmer Keith was recently honored by Boise State University with a scholarship in his name, and both of his autobiographies

are in our library and are used by the reading department.

In the Industrial Arts Department, students often combine their interests in guns with their projects and make many rifle racks, rifle scabbards, holsters, and cartridge carriers.

In the History Department, when the Civil War period and Gun Fighter Era is studied, outside speakers in the form of a Civil War Skirmish Association go into the classroom, showing weapons of the period, and I have gone into these classes to show Western Style Revolvers and Holsters and contrast them with the modern Hollywood Type Gun Rigs, all the while trying to separate fact and fiction, myth and reality.

Also in the History Classes, some students choose to make muzzle-loading rifles and handguns for the class project. Our school has a Western Day each year with a Rodeo, Square Dancing, Chuck Wagon Feed, Folk Singers, etc. This year, I checked into the possibility of shooting on our campus. Since we are right on the edge of, and within, the city limits, special permission was required. After talking with three police officers, all of whom stated that they didn't think it could be done, I wrote to the Chief of Police, explaining the program, and we were given special permission to shoot black powder arms. One teacher dressed in mountain man regalia and shot, and

explained, a .54 caliber Hawken Rifle. Dressing the part of a 1870's gun fighter, I shot a pair of Ruger .44 Old Armes and explained how to load and fire these weapons. Fortunately, both of us were "on" and sent a lot of bleach bottles, plastic for safety, to their graves. The kids thoroughly enjoyed the presentation and even helped us load. This will become a yearly tradition.

Gun magazines are always available in my classroom and many times I have been contacted by parents who were amazed at the transition in their children. Students who had done poorly in other years were willing to work and do their best for me, because we had a common interest . . . guns and shooting!

As shooters, we should do everything we can to spread the word. Six teachers in my school purchased their

first firearm from me — that is six now pro-gunners instead of anti-gunners. Sometimes we may need to help even by selling a gun for less than it is worth. I sold my daughter's boy friend his first handgun at about two-thirds of what it normally would have sold for on the market. But now we have a common interest and he is fast becoming an avid handgunner. I did not sell him a .22 for his first handgun as many suggest. His first gun is a .44 Magnum. With proper handloading, he can learn to shoot it and have a revolver he can use this fall for hunting.

All of us need to do whatever we can, wherever we can, to promote shooting sports. We all have our sphere of influence and we can often be the difference between someone being pro-gun and anti-gun.



NEW MEXICO DEER HUNT

By Delbert Roberts, No. 165

In March of 1979 while having lunch with Neil Digman (who at the time was President of the Westwood Sportsmans Club in Santa Monica) he told me that Art Kolp of International Hunting Consultants, Ltd., in Palmdale, CA could set me up a Mule Deer hunt in New Mexico. I called Art to get the details. We set up the hunt for three days in October. I called George Hansen, my guide, to make sure he was aware that I was going to hunt only with my 6" Model 29. George suggested bringing a rifle just in case I saw a big buck out of pistol range.

After a lot of nights dreaming about that big buck; reading every old and new story about hunting deer; studying "Sixguns" by Keith and "Handgun Hunting" by Nonte and Jurras several

times and carefully reloading my .44 MAG WW cases with 22 grains of 2400-CCI Mag Primers-200 grain Speer Hollow Point and sighting in at 100 yards; I was ready to go! However, I still had four months till the October Hunt! Back to the books and range to practice every chance I got. Finally, four months passed and the day came to leave. MAN, was I ready! My wife was going with me. Now she wouldn't shoot anything, but she doesn't mind if I do. However, she does shoot and is one fine shot. Well, we left Hawthorne, CA and headed for New Mexico.

Spent the night at Albuquerque and the next morning we drove on to Corona, NM where I met Art Kolp at

Continued on Page 10

New Mexico *Continued from Page 9*

the ranch. My hunt would not start until the next day. I put my gear away and got my wife settled. Art took me for a ride around the ranch. About a mile from the house we heard a Bull Elk bugle. Art had his camera so we made a stalk, but all we found was a big Cow Elk. Before we could get close enough for pictures, she heard us and off she went. On the way back to the ranch house we spotted four bucks feeding in a 40 acre alfalfa field. Art wanted pictures so we got as close as we could. One was a four pointer, Western count. He looked as big as a house to me, and my heart was trying to beat its way out of my chest. The others were small three pointers. I pulled my 29 out of its holster and lined up the sights in the middle of that big buck's chest. He was looking me right in the eye. I lowered the gun very slowly saying to myself, "OK big boy, my hunt starts tomorrow and if you are still here things will be different."

That evening I met my guide, George Hansen. George is a retired game warden and about as easy going a man as you would want to meet. I told George I had my rifle but I wasn't going to use it. He simply said, "OK." Well, that night I could hardly get to sleep. About 5:30 a.m. Art beat on the door and said the coffee was on. Art had to get back to California that morning and wanted to get a fat little deer before he left. We ate, and it was time to get going. We hadn't gone more than a quarter mile from the ranch house when we spotted that same bunch of deer we had seen the night before. My heart started beating fast again. George told me to get out in the cedars and he and Art would go around to the other end of the field and see if they could push them my way. I worked into the cedars, set up, checked my sonic ear plugs (ya only get one pair of ears), checked the Model 29 and about the time I was ready I looked up and here they came — all four of them!

.458 X 2

By J.D. Jones

Frank Barnes is credited with being the first to shorten the .458 Win Mag case from 2.5 inches to 2 inches. The cartridge is frequently referred to as the .458 American. In essence, ballistically it was to provide the power, bullet weight and diameter of a modern .45-70 and be suitable for use in relatively lightweight, mild recoiling rifles.

I have no idea who was the first to chamber a handgun for it. The only handguns I know of that are suitable for conversions are the XP 100 and possibly the Wichita. I'm not positive of the bolt diameter of the Wichita, but I think it'll make it. From what I remember of the Weatherby, its bolt seemed too small in diameter. There aren't enough of them around to be concerned about anyway.

Don't expect to get into a .458 X 2 XP conversion cheap. First, it isn't anymore expensive to convert the gun to .458 X 2 than other calibers but changing the factory stock is an absolute must for this hard recoiling cartridge. Add a minimum of about \$150.00 for the stock. I'm using a Fajen with Power bedding block and it works fine. "Course a section of .221 barrel is glassed in the handle to keep it from breaking off. I can recommend

The big one was in the lead. There went my heart again, 90 miles an hour! He came right up to within 20 yards of me and stopped dead still. I looked at him and there was George and Art right in my line of fire and no way for me to move. Well, that old buck spooked and ran right back where he had been. George and Art moved again and back they came — running flat out! Well, I figured that old boy would be in front. They broke out in front of me at about 70 yards. My heart was beating so fast I could hardly breathe. I put the sights behind his front leg; swung just past his nose and fired. He didn't even break stride. I knew I hit him, so I stepped out of the cedars, fired five quick ones and down he went. I ran over to where he lay. He was dead, but he wasn't the big boy. George and Art came up. I asked them where the big one went. George said, "He went over the fence at the end of the field." Well he may not be the "big one," but he was all mine and I did it with my M-29 and homemade ammo. George asked me how many times I shot. I told him six. He said, "Well, you hit him every time!"

The first shot blew the liver and heart apart. If I had waited, he wouldn't have gone far, but I didn't know it and I don't like to hunt for wounded game. The last shot broke his neck. The rest went in and never exited. The next time I'll use 240 grain soft points and try for the shoulders and hope it knocks him over. My little buck weighed 150 pounds and had three points on each side. To me, he couldn't have been better if he had 10 points and weighed 250. That afternoon I went with George to check the water pumps and saw my first Bull Elk. Man was he big! I said, "George do you think I can get one with my .44?" He said, "The way you shoot, I think so." Later I found out George had been the New Mexico State Pistol Champ. Well, I guess you know where I'll be this December. God willing.

the Fajen set-up modified to strengthen the handle. The Ranger stock — if and when available will also stand up to recoil. H-S Precision stocks are advertised in the Silhouette. I've only seen one and H-S didn't answer an inquiry letter. Don't know if it would stay together or not.

Do not attempt to use any wood stock of the thumbhole type with heavy recoiling calibers. I don't even like them on 300 Savage — .308s with full charge loads. You can't get directly behind the gun and the thumbholes — even opened as far as possible, are much too small for me and abuse my thumb knuckle badly. Remember though, with wood, you have to compensate for the additional weight somewhere and that usually ends up being short-changed in the barrel.

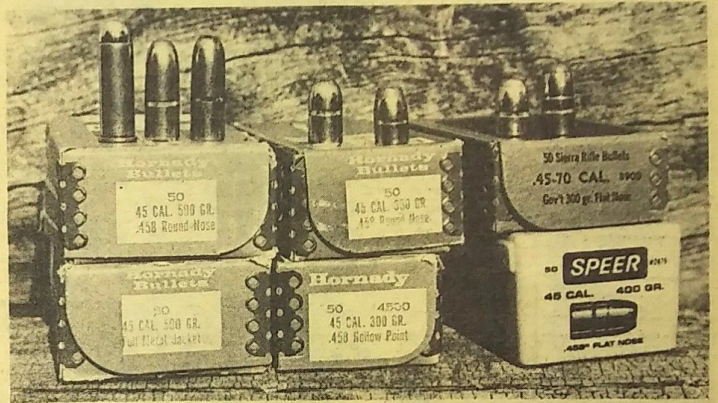
Some full length .458s have been made. I think the recoil of factory loads positively dangerous.

Since the .458 X 2 is a handgun proposition only, it's possible to match ballistics to your personal recoil tolerance. Brass is no problem; simply trim back .458 Winchester to 2.0 inches. It's not necessary to insidre ream the cases in my chamber but the RCBS seating dies are very snug. The seating stem doesn't really match any bullet I've tried and really makes an unsightly ring on the nose of 400 grain Speer bullets. Accuracy does not seem to be affected.

I had been shooting a .35 Remington



.458 X 2" w/500, .45-70 w/405, .50-70 w/450, .375 JDJ w/270, .308 w/180. Pussycats! All of them. "Course turn them on and they change a little.



Compare the .44 Mag loaded round with the 500 Hornadys. All .458 bullets are excellent for their intended purpose — unlike many other calibers.

with quite heavy loads in the modified Fajen stock and had relieved it so there were no "hot spots" with the .35. Guess what. First time out I peeled more hide off my thumb knuckle than I could afford. After a lot of elbow grease with a half round file the stock quit biting. After taking the pain out of the stock the same loads became quite comfortable to shoot.

No handgun data for the .458 X 2 is available. '73 Springfield .45-70 data was a good starting point as case capacities are very similar and '73 loads are quite mild. Many of the '86 Winchester max loads are tolerable in recoil to me. Few of the Ruger 1 loads are. Aside from testing; I find myself using the same bullets and loads I find comfortable in the .45-70 T/C. The T/C however, feels more comfortable to me with the same bullet at the same velocity. The T/C also balances considerably better offhand than the XP and I shoot it considerably better offhand. Tom South and a few others who have seen me get lucky with the .458 bolt gun might disagree. (See Firing Line)

Initially, I had difficulty in cold temperatures getting any kind of reasonable shot to shot performance from the .458 X 2". The .45-70 is so easy to load for and get uniform loads it's ridiculous. The .458 X 2" was just the opposite — contrary as can be. Loads that gave 20-40 FPS extreme variation between "high" and "low" velocity in a string spread to 200-400 F.P.S. in the .458 X 2". Head scratching time and a lot of ideas. Same thing occurred in the .50-70 at the same time. Ignition problems were obviously among the first considered. The HOT Federal 215 Primers, designed for belted magnum cases and very slow burning powders was substituted for

CCI Mags and cured the problem. This primer is HOT and cannot be simply substituted for others in ordinary loading. In some instances I've found it equal to adding 6 grains of powder to a particular load. Obviously, this primer must increase pressures a lot. Federal is running some tests and we'll advise you of the results as soon as we get them. DO NOT use this primer interchangeably with CCI Magnum, Rem 9 1/2 M, etc.

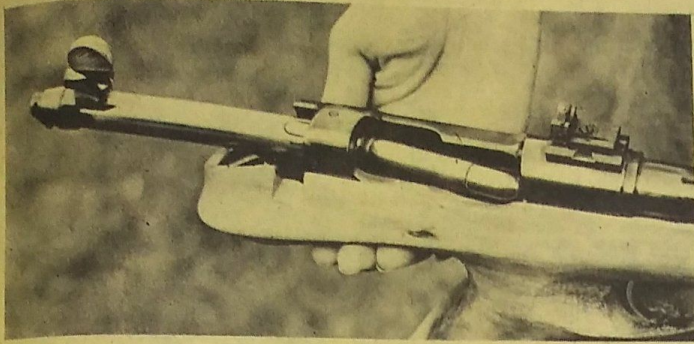
In any event the Federal 215 cured the velocity spread problem in both the .458 X 2 and .50-70. Going to heavier loads or heavier bullets also do much to solve the problem. Other possible solutions didn't work as well. For example, with CCI Mag primers, 36.0 — 4198 - 300 Hornady averaged 1491 FPS with 26 FPS variation with unfired cases that provided a very tight case-bullet fit. Same load in a fired, uncrimped case averaged 1468 FPS with 101 FPS variation. Adding a poly filler and crimping averaged 1488 FPS and 78 FPS variation — still unsatisfactory. The real shocker was reducing the powder charge to 33 grains and an average velocity of 1241 FPS and 228 FPS variation. Increasing the charge to 40 grains and bullet weight to 400 grains resulted in 1543 FPS and 28 FPS spread.

Likewise, increasing the powder charge of 4198 to 44.0 grains boosted velocity of the 300 gr. to 1776 FPS and dropped extreme spread to 13 FPS. 13 FPS would probably increase to 30-40 if additional shots had been clocked. 42-4198-300 still had an unsatisfactory variation of 158 FPS. Dropping to a faster burning powder; 4227, helps but it's still necessary to use the Federal 215 or jack the velocity up to obtain uniformity. 34.0-4227-300H, gave an

Continued on Page 11

HANDGUNNING ANTELOPE

By Johnny Lemke, No. 753



.458 x 2 w/ 500 Hornady sure fills up an XP action!

average of 1563 FPS and 211 FPS variation. 38.0-4227-300H turned in 1751 FPS with mediocre variation of 67 FPS. 36.0-4227 and the 400 Speer did 1571 FPS with a spread of only 18 FPS.

Using the Federal 215 primer under any of the above loads will give acceptable shot to shot variations and increase velocity by 100 - 150 FPS.

One excellent but heavy recoiling load consists of CCI Mag primer, 44.0 grains of H-322 under either the Hornady 500 grain S.P. or FMJ for 1423 FPS and 10 FPS variation. All of the above loads were chronographed at 30-40 degrees. Add 3 FPS per degree temperature above that range.

Cast bullets in the .458 X 2 work very well. The 450 grain Lee is one of the better ones. The 550 grain Lyman is also excellent.

Generally, .45-70 bullets work very well in the .458 X 2. I don't know of any jacketed .45-70 bullet that doesn't turn in excellent performances. The only cast bullet that hasn't performed quite well is the Lyman hollow point 300 grain Gould bullet.

The 350 and 500 grain bullets are usually designed for the .458 Win and just simply aren't good for anything in pistols except penetration or target work. The 500 gr. Hornady S.P. just wipes the lead off its nose on anything softer than concrete and keeps on penetrating. The 350 grain isn't much better.

These big rounds are very impressive. It's possible to shoot lengthways through concrete blocks and smash water cans behind them. Penetration in wood is unbelievable. They do upset those 200 meter rams!

I usually find the T/C .45-70 more to my liking than the big bolt gun and consider the T/C more comfortable to shoot than the XP with the same bullet at the same velocities. (Up to around 1400 with 400 grain in the .45-70.)

One load I like very well in the bolt gun is Fed 215-36-4198-400 Speer. It's not fast or very powerful but comfortable and accurate. I still have a tendency to jack up the loads simply because its possible in the XP. Any .45-70 bullet will give expansion and good accuracy. The .45-70 and .458 X 2" operate at optimum velocities for these bullets.

Effective range of the short .458 depends on you more than the gun. Its trajectory isn't particularly flat. With iron sights I can hit the chickens at 240-50 yards about 6 x 10. This is about what I do with most other unlimited guns — both T/Cs and XPs. There is certainly no problem with accuracy or power. Sighted in about 3" high at 100 its about dead on at 150 and 6 inches or so low at 200 with what I would consider moderately powered hunting loads.

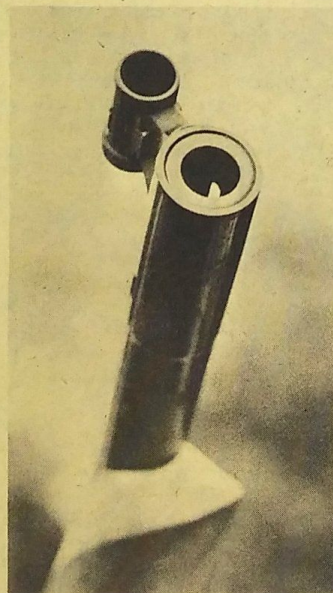
Most individuals are very surprised

at the mild recoil of rifle cartridges in handguns. The .458 is no exception with moderate loads. As bullet weight or velocity goes up recoil increases quite rapidly. Once a certain point is reached recoil is simply intolerable for more than a shot or two. Certainly I would use very heavy loads for elephant, but not for elk.

Scoping the .458 could be a real problem. I would definitely go the Redfield mounting rig (or make one up) and Redfield scope as I think the Redfield is the toughest scope available. The T/C and Leupold scopes are also excellent and all have practically unlimited warranties. The weight of a scope and base greatly reduces felt recoil.

Why the .458 X 2? Well, why not? Shoot whatever appeals to you. It's accurate, powerful and inexpensive to shoot with cast bullets. For sheer power it is unexcelled. It is a lot of fun playing around with it. Big bullets slam silhouette targets around, throw up a lot of dirt at long range, penetrate very well and soft .45-70 bullets expand amazingly. It can be mild in recoil or really get rough at your bidding. It isn't the gun for everyone, but most everyone around gets interested whenever I drag out one of the big ones. Some of them even ask to shoot them! Most everyone that shoots the big boomers shoots them quite well and becomes very interested in them.

The biggest drawback to the .458 X 2 is cost and size. It's simply a wonderful fool around gun or a very specialized hunting gun. The XP can never compete with a T/C for portability and practical usefulness in the field, but it sure is one fun gun.



Muzzle of the .458 clearly shows Port. Sight is Lyman 17A.

Every year hundreds of non-residents come West to hunt Antelope. For many, this will be their first encounter with what is a seemingly vast and open land. Very few are prepared for their first Antelope, and even to those that have hunted Antelope with a rifle before, it seems a fruitless attempt to try for one with a handgun. It isn't only non-residents, but also residents who feel that a flat shooting rifle is the only way to take Antelope. Most people hunt Antelope by driving along until they see an Antelope, then jump out and start shooting. This isn't hunting . . . only shooting.

When you hunt Antelope with a Handgun, you will have to HUNT Antelope. It isn't as difficult as it seems, and there are several things you can do to help increase your odds.

One thing you can do is take a tip from Bowhunters and practice shooting in the field. They have been doing this for years with great results. Even if you live in the East, you can use this type of practice to help you on a Western hunt. This practice technique works best with two people.

David, my brother, and I use this practice technique quite often. We select an area that affords safe shooting, then start walking through the area with one of us acting as a spotter, the other, the shooter. The spotter may call a target at any time and at any distance. The shooter then calls the target distance, gets into shooting position, and fires one shot as quickly as possible. We make a game out of it with one point for correct distance and one point for a hit. We also give a minus two points for a shot fired at a target beyond 200 yards and use a plus or minus 10 yards for the correct distance. After the shooter has fired 10 rounds, we change positions. It is surprising how quickly you improve your distance judgement and competence with a Handgun . . . besides, it is a lot of fun.

The obstacle that is toughest for hunters not familiar with the Western plains is the feeling you are in a vast open area where it isn't possible to get within Handgun range of the Antelope you have spotted from a mile away. The main thing you have to remember is to take your time. The Antelope aren't going anywhere unless you get careless and spook them.

When we spot a typical herd of Antelope, we usually spend about 30 minutes glassing them and the surrounding area. We are looking for several things: (1) Is there a Buck in the herd we want? (2) Are they moving or bedded down, and if moving, which way and how fast? (3) We study the lay of the land surrounding the Antelope for stalking routes. (4) Are they spooky or calm? (5) Is there a way to get into range?



Once these questions have been answered, we plan our stalk. Very seldom will they be in an area where they can't get within range. If they are, and aren't moving, we try to locate another herd unless the Buck in that particular herd is exceptional. By this time, you will have learned something important about Antelope. At even a mile away, they will have spotted you if you could see well enough to answer the necessary questions.

A technique we use in stalking Antelope uses their exceptional eyesight against them. Once the stalk has been planned, we drive to a spot we have selected to drop off the hunter, undetected by the herd, and then drive on to a spot visible to the Antelope, but far enough away so as to not spook them. If you will stay in the vehicle, you can be as close as 400 yards away and not usually spook them. The hunter can then make his stalk while the Antelope's attention is on the truck. I have taken several Antelope using this method and it seldom fails.

There are quite a few calibres capable of taking Antelope. In Wyoming, the law reads: a legal firearm for big game must have a bore diameter of .23 and fire a centerfire cartridge not less than 2" overall length including a soft point expanding bullet seated to a normal depth or any other cartridge authorized by the Game and Fish Commission that has a barrel bore diameter of at least .35 and generally delivers at least 500 ft. lbs. of energy at 100 yards. In short, this eliminates the .357 mag. Due to the ranges often encountered while hunting Antelope, this isn't all bad.

Antelope aren't noted as being hard to put down. Even though they aren't hard to kill, I feel that we are dealing with two maximum ranges for handguns. The maximum range should be around 125 yards for revolvers and 200 yards for single shots. This is based on the calibers for which these guns are normally chambered. I also feel that scopes are also a must, not only for precise aiming, but also to help make sure the Antelope you are shooting at is in fact the one you want. Another good rule is never to shoot at an Antelope that is running unless he is wounded and is trying to get away. If this does happen, get to a high spot as quickly as possible so you can keep track of him until he stops so that you can stalk him again.

Hunting Antelope isn't as difficult as it seems if you take your time, plan your stalk and only shoot when you are sure it will be a killing shot. The results will be very rewarding.

All of us are aware that no matter what product we are dealing with, or which manufacturer, for that matter, everything is capable of malfunction or breakage. Thompson/Center's Contender is no exception, but it is in the area of repair-service that they stand head and shoulders above most manufacturers I have dealt with. Twice during the past year, I have had problems with one of my Contenders. Both times, after contacting Mr. Tim Pancurak at T/C, the problems were quickly and efficiently taken care of. As long as T/C has men of Mr. Pancurak's quality working for them, they will continue to be a leader in the field of Handgunning . . . Hats off to you, T/C.

COLORADO OUTFITTERS RENDEZVOUS

By Keith M. Jones, No. 1000



May not look graceful here, but it'll flat out-corner a 'Vette!'

Back in May I got a call from Dad (J.D.) asking me if I would do him a favor. Seems that he had received an invitation to attend the annual Rendezvous of the Colorado Outfitters Professional Society. He couldn't go so he asked me to go check it out for **The Sixgunner**. I got in touch with Glynn Fraser, editor of the Outfitter's newspaper, and got the directions to Sweetwater Lake Resort (north of Gypsum, Colorado) and started making plans to go.

Since I live in Southeastern Colorado I was about 1600 miles closer to Sweetwater Lake than dad is, so I left the morning of Friday, June 6, taking the scenic route across the Colorado Rockies up to the Rendezvous, which was to begin that evening and continue through Sunday.

After a beautiful drive over the Continental Divide, I pulled into the Rendezvous just after dark. On Friday, everyone got settled into their tents and cabins and that evening the Rendezvous got started with a campfire and tall-tale session. I was a little tired from driving so I got out my sleeping bag about 11 and slept out under the stars.

In the words of Rendezvous Director, Glen Roberts, The Outfitters Professional Society Rendezvous' main purpose is just simply for the members of the Society to get together for a weekend of fellowship and good times. Saturday morning began with a rifle shoot (set up to simulate actual hunting conditions), and a rowboat race. The afternoon proved to be somewhat wild

and woolly with a Guides Polo Game where the participants used broomsticks to swat at a volleyball through the goals. The teams were made of Western Slope Outfitters against Eastern Slope Outfitters. I was rooting for the Eastern team, naturally, but the game ended in a tie. There was also a pack race and horseback ride up to an ancient Indian cave up in the mountains. The evening wound up with another campfire and bull session into the wee hours.

Although there were a lot of activities scheduled for Sunday, the main event was the trail ride up to host Larry Gay's own private "church" at the summit of a cliff overlooking Sweetwater Lake for Sunday Morning Services. To say that the view was breathtaking would be the understatement of the year. You just can't accurately describe scenery like that in words or even pictures. Anyone who's been to the Colorado High Country knows what I mean. After riding back down to the resort and putting the horses away, people started getting ready to leave since most had quite a few hours of driving ahead to get home.

I had the opportunity to meet quite a few fine people that weekend. I got to swap stories and talk hunting with some very knowledgeable people. I talked with many outfitters and most seemed enthusiastic about the idea of taking out hunters for handgun hunts, although many of them have yet to do so. If any HHI members would like



Cowboy Polo — brooms, a volleyball, and lotsa guts!

to come out here for a Colorado big game handgun hunt, it would certainly be well worth checking into. It would most certainly be a challenging and satisfying hunt.

If you are interested in a hunt, two Outfitters interested in guiding handgunners are Altenburg Bros. Outfitting Service at 1602 Atwood Street, Longmont, CO 80501. Telephone (303) 772-3602; or Dion Luke at Ragged

Mountain Outfitters, 1526 Blake Avenue, Glenwood Springs, CO 81601. Telephone (303) 945-6265. Or just drop J. D. a line, and maybe he can help you out. I had a great time and met a lot of great people at the 1980 Outfitters Professional Society Rendezvous, and I would like to thank them for their hospitality. I'm looking forward to seeing them all again at the next Rendezvous.



HANDGUN HUNTERS CHARTER MEMBER COMMEMORATIVE

The custom knife was described in Issue V. There are knives available for members with Charter Member numbers over 100. A \$75.00 deposit is required. The total price is \$210.00.

BLACK POWDER BUCKS

By Robert Koch, No. 680

Shortly after a World War II discharge, I found myself working in Idaho. I wanted to get in on some of the good hunting due to a lack of hunters during the war. I had a Jeep, but no suitable rifle. My rifles were stored at my mother's place at the time, but I had a beat-up .45 Colt I had picked up at a pawn shop for \$20. The pawn broker I got it from had thrown in a box of cartridges containing 40 cartridges and 10 empties.

I discovered the cartridges were loaded with black powder and decided the gun was accurate enough for deer hunting if I limited myself to 50 yard shots. I intended to shoot up the black powder loads, then purchase something more modern ammo for my hunt.

A couple 12 year old boys chanced by, were attracted to the big revolver, and I let each take a shot. We got to talking hunting, and I told them I was in a quandry, didn't know the country and where to hunt. They quickly offered to guide me to a choice area.

We piled into the Jeep and only three miles from town were at the chosen site. Sure enough, there were tracks enough to make me wonder whether they had been made by a herd of sheep.

After scouting on foot for awhile, I ascertained that the deer came down to drink at night, then marched back up a fairly open timbered ridge come morning.

The boys and I talked it over and I came up with a plan for a drive. Would the boys mind walking through the bottom land willows and choke-cherry bushes while I waited above? No, they'd be delighted and would bring a friend to help.

The plan seemed good to me. There was only one fly in the ointment — When I tried to buy modern cartridges, the local store (saddles, coal-oil, groceries, guns, gasoline, etc.) was out. All I had was five of the originals. I knew I'd get no quick second shot if the first missed, for each time I fired, a cloud of blue-black smoke obscured the target until it wafted away in the breeze. Moreover, the lead bullets were round-nosed, not the ideal hunting bullet. The lead seemed soft to my thumb-nail scratch. Perhaps it is soft enough to mushroom, I thought. But at only about 800 feet per second . . .

On opening day, a Saturday, I was up early and at the rendezvous point, my Marble hunting knife on one side of my belt and the old Peace Maker on the other. The minutes dragged slowly; the October air was nippy. Probably the kids have slept-in, or forgot altogether.

Then I heard them coming, chattering. As they grew closer, I made out more than three forms. With giggles they piled into the Jeep, five boys and two girls.

Continued on Page 13

Black Powder *Con't. from Page 12*

After explanations that they thought I wouldn't mind and statements that more drivers make a better drive, and assurances that all parents had blessed the happening, we were off. I explained that I wanted them to give me enough time to climb the ridge via a circuitous route.

Dawn was breaking as I finally located my perch, and I had barely hunkered down so I could shoot over my knees when I observed movement below. A moment later two moose glided by. One had scrubby antlers and the other none. These were nearly black in color and I marveled at their ground-eating pace, yet noiseless, and their grace of movement. I had always thought of moose as ungainly, clumsy, slow creatures, but these were as agile as any deer.

I didn't fire — there was no open season on moose. They were no more out of sight when I could hear the kids below, laughing, calling to each other. For a moment I was disturbed; I like quiet when hunting. Then I remembered that noise was OK in this setting.

Almost immediately I saw two whitetail bucks climbing the ridge. I was surprised that they had moved out so far ahead of the drivers. One had a larger rack than the other and was behind by five yards.

They reached the spot at which I had previously decided was within my range. Both stopped and looked back at the source of sound. I steadied the gun wobble, put the front sight on the big buck's lung area, now glistening in the morning light, and squeezed the heavy trigger with both forefingers.

At the gun's roar, seemingly extra loud in that pristine stillness, I wanted to leap to my feet and see the results, but I remained in position. My only motion was to cock the piece again.

There was my buck down, but threshing his feet, and the second buck

trotting right at me! He had thought the explosion came from below. Allowed two deer at that time, I swung the gun, still two-handed as he passed not fifteen feet away.

At my movement, he changed his trot to bounds and I think he hadn't made but one when the gun recoiled and belched its smoke. He skidded into a heap, but was up again. A second shot put him down for keeps.

Shortly afterwards, the breathless kids came piling into the scene. They had started running at the sound of my shots.

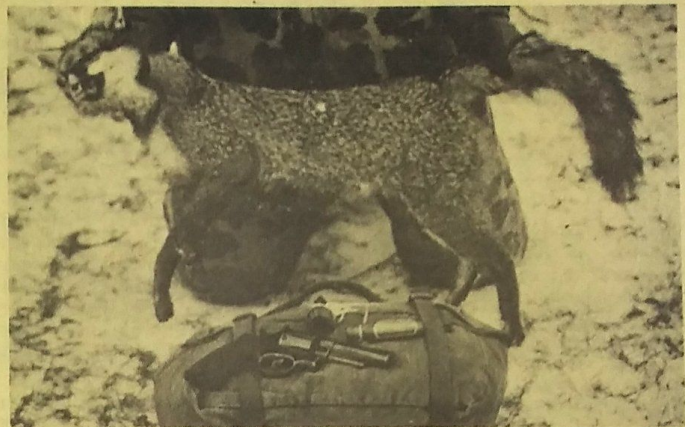
The first shot had gone higher than I had aimed, smashing into the spine and had mushroomed into a non-recognizable glob. The second bullet had broken both shoulders of the smaller buck and had done a remarkable job of penetration. How he got to his feet after being felled the first time, I can't understand. I had shot the last shot into the neck, but never found that bullet.

Gutting finished, many hands laid hold where they could get a grip and those two animals were whisked down the mountain and to the jeep in record time.

They had found the neck of a poached moose during the drive and showed it to me. Just the neck, nothing else was lying there, and it was huge, as large as the neck of a large horse.

I gave a little lecture about how it was wrong to poach game, but the kids looked on me with amazement and a little pity. They had been steeped in the tradition that the game warden was the enemy and the government had no business meddling in people's affairs.

Nearly 40 years later I found myself passing through that hamlet, stopped and tried to run down the whereabouts of my hunting crew. All were scattered, but I found one of the girls, now a schoolteacher. We laughed about our hunt of long ago.



Brian's fox, .41 S & W and Weems calls. Light load did minimal pelt damage.

straight across my field of vision. I drew my .22 Mag and assumed a two hand hold over a limb. There was a lot of brush between us. Mr. Fox stopped straight out in front of me, looked toward me and slowly turned and started walking away. I waited for an open shot without luck. I decided to shoot at the back of the fox as it moved slowly off. At the shot it jumped and bounded away through the brush.

I checked for a hit but verified that the little pill had not punched through the brush between my target and my gun.

After my poor showing with the non brush busting .22 Mag, I decided to use my favorite S & W Model 57 .41 Mag 4" barrel with Pachmayr grips last season. This has become my main revolver as I both hunt and target shoot with this gun year round. It is wonderfully accurate with my load of 9 grains of Unique under a Speer 220 grain JSP SWC. With this load I can hunt small game as well as larger game as the SWC just cuts a .41 caliber hole which does not damage much meat but kills quite well.

After several unsuccessful calling trips using various calls (I broke my Burnham in a previous outing and had not gotten it fixed) and really not finding one to my liking, I purchased a Weems Wildcall. Believe me, this call is effective in my part of Illinois.

Third outing with this call found my brother Ross and I stationed in two brush piles overlooking a well-used game trail. This area was like a Grand Central Station for wildlife in this woods and we anticipated some action. My brother, like myself had not had much luck predator calling and we were looking for our first handgun kill on fox. His Stainless Security Six .357 and my .41 would be potent medicine for any foolish fox in the area.

At 0916 hr. I checked my watch and checked my brother's position to see if he was settled. I was facing west, he was facing south southeast. There was a crosswind from the southeast to the northwest. I started calling, confident that I was well hidden in the snow-covered background of the scant brush pile. This was January and maybe I would again call in a pair as they run together this time of the year. After 6-8 seconds I would wait a few seconds and repeat. After only three minutes, a gray fox came trotting over a high hill southwest of me. It came straight on without hesitation at a quick walk/trot. I steadied the .41 Mag over a limb in front of me and hoped it would stop so I could get a shot. When it walked over a fallen branch seven yards away, I decided to take it on the move. I centered my sights on its body

and fired. It staggered and I knew I had hit it. It moved a couple of yards and started turning around looking dazed. I shot again and hit it through the lungs. That did it.

I could have let loose with a Tarzan yell I was so excited. After years of spending hours in the cold patiently waiting for a dumb fox, I had finally managed to put it all together. I felt more elated than I had ever since my first deer with the bow. This was a thrill to rival any in my entire life as a hunter. It was my calling, my handload and I had picked the spot to call from. These things give one a great feeling of satisfaction. Especially nice was the fact that my brother got to witness the whole event.

I debated whether or not to have this fine mole gray fox mounted but the cost was great, so I settled for many pictures. I was also pleasantly surprised when I received 50 dollars for its hide at the fur buyer's in a nearby town.

The rest of the season gave me more thrills as I almost got a shot at my first coyote and I "did in" a large wild yellow cat which I could have sworn was a red fox until it cleared the brush a few yards away. (My "love" for feral cats is legend in my area.)

In closing I would just like to tell you handgun hunters that predator calling does work. Maybe not like you've read about in outdoor magazines, but good enough to keep you interested. So stoke up your hogleg and go out there and make some music. The more mournful the sounds the better. And once again let me say that you will have good results with the Weems Wildcall.

I have tried all major brands and can only recommend the Burnham and the Weems. I have had some luck with Lohman, too. They all sound different but try to match the sound to the species of rabbit in your area. Midwestern cottontails have a high pitched scream like a baby's cries so don't get a jackrabbit sound which is lower and coarser.

Do your calling well concealed and don't try it while moving. Foxes and coyotes are knowledgeable fellows and must be treated as such. If you think they will come after having a "blown" calling experience in their memory then you're not ready. Cover every angle — your scent, your noises, your appearance and you can fool them one time anyway. This may be the time you connect. If not, there are other uneducated ones around, so try again.

When you finally score after many unsuccessful attempts, you too will appreciate one of the greatest thrills of handgun hunting and who knows, you may get lucky the first time!

FOX TALES

By Brian Bielema, No. 182

Handgunning has been one of my main interests since I was in eighth grade and purchased my first handgun. This was a Ruger Standard Auto with which I eased into handgun hunting.

Back then I would read and reread my dogeared copy of Gil Hebard's catalog with all the wonderful articles written by the experts. Then, I mostly killed paper bullseyes and town dump rats. Hunting with my father, grandfather and uncles was always a shotguns only affair. We were always successful in our pursuit of small game such as rabbits, squirrels and pheasants. As I grew older I craved a more challenging form of hunting. This has been satisfied by bowhunting and handgun hunting. Whatever species I can hunt legally in Illinois with a handgun, I do. The only big game animal in Illinois is whitetail deer. It must be hunted with a shoulder gun or bow so I cannot experience the thrill of taking big game with my handgun. I do however, make do with the challenges of taking small and medium game with my wheelguns. The last few years my handgun hunting has been divided between squirrels and predators.

Predator calling is an art and I had not achieved much success at it until this last season. I have taken foxes with shoulder guns using hounds, but to me,

the ultimate was to trick the cunning beast into handgun range and then apply the final touch with my revolver. The last couple of years I had some success and managed to lure two gray foxes into range.

These two came in together answering my Burnham Bros. long range call. They came in like ghosts through the snow-covered woods as I stood motionless in the crotch of a convenient tree.

As one sat on its haunches and studied me from about 50 yards, the other circled my position downwind. I thumbed back the hammer on my S & W Model 27 secure in the knowledge that I had become quite proficient with this, my first centerfire handgun. But it was not to be. I wanted the perfect shot and I wanted a sure thing. Therefore, I did not take the 50 yard shot at the sitting fox, hoping he would approach closer. Foolish idea, as its partner eventually completed its circle and cut my scent. The next thing I saw were two wisps of gray smoke drifting away through the woods. So much for that season.

Last year, I came closer yet. I was calling in about the same spot as the previous year, once again in the snow. Dressed in my white coveralls, I had a Smith Model 48 — .22 Mag and a Lohman predator call. I had just about given up after calling about 20 minutes when I spotted a movement in a brushpile about 50 feet away. A gray fox emerged and walked slowly

KIDS, CATS & PISTOLS

By Layne Simpson, No. 747

Dear J. D.:

Seems like I detected the potential for a nice, juicy, healthy .357 Magnum vs. .44 Magnum controversy in your April issue, so I thought the time was ripe to throw my handful of kindling on the fire. But first, I'll bore you a bit. (Pun intended!)

For the past 25 years, I've packed a handgun of one flavor or another, while hunting various beasts of the continent and in Africa. Often a wheelgun served as my sole armament, other times I took one along just because I like 'em, and a few times, a handgun bolstered my courage a bit. Like the trip to Rhodesia, on the Zambia border in '77 when any slimy target seen wearing camouflage and packing an AK-47 was fair game. I might add that so were we. I didn't get one, but I did take a nice buff with a .375 H & H.

My first, for-real, big bore handgun was a war surplus, 1917 Colt that I ordered out of Shotgun News for the trapline budget busting sum of \$12.95. I believe they also threw in a hundred rounds of G. I. hardball and six half-moon clips. The G. I. fodder lasted only a few hours. I was between trapping seasons, which meant that the bottom of the coffee can was showing through (I didn't trust those slick bankers), so if I was to keep the old .45 talking, a bit of horse trading was in order. I lived in the country but there was a fellow who lived in town and it was rumored that he was the only honest gun trader in the state. I was to find out later who started that rumor. Anyhow, I was convinced of his honesty after he traded me a whole bunch of reloading components for my only deer rifle . . . a trapdoor Springfield carbine.

The reloading components consisted of two thousand Winchester primers (large rifle), which showed evidence of having been stored in an attic directly under a leak; ten cans of Dupont FFFG; a five gallon paint bucket full of lead scrap (he had a friend in the plumbing business), and a Lyman double-cavity buckshot mold.

The very next Sunday, I caught the folks away for the day and fired up the old coal heater in the kitchen for a session of bullet casting (it was summer time). Rummaging through the possibles box in my room, I produced a large tomato can, filled it full of lead scrap and placed her atop the heater, which at this point in the tale was glowing a cherry red.

Pretty soon, the lead chunks at the top started sliding down as those at the bottom commenced to melt, and I paid little attention to the droplets of molten metal that began to blossom on the outside of the can where the bottom and side were joined together. I had this whole thing planned out pretty good, so I zipped into my room for a big wood-handled spoon that had mysteriously disappeared from the kitchen about a week before.

You probably remember this type of spoon if your mom doled out the castor oil every spring. It was the two-mouthful size.

Returning to the stove, I discovered, with great horror, little streams of molten lead trickling down both sides, across the floor guard and onto the linoleum amidst wifts of acrid smoke.

To shorten an already lengthy story, I'll skip over the part about parent's wrath, painfully administered, and a month's worth of privileges suspended and mention that a "no bullet casting zone" was established that covered a 100 yard perimeter around the house, barn, chicken lot, hog pen and corn crib.

Directly, my activities returned to normal (dad claimed abnormal) and fortunately, I was allowed to salvage the can full of lead from the kitchen floor. A pinch of that added to the pot served as a dandy flux because the linoleum was afflicted with today's housewife's nemesis . . . wax build-up.

Meanwhile I was getting behind on my varmint shooting. Varmints in my neck of the woods at that time consisted of crows, ground squirrels and wild cats. No . . . not wildcats, WILD cats . . . the kind that you often see curled up in grandma's lap. You see, every time city folks' cats gave birth to a litter, these fine upstanding citizens would let them get old enough to fend for themselves, and then donate them to we country folks via the old drive-a-back-road-at-night-and-dump-'um routine. Now a cat that stays around the house is a fair-to-middling character but turn one loose in the wild and upland game will catch hell.

At the time, we lived on Golden Creek, between the towns of Liberty and Six Mile. In this territory, I was often referred to as the weird kid with the guns, or just as often, as the bounty hunter. (OK . . . the truth comes out . . . it was actually "the pussy cat hunter"!) At least once each week I would return home from the woods or school (ugh) to find a note pinned neatly to our mail box that usually read along these lines: "Damn city cat's raising hell with my quail and killed the wife's Rhode Island Red rooster last night. Signed, Tom Link".

When first getting into the business, my going rate was four bits for two puss ears, but that didn't last long because those darn cats (sorry, Walt), had a habit of getting one or both of their ears chewed off by the neighborhood coon hounds. So I changed my rate structure to two bits per ear or tail which often increased my gross profit by about 33 percent.

Feral cats react to a predator call much like a fox or coyote. They come when called. In those days, I had never even heard of Weems, Olt or Barnum Brothers, so I called in the varmints with a blade of green grass (another story). I even tried to patent the "Simpson's Reliable Cat Caller" but the man at city hall said that grass had already been patented.

Meanwhile, back at the casting pot. When I dropped the shiny buckshot out of the mold, they sure were pretty, even though they were a bit small for the .45. In fact, I could drop one down the bore and it wouldn't even rattle against the sides. My handloading tools consisted of a small vise, a finishing nail, and a wooden dowel (and another story). The vise solved the undersize ball problem as a twist of its handle would transform round balls into flat balls that would snugly fit the .45 bore — or thereabouts.

Anyhow, that "wadcutter ball", when pushed by a case full of FFFG would turn the biggest tomcat in the woods every way but loose inside of 25 paces, if I hit him, with just enough parts left for collecting my bounty and maybe a banjo string or two.

Darn it, J. D., I've run out of time, and I'm sure you've run out of space, and I didn't even get into the .357 vs. .44 thing, or shooting wild hogs with a cap and ball or shooting the old Prot-X bore bullets in the .357 Magnum. Remember those little zinc doughnuts?

The grass is green here now, so think I'll go call a few varmints.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Layne is the Shooting Editor of **Deer Unlimited Magazine** and is a regular contributor to several gun magazines.)

HUNTING TIPS

Let's have them . . . we need them . . . on everything from footgear to Skunk Scent. You probably know a few hunting tips that could help your fellow members have a more successful or more comfortable hunt.

(1) When hunting in a new area, check with local sports shops or hardware stores for the particular type or brand of insect repellent which has proven to be most effective there, as few brands are effective everywhere. I have found "Cutter" works well against most skeeters and flies which bite throughout the northern midwest.

(2) Inexperienced handgun hunters can gain much useful information on Camo-stalking and close range hunting methods by studying the various digests and magazines about bow-hunting. Check local laws about tree stands and "hunter orange".

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CONTROVERSY

Bob Woodring, No. 515

I don't often write to a publication, but since I am an avid Handgun Hunter and a member in HHI, I felt that I should comment on Fred Guggenmos's article "One! Two! — Caribou!"

Fred's conduct and method of hunting doesn't sit well with me. Where I come from, hunting from a vehicle (as his Kawasaki would qualify) is illegal . . . even if he originally intended to do some wildlife photography.

His life was not in danger and shooting in self-defense apparently was not the case. To read his article it sounds like he shot the Caribou from a rest position using his handlebars or off-hand from his seated position on the bike. I don't know what the hunting laws are in Alaska in this regard, but if this style of shooting is currently condoned maybe they should change the law. (Ed: AK laws are tough as is.)

It's definitely unsporting in my book!

I'm not through yet.

Later in the article, he takes pride in downing a second caribou with his handgun after returning to the first animal to dress it out and quarter.

How many Caribou is a hunter allowed on a single license in Alaska? (Ed: The book shows in various areas from one to six to no closed season — no limit. Unit 8.)

In Michigan, one deer is allowed per hunter per year. That deer can be taken with a bow, handgun (in certain areas), shotgun, rifle or muzzleloader. That doesn't mean a hunter is allowed five deer per year. (Ed: In some states I understand it does.) Sure, I've been tempted to fill my tag and return to the woods to shoot one for my partner. But I've never done it.

It's illegal. (Ed: In some states it is legal to "party" hunt until all tags are filled.)

I'd report it if I knew about it. (Ed: Me too.)

Aren't there restrictions like that in Alaska? (Ed: Yep, No. 20 regulations is 73 pages long — I've been studying it.)

Without better laws or enforcement of current laws, we're going to lose this frontier to overzealous killers. Am I wrong? Should this type of article appear in our paper? (Ed: I think so.)

Dr. Larry Rogers' article, "How Bullets Kill", was certainly appreciated, especially considering I was real lucky taking my first deer with a .357 factory 158 grain bullet last fall.

I'm practicing up with a Smith & Wesson M-29. Yes, I know what you think of it. A lot of shooters will disagree with you regarding the ability (or lack of) of this six shooter to digest a steady diet of heavy loads. Since I now own one, I would prefer to believe that it's a good gun.

Could you provide me with some recipes for this gun? (Ed: Standard loading manuals by Speer, Hornady, Sierra list hundreds of excellent loads.)

Recoil was something to get used to. But I'm using a grip exerciser and getting better at 50 yard targets. I've got a small hand so bought some Roger's "plastic" to get my pinkie around the butt. (Ed: You're right there — if you can't wrap your hand around the grip on a hard kicker, you can't shoot it well.)

For regular familiarization and practice I've been shooting a handful of 240 grain SWC pushed by 5.0 grains of Bullseye and a WW Large Pistol Primer. I then follow up with a batch of heavy Remington 240 grain SWC factory fodder.

I'm a deer hunter. I'll learn to handle the recoil and accurately use my 29. I think that it'll hold up to the steady diet of hunting loads. Have you changed your mind? (Ed: Nope, not yet!)

But what do I load if I want to obtain what Doc Roger's refers to as ". . . knock-down power?" I want expansion with effective penetration, within reason. Taking into account Waarvik's tests.) (Ed: Factory lead SWC 240s.)

Before hunting last fall with my Python, I had it Mag-Na-Ported. Kelly's a good man and I wouldn't want to offend him by criticizing his product, but I'd like your opinion.

He agrees, Mag-Na-Porting does not reduce recoil. (Ed: H. P. White labs show it does. I think there was a misunderstanding.) It is supposed to reduce muzzle jump by releasing gasses upward, forcing the muzzle downward. I've shot both ported and unported guns with no appreciable difference in muzzle jump.

What I've really noticed is that I do get "gobs," and I do mean "gobs" of lead piling up around the front sight after a long day at the range. Mag-Na-Porting shaves lead!? Is Mag-Na-Porting strictly a psychological placebo? Be honest!

Thanks for reading this far. I can't wait for the next issue. I devour them.

Ed. This letter was answered at length and condensed for the *Sixgunner*. First, I hope we never get to the point where we all agree with each other on everything. Without controversy we never progress. I've heard the comment hundreds of times that anyone is crazy to hunt with pistols, shoot any of my wildcats, rifle cartridges in handguns, .44 Magnums, .357s, etc., etc. My answer is simple; that progress has never been made by sane people . . . or without controversy! I've been responsible for several mechanical improvements in guns and bullets by various manufacturers and the changes weren't made by ignoring problems in the original product. The changing of the cylinder latch-bolt, stop or whatever you want to call it in current S & Ws is a step backward in quality and reliability. I think most responsible S & W employees who know the gun admit this.

On M-N-P, photos, ballistics pendulum tests, etc, do show a reduction in muzzle whip and recoil. I've taken over 500 time exposures in total darkness myself. The amount of reduction varies with caliber, barrel length etc. Many individuals, including myself, exceed their recoil tolerance by an amount greater than their ability to distinguish between a ported and unported gun. I defy anyone to tell the difference on my 458 x 2" with a 500 grain FMJ at 1700 if it is ported or not. Yep, M-N-P does make a hell of a mess on the sides of the sight with lead bullets, if you don't wipe it off once in awhile; my tests don't indicate shaving, but a deposit of vaporized lead and power residue much like that occurs in the Ruger or S & W muzzle brakes for the .22s and .45 ACP. I have a light 7MM Mag that is ported that I use to demonstrate effectiveness by taping the

ports shut with about an inch thickness of electrical tape. The blast cuts the tape but the difference has been noticed by all who have shot it.

Hunting in Alaska particularly by many residents is not all sport hunting. It's an important part of an individual's ability to survive. AK law is very strict on bringing all meat out, use of vehicles, etc. Distances are great. In all "wide open spaces" hunting areas vehicles, horses and aircraft are an important part of ones ability to even reach a place to hunt. Carrying it further, it is "fair" for a lower 48 hunter to fly to Alaska, then fly into a remote camp and hunt — or drive two miles out of town to hunt — or hunt deer with dogs as done in the south? Sometimes it is perhaps too easy to judge or misjudge the other guy's way of doing things because of being unfamiliar with why things are done in a particular way.

Comments, anyone?

FIRING LINE

I have been a handgun hunter for years and have two deer to show for it in the Adirondack Mountains of New York. Deer are not abundant and I hunt alone. I feel hunting with a handgun has made me a much better hunter and stalker, also my average is better than it ever was with the rifle. Both bucks were killed over 40 yards in fairly thick cover. My first one was an intentional head shot with a .44 handload cast bullet (10 years old at that). My second one, the following year, took two shots: shoulder hit with the second in the neck with jacketed H.P. factory load. In my opinion, the handload was just as good. However, the first shot dropped him and I just finished him. This was the first time I ever used over one shot on any deer I ever killed and/or ever shot at. I have shot seven shots in hunting deer since 1949 and have taken four deer. Some years I was not able to hunt and I never was out over two days each season, so my average is not bad. I look forward to your bi-monthly *Sixgunner* and am glad to see our group getting together. Who says there is not place for the handgun in sports!

Ken Sweet
No. 712

Editor's Note: Tell us about some of your experiences in an article!

* * *

I thought I would drop a few lines after receiving my first issue. I am glad to see that there are no car, booze, cigarettes or other non-gun ads in the paper, and I would like to see more how-to articles on building your own accessories. As inflation rises, handgunners are looking for ways to save some bucks, and I would like to see a member's construction of a pistol cabinet that doesn't cost an arm and leg to build. Please send me some application forms so I can sign up some friends.

Randy Stout
No. 739

* * *

Well, being an old farm boy from Monroe County, Ohio who hardly knows which end of his gun to put the bullet in, I'm going to step off the deep end and contradict the man himself, Mr. J.D. Jones. In two different parts of the last *Sixgunner* you read where he had not perfected the .458 x 2 and that he couldn't shoot a center grip

silhouette gun offhand. I was fortunate to be on hand last month at the Toronto Rod & Gun Club and see J.D. shoot three chickens, one turkey and a mastadon in a row with this gun that won't shoot good, at 250 yards yet. That wasn't bad enough, he did it standing offhand. I doubt if there is one gunner in a thousand who could do this. I tried with my 7 x 57, hit the hill every time, didn't miss it once. I can't wait till he gets the bugs worked out of that combo and it will really shoot. YEH!

Tom South
No. 696

In all due modesty and humility, I have to confess no luck whatsoever played a part in that little string and I attribute it to pure skill. YEAH! And I'll also bet \$1,000 that I will never do it again.

JDJ

I enjoy reading the *Sixgunner* very much. I've had very little handgun hunting experience, and therefore I haven't a story to tell on hunting. I'm presently in the USAF stationed in England. I'm just finishing this tour and I will be separating in July. The gun control laws here are really sickening. The people are blind about guns of any kind. Shotguns can be kept in the home, with a permit. Handguns and rifles are another story. They have to be behind ten dozen bars and three vault doors before you can store them. You also have to account for the ammo you use, that's only a speck of the BS you have to go through. The same old story still holds true over here "taxation without representation." The taxes are outrageous and people can make more by not working. I can see very well why our constitution was written the way it was.

The only shooting I've been able to do is skeet and a little trap. But that just doesn't cut it. Back to the good old USA and pistols in July. Can't say I've enjoyed any product as much as Rugers . . . my first handgun was a Super Single Six.

Jeffery J. Hamm
No. 346

The *Sixgunner*, Vol. I, Issue II, Dec. '79 had an article by Steve Wynn in which he mentioned that the core of his bullet (Speer 225 JHP, SWC design) crept out of the bullet jacket under recoil.

I had this problem last summer with both the 225 grain JHP and the Speer 240 JSP (SWC). I wrote Speer and they replaced the bullets. I haven't had the problem again until last week and I'm now going to a different bullet. This core coming out of the jacket could be dangerous.

In the *Sixgunner*, Vol. I, Issue III, Feb. '80, I mentioned that I used this 240 JSP (Arrival of a Handgunner), partly because of that, I'm passing my change in attitude about using this bullet on to you. I've also written Speer again.

I'll probably stay with Speer bullets, as I said in my letter to them. Their efforts and consideration have been appreciated by me. I just want you to have the info so maybe it can do some good.

J.D., I'd like to have you list some of your favorite .44 big game loads ASAP in the *Sixgunner*. Also your opinion of light .44 mag bullets and HP bullets for hunting big game (elk,

Continued on Page 16

deer, bear and moose). Comments on barrel length, too, please. All ASAP (just anxious, not pushy!)

Might help if you mentioned several calibers or several of your favorite loads in a couple calibers each issue. I think what you've started with **Sixgunner** is great! I'm tired of most hunting/shooting publications, but find the **Sixgunner** refreshingly informative.

Mark Kowack
No. 429

Here goes: I've used 24.0 WW-296 behind most all 240 — 250 grain cast bullets. 21-22 grains of 2400 is about my next choice. H-110 and WW-296 are essentially interchangeable. I use Magnum primers in all magnum cases and the .45 Colt. I also shoot a lot of factory loads. Super Vel is the hottest on my clock and Federal's usually next. Frankly, I like all the factory loads — just pick the right type bullet for the purpose. For deer and hogs in thick cover the WW and Remington 240 lead bullets do an exceptional job. Not bad on deer at 100 yards. The Remington-H.P. is probably the softest .44 bullet going. The Norma 236 hardest. Remington S.P. and the Speer S.P. next hardest except FMJs. Hornady H.P.'s next softest. Sierra 240 H.P. not the greatest expanders but probably the most accurate .44 bullet now made — not by a lot but it hangs in there. Don't believe I would use a hollow point on anything bigger than deer or small black bear. Killed a black at 110 yards with a Federal 240 (Sierra bullet) with one shot. In his high chest, out through the backbone between his shoulder blades. Instant kill — dropped like a ton of bricks, bit a hunk of wood half a dozen times and that was it. Barrel length — depends on what I'm doing. Carry a 5" Ruger more than anything. T/Cs a lot in the big boomers — usually with a 12.5 inch barrel, scoped or irons sights.

JDJ

I'm all worked up and rarin' to go. I want a branch chapter of HHI here in California, and if one already exists I want to know who to write to. I also want to get into handgun legislation on the local level here. The **Sixgunner** says that California is one of the big HHI states, I need to know who my brothers (and sisters) in the state are, and you can release my name and address to any who ask. I'm willing to do whatever I can to get things going here.

So tell me, are you getting tired of reading letters yet? Bet there are times when you feel that you've created a monster! Well, I for one want to tell you it's no monster. HHH and **Sixgunner** are GREAT! Handgun Hunters International forever! Keep up the good work.

John A. Genzoli
No. 627
2125 Cotati St.
Hayward, CA 94544

Thanks to the members, this monster is becoming a successful organization. But — to make ourselves recognized we have to grow. Write John and get that California Chapter going!

I have been reading with interest the debate on what constitutes a handgun. My feeling is that guns such as the Thompson/Center Contender Super 14 and guns built using the Remington bolt action more nearly approximate rifles without buttstocks. A true handgun would seem to be those arms

which are handily carried at all times without the use of the hands. Moreover, they must be conveniently and immediately available for use as either a "supplement" to the long gun or as a "last ditch" defensive weapon. When we use a weapon with such a usual primary role and use it instead as a primarily offensive weapon we are creating the challenge most handgun hunters are looking for.

Even here in Korea I have heard of Senator Kennedy's traitorous gun bill. Thank God for the NRA. I sent all the money I could afford this month to the Legislative Action people. Also registered as a Democrat so I could vote against Kennedy in the primary my state held in June. This man must be defeated and we must not become complacent about him because of his lack of victories so far.

Barent Parslow
No. 547

I received my first issue of the **Sixgunner**. It is the greatest! With a bit of patience, hard work and membership participation this organization can really start "smokin'", and become the best.

I will call my contribution, "Weapons & Parents" or "Attitudes & Beliefs."

I spent my growing up years on my grandfather's and uncle's ranch in S.W. Missouri. There were guns on the property, so at an early age I was introduced to handguns and rifles. I can remember my Mother (God bless her) staying in the house for a week because of her fear of weapons.

Today, 35 years later, my parents are 80 and I am 'kissing' 50. I have been in the service, '50 to '56 and handled military weapons as most of us have. I belong to a few pistol clubs, do a lot of competition firing and have a fair size collection. (Four big bore lever action rifles and the rest all handguns.) Also, I am a law enforcement officer. I contribute faithfully to the NRA, CCRKBA and GOAL. Being very **Pro Gun**, I try to Teach the Gospel" and spread the "good word." Now listen to this, my parents are very, very anti guns/weapons of any kind! They contribute to that guy Kennedy, Rodino and the others! They believe that anyone that is involved with weapons of any kind, (including most cops) are bad guys, anyone with a gun is a "hoodlum" and connected with the Mafia.

I have had many "heated" discussions with my parents, but nothing will change their attitudes, ideas and beliefs . . . so where do we (all gun lovers) go from here? I've learned to keep my mouth shut and never bring weapons into their home when I visit.

When discussing this subject with others, I rant and rave and jump up and down, but with two of the people that I love the most in life I just can't "get it on." My wife agrees with me, but my sons are following me, so maybe we have the balance on our side!!!

I thank the **Sixgunner** for this chance to express my feelings, we'll all just have to keep up the fight!

Pete Forbes
No. 820

I'm all for Bob Williams working for a handgun season in PA. He has my support although I'm now stationed in Ankara, Turkey. I have another six months in this troubled part of the world with a lot of spare time on my hands. If there is anything I can do

from here please let me know. I'd like to see a special season for both resident and non-residents in PA.

Rick Kieselowsky
No. 687

I am presently playing with a T/C 14" .222 Rem barrel which I bought for chucks. I have a chronograph and am an experienced handloader. If you feel my results would be valuable for the **Sixgunner**, let me know — I will be happy to write them up. Thus far, no major surprises — 4198, RL7, and H322 all work well, as do the 50 SX and Blitz bullets — groups run around an inch at 100 when I'm holding well.

Regarding the question about favorite .44 Mag loads, I've included some clock dope:

Gun:	S & W 29, 6½"		
Case:	Federal, trimmed to 1.26"		
Primer:	CCI 350		
Powder:	H 110, old lot from 1973		
Bullet:	180 Sierra HC		
Charge	Av. Vel	Ex. Variation	
	(5 shots)		
29.0	1558	159	
30.0	1644	149	
31.0	1625	48	
Instrumental each 12.5 ft., temp. 75° F.			

It's interesting that the 31.0 charge both lowered average velocity somewhat and reduced extreme spread a bundle. As the 29.0 H110 load was a favorite of mine and very accurate (although needing 32 clicks from bottom for 100 yard zero, which leaves marginal thread engagement on the Smith rear sight), the results provide some food for thought as to the pressure curve for H110 (at least this lot) relative to velocity and extreme spread.

I would be very interested in hearing about field results from anyone using the 180 Sierra on deer (PA size), especially on frontal or quartering shots. Sierra describes this bullet as heavily jacketed for brownies, mastadons, etc.?? Other "experts" say penetration will be insufficient for 100 lb. whitetails on anything but broadside rib shots. Who speaks with forked tongue? I will say that the 29.0 H110 180 load dynamites chucks, so expansion must be reasonably fast on relatively light resistance. Be curious as to how the jacket/core combination compares to Jurras old Super Vel 180. My impression is the Super Vel was much stronger, with a heavier jacket.

Fred Sleezer
No. 867

The Jurras Super Vel 180 was designed for rifles and the Sierra 180 HP is nowhere near as tough a bullet. I've put the S.V. through 200 lb. hogs lengthwise. The Sierra 180 should do very well on the average 125 lb. deer on any properly placed shot. Forget big deer or anything bigger than deer with it as far as I'm concerned. How 'bout it guys? Yep, lets hear about that .222.

JDJ

You mentioned shooting unlimited silhouette guns at rifle ranges. I brought it up (Ft. Richardson R & P — Alaska) and we had a match against rifles. There was a lot of chuckles at first but we gained respect before the match was over. The winner overall was a pistol, T/C 30-30 w/ 2X scope with a score of 18! Most of us shot unscoped guns and made a fair representation. With practice at these ranges I think the unscoped unlimited guns would do very well. With scopes I think a good unlimited free-style shooter would shoot way above the rifle shooters. I would like to see possibly IHMSA have Long Range Unlimited Matches, with two open classes, scoped and unscoped. I think this would put the zip back into the unlimited game — and it's really fun.

Jerry Highland
No. 99

I read the pros and cons on the .357 Magnum on deer. I read the story about the guy that would never use the .357 on deer, but was in love with his .41 Mag that he wounded a deer with and let it get away. I think this fellow showed us that the caliber is not as important as the shot placement.

We all know that a well-placed shot with a .22 rimfire will dispatch any deer on four legs. If we discard a caliber because of relative power we would probably junk all handguns and rifles under .458 Mag.

The .357 Mag is easier to control and shoot accurately than larger magnum handgun calibers. Let's learn to shoot accurately and save the .357 Magnum.

Charles Mauldin
No. 162

Gun Shows might be a good place to get new members. I'd like to get together with other nearby members and try it. Other members in other areas might also try it. Anyone that wants to try it contact me at 3146 W. 133 St., Hawthorne, CA 90250.

Delbert Roberts
No. 165

I'll supply applications to any members, other materials, etc. How about asking your local dealer to put some applications on the counter?

JDJ

Both HHI and **The Sixgunner** are terrific concepts, BUT both seem to ignore the beginner. Articles are uplifting but frankly over the head of this member. Really want to learn from the experienced, but some of the articles talk down instead of to. How about a series suggesting basic hardware from scratch for the beginner, keeping in mind minimal investment. Also how about a non-commercial readers swap section restricted to optics, guns and accessories?

Stan Grant

OK, let's try it — Free, short "swaps" ads on hunting, guns, etc. Let's have some "beginner" articles — as well as articles from the beginners viewpoints.

HANDGUN HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL
P.O. Box .357 MAG
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