

the



# SIX GUNNER

## HANDGUN

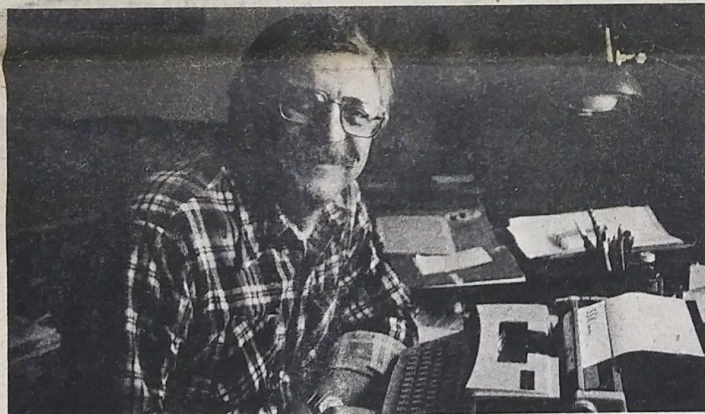
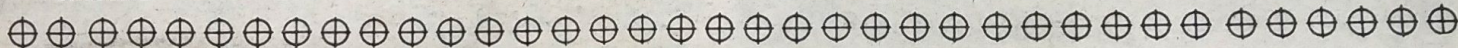


## HUNTERS

# International

VOLUME I

ISSUE II



### MY CORNER

By J.D. Jones

I'm proud of you. All of you. Your support of HHI by joining, writing articles, letters and calling means a lot. I know we're on the right track and as we get bigger the industry — and politicians will pay at least a little attention to us. Look what the firearms industry is doing for 10,000 silhouette shooters in the way of guns, bullets and other support. The quicker we grow and larger we get we'll become more organized and effective.

I'm particularly proud of the guys that contribute regularly and that now includes Phil Briggs who volunteered to do a regular column discussing Hunting - Guns - Ammo - Silhouette relationships. Phil knows his stuff and will be a very welcome addition on a regular basis. He won't bite — tell him what subjects you want to hear about — and help him out with information he asks for.

Mike Slaback is working toward legalization of handgun hunting in Minnesota. He needs help and moral

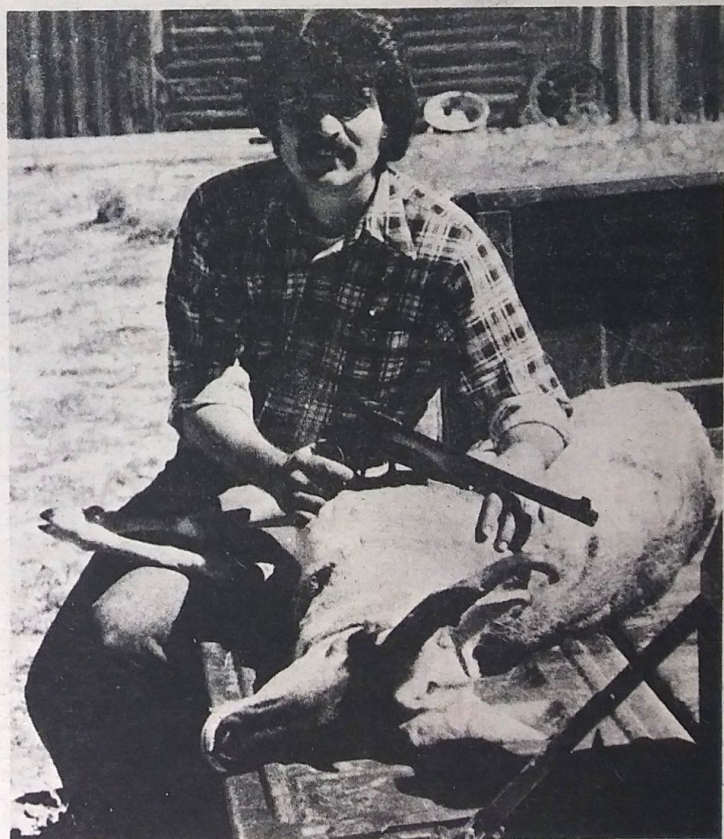
support. Contact Mike at 2535 Clinton Ave. S. No. 207, Mpls. MN 55404. (AC612/874-8003). I'm sure he would appreciate a note just wishing him well in his endeavor.

Greg Vanhee (WA) is planning construction of a complete handgun shooting facility to be constructed within a year or so. Look for the "what is it" for the activities of Jon Powers (MI).

Right now, technically, handguns are in the dark ages. Development of practically everything has far surpassed that of firearms and ammunition. The most extreme velocities attainable in handguns is now around 35-3600 FPS and about 4100 for rifles. (Without getting too radical on wildcats with either.) 1400 FPS for revolvers and 2100 for T/Cs is more realistic. Yet on 27, July 1972 the McDonnell F-15 Eagle went from lift-off to 39,360 feet at an AVERAGE rate of climb of about 473.96 FPS — straight up! (Continued on Page 2)

### Of Bullets & Bucks

By Gary Geraud  
No. 467



240 yards with a .30-30! A lung shot dropped him like a ton of bricks.

(Story On Page 2)

## My Corner—(Continued from Page 1)

That was eight years ago and who knows what speed some crazy bastard is flying around at now. But I bet it'll out run a 240 grain .44 Mag. Surely we ought to be able to come up with a hunting wheelgun that will exceed the velocity of our best aircraft with a bullet big enough to kill big game.

'Nuff of that! The Dan Wesson .22s are coming off the line in quantity now. The D.W. .44 Mag is unlikely to be in production in any quantity before the end of '80'. It will have interchangeable barrels but otherwise bear little resemblance to the .357 mechanically. H & R has added adjustable sights to some of their revolvers and T/C has changed wood design on the Contenders.

Better work against the Kennedy-Rodino anti-gun bill. The NRA-ILA Reports condensation of the 84 page bill is enough to gag you. As far as I'm concerned it's not just anti-gun; it's anti-American as were some of Kennedy's idiotic "Iran" statements. The "Report" cost six bucks a year from NRA-ILA Box 2019, Washington, D.C. 20013.

Seen those Sierra promotions in the shops? Sierra and participating dealers are giving a cut to support the Olympic shooters. It's a worthwhile cause. Mossberg has been fooling with a wheelgun and an auto. Best bet for the wheelgun is that it will be a .38. The Auto is a .45 but it's a long way from reality. Jumping into the handgun market with both of their big corporate feet, Mossberg bought United States Arms Corp. who makes the excellent Abilene S.A. revolvers. The Abilenes, from the ones I have and have seen, are very high quality revolvers. Fit, finish and strength are unsurpassed. The .357's cylinder is the longest of any .357. Harvey Kahn, President of U.S. is now a Mossberg employee still responsible for making the Abilenes. Welcome to the firing line, Mossberg.

The first shipment of Llama D.A. .44 Mag revolvers is scheduled to hit Stoeger in March '80. The first prototypes were shown several years ago and comments solicited toward possible improvement of the gun. Frankly, comments were numerous and they were all duly noted. I thought the gun should have several "little things" changed, but was impressed with the basic gun. Reckon we'll find out what has been done with it and if it'll be strong enough fairly soon. The Astra D.A. .44 Mag is also scheduled to arrive sometime around April.

Last word I got on the Redhawk said it will be released in numbers in April. (Why April, everyone?) There should be no reason for Black Market prices on any Redhawk. Ruger is desperately trying to release enough guns to prevent this from happening.

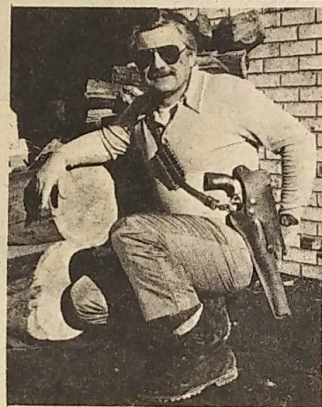
Gene DeSantis just built a hunting holster for the 'N' frame S & W's (others later) that I've been looking for, for 20 years. More next issue. Gene's full color catalog is worth more than the buck he asks to cover P & H. (1601 Jericho Turnpike, New Hyde Park, NY 11040) to sum up his holsters — fine leathersgoods.

Soap Box Time. Just looked up at the tube and saw Russian tanks rolling — again. I'm sick of Iranians shaking fists — and imprisoning our fellow Americans. Maybe a few of our "do gooders" will realize everybody isn't a nice guy. Our leadership is soft and the world knew it or we wouldn't have 50

?? hostages being held in Iran and the Russians rolling in Afghanistan. Preaching human rights to the world with weak leadership has us in a hell of a mess. In discussing a military rescue, the U.S. very quickly recognized the fact they would have to fight everyone between the airport and embassy because "everyone has a gun." Seems to me there is a message there.

It would be tragic to lose any of the hostages, but I figure we'll never find out what happened to some of them.

Given the same situation — what do you think the Russians would do. My guess is that Koke-a-Kola Komehni would be a wet spot in a tank track in the sand. The rest of the world would bump gums about Russian citizens being imported to repopulate Iran and do nothing more than that. I'm not advocating a military rescue; but **dammit — let's do something!**



## BIANCHI 101

### Staff Report

John apparently couldn't think up a name for this one. How 'bout helping out and sending him some suggestions? (Bianchi, 100 Calle Cortez, Temucula, CA 92389. . . His catalog costs a buck.)

Carrying the Contender in 10" shoulder rigs is simple — just use most rigs for 7.5" Rugers or 8-3/8" S & W's. The 14's aren't quite as simple. T/C offers a shoulder rig I haven't used. Otherwise, holsters must be custom jobs — until now. This rig is a convertible. Shoulder rig only, it can be used, but that's about it. As a crossdraw rig, it's fine. The shoulder strap in conjunction with the holster belt as a crossdraw will probably be of most of value to some individuals — a handicap to others. If the shoulder strap is tight enough to provide lift to the rig, the ability to raise the arm as an aid in climbing is hindered. The strap can very quickly be released from the holster and re-attached. The wide padded strap is as comfortable as they come.

The holster itself is convertible, too. Hooded to give scope protection, or without the hood, for iron sight guns. Not all scoped guns will fit. A Redfield mount won't work. Perhaps the holster attempts to be too versatile. Fortunately, none of the "scope" features hinder iron sight usage as the "hood" to protect scopes merely unsnaps from the holster itself. The holster, being cut out for scope mounts will accept rear iron sights mounted directly to the barrel. The popular Lyman 17A front sight won't fit. Otherwise, this rig is pure Bianchi. Top quality material and workmanship throughout.

## Of Bullets—(Continued from Page 1)

I've just finished reading the first edition of the **SIXGUNNER**. I feel that once more members start to contribute, this is going to be an excellent publication. I enjoy reading about other hunter's experiences. In particular, I like to keep track of information dealing with bullet performance. I plan on keeping accurate records of the following information (as submitted by letters and stories appearing in the **SIXGUNNER**): Type of animal shot; range at which animal was shot; where animal was hit; number of shots required before animal was killed; caliber of gun; approximate velocity at point of impact; bullet manufacturer; weight of bullet; and all related load data. Most hunters draw conclusions about a particular cartridge or bullet by personal observation of maybe a dozen or so animals killed. If all members were to submit the preceding data each year for the animals that they were successful in hunting, the amount of information available would be immense. I feel that some fairly accurate conclusions could then be made concerning bullet and cartridge performance in the field — which is my primary concern in keeping track of all this information.

I'm new to the sport of handgunning and I have a lot to learn. Bullets that I have always used for rifles are not necessarily the proper ones for handguns. One needs a bullet that will expand properly when driven at considerably lower velocities. At present, I'm shooting a T/C in .30-30. I have experimented with several bullets. I've kept track of accuracy as well as the expansion quality of each. My test medium is usually a relatively firm dirt bank. I compare performance at 50, 100, 150, and 200 yards. A Sierra 125 grain spitzer in front of 34 grains of IMR4895 expands quite well all the way out to 200 yards. A Nosler 150 grain solid base, with the load increased by 1½ grains, expands well at 50 yards; fairly well at 100 yards, but its expansion is poor at 150 yards and virtually nonexistent at 200 yards. One might think that by going to an even heavier bullet, a Hornady 168 grain Match, the bullet performance would be even poorer. My experience shows that this is not the case. Using 35½ grains of IMR 4895 expansion was excellent at all ranges, even at 200 yards. The point of all this is that I used to believe that the heavier the bullet weight, the tougher the jacket, and thus it required more velocity for proper expansion. As far as acquiring a good one shot kill on a dirt bank is concerned, this does not appear to be true.

I tested several other bullets and finally settled upon the Hornady 168 Match for my hunting chores. I used 37.0 grains of 4895, CCI BR2 primer and Remington cases. Accuracy is very good and according to the ballistic tables, this bullet would give me maximum energy at 200 yards achievable with a .30-30 in a 14" tube.

I connected with a buck antelope at a measured 240 yards. The shot was about 4" below the spine and just behind the shoulder. He dropped like a ton of bricks. The bullet completely penetrated and I was unable to recover it. However, the carcass showed that expansion had taken place. I really don't know how well it expanded, but it seemed to have done the job. I was tempted to use a Sierra 125 spitzer for

antelope as I really wasn't sure how well the Hornady would open up on such a thin skinned and small game animal. Due to my having shot silhouette with the Hornady all summer, I decided it would be better to stick with the same bullet for all my hunting.

A deer fell to the same load. This time, the distance was around 150 yards. Both shoulders of the doe were broken and the heart was blown apart. Another one shot kill. This kind of trend, I would like to continue! Once again, complete penetration took place and I was unable to recover the bullet.

My luck didn't hold out when it came to Elk hunting. I didn't even catch a glimpse of a Bull, let alone get a shot at one. This is the one animal I really wanted to connect with. I feel that the Hornady would have been more at home with this animal. I'm sure good expansion and penetration can be achieved. Hopefully, I'll be able to find out next year.

That wraps up my big game experiences for this year. I would enjoy finding out what experiences other shooters have had this year, in particular, those using T/C's. I hope that everyone writes and that they include all of the information that I mentioned earlier. Who knows, I may have been using a poor bullet/load selection for the animals hunted and I was just lucky . . . but then again, maybe I wasn't!

Note: Hornady recently changed the design of their 168 grain Match .30.

## BRIGGS HONORED

Philip Briggs, HHI No. 9, was jointly honored by the Arizona Fish and Game Commission and the IHMSA during ceremonies conducted in conjunction with the IHMSA International Matches.

Phil was presented a framed letter of congratulations from the Arizona Fish and Game Commission in recognition of his successful efforts to keep the Commission apprised of recent developments in handguns and ammunition which directly led to the expanding of the regulations to legalize "any centerfire handgun".

The letter read in part: "Your efforts over the past few years to keep the Department and Commission apprised of the rapid changes in handgun development have been quite useful to us, and have helped us move toward the simplification of our previously complicated weapons regulations. This would not have been possible without the educational value of your efforts, and the efforts of others who share your enthusiasm for pistol hunting."

### 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. Entered at and Second Class Postage paid 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

## MORE HANDFLES

As for these guns being classified as Hunting Handguns, Yes! Any gun supported only by the hands and with a limited sight radius, no matter what calibre, will have to be considered a handgun. The elements of human error (breathing, heart beat, nerves) still necessitates that you get as close as possible in order to place your shot correctly. The same could have been said of the .44 Magnum when it replaced the .357 Mag as the most powerful handgun cartridge — only it was an accepted calibre at that time even though it is also chambered as a rifle cartridge.

Dennis Tieden, No. 186

Handgun Hunting???? By the true definition of handgun these rigs qualify in that they are hand held and not supported by the shoulder. As for accuracy and power, let's go for the gusto.

When I take to the hills with the idea of putting a deer down with my Super Blackhawk or my T/C .35 Rem., it's comforting to know my equipment can handle it.

Reading the article by Tom Shippy (No. 28) kind of infected me and I think the cure would be a nice custom job in .338 CJMK. Why handicap ourselves with equipment that can't handle the task?

Allan J. Wittenberger, No. 452

To rebut Kirk Markham's definition in issue No. 2 . . . he says the XP-100 is a handgun and no argument there. Next, however, he says that "any gun supported by a rigid stock against the shoulder is a rifle or long gun" or words to that effect.

I wonder if he has ever seen a Luger pistol in .30 cal. with a Versailles Treaty barrel and a shoulder stock. No stretch of the imagination would make that a rifle. And, it falls short of being a sub-caliber machine gun by virtue of its semi-auto only function, as designed.

By dictionary definition (in a final explosion of desperation you can always refer to Webster) a rifle is "a shoulder weapon with a rifled bore." Notice there is no mention of calibers . . . so, the Spanish Destroyer carbine could be loosely classified as a rifle, even though it is in 9mm Larzo caliber. The Luger mentioned falls under the classification of "carbine" (as, actually the Destroyer does) by virtue of another of Mr. Webster's definitions: "Carbine: A short barreled, light weight arm." The Luger's barrel is a mite shorter than the Destroyer's barrel. So, in a fit of desperation, lets look up Pistol.

"Pistol: a handgun whose chamber is integral with the barrel."

That should put the great controversy to sleep. You can sneer at the XP and the TC if you will, but neither is a rifle. They may be, with certain chamberings, handguns of rifle caliber, but they are not rifles, except in the case of fitting them with a shoulder stock.

One thing you learn when dealing with firearms, cameras, wives, or brands of catsup is that no one model will please all men (or women, either, for that matter). There is usually a good reason for the in-between models. I keep telling my wife that if

you only needed one stone hammer to do the general run of shop work, there would only be stone hammers offered for sale in the tool catalogs. I have had people laugh at my large collection of hammers (machine vices, pistols, etc., etc.) but each has a definite use. The same with calibers in handguns. If there were truly a universal handgun caliber, it would have to be caliber 57mm recoilless rifle, used with HEAPT rounds.

I dunno about you, but I like to shoot a wide variety of handguns and calibers and I have even been known to sit down and figger out which chunk of lead will do the job best. I have no doubt that a .22 short would be easier to fire in a competition, but those damned iron rams would shed 'em like rain drops. (We can't hunt with handguns in Washington, so we practice on silhouettes against the time the Game Dep't. will see the light).

John G. Lawson, No. 224

My main reason for writing is to give my opinion to the question: "Is it a hunting handgun?" First let's ask some subquestions:

1) does a handgun fire only handgun cartridges? (Does that make a T/C Contender in .30-30 a rifle?)

2) is there a limit on barrel length?

3) how do we class wildcats?

4) what is a handgun anyway?

Going to the last first — Mr. Webster defines a handgun as any firearm that is held and fired with one hand. Be that as it may, it's as good a place to start as any and would include the custom XP-100 pictured but let us make the definition more complete. "A handgun is held in the hands in a manner so that it does not come in contact with the upper body."

As to sub-questions 1 and 3, all I have to say is why put limits on ingenuity? High powered rifle cartridges in a handgun are that much more difficult to master and therefore more of a challenge.

As for No. 2, there is room for argument, beyond a certain point barrel length is the same as having a rifle and more cumbersome. However due to recent legislation passed in Canada, American firearms are not allowed to cross the border unless they have an 18" barrel and a total length of 26" (if mermory serves me right). Wanting to hunt Canada some day, but being one of those rare people who find the long gun awkward, if not a drag, I have these visions that someone will develop a Contender in full length Weatherby chamberings with a 20" barrel and Fajen push-pull silhouette grips to shove it well beyond the minimum.

In closing I have to say we need a happy medium so as not to drive off the purist nor the innovator.

David Hoeltzle, No. 242

## O A H A

The Outstanding American Handgunner Award Foundation's annual Banquet and Award Ceremony will be held in conjunction with the NRA Show on April 11, 1980. It is open to the public. Write: O A H A, P.O. Box 45-70, Bloomingsdale, OH 43910 for reservations.

## APPLICATIONS

Write in for applications. Maybe your local sporting goods stores will put them on the counter. Just say how many you want.



## ARRIVAL OF A HANDGUN HUNTER

By Mark Kowack, No. 429

Walking up the side of Lost Horse Canyon in the Bitterroot Mountains, southwest of Hamilton, MT in October of 1977, I was "hunting grouse, hopin' for a bear." A twenty gauge pump was in my hands and my three screw Super Blackhawk was in a shoulder holster at my side. I glimpsed a patch of hair about 65 yards to my left and froze. Taking a couple more steps and stopping again, I saw a nice golden brown bear lifting its head, apparently waking up from an afternoon nap. I put the shotgun down, slid out of my daypack and drew the .44. The bear began feeding in the small pocket he'd been sleeping in. I took aim but my position and nerves were too unsteady to be sure enough of a kill, so I waited. As the bear fed, I stalked him until I was about thirty-two yards away. Going into a sit, I realized my excitement needed to be controlled or my chances of success were zilch! This bear, with his golden brown hair was beautiful!!

Finally convincing myself that missing wouldn't be the end of the world, and telling myself, "I'll either hit him or miss him," I took aim on his upper right shoulder, the bear quartering toward me. So steady and confident by now; remembering to hold high on the grip (failing to do so had cost me a bear that spring), I almost waited too long. I knew I had him. The gun went off on its own and the bear went down like a bag of sand, never knowing what hit him. After moving to 20 yards, then 5, and making certain he was dead with finishing shots (I shot 'till there's no movement), my happiness surfaced. Raving at the mountains and sky, I shouted for joy. More than killing another head of big game with a handgun, I'd achieved not only skill but self-control and confidence and this bear marked the culmination of all I'd worked for. Now, instead of being a guy who hunted with a handgun, I felt I was a HANDGUN HUNTER. I had arrived!

I hunt big game only with a handgun and did my first hunting in 1975. Since buying the .44 in 1973, I'd fired between seven and nine thousand rounds of ammo, done a considerable amount of experimenting with loads, grips, stance, positions, dry fired almost every day, read all I could, talked about it with others and also

gave it a great deal of thought.

Choosing to hunt with a handgun, I felt I needed to work harder than a rifleman to achieve the proficiency I wanted and also because a handgun is, of course, limited as compared to a rifle.

I'd killed a bear and deer my first year and missed a couple of other bears since then. Although the frustration often got to me, I learned more from my failures than my successes.

As I practiced and hunted, I came to realize that success with a handgun meant not only achieving skill, but gaining control of my self. All well and good to nail ground squirrels' at a distance but trying to kill big game always seemed so much harder, mainly because of the nervousness factor. It took experience, on top of the practice to get me where I was.

I now have near 11,000 rounds through my sixgun and have killed another bear since the one mentioned. Broke him down, then killed him as he tried to run up and away from me. A moving shot but, again, I knew he was mine as a result of my confidence, skill, experience and self-control.

Having used a variety of components, I've settled on the following:

Speer 240 JSP (Jacketed semiwad-cutter) No. 4447; 18.7 of 2400, W-W cases, CCI LP Mag primers.

This bullet penetrates better than the hollowpoints or softpoints I've tried and does a great deal of damage. The shock it generates can, at times, be seen. I'm very happy with it. It's super accurate in my gun, too.

A fella once said to me, "Hey, this is serious," in reference to hunting season coming up and my choice of a handgun rather than a rifle. My answer, "What's more serious than a guy who shoots 2500 rounds a year through the same gun?" (the amount I shot at that time) didn't seem to take hold. Few people understand that it takes much more than a handgun, ammo and a holster to make a handgun hunter. Or, that those of us who work at it seriously and persistently are bonafide, responsible and dedicated sportsmen in our own right. I'd say we're more so than the typical rifle hunter. The recognition we're getting now is well deserved. We've paid our dues.

# FIRING LINE

The members articles were mostly written better and were more interesting than those in the "bigger" magazines. Just goes to show you what average Joe can do when he has the right inspiration. I think other members would enjoy, as much as I, stories written by more of the outstanding and well known handgunners like Larry Kelly did for Issue I. You fellows have gone on hunts that the rest of us just dream about.

Larry Rogers, M.D. No. 48

I just bought a 6" Colt Diamond back .22 LR. I can't find anyone that makes a holster for it. I've written to Bianchi and Safariland, but no luck. Do you know of any firm that makes a holster for this particular gun? A lot of them make holsters for the 4" Diamondback, but not the 6". I'd appreciate any assistance you could offer.

Wayne Nolan, No. 519

Try: John Stumpf  
Johns Custom Leather  
525 S. Liberty St.  
Blairsville, PA 15717

As far as I'm concerned John's outfit does a hell of a good job for the money! You name it — John will build it.

JDJ

Is there a list of preserves, ranches and/or outfitters that have been known to accept, maybe even cater to, handgun hunters? If so, how can I get a copy of this list?

Ron Desiderio, No. 369

No list is now available. Most preserves allow handgun hunting. I made a short survey of about ten some time ago and was told about 50% of their hunters were using handguns. Joe Meeks at TJHP (Hog Hollow Rd, Englewood, TN 37329 — 615/887-7819) does actively solicit handgunners. As far as guides and outfitters: hopefully HHI can find some who understand handgun hunting. From what I hear, anyone had better be damn careful booking a hunt with anyone. Apparently a sizeable number are just plain damn crooks. Ask for a list of recent clients with phone numbers and call them. \$100 in phone calls is a drop in the bucket compared to a screwed up hunt.

JDJ

I sure did like your paper on handguns and hunting with handguns. It is just what us handgun hunters have been looking for, for a long time. I have been hunting with a .44 for a very long time and I like to read about other men that like to hunt with a handgun too.

I would like to write a story on my work with a .44 for your paper. My spelling is very bad and grammar is out of this world, but I will try and see what I can come up with if you like. So keep up the good work and I will start on my story on the .44.

Charles R. Able, No. 556

Don't worry about spelling or grammar. Just write!

I had a letter published in Issue II about the single shots. After 25 years of shooting sixguns, my wife gave me a Super 14 .30-30 for Christmas. I may

have to change my mind about accepting the rifle cartridge single shots as handguns!

John Taffin, No. 76

My husband, Marvin Richards (No. 132), read with great interest your article in the December issue of **THE SIXGUNNER** entitled "High Standard Sentinel". Is there an address to which we could write for a brochure on this intriguing gun? He would like the gun for me, since I am alone most of the time due to his disability. He is a paraplegic, but was able to train me in the safe handling of firearms because of his background as a Hunter Safety Instructor.

Thank you for any information you could supply us in this matter.

Mrs. Marvin Richards

Note:

Contact: Brian Herrick  
High Standard  
31 Prestige Park Circle  
East Hartford, CT 06108

I just got finished reading Issue II of **THE SIXGUNNER**. I was so moved by your article, I felt like standing up and screaming.

I'm a veteran from the Vietnam war and also with a **Nuke** outfit in Germany. I'm very proud I could help my country. I didn't like it, but somebody has to protect the country. Not everything is free, we have to do our part.

So my **BITCH** is let the Hayden's and anyone else who wants to run the country down and not help build it up, pack up and leave. Let us true Americans have this great country. Motherhood, Apple Pie and the Flag can't be beat!

Robert S. Grubbs, III  
No. 43

Thanks for your prompt reply, membership certificate, patch and the **SIXGUNNER**.

Have hunted with a handgun for about 50 years. Cut down a Hamilton (sold a bunch of Cloverine Salve to get it) and used it for rabbits. We shot them sitting in their nests.

In 1936 got a second hand Colt Woodsman, still have it.

Perhaps I should write a story for our **SIXGUNNER** about my experiences.

Hope that 1980 and the coming years will be good to all of you.

Nelson H. Willingham,  
No. 551

We look forward to hearing about your experiences.

That's one hell of a paper you put out. I hope it stays the same and not get off on other types of shooting.

To Bob Williams, No. 337, who wants a special pistol season. I have hunted Pennsylvania for over 35 years; most of it with a handgun and always felt well armed. A special season would be a step in the wrong direction. Let's not get recognition as a minority; just try harder to be the majority. (Kennedy and Congress permitting).

I moved to Florida two years ago so I have to punch a lot of paper if I am to shoot at all. There seem to be a lot of combat matches here. It reminds me of the Olympic event mixed with a try-out for the lead in the remake of "Dirty Harry." The NRA Course should help to keep a hunter tuned.

One would need a suitable gun. The pressure of competing and the natural feeling of having a handgun in use always did help me through that inbetween season. We might get a few converts from the formal ranks too.

Your idea of a round-up or whatever sounds great. I sure hope something works out.

That question about the .357 for deer. A .22 is enough if you are smarter than the deer and a damn good shot. I've seen gut shot deer due to almost any set of circumstances. If you can get close enough to count the points, that will usually put you inside of 50 yards. A head shot below the eye and ear an inch or so means a lot of nice clean meat and no tracking. A good handgun hunter is almost always tops in any other shooting event.

Jim Ludwig, No. 508

MAINE No. 1

As far as I have been able to determine handgun hunting for big game is legal in Maine. While on the subject of handgun hunting, I would like to say it is as good here in the great state of Maine as anywhere in the USA. In the last three years of handgun "hunting", I have been lucky enough to bag the following: (4) Model 60s, (4) Model 63s, (2) 65s, (1) 66 four-inch, (2) 66 six-inch, (3) 6 inch Ruger Security-six S.S., (1) 4" HB Ruger S.S., (1) PPK .22), (1) Browning Medalist, (1) Colt Match Target, (2) nickel 8 3/8 29's and next month, after months of stalking, I hope to bag the elusive Red Hawk. My "guide" promised to show me where I could find one in January. I'm partial to S.S., I feel it is the coming trend in handguns.

One final word on **SIXGUNNER** Issue II, suppose on page 12, column 4 you could find room (I'm only 4'11") for ME Ronald Wade No. 471, between MA-Richard Lemme and MI-Larry Kelly? "Three states — Delaware, Hawaii and South Dakota do not as yet have members." Hopefully by the time you read this the above will not be true.

P.S. The whitetail season just ended in Maine and unofficial count is 28,000 plus.

Ronald H. Wade, No. 471

Concerning article under Number 1's page 12 Issue II, it was stated that four states did not have members as yet.

I would like very much to let you, and all of my fellow members know, that I am a Maine member. I have Charter number 357 and proud to have that number as it goes along great with my Colt Python. My Charter was issued the first day of October, 1979. Maybe I am number one from the state of Maine?)

Hanson G. Weed, No. 357

I screwed up! John F. Sherwood No. 89 is Maine's first member. In any event, you aren't alone up in Maine.

JDJ

**NEW!** World's Smallest Pistol Scope.



**HANDGUNNER II**  
By HUTSON  
Tiny But Tough!  
Only 5 1/2" long/1.7X/ Internal  
click adjustments/Patented unlimited  
eye relief/Fits T/C rail mounts for  
SSW, Ruger, Contender.  
Send for FREE BROCHURE.  
JPM SALES Box 593-X,  
Manfield, Tx. 76063

Dear Mr. Jones:

Thanks for sending me a copy of your column, showing the interchange of letters with Director Robert Teater of the Department of Natural Resources. I am sure that Director Teater and his staff will work cooperatively with you.

Sincerely,  
James A. Rhodes  
Governor  
State of Ohio

I'm sick and tired of hearing people blame guns for crime in the streets and calling for the ban of gun sales and ownership. How many crimes has the right to bear arms prevented? If gun ownership is declared illegal only the good upstanding citizen will comply. The criminal element will keep what they have and acquire more.

The young tuffs who do not have guns won't need guns, all they need is a good club. The walk in on an old grocer or shopkeeper, beat him and take his money. In the past these small business men have been protected by guns if they owned one or not merely because they had a right to and the low-lifes in the neighborhood were unsure if they were armed or not.

With a law against gun ownership they will know these honorable defenseless people won't break the law. The same thing holds true for the other non-burly members of our society. They are fair game for one or a group of young tuffs. I know this doesn't seem to follow a direct story line of handgun hunting, but I'm sure we all see the connection.

Charles Mauldin, No. 162

I figured that since I had never gotten my first deer with .308's and .30-06's as well as an antique lever rifle, why not use my Python and travel light.

WELL, I DID IT!

I got my first deer with that .357. I not only shot it at 40 yards, but I only had to use one shot. Aiming slightly above the shoulder, I severed the spine with a 158 grain factory soft-point bullet. Night falls early in Michigan in November. I had set up shop in an improvised stand of a clump of trees at the edge of a huge rye field on some bottom land along the Pere Marquette River. The time was 5:10 p.m. when the 3 point buck fell, 20 minutes to dress it out (first time too and I cut myself, no less, on my new Wyoming Hunting Knife) and an hour to drag it up hill to my car.

The buck would have been a six-pointer, but it had suffered some damaged antlers in an apparent fight. Dressed weight was 125 pounds and the Department of Natural Resources figured the buck was a year-and-a-half old.

Here's my membership money, do you suppose I could join?

Next, a Michigan Black Bear . . . with a handgun, of course.

Bob Woodring No. 515

Congratulations — and Hell yes; you've got it!

I don't know how many of the members picked up on 'Hawaii Five-O' on Thursday 11/29/79, but the CBS (again) show **honked me off**. This entire show and script was devoted and slanderous to the non-criminal handgun Owner/collector/hunter. About 10-15 times during the one hour show the words were clear about how the **handgun** quote — is a tool of Death

Firing Line — (Continued on Page 5)

**Firing Line—(Continued from Page 4)**  
and Destruction — tool of Violence — and a Death Weapon for all concerned. McGarret said numerous times that America's private gun owners should be disarmed (in so many words). He also said "Only in America do people collect guns and use them for private pleasures." and "If America didn't have these private users then these private guns couldn't fall into the hands of criminals." He also said, "American gunowners say that guns don't kill people, people kill each other. Then in a dramatic B.S. ending, they show a policeman pull out his gun and level down and try to blow away the criminal. They probably got a point across to people that don't have anything to do with guns but by hearing about them this way and seeing "The Guns of Autumn" a while back are actually being programmed through TV to believe that "guns are bad, and the police are doing their job to protect the citizens. I say "bullshit"! CBS should be called on the carpet again for this outrageous crap all aimed at us. If the government can put a stop to smoking commercials on TV, then I believe they could stop this sort of stuff, if they want. It is discrimination to legitimate gun owners and users.

Bill Krupinski, No. 470

Our best weapon against the TV "antis" and they aren't just anti-guns — they are anti-you — is to write letters to the sponsors and the networks. Another note to the NRA (1600 Rhode Island Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036) also helps to keep them informed and aware of support in their efforts. See January Rifleman for more on 5-0.

Congratulations! I hope HHI enjoys great success and has a long future.

Bought my first handgun three years ago (a 4" Model 18 Smith) and have been enjoying it as a hobby ever since. I would like to see you do an article on reloading for beginners. Maybe some do's and don'ts and some information on basic equipment. Anything that might be helpful to a beginner.

Georgia currently allows only the use of .30 Herrett, .357 Herrett, .357, .41, .44 AMP, .41 and .44 Magnum for deer. I think they also show a .45 Auto Mag. I personally think they should legalize some more wildcat calibers such as the Jurras and Ingram series as well as the .338 CJMK and other powerful wildcat calibers. How can we get more calibers and handguns legalized?

Larry Davis No. 314

It's usually a matter of work and information being properly presented to the Dept. of Natural Resources. Personally, I feel a lot of the "Silhouette" cartridges are inadequate for deer size game. "Powerful" on "steel" doesn't necessarily impress me on meat. If you get the ball rolling I'll be glad to help with whatever I can. JDJ

In my opinion handguns for deer should be allowed in California. I also feel that the Herretts, .44 Special and .45 Colt with Keith handloads should be allowed. I have seen the .44 Special used when trailing wounded deer in heavy brush and it has always done its job quite well. This past season I was able to see first hand a .45 Colt's

performance. The deer was at 50 yards and walking. The slug hit low in the ham, went up through the heart and destroyed the lungs. This buck walked slowly around a hill for about 45 yards where he was put down with a hit in the spine. The second shot was later found to be unnecessary, but one jump would have meant a long drag out of a canyon.

As a group we can have a voice that our politicians will have to notice. We should also support the NRA or state organizations that work for our rights to keep and bear arms. If we don't, we could lose a very cherished freedom and a very fine sport.

Bill Peterson, No. 493

I have been shooting handguns for several years beginning with a Crosman .22 pump pistol through which I fired at least 20,000 pellets, some of them many times over, in our basement. This pistol accounted for several cardboard box backstops, big beetles and starlings which tried to chase other birds off my father's bird feeder. These shots on starlings were at a measured 55' from my bedroom window. I quickly found that their thick plumage would turn any pellet at that distance and only head shots would suffice to kill them. The wind was no help either, blowing the light pellets several inches off target at that range.

In Korea and then California I had the opportunity to use the issue .45 M1911A1. It is very easy to keep on target with fast repeat shots and a two hand hold.

Now I have come to the problem that I am sure has faced all of us when we begin handgun hunting. What cartridge, what gun? After reading all the gun magazines and books I could get my hands on, especially Keith and Cooper, I decided on a Ruger Stainless Security-Six in either 4" heavy barrel or 6" versions. I feel that this will probably fill 95% of my handgun needs, especially as I always get as close as possible and take no chances when I shoot at game with anything even longarms.

Now, what about the other 5%. A Ruger Redhawk? S & W Model 29? A Blackhawk?

I would like to correspond with someone stateside so I would appreciate it if you could print my address in **THE SIXGUNNER**.

Barent K. Parslow, No. 547  
HHO, 125th ATC BN (Corps)  
APO SF 96301

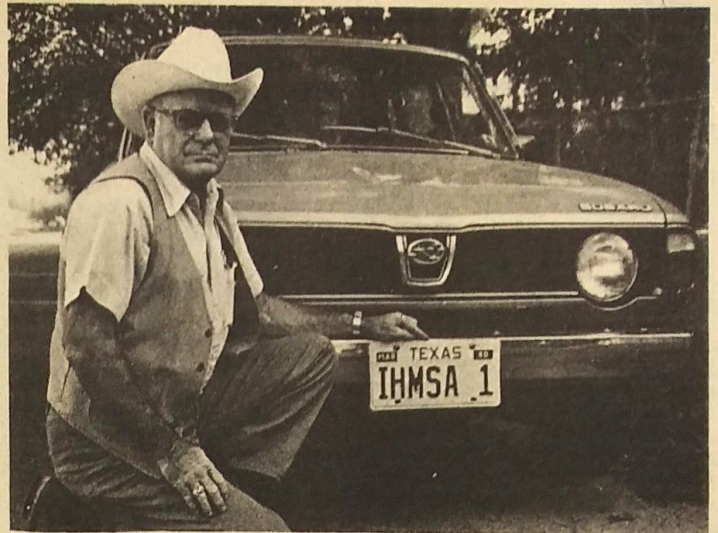
Note: If it's hunting equipment — you'll probably get more valid information from the guys actually using it hunting than any other source.

Just to let you know that when I lend the **SIXGUNNER** out I can't seem to get them back!

Tom Welsh, No. 31

Give out applications — not the **SIXGUNNER**.

Received Volume I, Issue II, yesterday and read every word last night. You are doing a great job. There was a need for just such as you are offering handgunners. Magazines can go only so far. To stay in business they have to try and satisfy rifle and shotgun shooters along with paper punchers and clay shutterers. Handgunners, in many instances, are also rans. My prayers are with you that you might be blessed with financial



**Hal Swiggett, HHI No. 008 was at the IHMSA founding meeting and garnered IHMSA No. 1. Hows that for a plate!**

remuneration of sufficient magnitude to accomplish your aim.

After reading this issue I can't help but reminisce a bit. Mention is made of long range shooting. Some of us have been in this game a long time which means many hundreds, yea, thousands, of rounds have been expended towards targets better suited to long range rifles. An on occasion they have been hit. Which proves only one thing. Luck plays a mighty important part. Bullet trajectory from handguns is such that there isn't a shooter living who can guess distances so accurately as to place a .44 Magnum 240 grain bullet on a varmint-sized target at several hundred yards. That is, he can't without a lot of luck.

An example: As you know I've done a lot of varmint calling and killed at least my share with handguns ranging from .22 rimfire through .45 Colt, to include my .357 Auto Mag and T/C .30-30. My longest effort came about when a coyote was headed directly at my hunting partner and I on a dead run. Something went wrong. Without missing a step he did a complete 180 degree flip in the air and went back the way he came from but stopped way out there — looked back at us a few moments then sat down and started barking. Bernie Dresden was with me. As was one of my Super Blackhawk .44's.

With that coyote barking at us I said to Bernie, "He's a long way off but I simply have to wish him well." From a sitting position, with my arms across my knees, I put up the amount of front sight I hoped was necessary then put that coyote right on top. He was sitting on the front sight when the hammer fell. And as it fell I had the strangest feeling the shot was going to hit.

A moment later that coyote fell over as if he had been pole-axed. The 240 grain bullet (I shoot Speer bullets over 23.5 grains of H110) had hit an inch over the right eye. Pure luck — what else. The distance was a carefully-paced 317 steps.

As we walked back to the pickup Bernie was mumbling to himself. I asked what he was saying. "I wish I hadn't seen that," he said. "Why?" I asked. "Because I'm going to have to tell people about it and nobody is going to believe me!" was his response.

Another "lucky" but humbling occurrence took place in front of two witnesses. My oldest son and a Texas game warden (back in days when they were Game Wardens and not Conservation Officers.)

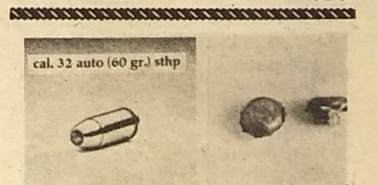
We were on a South Texas ranch quail hunting. The rancher had scattered a bit of feed here and there along ranch roads to draw blue quail out of that dense cover all of which was heavily covered with various length thorns. As Jerry, the warden, and I stood beside the car trying to decide which way to go a jackrabbit appeared at one of the feed piles. My K-22 was on the front seat. The warden allowed as to what a great chance if we had a rifle. Jerry suggested I try with the K-22. Resting over the top of the car hood my first shot hit the jack. Unfortunately, right in the middle. Obviously it didn't kill him. I ran to where he was floundering around and at distances of ten to thirty feet proceeded to miss with the remaining five cartridges in the cylinder and had to finally catch the jack and kill him with my boot heel.

The game warden stepped it off at 165 steps and he was six feet three inches tall. Long steps in other words.

I've made my share of long range shots and would really like to think ability had something to do with it — but — if I had to take one or the other — ability or luck — for long range handgun shooting it would be no contest. I'd take luck every time.

Hall Swiggett, No. 8

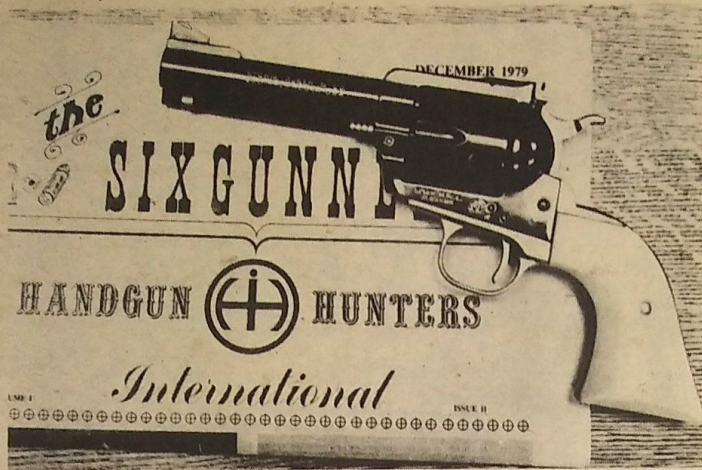
If you don't know Swiggett, he's a gunwriter. I had the pleasure of shooting in the No. 1 Silhouette Shoot — Tuscon "75" with Hal — about three days after he had a cataract operation. Eye patch on one eye, couldn't see much out of the other he still shot. That's a lot more than several other "big time gunwriters" who were there did! JDJ



**W-W has now Silver Tipped a 95 grain .38, a 85 — .380 and a 60 — .32 A.C.P. The bullets were fired into water. All three calibers recovered bullets look about the same. This is the .32.**

## BACK ISSUES

Can't keep sending them free. First class mail in an envelope. Two bucks each while they last.



## MY ULTIMATE SIXGUN

By John Taffin, No. 76

More than any other weapon, the handgun is a personal weapon. Every real rabid sixgunner has his own idea of what a real dream sixgun is like. I being no exception, decided to build my own version a few years back. It would have to fulfill two requirements. 1) It would have to be a big bore and 2) It would have to be a single action.

What choice for a big bore? I thoroughly enjoy the .44 Magnum and consider it the ultimate in a practical handgun cartridge. I have two twenty year old model 29's, one in 6½" and one in 4", both of which were purchased in the good old days, brand new, off the shelf, and factory tuned for \$125.00 a piece! I also have an original Ruger flat-top from the first year of production that has been a real favorite. This was cut from 6½" to 4-5/8" and carried many years as a sidearm when hunting or fishing. The barrel has since been stolen for another project and replaced with a 7½" original flat-top barrel I was able to find. I have added other Rugers to my shooting collection. An old model Ruger Super Blackhawk, an original 10" flat-top, that is my favorite hunting sixgun, an original 7½" flat-top and a customized Douglas barreled 10" new model Super Blackhawk. (Trapper Gun does an action job on new model Rugers that is superb.) All of these .44 Mags except the 4" Model 29 are deadly accurate and perfect for hunting and silhouette shooting. The 4" Model 29 has been fitted with ivories and is usually loaded with around 8.5 to 9.0 gr Unique behind the Keith No. 429421 bullet. Power, but not excessive. All of these are fine weapons, but not quite my idea of a dream gun.

Then there is the great old .45 Colt. Loaded with 9.0 gr. Unique and No. 454424, it speaks with authority, but is definitely a short range hunting proposition. I have two colt SA's, one in 4¾" and one in 7½", plus a New Frontier now production cut back to 5½". That New Frontier comes close to being the ideal sixgun and will handle heavier loads than the standard Colt SA as well as having adjustable sights, but it still has the old Colt lockwork that possibly could cause problems. I've shot Colt SA's for 25 years and have had two bolt springs and one hand spring break in all that time. I also like a Ruger old model .45 X 7½". This was purchased the first year they were made and has the

extra ACP cylinder. I was pleasantly surprised to put the first five hardball loads into 2" at 20 yards with this revolver, and I am no great target shooter. If I could somehow get a New Frontier Colt with the Ruger lockwork as produced in the old model Ruger, now that would be something!

Probably the best big bore cartridge combining practicality with power is the .41 Magnum. At least it looks that way on paper. But I must admit I've never even shot a .41 Magnum. If colt would ever chamber the New Frontier for it I would be extremely interested, but as of now I have no experience whatsoever with it.

An interesting old timer that is coming back and gaining new favor is the .44-40. There is no practical reason for this, but why do we have to be practical? This cartridge shoots well in a Bisley Colt SA, but its bottleneck case is not as easy to reload for as straight side cases, plus it will not accept the wide range of bullets available in .44 caliber. I've also found bullets sized to .429 will not chamber in my cylinder. Someday I'm going to fit my Super Blackhawk with an extra cylinder chambered for .44-40 and see what this old favorite can really do.

That brings us down to only one choice. My favorite sixgun cartridge without reservation is the .44 Special. I received my first .44 Special, a 1950 Target from my wife for Christmas in 1959. I believe she paid \$75.00 for it at the time. I have since added a 4" 1950 Target, a 5" 1950 Military which has been fitted with a 5" target barrel, a Charter Bulldog, and four Colt SA's. Two of these are early production models, one 4¾" and the other 5½". These are so smooth compared to current production that it makes one long for the old days. I've also picked up a 7½" .44 Special from the same period that has S & W sights and is very accurate. My last acquisition is a new production 7½" .44 Special that I have since cut to 4¾". I've also built up two Bisley's in .44 Special and have a rare Great Western SA with 7½" barrel. Oh, how I wish I had bought one of those New Frontier .44 Specials that no one wanted 15 years ago. Colt has promised to produce the New Frontier in the .44 Special again and I have my order in, but nothing yet.

With all these single actions chambered for the .44 Special, you'd think I would be satisfied, but no way. I had to have something really special for my Special. In 1972, Skeeter

Skelton ran an article in "Shooting Times" on converting a Smith 28 and a Ruger .357 Blackhawk to .44 Special. I wasn't too excited about the Smith, but that Ruger conversion was something else (I met Skeeter at the '78 NRA convention and talked with him at great length. I found him, as most of the big name gun writers, a real pleasure to talk with. Elmer Keith and Charlie Askins are also exceptionally cordial to talk with. I once spent the day with Elmer Keith at his place in Salmon, Idaho — a memorable experience!)

Yes, my dream sixgun would be a Ruger Single Action in .44 special. Ruger originally promised to produce their original .357 Blackhawk in both .44 Special and .45 Colt back in '55, but the .44 Magnum came along. They chambered the .357 instead in .44 Magnum and ran into trouble and went to the larger frame which became the .44 flat-top. So instead of a .44 Special we got the excellent .44 Magnum flat-top Ruger.

I purchased a like new Old Model Ruger Blackhawk .357 for \$90.00 and spent another \$40.00 having the cylinder re-chambered to .44 Special and the barrel bored out and relined to .44. I also had the barrel cut to 5½". What a disappointment! My favorite load of 7.5 gr. Unique and No. 429421 printed beautiful side view silhouettes all over the target. Every shot produced a key hole! I tried 17 gr. No. 2400 behind a 240 gr. jacketed bullet and the results were quite different. These were right on, making a nice cluster on the target, but I did not want to shoot this powerful (and expensive) load exclusively. I experimented with lighter cast bullets and heavier loads behind the 250 gr. bullets, but no luck because of a slow twist or shallow rifling, or both, that barrel was worthless. Before having any barrel rebores check with the gunsmith and see what twist he uses. The one I had looked like about 1:40 much too slow to stabilize my bullets. Now what to do? I stole the barrel from my 4-5/8" flat-top Ruger and had it installed on my Special. It looked great! But would it shoot? It really did! My favorite Unique load performed very well, plus I could use another load of No. 429205 in front of 8.5 gr. Unique, plus it would handle the 17 gr. No. 2400 load when real power was needed.

Now that it would shoot, it was time to provide some cosmetic improvements. I replaced the alloy ejector rod housing with a steel one, replaced the standard hammer and trigger with a pair made for the old model Ruger Super Blackhawk. I bought five sets of these about ten years ago to use on Standard Blackhawks and have one left in reserve. All that is needed is about an hours work with a file on the alloy grip frame to open up the trigger area to accept the wider trigger. I then had the new trigger and hammer jeweled and nickle-plated, all screws nickled, a red insert in the front sight and the balance of the dream gun finished in bright blue. Since no one I know of can blue alloy grip frames, this item was finished in satin nickle. A gun this beautiful needed something extra special to top it off, so the Special .44 was fitted with genuine ivory stocks. I had to wait 8 months after sending in the grip frame to Gun Art, but they do beautiful ivory work. I also had the .357 stamping on the frame changed to .44. I later purchased

a stainless steel grip frame made for the Old Army, but this made the Special balance differently and seemed too heavy. It will be fitted to my Super Blackhawk as I do not really care for the Super grip frame.

I now have what I consider the perfect sixgun. Accurate, easy to pack, virtually indestructible and beautiful. With 7.5 gr. Unique and the heavy cast bullet, it is the perfect companion for woods loafing, plenty potent for varmints or small game, close range deer or God forbid, self defense. When bigger game is anticipated, Keith's old classic load of 17 gr. No. 2400 still speaks with plenty of authority.

I intend to build another custom Ruger Special and if it shoots well, it will be engraved and fitted with carved ivories. I saved the factory barrel from my Douglas barreled Ruger plus I still have an old model Super Blackhawk hammer and trigger and a steel ejector rod housing. Now all I need is a reasonably priced old model .357 Blackhawk in good condition.

The .44 Special has been around a long time, but it's still the best all around cartridge and sixgun combination for the handloader-sixgunner. If anyone is contemplating converting a .357 Blackhawk, be warned the cylinder is too short for properly crimped loads in .41 Magnum, .44-40, or .45 Colt, plus the area over the bolt cuts could be dangerously thin when cylinder is rechambered to .44-40 or .45 Colt. The New Model .357 Blackhawk has the same cylinder and frame size as the Super Blackhawk, but the old models were smaller and lighter. Ruger used to make four frame sizes: 1) Bearcat 2) Single-Six 3) .357 Blackhawk and 4) .44, .45, .41, .30 carbine. Now this has been reduced to two sizes .22 and .44 only. A possible conversion that shows promise to me is a .357 stainless New Model rechambered to .44 Mag and fitted with a new stainless custom barrel, probably in 4-5/8" length. Conversions can be practical as well as a lot of fun. Keith probably didn't start the idea of extensive customizing, but he was the first to report in depth. I have all of his old "American Rifleman" articles going back to 1928 and they make interesting and informative reading indeed. Join the **Outstanding American Handgunners Awards Foundation, International Handgun Metallic Silhouette Association and Handgun Hunters International**. They all promote handgun shooting sports and also promote good public relations.

## MAG-NA-PORT

Larry Kelly, President of the firm, has contributed six certificates for handgun (only) Mag-na-port jobs to the **SIXGUNNER** to award to the author of one article per issue for six issues beginning with Issue III.

Kelly says he wants to give the M-N-P job to whoever wrote the story he liked best. Nothing else counts. (This probably means he will pick what he likes best and then Barb and the kids will change his mind.)

Anyway — Larry is the kind of guy that supports what he likes. The offer was unsolicited — he came up with it on a purely voluntary basis.

You may or may not be aware of the Mag-na-port custom limited editions. Coming along currently is the "Safari". Some are not yet sold. If you are interested you'd better get on the phone in a hurry. (AC313/469-6727)

# SILHOUETTES OF THE REAL THING

By Philip C. Briggs

Yes sir. Silhouettes torched from thick plate and set out at ranges that go from long for a pistol on out to ridiculous. Shooters with patches over their eyes, gloves on their hands, pads on their elbows, and blast shields on their thighs, wrapped up in some pretzelized pose. Hand cannons too big to holster, that are arm wrenching to shoot, and thunderous to hear.

Yep, that's it! And we're going to talk about the sport and try to get you out there doin' it in the issues to follow.

Not to make you an ace silhouette shooter, although that's no bad thing, but rather to make you a better handgun hunter.

With today's reduced hunting opportunities, we can't develop the skills we need, when that too rare moment presents itself, in a lifetime of hunting — but we can in a year of silhouette shooting. Practice makes perfect, and the iron menagerie stays put, allowing you to shoot the same shot until you get it right. Besides, they're in season all year long.

Shoot steel woolies at 200 meters for a while, and engaging that muley on the other side of the canyon is not a matter of desperation but one of calculation. Range estimation is easier when you're used to looking at distant targets, you've practiced the shot a hundred times, you know the hold over — and most important of all, you know you can do it.



Phil Briggs — posing for camera.

Silhouette shooters are handloaders — have to be — can't get the right ammo any other way. Little targets require the best from the pistol, and that means developing the most accurate ammo possible — and it also has to hit hard. Sounds a lot like hunting ammo. Substitute the bullet you need for decent performance on the quarry of your choice, and develop the best possible silhouette load with it. By the time you've found the magic combination, you've got the load that will do the job, and the skills to put it to use.

Besides getting you handgun hunters into silhouettes, we'll work on getting the silhouettes into the field.

If you can take the laser gun and lay down ten rams in a row, antelopes at 200 meters ought to be duck (goat) soup. Right?

Well, not exactly. It's not quite as easy as that. There are some other things to consider.

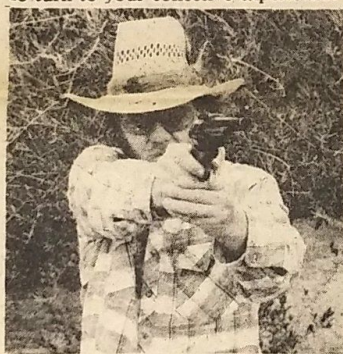
The black sheep are homogeneous — hit one most anyplace with an adequate cartridge and it'll go down. The live versions aren't like that. Some parts are vital — some are peripheral. The sportsman's desire for humane kills therefore limits the pistolero to ranges

from which he/she can deliver that bullet in a vital area. And that may well be less than 200 meters.

On the range, the rules limit the shooter to iron sights. And limit the shooter/pistol performance to what can be discerned over the sights. Rifle-men learned long ago that a good scope can improve their accuracy and range. The same principle holds true for the silhouette shooter. Or does it?

Silhouette shooting has accelerated the development of pistols from the horseback pace of Sam'l Colt to the warp speed of Commander Kirk. Cartridges have been developed just for the silhouette range, and others have been adopted from the rifle shooters. Anything that will flatten a rusty ram will do the same on a dusty deer. Won't it? I don't think so, and that's something we'll all have to look in to. I'll expect your help here — how did that 7mm goat slayer do for you?

Just like in racing, where the tale is told where the rubber meets the road, hunt success is written where the bullet meets the body. Drilling 30 caliber holes through that far away rib cage won't provide the end result you had in mind. Takes some expansion. The right bullet. But which one? That's not an answer I can provide. Not unless I take up poaching, and autopsies to determine bullet performance done under a blanket with a flashlight aren't my area of interest. So, again, I'll have to turn to your collective experience.



Phil Briggs — as he is usually found.

So . . . We're in this together. A lot to learn — some things we can do. Who knows, maybe we can get the manufacturers to build better scopes and bullets for us. Depends on you . . . I'm just here to lead. Write me in care of the paper. And good hunting!



Soviet hunters swoop in for the kill: 'He does not fear man'

## RUSSIAN WOLF

Two-man snowmobiles, radios and air strikes if the pack is hard to get at. The choppers come in and shotguns with buckshot solve the problem.



In much of the Soviet Union, the wolf population has gotten out of hand. Attacks on livestock — and humans — are frequent. Oleg Gusev, editor of a Soviet hunting magazine says "The wolf is an aggressive animal and when not hunted, he does not fear man." Thirty-six attacks on humans — some of which resulted in fatalities and thousands of farm livestock slaughtered has led to the mobilization of thousands of wolf hunters.

During World War II, the Soviet wolf population grew out of control. Organized hunting reduced their numbers to 18,000 in 1968. Organized hunting was then discontinued. Gleb Visyashchev, deputy chief of hunting and nature preserves for the Agriculture Ministry stated there was at that time, a concern for nature protection, and the wolf was a natural scavenger that helped maintain the ecological balance.

A wolf population increase of 100,000 led the Russians to offer a \$230,000 bounty for a female killed and helicopter air support for hunters. So far, the wolves are winning. It's estimated it will take two to three years to level the wolf population off. A wolf population of 18,000 is desired. How many years is that going to take?

## WHAT'S YOUR BEST .44 MAG LOAD?

INTERNATIONAL *Be a full-fledged member of IHMSA for only \$12 per year*

The founding principles of IHMSA are directed toward the legitimate sporting and recreational use of handguns for all Americans. Metallic silhouette, as administered by IHMSA, is an enjoyable, family oriented shooting sport. All the resources of IHMSA and its members are dedicated to these principles.

Membership in IHMSA is \$12 per year, which includes an attractive membership and classification card, a handsome patch which is the official emblem, a set of scale templates for making full-size official silhouette targets, and a subscription to *The Silhouette*, the official publication of IHMSA, which contains the rules, a schedule of match dates and results from all over the country. Your membership kit will be mailed first class together with a current copy of *The Silhouette* the same day your application is received.

**IHMSA Membership Application**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Mail this coupon with check for \$12 made out to:  
**IHMSA \* Box 1609-GW \* Idaho Falls, Idaho 83401**

## .357 and WHITETAILS

By Ed Thoma  
No. 487

I read Robert Williams' (No. 337) letter in Issue II about House Bill 401 in the Pennsylvania legislature and wrote my congressman, Eugene Atkinson, to vote for it. I urge Pennsylvania residents to write their congressmen NOW so we can have this fine bill passed into law. Thanks for the info, Bob. I wouldn't have known about it if you hadn't written your story for the **SIXGUNNER**.

As for the .357 Mag. being adequate for whitetail; well, what isn't? It depends on where you hit them and at what range. Poachers have done great work on deer using .22 caliber rifles! A handgun is basically a short range hunting tool, yet many hunters try 150 or 200 yard shots with T/C Contenders; but personally, anything past 8" barrels is a rifle, long or short. So, true handgunning to me is limited to 50 or 75 yards at the most. Now, the .44 Special is known for good knockdown power on humans with an average weight of 200 pounds.

Remington's catalog for 1979 lists the factory loaded .44 Special as follows:

Caliber	Bullet Lead	Vel. FPS	Enr. FP	Range	Barrel Length
.44 Special	246 gr.	725	285	50 yds.	6 1/2"

Now let's look at the .357 Mag.

Caliber	Bullet Lead	Vel. FPS	Enr. FP	Range	Barrel Length
.357 Mag.	158 gr.	1104	428	50 yds.	4"

The .357 Mag. bullet is lighter weight but goes faster and hits harder; notice also that the .357 Mag. is tested with a 4" barrel against a 6 1/2" barrel. Obviously, the .357 Mag. with comparable barrel length will show higher velocity and energy. With an expanding type bullet and proper marksmanship at a reasonable range, the .357 should have no trouble with a deer, since most deer weigh an average of 150 pounds. There are times when a well hit deer will run for a while, even when hit with .30 caliber rifle bullets of various designs. The reaction of any given deer to a well placed shot is very hard to determine. It's one of those intangibles that we cope with when hunting.

**Note:**

This was the only response in defense of the .357 on Whitetail. The general synopsis of opinion was that while the .357 was capable of cleanly killing deer with an optimum-broadside-standing-close range chest shot, these shots seldom happen and the .357 was lacking in everything when the optimum shot was not presented. I know there are a lot of .357s in use on deer. Let's hear from you guys that use them — both the good and the bad. If you don't want your name used, just say so. To start it off — I wouldn't hesitate to use it on 100 pound Texas or Pennsylvania whitetails, but in areas where 200 pounders are to be expected, I probably wouldn't use it, unless I was trying something out. By the same token, if someone wanted to bet me the cost of the trip that I couldn't kill a moose with a .357, I'd sure have to take that bet!



## COMMENTS ON THE SSK .45-70

By Jerry Highland  
No. 99

In the last issue, J. D. asked if there was interest in the big hand cannons. Shortly after that, I received my SSK T/C .45-70. My gun came with a Pachmayr grip, Micro rear sight, Williams ramp with three sizes of marble front beads and 14" mag-na-ported tube.

I've had the gun for about three weeks and have fired over 300 rounds, several styles and weights of bullets and a couple dozen loads through it. The power of this gun is awesome and can only be appreciated by those who fire it. Imagine a bullet twice as big as a 240 grain .44 mag. going as fast as a hot .44 load. Ouch! you say? Not really. I started with a box of W-W factory loads and Springfield '73' loads and started working my way up. The first couple of things I learned were that you don't put more than your little finger and ring finger of your left hand behind the trigger guard.

The next thing was to have the gun centered in your hand before you touch off a hot one. I took the recoil of a healthy 400 grain load on my thumb joint and it hurt like hell — still does, for that matter! Properly worked up to, the recoil isn't all that bad, and the gun is really fun to shoot. A person would be stupid to load up a hot 400-500 grain load and fire it without having worked up to it.

I tried all three sight heights on the front, and settled for 3/32" ivory bead, .410 high, .250 wide front sight. It will put my 300 grain, 400 grain and 500 grain loads on at 100 yards. (Note: unusual). Front sight height is very important as some loads will show over a foot difference at 50 yards. (Note: also up to 14" at 25). My gun shoots the 400 and 500 grain bullets best and the lighter bullets at lower velocity for plinking. For powders, IMR 4198 worked very well with the .300 grain jacketed and 400 grain Speer. 3031 works good with the 500 grain Hornady, but didn't burn well at all with a 385 grain cast. I tried a 300 grain cast at around 1600 FPS and it did poorly, so I stuck 12 grains of Unique behind it, and it turned out to be a good, accurate plinker. I didn't buy it to plink, so on to bigger and better things, like a 500 grain at 1450-1500 FPS, or a 400 grain at 1600, and a 300 grain at 1800 FPS. All these over 2000 ft. lbs. energy. J. D. says it can be done. (Note: But I don't recommend

it) and I'm pretty sure the loads I'm using are pretty close to those figures.

If you decide to order a .45-70, think seriously about casting your own bullets. Store bought bullets come in boxes of 50 and will leave a hole in your wallet, especially the 500 grain Hornadys. While you're waiting for your gun, shop around in some of the off-the-wall places and you might find some bullets still pretty cheap. Most places don't have too high a demand for 500 grain .458 bullets. It's an impressive gun, and great fun to shoot. It should be a very effective killer on any game — or locomotives — if that's your bag!

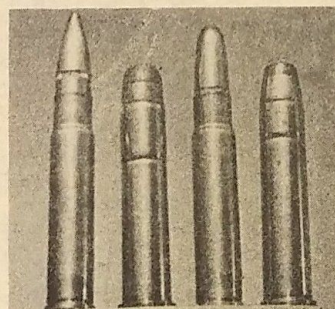
\*\*\*\*\*

## BIG BOOMERS

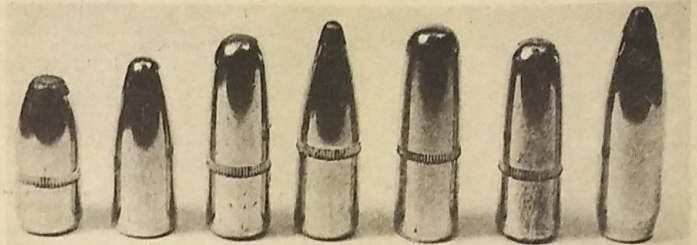
By J. D. Jones

Response to the offer to do something on the big single shot cartridges was very positive. So, I'll try to get something in each issue. The reasoning behind these large cartridges is simple. The .44 Mag. becomes marginal on "angle" shots on elk-size animals. Why spend a couple of grand on a trip and have to pass on a shot because you might not have enough penetration? The simple solution is to use something that has enough penetration and adequate power to get the job done.

The availability of a wide variety of hunting bullets was also considered. The .375 and .45 bore diameters have the most versatility. Both diameters have lightweight, thin jacketed, quick openers for deer through normal hunting bullets of varying performance; premium bullets such as



Two .375s compared to .45-70s. Both are highly effective in custom barrels for the T/C.



220 H, 235 Speer, 270 HRN, 270 HSP, 300 HIMJ, 300 HRN, 300 Sierra Bt. Not a bad bullet in the bunch.



Carol with a .375 JDJ equipped with a Juenke brake.

the Grand Slam or Nosler that open up the front half or the bullet fairly fast then stop expansion and give good penetration through solids that will kill anything that walks or crawls. The .375 also shoots flat enough to extend its effective range well beyond a hundred yards although effective game performance past 100 yards was not an original consideration. Without getting into the technicalities of it — the .375 is accurate — I average over 50% on chickens at 240 yards in good visibility.

The .375 JDJ is simply a .444 Marlin necked to .375 with a 25° shoulder. One pass through the F.L. sizing die does it. No trimming or reaming required.

This cartridge is very powerful compared to the conventional handgun — and a lot of highly respected rifle cartridges. Shooting it is quite an experience. I know of no shooters who have thought this cartridge recoiled unbearably. It's sure as hell no .38

Special, but any .44 wheelgun shooter that can't handle it isn't a .44 wheelgun shooter, either. Add a muzzle brake or Mag-na-port and it's tamed even more. The power and penetration are just not comparable with anything else. I think it's a harder hitter and better penetrator than a .308 rifle at handgun ranges. Velocities aren't high enough to totally splatter things, but with any reasonable hit, things die in a hurry.

The 220 Hornady .375 is constructed about like a pistol bullet. At 2100 FPS, it should blow a helluva hole through a deer. The 235 grain Speer will open up OK but doesn't go inside out like the Hornady. The 270 Hornady RN and 270 Hornady Spire are constructed in a similar manner. The RN opens a bigger hole quicker. The 300 Sierra B.T. usually sheds its jacket. I figure it isn't going fast enough to work properly, although I can't really see where it would make a lot of difference on a deer, and a deer probably wouldn't offer enough resistance to separate jacket and core.

For long gun life, don't use max loads. The following are what I consider **ABSOLUTE MAX** for hunting only. Target loads should be backed down a bunch.

40	4198	220 Hornady	2147 FPS
44	3031	270 Hornady	1893
44	3031	300 Sierra	1895
44	H322	270 Hornady	1931

The same charge will push 220-235 bullets interchangeably. Same for 270 and 300. Muzzle energy gets up to 2400 FPE. A .30-30 rifle manages to get up to 1860 FPE. The 150 grain .308 from a rifle manages 2820 FPE primarily due to velocity. Barrels (\$125.00 — no sights) to fit the T/C are available from SSK, as are dies (\$40.00). I've been

(Continued on Page 9)



She doesn't just like it — she loves it!



**Big Boomers — (Cont. from Page 8)**

shooting the .375 JDJ a lot. I'm impressed. The .375 Bear Banger is now easily made by cutting back the .375 Win big bore. It'll do about 1700 FPS with the 220 Hornady and is very easy on recoil, yet shoots a lot flatter and penetrates much better than a .44 Mag. It's a cutie, but so far, I haven't been able to get anything with hair on it in front of it!

\*\*\*\*\*

**BEGINNER'S LUCK!**

By Michael R. Mettley  
No. 561

This story starts about July 1979 when I decided that this deer season I would hunt with only a handgun. After doing a lot of reading and evaluating, I picked Ruger's Super Blackhawk.

Well, it wasn't long till I was standing in front of my nearest gun dealer. After talking to the clerk a while, he asked if I wanted the 7½" or 10" barrel? Being a believer in long barrels, the 10½" took my eye.

After some practice and trying several different handloads, I settled on 27.0 grains of H-110 behing the 180 grain Sierra hollow cavity bullet.

The Pennsylvania buck season is two weeks long and even though I hunted hard, I just couldn't put horns on any of them. However, I had applied for and received a doe license this year. Just in case, if you know what I mean.

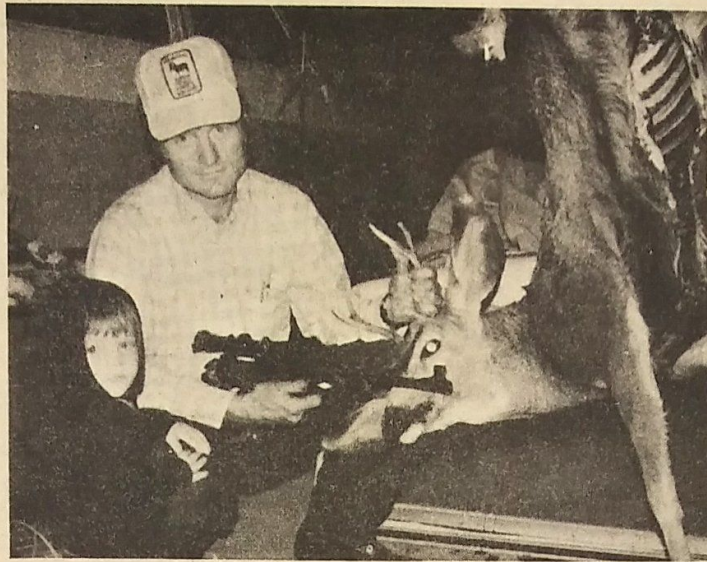
The first morning, a doe came within 40 yards but my off-hand shot missed the mark and I watched as the deer ran away. Rushing to the spot where the deer had been standing, I found I had made a heart shot on a 4' tree.

Well, I was standing there feeling sorry for myself when I happened to notice another deer sneaking along about 60 yards away. I told myself to calm down and take a rest. So I quickly sat down and rested the gun over my knees. The deer had stopped behind some trees. When she stepped out, I lined up and fired. At the shot, down she went, but moving closer, I saw she was pulling herself down the mountain. At about 30 yards, I shot again, putting an end to the finest deer season I ever had. Oh, I've shot several bucks with a rifle, but this deer with a handgun will be the special one for me.

As it turned out, my doe wasn't a doe at all, but a young button buck weighing about 90 pounds field dressed.

I did want to tell you about bullet performance. The first shot broke the back above the lungs. The second shot entered behind the last rib and exited at the lower neck. Penetration was complete with both shots and there was an extreme amount of tissue damage.

**WANTED  
YOUR  
STORIES  
&  
PHOTOS  
FOR  
NEXT  
ISSUE!**



**A BIG HOLE - - -  
ALL THE WAY THROUGH!**

By Tom Shippy  
No. 26

I wrote an article for the first issue of the **SIXGUNNER** in which I mentioned how anxiously I was awaiting deer and elk season so I could put the .338 CJMK to work. Well, as far as elk hunting went, I had several of those skunked, rained out, missed or generally fouled up hunts that Lee Jurras referred to as being more common than the ones that make interesting reading.

Last year, I packed a 9 pound Ruger No. 1 around and never got a shot, so I figure it was a helluva lot easier this year packing a 4½ pound XP. As long as I'm striking out, I might as well be comfortable. The XP carries nicely in a holster I made to fit the Thompson/Center shoulder harness. I've found carrying large handguns across my chest to be handy as well as comfortable. Actually, during elk season, I got off two shots — I "killed" a 2 foot by 4 foot rock at about 250 yards near the end of the season. I enjoy shooting enough that I'm at least going to find some excuse to have to clean my gun when I get home.

Deer season afforded me my first opportunity to use the .338 CJMK on big game. Another fella and I drove out after work, walked 20 minutes from the pickup and came upon two small two-point bucks. As deer have been pretty scarce around here the past couple of years, I've learned not to be too choosy. I dropped down quickly, estimating the distance to be 150 to 160 yards. My shot went over his back and of course they were both gone before I could get off a second shot. Looking at the terrain (the shot was taken across a small draw at nearly sunset) I could see why the shot went high; instead of 160 yards it was probably closer to 85 yards maximum. I would be a good candidate for a range finder.

Earlier, we saw a pickup load of hunters go up the draw ahead so we were hoping they would run the deer back to us. After walking 300 to 400 yards we came across the same two bucks and this time, I held low on the chest and found out later the bullet hit in the body center a little further back than I wanted, barely taking out the rear portion of the lungs. As the area

was heavily wooded and the deer didn't drop immediately, I chambered a fresh round and ran to the spot I last saw the buck. No need of hurrying, the buck had piled up a few yards from where he was hit with a large hole three to four inches wide all the way through. There were at least two quarts of blood on the ground so the bullet did everything I expected. The load used was the 200 grain Hornady flat point with 34 grains of 4198. This load comes out a little over 2100 feet/second and develops around 1900 plus foot pounds of energy.

Actually, I had sighted in with 36 grains and thought I had these cartridges with me, but took the lighter loads by mistake. (Editor's Note: Tom's gun isn't as flexible as mine. 36-4198-200 is about as warm as he shoots. Mine digests 38-4198-200 with no problems. I suspect his will produce more velocity per grain of powder than mine does.) For elk, I was carrying similar loads but with the 200 grain Hornady spire points. These I figured would hold together and penetrate deeper in the larger animal. Unfortunately, I didn't get a chance to see if my theories had any merit.

I had the gun sighted in a little too high which was a mistake; I was way high at anything near the 85 yards at which I first tried a shot at the buck. The cartridge is a flat shooter as far as pistol cartridges go, even with the light loads I was using and I would have been better off sighting in dead on at 100 yards. The recoil isn't bad at all, either, considering the foot pounds of energy produced. Partly this is due to the weight of the gun and partly due to the fact that the gun has been mag-na-ported. Mag-na-ported is an effective way of dampening recoil on the hard kickers.

When I'm out hunting, I just naturally seem to fall into a sitting position cradling the pistol between my knees and leaning back enough to be stable and still get a good sight picture. This was the position I used for this buck, although for prairie dog hunting and similar slower, less pressed shooting activities, I use the creedmore position often. Either of these two are fine with single shots but get a little

warm around the knees with a revolver.

The gun and cartridge performed beautifully and it only took the one bullet to do the job (if you forget the range finding I did with the first shot.) A rifle in the more common calibers wouldn't have done any better as the wound channel was large and all the way through. The bullet entered between two ribs, expanded fast and punched a three to four inch hole all the way, knocking out one rib and part of another on the far side. Too bad it didn't center a rib going in to get the bullet working quicker. Lately, I find myself leaning towards the big bores that cut large holes all the way through game. Part of this is due to Elmer Keith's influence and partly due to my own experiences the past few years. It's obvious J. D. subscribes to this theory also as he has stated several times that he wants big holes in big game.

Incidentally, anyone wanting to read one of the best handgun books around should try to get a copy of Keith's **Sixguns**. It's definitely the book that converted me to handguns and it's written in such a way that it's hard to put down. Another real good book on the subject is **Handgun Hunting** co-authored by Lee Jurras and the late George C. Nonte. Both of these make for interesting reading and also offer helpful hints. I for one have never doubted the exploits written up in these and similar articles by handgun enthusiasts although some gun writers in national magazines have expressed skepticism. Anyone who has used and really worked with handguns for a period of time soon realizes just how accurate they can be at long range. Sure, you and I aren't going to go out and impress everyone everytime we fire at a long range target, but we're going to do it often enough to know it's possible.

One more item, those of you who haven't written an article for the **SIXGUNNER** should try to do so. I'm no literary genius, but I've written a few articles because this project of J. D.'s is something I believe in. I don't claim to be any better than anyone else at shooting or writing, but I want to do what I can. Let's all get together and write so many articles that ol' J. D. will have to hire a pretty blonde secretary just to help him proofread. Everyone has a friend or two who enjoy handguns and who is just waiting to be introduced to a magazine like the **SIXGUNNER**.

**MATCH SHOOTERS HANDGUN CASES**

WHEN ONLY THE VERY BEST WILL DO

Choice of 3, 4 or 5 gun models in beautiful black or brown simulated leather. Lok-Grip tray holds gun securely. Has compartment for spotting scope and accessories. Scope bracket and carrying strap optional. 4 or 5 gun cases available with back door compartment. Personally designed by Frank A. Pachmayr for discriminating shooters. See at your Pachmayr dealer or write for info.

**Pachmayr GUN WORKS, INC.**  
1220 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE - LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90015

## "HELL, I WAS THERE!"

Is actually the life story of Elmer Keith. If you already have Keith's Autobiography you still need this one. If you've ever met Elmer you know he says what he thinks — calls it straight and if you don't like it — it's your problem. He also talks with thousands of sportsmen annually and has done so for longer than I've been alive. I don't think it's any secret that he wasn't pleased with what "Keith's Autobiography" turned out to be. He didn't like it when it was published and doesn't like it now. He says "Hell, I was there!" is what he wrote the first time.

Born 3/8/99, Keith has lived through perhaps the most exciting times the world will ever see. His recall is flawless. His outlook sharp, accurate and amazingly perceptive.

Just to tease you a little:

"The first bullet Nick fired had evidently expanded when it hit the bears wet wide. They were Kynoch 300 grain thin jackets. Anyway, it tore an inch entrance hole in that bear and where he laid down in that river a rope of blood squirted out for four feet as big as my thumb for several seconds after he went down. The slug had taken off the top of the heart and lodged, fully expanded, in the far side of the right lung." — "Lost again" — "My first good six-gun was a .36 Navy" — "I never learned to love sheep" — "I remember the last time Buffalo Bill came through" — "Dad put my arm on a heavy table and sat down on it with my hand between his legs. When he picked up those fingers that were doubled back of my wrist and broke them the pain was terrific and I passed out . . . When I came to, my hand was straight. It was all laced

down to the mink board . . . I walked the floor for three days and nights. I couldn't eat anything as I couldn't sit long enough, but I did drink a gallon of Old Grandd. I finally wound up with a pretty good hand. Even today it's a sorry looking hand but it's useful." "I swung under his chin with the .476 and broke his shoulder and spine." "So I said, 'Maybe we can crank up the plane and knock him over with a ski.'" (Outa ammo?)

Well, I suppose you get the idea. The book is jam packed with exciting hunting stories as well as info on handguns, rifles, game and 80 years of pioneering.

I spoke with Elmer this morning to verify some things and he is quite well — in fact feeling better than he has for a few years. Both he and his charming wife Lorraine, took a Mulie buck this fall. Elmer plans to never retire. I consider it a privilege to know him. Without Keith's use and promotion of handguns since the early 1900's we would probably all be playing cards or jogging. Certainly not up to our ears in sophisticated cartridges and the guns to shoot them.

Anyway, autographed copies of Keith's books may be obtained from him directly at P.O. Box 1072, Salmon, ID 83467. "Hell, I Was There!" (\$25.00), Sixguns (\$15.00), and Safari (\$12.00) are available for immediate shipment. His other books are not presently available from him.

## REVIEW: Speer Reloading Manual No. 10

An incredible color photo of a .30 caliber bullet just after penetrating a paper target and the resulting shock

waves grace its covers. The 650 pages of no nonsense information and some mighty interesting entertainment reading between those covers isn't bad by a long shot either!

Several pages are devoted to the Omark-Speer-CCI-RCBS story. From there a basic introduction to hand-loading, safety, components, troubleshooting and pressures are covered. Two hundred fifteen pages of loading data of cartridges from .22 Hornet through .458 Win Mag are quite thorough.

One hundred seventeen pages are devoted to handgun data. First data for the .45 Winchester Magnum (T/C 10") is included. (We should have both 10" and 14" .45 Win T/Cs tested in time for the April SIXGUNNER.)

The general trend is to give 27 loads and velocities per bullet in the rifle section and 20-24 per bullet in the pistol section. Obviously, you aren't going to find all of the information you want and the Speer Manual will not take the place of buying all manuals available for the serious handloader. However, you could very easily get along with only this one. Of particular interest to handgunners is the section dealing with exterior ballistic tables for handgun bullets. Get ready for some surprises from this table. I'm sure the silhouette shooters will cuss and discuss it.

Ten inch .30-30 T/C data is given and includes IMR 4227, H-110, WW-296 and 2400 powders as does .30 Herrett data. I'm not fond of these pistol powders in the .30 H, much less in the .30-30. I hear of too many "odd" occurrences with pistol powders in rifle cases when velocities start getting up to about 50% of "normal" with rifle powders. I can't chalk it up to double charges although the .30-30 can easily hold double charges of pistol powders. I don't know what's happening and once that trigger is pulled the round is gone forever and what you have left in your hand is the only test that occurred. I'll stay away from pistol powders in rifle cases, thank you!

The Speer No. 10 is a valuable, highly informative, simple and technical (exterior ballistics) manual that should be a part of every handloaders library.

## HOWL OF THE COYOTE

By Greg Vanhee, No. 526

I know this has nothing to do with handgunning, but it is the reason why I am now a handgunner. It's a true story, has been printed many times and drew thousands of letters. Some believed it, some didn't — but I was there and it happened to me.

It had not been a good hunt. Oh, the pleasures of being with my family hunting partners on a by-now 20-year-old traditional trek to the high country northeast of Chelan was always fun.

High on the cold, windswept ridges of Gotat and Cooper mountains for 10 days, now THAT was something. Those of you who hunt, whatever the species, know well the close feelings between men who regularly hunt together. Separated for the biggest part of the year by jobs and family, now in the bitter November cold of the high mountains, you are once again united with your hunting partners, tough,

hardy men you admire and respect.

But in a party of eight, one deer on the aging buck pole on the last day of the season is hardly something to rejoice about. Which explains why on this final, cold day of the '71 buck season, late in the afternoon we were still hunting.

We had decided early that morning to hunt singly, and we ranged from elevations of 3,000 to 5,800 feet. Normally, for the sake of safety, we hunted in pairs. However, we felt experienced enough for this last day, anyway, to spread out all over the hills.

I sat alone, my back against a large rock, the big .300 magnum across my lap. For three hours, with the wind howling up the snow-covered ridge directly in my face. I had carefully glassed the hills, yard by yard, foot by foot. The 8 inches of snow at this level had a hard, crusty top, noisy and difficult to walk in. A fawn could have picked up the sound at a mile, the buck I was seeking at two. And so I sat, hopefully, the binoculars cold in my hands and against my eyes, and waited for my buck to come to me.

I had picked out two separate groups of muley so far, both groups moving without concern. A bunch of six and a smaller group of three. Neither group had moved more than 200 yards all afternoon.

In the way of the woods, while looking at one thing, out of the corner of your eye you catch other movement. Usually, it's a bird, or a squirrel, or simply a tree branch moved by the wind. Shifting my glasses to a spot midway between the two groups of does, I searched for my "movement." About 1,500 yards down the slope, I found it. Climbing the hills toward the doe, who were by now only about 300 feet down the slope from me and approximately 500 yards apart, trotted a coyote, straight up the hill, angling first to the left, then back to my right, obviously to make the sheer climb easier.

On countless nights, on hundreds of trips, their mournful howling and barking had helped me off to sleep. But in 20 years in the woods, I had never seen one, only their tracks or what remained of their kills.

Fascinated, I ignored the deer, fixing my binoculars on this legendary survivor of all manner of attempts to exterminate it. Trotting easily, he seemed bigger than I had pictured, from what I had seen of them in books and nature films. But what was he doing? After the deer? That hardly seemed feasible. When they spotted him, they would be gone in a flash. Still, if they didn't spot him. No. He was headed for his pen, or somewhere. The deer were just in his line of march.

I put the binoculars down, I didn't need them now. He seemed to be moving a little quicker, head bobbing, stride a bit longer, his zig-zag motion shortened. In a few seconds, I was sure he would swing at one group or another. Five hundred yards. How could he keep at them like that?

As I watched, sitting completely still, he came abreast of the lower group, pushed on, and quickly even with the second, higher group. He went neither left nor right. The deer, suddenly aware of him, exploded away and down the ridge, a blur of flying snow, crashing brush and bounding, dark brown images flashing against the snow.

Silence. They were gone, down and away into the wind. With equal  
(Continued on Page 11)

## AN INVITATION FROM: THE RUGER COLLECTORS' ASSOCIATION, INC.



The RUGER COLLECTORS' ASSOCIATION, Inc. is active, well organized, and in the forefront of the fastest growing new area of gun collecting.

The ASSOCIATION offers an increasing variety of services to its Members and provides a focal point for the exchange of information about Ruger firearms, Ruger history, and Ruger artifacts.

Each accepted new applicant will receive a one-year membership, membership card, and the latest issue of the *Ruger Collectors' Journal* (R.C.A. Quarterly Publication), as well as receiving further mailings of the *Journal*, *Members' Bulletins* (Informative Newsletters), *Special Issue Ruger Firearms Offers*, and R.C.A. Special Publication Offers.

The RUGER COLLECTORS' ASSOCIATION, Inc. cordially invites you to apply for Association Membership to further your understanding of and interest in the collecting of Ruger firearms.

I hereby apply for membership in the Ruger Collectors' Association. I certify that I am a citizen of the United States, 18 years of age or older; that I am not a member of any organization which has as any part of its program the attempt to overthrow the government of the United States by force or violence; that I have never been convicted of a crime of violence; that I am not ineligible to own or possess firearms or ammunition under the terms of the Gun Control Act of 1968 or any other applicable Federal, State or Local legislation; and that, if admitted to membership, I will fulfill the obligations of good sportsmanship and good citizenship.

## application

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_  
NRA Member Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_  
Primary Collecting Interest \_\_\_\_\_  
Annual Membership Dues Enclosed \$12.50  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

## FOR RCA MEMBERSHIP

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 Cash  
 Check  
 Money Order  
Amount \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Rec'd by \_\_\_\_\_

Ruger Collectors' Association, Inc. P.O. Box 290, Southport, CT 06490

KEEP THIS AS YOUR RECEIPT

Howl — (Continued from Page 10)

suddenness, I was aware of another, chilling fact. The big coyote was NOT gone. He was hurtling up at me in a dead run. No more zig-zag. No more left-right, left-right. Straight . . . Long, quick strides, head bobbing, tongue out in exertion. He did not growl. He did not bark.

I don't know when I knew, I don't know how I knew, but in some primeval way I had yet to fully understand, I was absolutely positive this implacable, speeding animal was attacking ME! And he had been all along. Nothing else made sense. I am, gratefully, very handy with a gun. In one quick moment, without thought, I uncoiled from my sitting position, snapped off the safety and found the animal, however briefly, in my sights. The big magnum roared, the familiar heavy thud against my shoulder. I stood that way for what seemed like minutes. I know now it could only have been seconds. The 150-grain slug had struck him right between the eyes, blowing off the top of his head. He lay motionless, only 30 feet down the slope. My legs gave out on me, and I sat straight back down, leaning back against the rock. My binoculars had sailed down the slope in that moment of the animal's fury and my unconscious reaction to it. I never did find them. It had been an extraordinary lucky shot.

In 1971, when this all took place, I did not understand what this incredible animal had done. The fact is, that big coyote, healthy, unwounded, able to hunt his normal prey, had come 1,500 yards up a steep, snow-covered slope and made a terrifyingly close attack on me. And, but for some instinct and a very luck hit, the attack would have been successful.



I still hunt. I still enjoy our great outdoors. But now, when I hear coyotes at night, I can't sleep.

## SWAPPAHUNT!

I want an 8 3/8 M-29 and I'm willing to swap some kind of hunt for it. I've got the place and the animals. Joe Meeks-Telico Junction Hunting Preserve, Hog Hollow Road, Englewood, TN 37329 (615-887-7819)

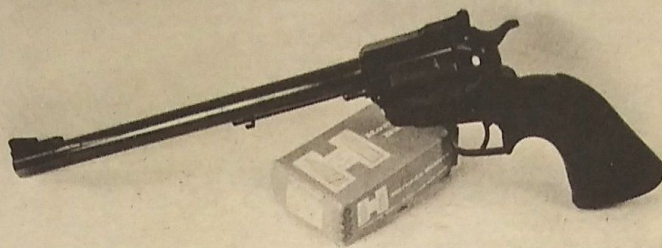
John Downes No. 281 Box 309, Copper Ctr. AK 99573 can line you up for what he calls a dirt cheap Moose or Caribou hunt. Now John yearns for an Elk hunt in one of the lower 48 but could probably be talked into swapping one of those moose hunts for guns, dogs or whiskey; not necessarily in that order!

Ronald H. Wade, No. 471, RFD No. 1, Box A-5, E. Eddington, ME 04428 can't travel but would be interested in hosting someone for a deer or bear hunt in exchange for someone teaching him something about handguns.

Swappahunt space is free. The SIXGUNNER will print it. You can work it out.

# EIGHT IS ENOUGH

By Steve Metz  
No. 247



Stev's 10.5 inch Ruger and 265 grain Hornady proved more than adequate for the nice 8-point.

Just got back from a 28 day dry run rifle trip (sorry) for a Wyoming Elk i.e. No snow — No tracks — No elk! Had a lot of fun and got educated to the fact that pistol packing is the only way to go. Got home and had a little time left, so me and the 10 inch Ruger .44 went "Whitetailin'." Had some Hornady 265 grain SN's stuffed in over 22 grains of 2400 and Federal fire starters. (Note — Hornady lists 19.3-2400-265-1150FPS) I hadn't had the chance to try this load on anything but a few groundhogs and some steel chickens, but just knew it had to be good buck medicine. Got to where I wanted to go, jumped out of the truck and headed for the trees. A pretty stiff wind was blowing from my left to right and soon as I hit cover, I got into fresh sign. Never being one of the "wait for it to happen" types, I picked my path and started a slow, diagonally upwind walk. I broke a clearing in a short while and, as by my sometimes ignorant nature, was distracted by some squirrels playing tag on my downwind side. They 'bugged out' in a little bit and as I looked upwind again, I was staring (jaw ajar) at a pair of does about 75 yards away at the edge of the clearing. After a few under-the-breath expletives about my fate of being caught in the open, the little ladies amazingly resumed feeding at a slow with-the-wind pace. Then, as quite a few deer hunters have heard, came the familiar clatter of branch and antler contact. Bingo! The old eyeballs finally picked him out about 20 yards behind his girls. For some unknown reason, the good Lord didn't let them see me first. The blasted grass was too tall to sit down in for a shot and there wasn't a tree within twenty yards to use for a rest.

The time had come to see if all that silhouette shooting had done me any good. Somewhere along the line, I had cleared the big Ruger and had a round ready to touch off. I picked out what I thought was a clear spot through the lumber and squeezed. S - - - ! Nicely sheared off a 2 inch sapling, but no "thunk" of bullet going into meat! Tails and heads popped up, but they didn't run; must not have known where the noise came from. Picked another "hole" and tried again. Still no contact, but they still didn't run!

Well, I decided to hell with this, if I couldn't be sure of a clear shot, he deserved to live. I glanced ahead to the does and they were standing in a good clearing about 60 yards away. Then Pappy decided to join the ladies and in a few seconds was standing directly behind one of them. Damn! All I could see of him was head, horns and legs.

To my amazement, the doe laid down, presenting a perfect shoulder shot at Pappy. The .44 boomed again and he dropped like a ton of bricks. I shot from the two hand standing position. It was exactly 73 steps to Mr. Buck's lifeless body. The big slug had gone through the spine in addition to both shoulder blades and lodged in the skin on the other side.



265 Hornady before and after penetrating spine and both shoulder blades. Recovered bullet was stuck in hide on the far side.

The recovered bullet weighed exactly 229 grains, not bad at all from 265 considering all the bone penetrated. The buck was a fine 8-pointer and gave my family 120 pounds of prime venison and I thank him for it.



Not exceptional, but a nice 8-point rack fell to the 10.5 inch Ruger.

All the great scenery and experience gained on that Wyoming trip is just gonna' have to take second fiddle for a while. At least until I get back out there and drop that big bull elk with one of my pistols.

### Editor's Note:

Steve is the current Ohio and Region 3 Silhouette Unlimited Champ, Ohio Standing Production Champ and Regional Standing Production Champ. To put it bluntly . . . he's damned good!



**SIGN UP  
A FRIEND  
TODAY!**

## Snapshots

By Steve Wynn  
No. 4

Once that you have decided to donate that 110 camera to the kids and pick up a 35mm camera for yourself, you have made the first important step toward improving the quality of your photography. The 35mm camera that you decide upon as your ideal camera for the hunting trip will also do a top notch job of recording important happenings around your house and your family vacations. So, now you have to determine how much your budget will stretch to accommodate that purchase. It may be new or used, or it may be a single lens reflex or a rangefinder.

It is imperative that you determine ahead of time roughly how much you want to spend. By doing so, you minimize the possibility of a pushy salesman selling you a lot more camera than you really need.

It is equally important for you to allow enough time for some test film to be run through the camera to assure yourself that it is working properly or that you are operating it correctly.

By following a few simple steps ahead of time, you can purchase that camera by mail or phone at about the lowest possible price around. Pick up the latest copies of **Modern Photography** and **Popular Photography**. With these two magazines, you will have at your fingertips well over a dozen choices for that exact camera that you are looking to purchase at your best price.

To choose that ideal camera, you must have the knowledge that is needed to make the right decision and you can gain that from talking with "camera nuts", friends, or local dealers who can spare the time to discuss cameras, (but do not tell them that you are contemplating purchasing the item mailorder!)

By planning the purchase well in advance, you can begin buying the photo magazines several months in advance and learning the market yourself. Don't overlook the various buyer's guides put out by the photo magazines. But don't put too much credence into the ratings put out by **Consumers Reports**. Any knowledgeable photographer can find flaws in their reports on cameras. Let the photo magazines do the testing on cameras and let **Consumer Reports** test toasters and frozen pizza.

If you intend to buy by mail, just follow the guidelines as published each month in **Modern Photography**. They have a page set aside each month at the beginning of the bulk of the advertising section giving details on how to order and assure yourself of getting treated fairly. Regardless of whether you order by mail or phone, you must remember that you have to know exactly what you want to buy. When shopping by mail, the store has ten days to ship the merchandise or notify you that they do not have it in stock. When shopping by phone, you will have immediate knowledge of whether they have the merchandise in stock and ready to ship.

When ordering by phone, one other item that you will need to receive your merchandise almost immediately is either VISA or Master Charge, or see if they will hold it until your certified check arrives.

(Continued on Page 12)

### Snapshots—(Continued from Page 11)

Call the store of your choosing by way of their regular phone number... Do Not use the (800) number... and inquire as to whether they have the item in stock and ready to be shipped. If they do, simply give them your name, address, credit card information, and sit back until the package arrives. Usually it's not more than about eight days. If they do not have it ready to ship, thank them and hang up and try another store. It will take a store only a minute or two to check on the availability of the item, and it is really worth the time and effort to call about the item instead of waiting all the time for the mail to bounce back and forth half way across the country.

Now, the reason that I use the regular number in preference to the toll free number is that all the stores want the toll free number saved for incoming orders, and by calling on the regular number, you are standing the cost of the phone call, and they will take more time with you on the phone. They will also take the minute or so to assure you that they have it in stock and ready to ship. Most of the time, it works like a charm, and it isn't much different than calling a small locally owned camera shop in terms of friendliness, IF you find the right store. Three stores that I have had excellent results with dealing over the phone are:

Mario Hirsch Photo  
699 3rd Avenue at 4th Street  
New York, New York 10017  
Telephone: (212) 557-1150

Competitive Camera Corp.  
157 West 30th Street  
New York, New York 10001  
Telephone: (212) 868-9175

Porter's Camera Store  
P. O. Box 628  
Cedar Falls, Iowa 50613  
Telephone: (319) 268-0104

Porter's Camera Store has a catalog that is well worth ordering. Anybody that can't find something that they "just have to have" must be blind. They have in stock, ready to ship, probably more of a variety than any place in the country. Good Old Time Service, too!

## Mag-na-port®

Means: Reduced Recoil - Reduced Muzzle Jump



The original Mag-na-port® a Patent Precision muzzle venting process - Has become famous because of the thousands of shooters that insist on having greater control of their firearm.

Will not change Ballistics or Accuracy.

For further information on Mag-na-port® or the Mag-na-port Custom Ruger Handguns write for free literature.

We thank all of our customers for Mag-na-port's success in the Firearms Industry.

Patent No. # 3808943

**Mag-na-port®**  
ARMS, INC.  
(313) 469-6727  
30016 South River Road • Mount Clemens, Michigan 48045

Mario Hirsch Photo is unlike any New York concern. They are almost as friendly as your neighborhood camera store and by using the regular phone number, will answer a couple of questions and really strive to help you out.

Competitive Camera, while more abrupt on the phone, have taken the time to check on every item that I have called on. They also have the record in shipping something to me: New York to Elida, Ohio in five days!

I am sure that there are other stores around which offer comparable service, but these are the ones that really come to mind in my experience.

The majority of the advertisers in **Modern Photography, Popular Photography, and Petersons Photographic** are very reliable. They offer rock bottom prices, and to do so, must sell a great volume. They can not afford to spend 15 to 20 minutes answering simple questions that should be answered by your local camera store. I might add, if you are really a rank beginner, and don't have the time to do a reasonable amount of reading or studying to know some of the basics, it will be to your benefit to buy more or less locally where that store can take more time to answer your questions, in return for a slightly higher price.

There are now a lot of large discount stores that price themselves very

\*\*\*\*\*

## Casts -vs- Jackets: An Old Controversy Revisited

By Larry C. Rogers, M.D., F.A.A.F.P. No. 48

Handgun hunting is relatively new to me — five or six years. Not having access to first hand information concerning loads, I sought information from current shooting journals. This was an unfortunate error that took several years to correct.

The general shooting journals are written for the masses, Mr. Average Shooter. Recommendations were usually for medium caliber handguns, medium burning rate powders, and medium weight jacketed bullets. I fell into the trap and bought a .357 Ruger, a Python, Unique powder, and 146 grain jacketed bullets. This was a fantastic load on paper — nice, pretty holes and moderate recoil. A test on game was in order.

Several groundhogs were wasted, although half required finishers. Finally a nice whitetail presented a sixty yard broadside shot. The bullet entered just behind the diaphragm, but I didn't know because the deer didn't move. I figured I really blew this one. I hurriedly fired five more times, hitting him in the neck with only the last shot! Finally he dropped, mostly from sound pollution. This was not exactly what I expected for my first big handgun kill.

Oh, well, back to the drawing board. I managed to find a few handgun books and articles. Men like Jurras, Keith, and a dude named Jones, convinced me to change my thinking about handguns and load development. I purchased my first biggies — a Smith M29 and a Ruger Super Blackhawk. By now I purchased heavy jacketed bullets and 2400 powder.

Groundhogs again served as my primary source of testing. A hit in the chest cavity by the .357s usually killed the groundhogs well (Hornady 158 gr. HP, Speer 146 gr. HP, 15.0 gr. 2400). Outside this crucial area the 'hogs just

competitively with the large New York stores within a couple of hours of most people. They usually can be found around cities of 40 to 50 thousand, maybe smaller. Two of the ones that I am more familiar with are Best Products and Service Merchandise. Others are bound to be out there under other names.

Even camera stores in cities like Columbus, Ohio and Dayton, Ohio are now priced within 10% of New York on a lot of items. When I bought my first Nikon F-2 with 50mm f1.4 lens, I paid \$55.00 more for it in Columbus, Ohio than I would have in New York. But, I also paid \$199.00 less for it than I would have in Lima, Ohio!

I now figure that if I can buy it more or less locally for within 10% of New York, I will buy around here. I like to get my hands on something new without waiting a long time. About a year ago, I wanted a smaller, cheaper camera to keep in the car for any situation that might arise, and for a boar hunting trip where I didn't want to risk carrying one of my Nikons under some unknown conditions. I ended up bargaining with a Lima store and got a Canon G-III for \$6.00 more than I could have out of New York, and for \$9.00 less than I could have from a local discount store. So, don't give up buying locally for everything.

kept on truckin', even when hit by the .44s (240 gr. Horn. HP, 21.0 gr. 2400). Those that ran after the .44 hits really surprised me. I managed to catch one in a field and decided to "Dirty Harry" him. As I drew my 8" Smith, the hog ran broadside to me. At 25 yards I hit him five or six times double action! But he made it all the way to his hole! Most were good hits. That made me a believer out of groundhogs. Pound for pound they're the toughest game I've ever shot.

My second handgun deer fell to my Smith. He was broadside at 75 yards. The 240 gr. Sierra JHC (I was still searching) took him at the diaphragm. He fell instantly, but was not dead. A finisher was needed unfortunately. I still wasn't satisfied with jacketed bullets.

By the next year I had managed to find some very good articles on cast bullets, but I couldn't find a source of bullets. I switched to 150 gr. Sierra JHCs for my Python and tried the lighter and faster 200 gr. Hornadys for my Smith .44. Boy, was I surprised on both counts. The 150 gr. Sierras did well on groundhogs, not allowing one loss the whole summer. One day in the fields I saw a crazy (probably rabid) fox going after a lamb. I hit him first in the shoulder with the Sierra bullet at 60 yards. He went down. As I started toward him, he was up coming at me! I instinctively went into a two handed combat crouch. The next five shots were surely in record time with three hits — not bad for a country doc. Oddly, all three hits were on the right shoulder. The leg was useless and he was probably losing blood fast, but he was still coming!! Luckily I was using speed loaders and had my piece ready FAST. One finisher in the spine between the shoulders ended it all at

four paces. Palpitations, shock and disbelief set in. I hadn't bargained for such action, but it taught me a lot. I'll take my Smith .44 as my number one and leave the Python for plinking on groundhogs and PPC courses. (And I hate controversy!?!)

A nice little spike buck helped demonstrate my newly used 200 gr. Hornady HPs. He was broadside at 160 yards in scattered trees. In two or three steps he would be gone. It was now or never. I rested my arms and let the sights of the 8-3/8 inch Smith rest on the lung area. The spike sank at the sound of the shot, but he didn't go down. He moved too fast for a followup, so I had to just follow him. After 75 yards I saw him milling around like a lost kid. A finisher in the neck finished his misery. Again, I was disappointed by a highly recommended load.

I've come to expect, realistically or not, one shot stopping power and kills, at least for deer and groundhogs. I still didn't stop looking for better loads. Finally I found a source of beautiful 250 grain hard cast Keith semi-wadcutters. The price of 2400 powder had gone sky high, so I switched to Winchester 296. This was totally alien material to me. Voila! The new load worked like a charm. 22.5 gr. WW296 and the new cast bullet gave me 1-2 inch groups at 25 yards and a pop can was easily hit at 75 yards. Muzzle lift was ferocious, but a Mag-Na-Port job took the muzzle out of orbit. The load's performance on game was unbelievable. Every groundhog shot with this load has not moved one inch even with poorly placed hits. There have been 100% stops. A few finishers have been required, but those hogs couldn't budge.

The big question about this load was answered with the help of a nice four point. He was quartering toward me at 46 paces. This identical situation presented a few years ago with an eight point at 75 yards produced only mediocre results with a six inch Python. A perfect lung hit took 30-45 seconds to drop the deer. But the new load! What a difference! The flat nose of the 250 grain slug caught the four point in the middle of the chest and exited out one lung. He went down like he was poleaxed — stone dead before he hit the ground. A most impressive kill.

The load was proven to be extremely accurate in my eight Smith, my four inch Smith (though not to those that wear lace underwear — unreal recoil), and a customized five inch Ruger. Unfortunately, I've not had the opportunity to try this load on larger game. I did kill a nice boar with one shot last year, but I'm still anxious to try moose, elk, and bear. This load continues to wreak havoc on the local groundhog population. The cast slug leaves a nice clean cut full caliber hole for plenty of blood to escape. If placed in the chest cavity both lungs will collapse with complete penetration. The large surface area of the flat nose slug gives striking energy out of proportion to the actual energy of the bullet. I highly recommend this load to you handgunners. I'm still learning from the pros, but I'll stick with this load until I hear of a better one, or the real Super Vel restarts production.

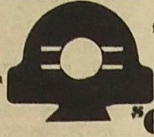
I realize my words aren't gospel, but I thought they would be of some interest or at least get some conversation started. At least I showed how a country doc attempted to produce and

(Continued on Page 13)

# Maverick

RANGE FINDER

a new concept in handgun sighting for Colts & Rugers \$6.95 EACH



PLUS

White or Gold  
OUTLINE REAR  
SIGHT BLADES

for Ruger & Colt Handguns \$5.95 EACH

OMEGA (NEW IMPROVED)  
Trigger Spring For All  
New Model Ruger Single  
Action Revolvers \$6.95 EACH  
Lightens trigger pull.



Omega Sales

SUBSIDIARY OF MAG-NA-PORT ARMS, INC.

P.O. BOX 1066 MT. CLEMENS, MICH 48043

## MISSED: BUT DIDN'T GET RAINED ON

By Tom Welsh  
No. 31

The big game season in this part of Pennsylvania was quite a turn around this year. Instead of frigid temperatures and snow drifts, we had sunshine, 35 to 50 degrees and no snow until the last few days of the season. It would have been nice, though, to have had a little tracking snow to help read the woods a little better. This was the season I promised myself I was going to leave the rifle at home during buck season and strictly stick with a handgun.

I wanted to use my Ruger Blackhawk .45 Long Colt with a 7 1/2" barrel, so I spent a good bit of the summer practicing and working with different handloads. The best load I came up with was about the same as I've seen recommended by some of the shooting writers — 9.5 grain of Unique, a 255 grain hard cast Keith-type bullet, Remington cases and CCI standard large pistol primers. I cast my own lead bullets for the .45, using Lymans' No. 454424 mold and size them with a Lee lube and resizing kit to .452 inch. I just put the melting pot on the kitchen stove, put a mixture of lead, tin and antimony in it, fill the house with stinky smoke and catch hell from my wife, Judy. But, I get a bunch of good, low cost bullets that make it all worthwhile!

There was nothing wrong with the Ruger when I first got it, but like a lot of handgunners, I just had to see if I could make it better. A letter and a little money sent off to Ruger got me a stainless steel grip frame and ejector rod housing to replace the aluminum alloy parts. A local gunsmith fitted the new parts to the Ruger, installed a lighter trigger return spring and replaced the rear sight blade with a white-outlined model. Then, to finish it all off, I bought a pair of Jay Scott "armarc" stag grips. The stainless steel adds a little weight to the revolver and the thicker grips make it easier to hang onto, and, having your own "custom" handgun makes you feel good, too. While at a handgun metallic silhouette

shoot this summer, I had the opportunity to have the Ruger with its deer hunting load chronographed and the loads averaged out to 977 fps — a high of 1001 fps and a low of 973 fps for a five shot string — that's pretty good for a .45 Long Colt! I could get softball size groups at 25 yards with a half box of ammo shooting off-hand. I was ready for deer season.

Now came the tough part. I hunted for a week, saw a lot of deer, but no legal bucks! That put an end to my vacation time, and I spent the second week of buck season behind a desk. Finally I finagled two days off for doe season, so I still had a chance to try the .45 out on some venison. Things didn't improve at all on the first day of doe season, either, as I saw some deer, but they were just too far off for a fair shot to be attempted. The second day had all the earmarks of re-repeating the prior day, so I went for help. My brother, David, had just finished work at 3:30 and he was quickly enlisted for one last try before the season closed.

We have a tangled up piece of hillside about ten acres in area that nothing but brush, briars, tangles and thick pines grow on, that we save for a last ditch effort for a whitetail. This piece of wildlife habitat is bordered on one side by a swamp and the spoil banks of an old strip mine on the other. Both ends open up into some pretty good size timberland. We flipped a coin to see who was going to do the stalking and who was going to do the waiting, and I got to do the waiting. Best deal all day! It took a while to get things organized, so we ended up with just about an hour and a half of the season left before Dave started his drive toward my stand.

I sat down by a tree and made the Ruger ready for instant action. Sure enough, in about 15 minutes, I could hear the deer coming through the brush, just walking along quickly enough to keep ahead of Dave. The wind was right, the light was still good, and I was partly hidden and ready.

Wild animals have something we don't know about. Just far enough inside the brush where I couldn't see, but could plainly hear, those deer stopped dead! Somehow they knew I was there. All of a sudden, there were deer all over the place! It was just like grouse flushing. Brown blurs were zooming past me before I could get the Ruger into action. I swung on a blur about 20 yards away and got one shot off before that deer was gone in the trees. Know what? . . . Never touched a hair! It was like trying to shoot watermelons on a trampoline. The only way I can think of to practice for such shooting would be to have Elgin Gates of IHMSA place his steel rams on roller skates and push them off a hill for tie breakers at the end of a silhouette match. I'm certainly glad those deer weren't lions . . . I'd have been their breakfast!

I got myself collected by the time my brother came out, and we just looked at each other and started laughing. We poked each other on the shoulder, sat down and "B S'd" while the season came to a close.

You know, even though no venison was going in the freezer this year, I really felt good. What a great time! Let's get our handguns and go hunting.

## BANG?

By Robert F. Williams, No. 337

It was November 14, 1964, Small Game season here in Pennsylvania. I was on leave from the Air Force, prior to departure for Okinawa, and my wife had come home from the hospital the day before after presenting me with our first son. My oldest brother-in-law, Danny, and I were squirrel hunting in the Bellwood area. The weather was good, the air still, it was around 4 p.m., and for some reason, it was one of those days when everything is just right and still we had bagged no game.

I was sitting, leaning against a large tree, with the old 12 ga. J.C. Higgins that had been my twelfth birthday present across my lap and my .22 revolver holstered on my right side. I couldn't shoot that well with the pistol, but occasionally a downed squirrel that wasn't killed outright took a .22 slug in the head without further damage to the meat. We were some way from the car and I figured we should start back, besides, if I was late for supper, my wife would worry. I didn't want that, since she was just home from the hospital and I was going overseas the next week.

As I started to stand up, a shot rang out. "Damn, that was close," I thought to myself. I was startled because I could see Danny standing about one hundred yards from me where he had been for some time and he wasn't even holding his gun. I looked to either side and could see no one. I knew I heard that shot, but be damned if I could figure where it came from. Suddenly I noticed my right pants leg turning red midway between my knee and ankle. Then it dawned on me, I had been shot! I hadn't felt anything, and who shot me? The pistol; must have been the pistol; it must have gone off when I started to get up. What now? How bad is it? My God, we are a long way from the car. Could I bleed to death out here? My whole lower leg on my jeans were blood soaked. These, and I guess a thousand other things raced through my mind as I cried out, "Danny, I've been shot." He dropped his shotgun and ran down to me and I dropped my own gun and stood. My leg held me okay, still no pain, and I tightened the leather thong that secured the bottom of my holster to my leg. I guess I figured it would act as a tourniquet while we ran to the car, I don't know, but I do know I was scared and I kept tightening the thong as best I could as we ran.

When we got to the house of the people who owned the property, Danny told the lady of the house what had happened and she said she would drive me to the hospital. Danny went back for the shotguns and I got in her car. I guess I relaxed a bit now, there was still no pain and my faculties seemed to work, and I was still alert. I remembered before we even left her yard that my pistol was still loaded, so as she started to the hospital, I unloaded the pistol. As I had not fired it all day, I knew the one empty case was the culprit, and I inserted it into the first loop on the right hand side of my cartridge belt.

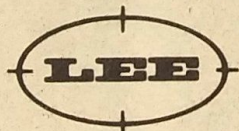
We arrived at the Altoona Hospital Emergency just at dusk, and I told someone to call my wife so they wouldn't worry when I didn't show for  
(Continued on Page 14)

### Cast-vs-Jackets (Cont. from Page 12)

establish reliable and realistic handgun hunting loads despite the myriad of information thrown out to the public in the various shooting journals. The big push for jacketed bullets does not seem to be valid to me either. Personal experience plus witnessing other handgunner's skills has continued to demonstrate suboptimal performance when compared to hard cast bullets. You can find your own best loads. Stick with the knowledgeable writers, use their suggested loads, but most important, experiment a little. It's fun and it works.

## BEST .44 MAG LOAD?

## THE BEST WAY TO PRIME SHELLS.



## AUTO-PRIME

Fastest, safest and most accurate priming tool made. Never touch the primers from the box to the shell. Automatically feeds and installs primers just as fast as you can place shells in the holder. Each primer is perfectly seated with the feel appreciated by precision reloaders. Built in primer flipper turns them right side up. Simply dump the primers into the tray, shake lightly, replace cover and you're ready to prime 100 shells. Low cost, easy to change shell holders.

LEE AUTO PRIME  
with both LARGE & SMALL PRIMER TRAYS

\$1.98

SHELL HOLDERS only \$1.98



Want more information on Lee Products? Send self-addressed No. 10 envelope with 20¢ postage affixed or your name & address and 25¢.

LEE PRECISION, INC. Hartford, Wisconsin 53027



supper. Little did I know what that was to start in the household of her Grandparents. We were staying with her grandparents since we had just come from Florida, and she and the kids were to join me overseas and weren't going to start housekeeping in the meantime in Pa. Whoever called told Grandpap that I shot myself in the foot (there was a large spot of blood on my boot in the area of my toes). Well, Grandpap didn't know I had the pistol along, but he did know I had a 12 ga. shotgun, and I suppose you can imagine what my toes would have looked like had I shot them with a 12 ga. Anyway, he didn't want to upset his granddaughter who had just presented him with his first great grandson. However, he didn't hide his concern very well, and before long, the whole household was in worse shape than I was. In the meantime, I'm in a wheelchair awaiting medical attention. The whole thing slowly starts sinking in, I still don't know how bad my leg is, and I start getting woozy. I told a passing nurse I needed a drink of water or I'd flake out, and boy, did I get attention then!

They split my pants leg, cleaned my leg up and determined that the projectile had entered the upper outside right calf and exited the lower outside calf. Clean wound, no bone involved, no real emergency. After medication and bandages were applied, I was told to report to the V.A. Hospital, as I was on active duty. By now, my family has arrived, ready to visit an amputee!

The same evening, I had a visit from the Pa. State Police and the Pa. Game Commission to get a report on what happened and to try to determine how the revolver fired. The pistol is a single action cheap import, bought in a Homestead, Florida pawn shop in 1962. Try as they may, they could not get that pistol to fire anyway except by cocking the hammer all the way back and pulling the trigger, exactly the way it was supposed to.

I was hospitalized the following day in the V.A. Hospital, and I informed them of my scheduled departure for

Okinawa. They said they would inform the Air Force, and three days later I was transferred by Air Force ambulance to Olmstead AFB Hospital, somewhere around Harrisburg. My first day there, I was visited by the OSI (Office of Special Investigation, military counterpart to the FBI) to determine if my accident was an accident or intentional. I didn't know before, but if I had been hospitalized for thirty days, I would automatically get a non-chargeable thirty day convalescent leave, and that would keep me home for Christmas. Well, I didn't know all that, and it sure as Hell wasn't intentional, so after several days, they put me on a bus and I came home, in time for Thanksgiving. The following day, I left for San Francisco and Okinawa by mid-December. Upon arrival in Okinawa, once again I was questioned about the incident. I guess they accepted my story.

Well, so much for the legal and military interest in the incident. That spent case I put in my cartridge belt the day I was shot has remained there since. To this day, I have left the top chamber of the cylinder empty. I carry a .38 special with me, with necessary permit, I hunt with a .357 Mag., and I load with five rounds, the top hole being empty. About five years ago, I was relating the incident of my being shot to a buddy's father, and I happened to have the same pistol strapped to my side. He asked to see the spent case, so I removed it from it's loop and handed it to him. The first thing he said was, "Are you sure this is the round that fired?" I told him yes, and he told me to inspect it closely. I did, and that spent case has no firing pin mark at all!

Now, this was never brought up before. I never noticed it and those who investigated it never asked to see the spent case. Did it just go off? If it did, leaving the top chamber empty wouldn't help, in fact, a round going off would bring disastrous results. So, where-in lies the moral of this story, I don't know. I continue to carry my top chamber empty and I will continue to do so, but if that round "just went off," well who can say — 15 years later?

## Thirty Years Of Handgun Hunting

Robert E. Helmer No. 260

I have hunted small game with one handgun or another here in central New York state for thirty years. In the beginning my handgun hunting was by choice, a challenging and difficult new method to be sure at that time in 1949. In recent years it has been a matter of necessity as a result of a shoulder injury which precludes my use of any shoulder weapon other than a .22 rifle, a severe blow to any died in the wool small game hunter.

I shot my first woodchuck at the age of fourteen, using my father's .22 Savage Model 23A. When I turned sixteen he made me a gift of a Remington Model 24, a nifty little .22 semi-auto which got me started as a woodchuck hunter in my own right. I managed to run up a passable score on 'chucks in those first years with that little Model 24.

In those same early years of long ago my father also owned a Colt Single Action Army in .32/20 with which he tried for an occasional woodchuck. This was something entirely new to me. Imagine, trying to kill woodchucks with a revolver! At that stage of my development as a small game hunter such a thing seemed incredibly difficult, next to impossible, but at the same time terribly intriguing. It didn't take me long to decide to try to get a pistol permit as soon as I was of age, good old Sullivan Law, and try my luck at this new kind of hunting.

In 1949 I eventually succeeded in cutting through the mountain of red tape and succeeded in getting my permit, my first purchase being Smith & Wesson K-22 revolver, a beautiful little target revolver with adjustable sights and six inch barrel. An awesome sight as I held it in my hand. Man, were those woodchucks going to catch hell now!

Being completely new to revolver shooting I couldn't wait to get started. With a one hand stance I immediately began blasting away at targets, cans, stones, anything I could find while trying to adjust the sights to hit what I was aiming at. For some reason the sights on that damn revolver just wouldn't stand still on a target, they danced all over the place! After adjusting the sights so I was hitting somewhere in the neighborhood of my mark, sometimes, I began looking for 'chucks. Needless to say, my first attempts at hunting 'chucks with the K-22 weren't exactly what you could call a roaring success. Being a stubborn little cuss I kept at it, occasionally even hitting one in the head and killing him.

That winter I decided the greater firepower of an auto like the Colt Woodsman was just what I needed so I traded the K-22 for a six inch Woodsman with target sights. For some strange reason that muzzle light Woodsman danced about even worse than the K-22 and I still wasn't having a hell of a lot of success. Then one day, after just missing a relatively close shot at a 'chuck with my one hand stance, I spotted another 'chuck sitting in his hole with just his head sticking out, watching me from quite a long distance.

The new mown meadow was completely devoid of cover so I knew there was no way I was going to get any closer. Pulling up the Woodsman, I found it impossible to keep the sights upon that tiny target. What to

do? Just for the hell of it, I dropped into a prone position, just as I would have with a rifle. Eureka! The sights were fairly steady! Touching one off with what appeared a good hold, I was rewarded with the plopping sound of a solid hit. Upon reaching the hole I was astounded to find my 'chuck stone dead, drilled neatly through the head, at an incredible distance of fifty-one paces yet! I couldn't believe it. Had I finally found the secret of success?

Now I began experimenting with both the prone and sitting positions, previously unheard of positions for pistol shooting. They were so much steadier than my earlier stand up position it was hard to believe. Now I began to get some 'chucks. Soon I was hitting, and even killing, more often than I was missing. Success at last!

The next winter I got to thinking it was time to move up to a center fire, then I'd really get some 'chucks. That's when I swapped the Woodsman for a used Smith & Wesson Military & Police .38 Special, a four inch barrel job with fixed sights. A .38 Special! Man, those woodchucks were sure going to catch hell now!

Stocking up with some 158 grain round nose lead ammo I began practicing. Surprisingly, the sharp muzzle blast and recoil had no great effect upon my ability to occasionally hit what I was shooting at. Surprising as I had never fired a center fire revolver before. Then I went hunting. Surely with this powerful weapon I would no longer have to confine myself to head shoots to ensure a kill. My first chance soon came, a twenty yard shot at a woodchuck sitting up broadside. Laying the front sight just below the tip of his shoulder, I touched one off. Reeling only slightly at the sound of the shot, the chuck dropped to his feet and disappeared into his hole. I couldn't believe it! I couldn't have missed a shot that easy! Upon reaching the hole, I found only a couple drops of blood but no 'chuck. Damn!

Later that same afternoon I crawled over the crest of a ridge to where I knew there was a hole. Topping the ridge, I found myself face to face with a huge 'chuck at a distance of about ten yards. He stood on all fours facing me at a slight angle on almost the same level. Laying that front sight just below his eye, I touched another one off. Never staggering, the blood oozing from a bullet hole just below his eye, the 'chuck turned and ambled into his hole before I could get off a second round! What the hell was going on? Even if I hit them solid with the damn .38 I couldn't kill them!

Thoroughly disillusioned now, I turned more and more to rifle hunting, averaging fifty to sixty 'chucks a summer with a scope sighted .257 Remington. Only occasionally in the spring, when it was easier to sneak up on the 'chucks, and when I didn't want to kill too many anyway as it was the breeding season, did I take the .38 out. I managed to get a few, but I was still losing too many 'chucks. When I went to buy more ammo, the dealer happened to be all out of 158 grain loads. For some fool reason I ended up buying a box of ugly looking 148 grain wadcutter which I had never even heard of before. I couldn't even imagine how I was going to hit any-

(Continued on Page 15)



## HUNTERS

Do you want to play games or kill game?

Convert your XP-100 popgun to standard Varmint, Medium and Big Game Calibers. Any reasonable caliber, including the easily formed, but Very Powerful .338 CJMK, .375 CJRS and .458X2. Any legal barrel length. AR-15 Ext. standard on all guns. Modified Remington, wood or fiberglass stock. Peep, open or scope sights. For information on these and other Handgun Specialties by Phil Crowley, call or write: Phil Crowley, 910 Cadiz Road, Wintersville, OH 43952. Telephone: 614-264-7033.

thing with those blunt and ugly damn things.

The next time I went out, I took that .38 and those fool wad-cutters. Before long I spotted a huge old 'chuck dozing in the sun, stretched out full length on the roots of a big maple tree facing squarely in my direction some thirty-five yards across a small hollow. Dropping into a prone, I laid that front sight right on the tip of his nose and touched her off. Other than lowering his head just a trifle, the damn 'chuck never moved! Couldn't I even come close enough with those damn wad-cutters to scare him in the hole?

Disgusted with myself, I got slowly to my feet without a second shot. The damn 'chuck still hadn't moved! Could I have possibly hit him after all? While I made my way across the hollow the damn 'chuck still didn't move. Upon reaching him, I found him stone dead, his front teeth shattered where the wad-cutter had hit him squarely in the mouth. Upon dressing him I found the bullet resting just under the skin between his shoulders where it had stopped after severing the spine.

Later that same afternoon I had another chance at a 'chuck, a broad-side shot at about twenty-five yards. He dropped instantly at my shot, his tail in the air as stiff as a stake. Examination showed I had hit him just below and behind the eye, the wad-cutter exiting just behind the eye on the opposite side, leaving an exit hole as clean and round as the entry hole. Just like a cleanly punched hole in a paper target. What the hell was this? Those 158 grain round noses never left a wound like that. Was I onto something? Years later I would be reading in the American Rifleman and other magazines about the superior killing power of the wad-cutter over the regular round nose 158 grain bullet.

That winter I swapped the Military & Police for a new Colt Single Action Army with five and a half inch barrel, again in .38 Special. I also began fooling around with various two hand grips. That was the turning point in my career as a handgun hunter. With that Colt, since semi-retired to a place of honor in the gun cabinet, and using the 148 grain wad-cutter exclusively, I have taken just over two hundred wood-chucks, hunting with it only in early spring. I remember number two hundred just as though it was yesterday. He was feeding in a large meadow running up a gently sloping side hill, nearly one hundred and fifty yards away when I spotted him. The alfalfa was about ten inches high and there was no other cover. Using just my toes and elbows, with my body pressed flat to the ground, I spent the better part of a half hour sneaking up on him, moving only when he was feeding, freezing when he looked up. Once again the trusty old Colt, with its' customary 148 grain wad-cutter did the job, a clean kill at about thirty yards.

Other than an occasional outing with my 'scope sighted Ruger 10/22 Carbine for 'chucks or grey squirrels, I now do all my small game hunting with one handgun or another. There was a time when I suppose I felt handicapped, but that is now past. I am sure my handgun hunting has made me a better hunter, has vastly improved my stalking ability, and shot for shot, has given me far more satisfaction and thrills than I ever knew as a rifle or shotgun hunter. I do miss the partridge

hunting, but I can live without it.

Then about five years ago I had my little accident. I fell, catching myself full weight upon my stiffened right arm. The pain was unbelievable as I caught myself. It eased in a few days however and I didn't think too much about it. A couple of weeks later I found I was having trouble raising my arm. Two weeks more and I couldn't get it above shoulder height, hell I couldn't even reach around to my back pocket. The doctor told me I had badly torn all the ligaments and tendons, and badly damaged the rotor cuff. He suggested immediate surgery. Being my usual stubborn self, I refused, choosing therapy instead. When I asked about the recoil from a high power rifle or shotgun, the doctor said no way! Not unless you want a permanently locked and stiff shoulder! What a hell of a way to end a hunting career!

A year later I had regained about ninety percent normal mobility in my arm, but it and the shoulder were extremely weak. Anxiously I asked the doctor about shooting. He said nothing heavier than a .22 rifle if I wanted to keep using that arm. I asked about a handgun and the recoil absorbing potential of the arms. Try it he said, but if there is any pain, knock it off at once. I took the Colt out the very next day. With some apprehension I touched off a shot at a target. No pain! I tried a second shot. It hurt like hell!

I questioned the doctor about exercises to strengthen the arm and shoulder. With his okay, I began a very gradually increasing program of working out with weights, pushups, etc. After several weeks I thought I could see a definite improvement. I went out with the Colt again. Five shots this time before I felt any pain at all, and that only a slight twinge! Hot damn! I could hunt again! I got three 'chucks that summer.

That same winter I purchased a four inch Colt Trooper in .357 Magnum, a fairly hefty number, but as it turned out, too light for me, I couldn't stand the recoil. Even two hand shooting resulted in severe pain. Stubborn again, I swapped the Trooper for a Smith & Wesson Model 27 with eight and three eighths barrel and weighing some six ounces more, hopefully enough to reduce barrel jump and recoil to tolerable levels. It shot just like a rifle, the most accurate revolver I ever fired, and I could fire off a full cylinder without any pain! That was more like it!

Using 110 or 125 grain jacketed hollow points that Model 27 is pure poison on 'chucks. Shooting two handed, sitting or prone, or braced against a convenient tree or fence post, I've nailed several 'chucks at ranges out to sixty to sixty-five yards with the factory iron sights. I could probably nearly double that range with a good 'scope, but somehow I hate to spoil the clean lines of a good revolver with such an ugly addition. It's hard to teach an old dog new tricks I guess.

This last summer I talked myself into buying a new Colt Mark IV in .45 ACP, a gun that I have read about for years as one of heavy recoil and a difficult one to master. Even with my bum wing I haven't found it all that bad. It seems to be quite accurate too. shot cloverleaf two handed at twenty yards with standard 230 grain hardball. Mine won't feed hollow points such as the CCI 200 grain Inspector, but it will shoot them very accurately single shot and should be deadly on 'chucks.'

## Unk, The Ar-Tillery And The Kid

By J. D. Jones



1918. Darkness. Soft rain. Mud. Water filled shell holes large enough to swallow a man without a trace. A man stands alone. Suddenly, temporarily blinded by a flash and roar that left him without companions. Starbursts from the flash dancing in front of his eyes disorienting and confusing him. Stand still, Enemy trenches ahead. Wait for vision to return. Hope the mine explosion isn't followed by grazing fire of the entrenched Maxims. Thoughts racing through the mind interrupted simultaneously by pain in the small of the back and breathing suddenly cut off by the crook of an elbow. Bending backwards; the point of pain in the back a falcrum as lips brush the right ear, a voice whispers "Quiet."

An upward stab with the shortened bayonet held in his right hand produces immediate release and a scream. Scuffling, rolling in the darkness the left hand grabs a solid object in the mud. Escape. Run, Fall; gasp for breath. Wait; wait for the prearranged signal flares to show the way to friendly lines.

A long night ends in exhausted sleep in a wet dreary bunker. Awakening, the doughboy finds the mud encrusted object in his hand is an Artillery Model Luger complete with 32 round snail drum type magazine. The chamber is loaded and the magazine filled to capacity with small truncated cone bullet ammunition.

During the course of the day the prize souvenir is cleaned of mud and test fired. It functioned perfectly, 9MM ammo is hard to find so about half of the ammunition is saved. As the Luger is inconvenient to carry with the drum magazine it is swapped for a stick magazine a few days later.

Carried throughout the duration of hostilities and for many years thereafter; to my knowledge it was never fired in anger.

Cleaned, lightly oiled and fully loaded it was kept in a bureau drawer as a home defense weapon. Fired only infrequently, ammunition was changed every year or so.

The man that owned the Luger was an avid hunter and fisherman. He started teaching his nephew to shoot when he was about four years old. On Sunday afternoons a target was tacked to a tree in the front yard. The youngster was seated on the ground behind the chair. A pillow was placed on the chair to serve as a rest for the Model 06 Savage pump .22. The

shooting was always under a careful eye and precise instructions. Afterwards, the rifle was broken down, cleaned thoroughly and stored in the fitted wood case he had made for it. When I was six years old he told me the rifle was mine.

About the time he gave me the rifle he showed me the Luger. Told me of its accuracy and penetration. Told me how the long barrel gave it more power than the short barrel Lugers.

A year later he gave me a .410 bolt action shotgun and started supplying his Outdoor Life, Sports Afield and Fur, Fish & Games magazines after he had read them.

Occasionally the Luger came out of the bureau drawer so I could look at it and handle it.

Two years later Uncle Herman arrived with a well worn Model 98 Winchester 16 ga. pumpgun. He explained that another nephew was old enough for the .410 and I was big enough to handle the 16 ga.

My interest in the Luger was always high. It led to interest in all other handguns. It, and the Stoeger catalog showed me the way to repair a broken Ortgies .32 auto that a friend of Dads had given me because it wouldn't shoot. Pennies, were saved, three to five rounds were bought at a time and the Ortgies was sneaked out and fired. The Ortgies .32 killed my first groundhog taken with a pistol. I didn't fool anyone very long either.

On birthday number 12; after much begging, my mother gave her permission, my grandmother supplied the money and Uncle Herman took me to the hardware store where he bought and I became the owner of a High Standard Sport King. With the stern warning that "You had damn well better not shoot yourself or get into trouble with it."

At six inches, the barrel of the .22 wasn't as long as the eight inch Luger barrel but it was as close a look-a-like to the Luger as I could find.

While I marveled at the intricacies of the .22, a carton of 500 .22 Long Rifle Super-X's dropped on the counter along with "You can't learn to use it without ammunition."

At the end of the following day the .22s were all gone. I couldn't hear anything but I could hit a tin can pretty regularly if it wasn't too far away. And I didn't shoot myself — or get into trouble.

Four years later Unk let me borrow

(Continued on Page 16)

**Unk — (Continued From Page 15)**

the Luger. Several days were spent on a tractor earning the money for shells. The ammo didn't last any longer than the money. But did that Luger have penetration. And was it loud. And accurate.

A lot of handguns, rifles and shot-guns came and went. Some that went should have stayed. Dad's old 97 Winchester 12 ga. was swapped shortly after the advent of the 2 3/4 inch Baby Magnums when it developed a curious bulge just ahead of the chamber. A .45 caliber cap and ball rifle complete with set triggers, bullet mould, and powder horn given to me by another Uncle was traded for something I can't even remember now.

Unk had more sense than I did. He waited until I was twenty-five before giving me the Luger. The story of how he obtained it came along with the gun. Until that time it had been a souvenir of World War I he had picked up in France.

He didn't know if the safety was on or off when he picked it up. He did know that a Luger won't fire if the muzzle is pressed against something hard enough to drive it out of battery. He said he didn't know that until quite some time later. Unk said he figured the machine guns didn't open up when the mine exploded because the gunners knew some of their own men were out there.

Bearing an ERFURT 1914 date the Luger had been rusted and corrosive primers had taken their toll of the bore before Unk got it. It had obviously seen use and neglect in the rigors of trench warfare. The condition of the bore is such that jacketed ammunition is still accurate but no amount of cleaning will ever restore much luster to it. About half of the grooves are dark and rough. The lands are dark and show signs of having been rusted lightly. Cast bullets lead the barrel very badly even with squibb loads.

With the exception of the magazine all numbers are matching. The magazine is not numbered. The exterior is fair. The grips still show sharp checkering and are tight. Most of the surface of the pistol is slightly rough to the touch and blueing has suffered accordingly. The sometimes bright "straw" coloration found on some Luger's trigger, side plate and ejector has all but disappeared on this one. The action and internal parts are in perfect condition.

According to several sources; Artillery Model Lugers were designed for Cavalry but were issued to machine gun and artillery crews. The issue wood and leather holster also served as a shoulder stock. The stock attaches to a lug at the bottom rear of the backstrap.

Properly sighted in with good ammo and a rest it would make a fairly effective weapon at 200 yards. The 32 round magazines were considered reliable but bulky and almost impossible to carry and shoot with unless the shoulder stock was attached. The magazine could also be used in some models of the Bergmann machine pistols.

Shooting the Artillery is a revelation. Good grip, lousy trigger, even worse sight profile. The rear sight blade is "V" notched with its opposite inverted "V" sticking up above the muzzle. Sights are extremely hard to line up in any kind of light. The rear sight has two adjustments. One is from zero to 800 meters and is adjusted by merely squeezing a protruding portion of the sight and pushing it to the desired range indicator. Spring-loaded; it locks into one of a series of notches when released. The rear sight blade itself is a separate part and is adjustable by turning a screw for fine elevation adjustment. The screw head has two opposed holes in it and requires a special tool to adjust.

As the rear sight has no windage adjustment the same screw type adjustment is provided in the front sight base for windage. It works but its strictly German Mickey Mouse gadgetry. The designers apparently had the foresight to realize that all ammo would not shoot to the same point of impact and proper sight alignment is only a sometime thing in production reality. At which point they lost their minds and designed an extremely well made sight that required a tool for adjustment that would be lost or thrown away.

The trigger is typical Luger. Instead of having a crisp let off; it reminds me of pushing a finger into an over-ripe pear. Somewhere along the way it will fire and assuming the ammo is accurate will send a bullet wherever the long thin barrel is pointed.

Balance of the 8 inch barrel model is only slightly farther forward than that of the more commonly found 4 inch models. All of the weight seems to be in the grip. The long barrel waves around badly. Combine the lightness of the muzzle with the long spongy trigger and accurate shooting becomes a real chore even with a two hand hold. Only seldom can I get a five shot group without calling a wild shot.

Although the Luger is inherently accurate it does not come into its own until a rest is used. Six point eight grains of Herco behind the 105 grain Super Vel hollow point bullet has been my favorite long barrel load for several years. It's extremely accurate and the long barrel puts it into the .38 Super class. Starting fresh with the Luger at

25 yards using a forearm rest I can usually hold about 2-2 1/2 inches for five shots. Thirty to fifty shots familiarization will shrink the groups to about one inch excluding the occasional flyer that is my fault.

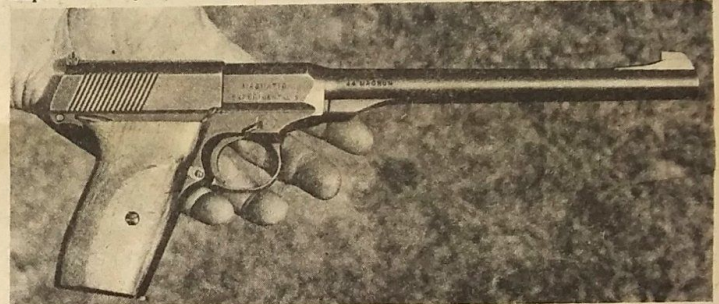
Functioning with the above load is perfect. The same can not be said with many types of ammunition. Remington and W-W factory loads are accurate but aren't heavy enough to give 100% reliability. A recent batch of military surplus round nose full metal jacketed ammo had plenty of power but wouldn't feed. It was also terribly inaccurate. S & W Fiocchi 115 gr. hollow points and all Super Vel ammo feeds and functions perfectly. These latter loads in hollow point configuration provide good 9MM stopping power with over the counter loads. The new W-W Silver Tip loads look good but I haven't had a chance to try them out yet.

Although the Luger spends most of its time in the gun cabinet and is usually reserved for ammunition testing I can't resist taking it out once in a while for a session of long range plinking. That tangent rear sight is handy to adjust for long range. 3-400 yard targets where you can spot your strikes in the dust tell a quick tale of the accuracy of any 9MM load. The forementioned surplus ammo wouldn't stay inside 6" at 25 yards or 50 feet at 400 yards. On the same day under the same conditions the handload of 6.8 grains of Herco and the 105 grain Super Vel stayed at about 4 feet for

nine shots. I hope the 10th shot hit the hill; I called it bad and didn't see it hit.

The mechanism of the Luger is inherently accurate. The action is of toggle-joint construction and the barrel is firmly screwed into the "frame" that contains and is a part of the recoiling mechanism. When fired, the entire assembly moves rearward about 1/2 inch. Gas pressure drops during this rearward movement. The center part of the toggle strikes a sloping part of the frame, buckeling the toggle. The breech block continues rearward in a straight line. The empty case is ejected, the striker is cocked, everything starts moving forward to firing position. A fresh round is picked up from the magazine and deposited in the chamber as everything returns to battery, completing the cycle. Finely designed and somewhat complicated; the Luger is usually restricted to very limited ammunition variations or it will not function properly. Reduced loads must usually be cycled manually. Recoil of the 9 MM is practically nil although it barks loudly and ear protection is a must.

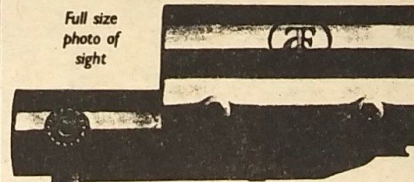
All things considered its a classic piece of ordnance. My boy has some interest in shooting and the Luger seems to fascinate him at times. He asks to shoot it occasionally and I let him. Not too much; just enough to tease him. Maybe when he reads this he'll understand why I'm not as free with the Artillery as I am with the rest of the toys in the playpen.



What is it?

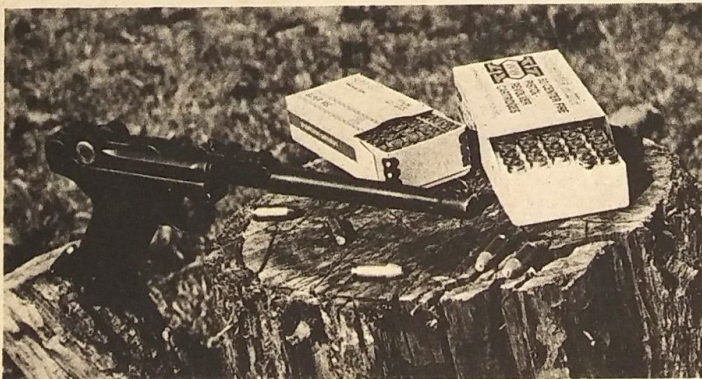
**THOMPSON/CENTER ARMS**  
**Insta-SIGHT**  
**THE SMALLEST OPTICAL HANDGUN SIGHT AVAILABLE!**  
 Just 2 3/4" lg.; One power; 0" to 36" Eye relief; fits most holsters with only slight alteration; just 5 oz. We stock all standard bases plus specials for any firearm. Dealer discounts available.

Full size photo of sight





Ask your dealer or send for Free Brochure: Send stamp to  
**PRECISION REFLEX, INC.**  
 201 N. Main St.  
 New Bremen, Ohio 45869  
 (419) 629-2603



Artillery Luger "bought" with a Trench knife in World War I. Still a good shooter, even though the barrel is a little rough.



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

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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

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