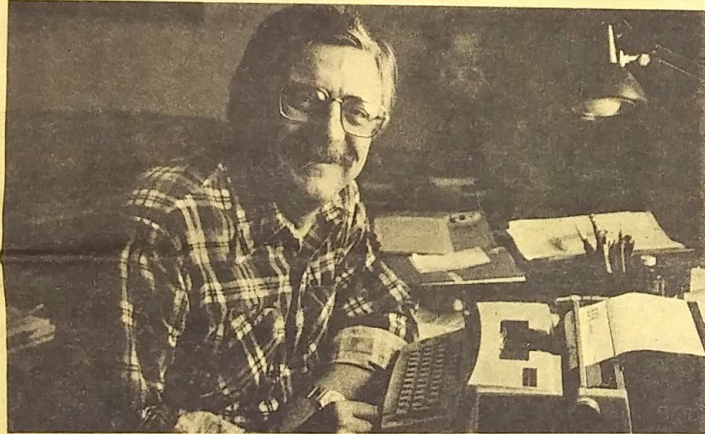




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

The SHOT Show is the largest display of the wares of sporting goods manufacturers of shooting, hunting, and other outdoor sports in the world.

It was held in Dallas this January and the show and immediately following HHI Texas hunt are responsible for the delay of the Sixgunner.

The HHI hunt was 100% successful. Everyone got all of their game and the hunting at both the Y-O and Rocky Top ranches was superb. We'll carry a full report next issue.

It is almost traditional that new equipment announcements by the manufacturers are made at the SHOT Show. This is a trade show for dealers and new equipment gets its first public viewing here. I'll try to cover most of the new things briefly. I certainly won't guarantee that I didn't miss a lot. It's simply impossible to cover the show in three days.

Burris showed new 7 and 10 power intermediate eye relief pistol scopes. Both have parallax adjustments and should be of use in testing, varminting or long range deer and antelope hunting on light to moderate recoiling guns. The scopes are long and look as if the base should be long to give additional support to the tube.

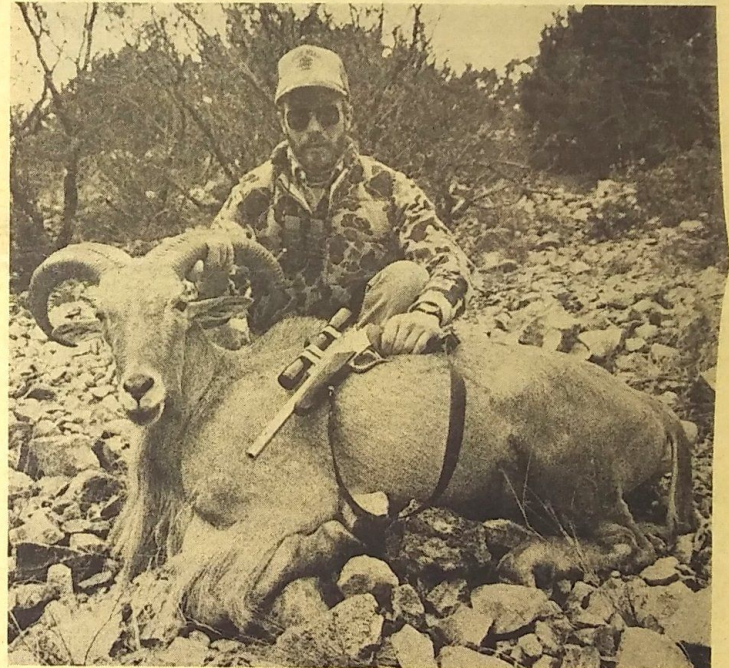
North American Arms (P. O. Box

280, Spanish Fork, UT 84660) claim the title of "World's Most Powerful Production Handgun" (Sounds familiar, doesn't it?) with the 450 Winchester Magnum Express which is a 45 Win. Mag lengthened one tenth of an inch. The sample revolvers on display looked good except for very poor front sights. Ballistics are not given, but I would guess are identical to the 454 Casull (.45 Colt case lengthened one tenth inch). Swiggett had a 454 at the Y-O and I took a ram with a factory load with it.

Clayco Sports Ltd. (425 West Crawford, Clay Center, KS 67432) is importing a line of rifles, shotguns and handguns produced by China North Industries Corp. of China. Revolvers, Autos — including the Tokarev — and a single shot free pistol are available. Quality seemed to range from incredibly crude in some products to quite good in others. In any event it's the first opportunity to get a look at what is being produced on mainland China.

The Frontier Four and Lone Star are derringers by H.J.S. Industries, Inc., (P. O. Box 4351, Brownsville, TX 78520). The 4 is a four barreled .22 and the Lone Star is a single shot .38 S & W.

(Continued On Page 2)



Any sheep on Rocky Top can be rough; Aoudad are just more difficult than most.

ROCKY TOP Aoudad

Mark Hampton, Summersville, MO

I've enjoyed hunting exotics, what little I've done, for a couple of reasons. The first and foremost reason is simply that exotic hunting enables me to go on a hunting trip when all the other big game seasons are closed. Secondly, it's a great way for my wife and I to spend our vacation, especially since she enjoys the outdoors. She usually serves as my camera bearer, a task not nearly as dreaded as washing dishes, doing laundry, etc. Also, exotic hunting offers the sportsman a chance to hunt unusual trophies without traveling halfway around the world. Since Christmas vacation was just around the corner I wanted to utilize it for a hunting trip. I phoned J.D. one evening and explained to him what I wanted so he gave me

Thompson Temple's number and told me he had what I was looking for. The objective of this hunt was to take a good Aoudad Sheep and to hunt the animal in an environment as close to what the sheep originated in as possible, the Atlas Mountains of Northern Africa.

Thompson Temple owns and operates Texotic Wildlife, Inc., P. O. Box 181, Mountain Home, TX 78058. He also owns and leases thirteen different ranches on which he conducts hunting for twenty-six species of native and exotic game. After talking with this gentleman on the phone, the Aoudad hunt was booked for December 27th on a ranch called Rocky Top.



HHI No. 8, Hal Swiggett, superb hunter, shot, gunwriter and editor hard at work at the SHOT show. It's downright dirty work, but somebody has to do it.

Advanced .45 Technology (1031 Elder St. Oxnard, CA 93030) has a firing simulator for the 1911. It runs on compressed air or CO2 and functions the gun in a manner very similar to firing live ammo. Price of the unit without power source is a very reasonable \$120. This is definitely one of the best training aids I've seen.

The Surefire is a single focal plane sight for handguns and rifles that provides unrestricted field of view with unrestricted eye relief. There is no magnification or distortion. In use a dot or cross hair appears to be superimposed on the target. It's clear and the reticule is clean and sharp. The unit is about five inches long by 3/4 inch in height closed. Gastin International Corp., 310 W. Washington St., Suite 212, Marina Del Rea, CA 90291.

So help me — I heard a rep of Magnum Research tell a dealer the Eagle 357 auto would be available in quantity in June. After questioning by the dealer the rep verified he meant June, 1984. The dealer made it obvious he didn't believe it?? This is a big, heavy, somewhat rough looking 357 Mag auto. Magnum Research, Inc., 2825 Anthony Lane South, Minneapolis, MN 55418.

Up to this point I've never said anything about the United Sporting Arms Seville revolver because it seemed it was pure chance that the company was in business on any particular day. It's now owned by Jeff Munnell and associate investors. Harry Moore is now the sales VP. I have confidence in these men and feel the company now will be reliable. New for 84 will be the .454 Magnum and 375 USA Super Mag. The 375 is a short 375 Winchester or 30-30 similar to the 375 Bear Ranger I've been chambering in the T/Cs for several years. It should make an interesting revolver cartridge. Quality of the Seville revolver has usually been exceptional. USA 2021 E.

14th St., Tucson, AZ 85719.

U.S. Repeating Arms Co. (Winchester) has added .44 Magnum, 45 Colt, 444 Marlin and the new 7 X 30 Waters (7 X 30-30) to the caliber line up of the M-94. A Commemorative set of limited production (4,440 units) of the M-94 and Colt Peacemaker bearing the same serial number will be offered. U.S.R.A., 275 Winchester Ave., New Haven, CT 06511. (One buck for postage)

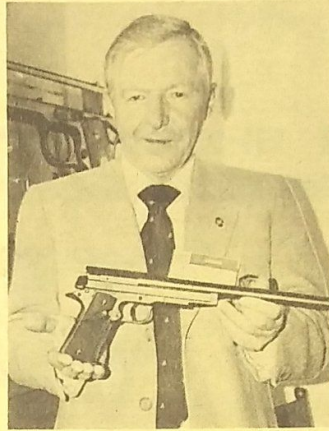
Sierra has a new Silhouette bullet in 240 grain weight along with a wide array of new rifle bullets. Sierra, 10532 Painter Ave., Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670.

Speer has a new 220 crain 358 flat point designed for the 356 Winchester rifle that will probably do well in the 358 JDJ for hunting and in slower cartridges for a Ram load. Speer, Box 856, Lewiston, ID 83501.

Pacific says production of the new progressive loader has begun and shipments are underway. Pacific, Box 1848, Grand Island, NE 68801.

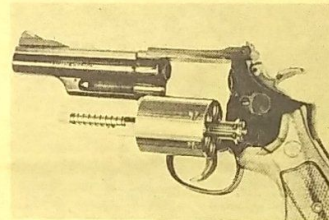
Charter arms (430 Sniffins Lane, Stratford, CT 06497) celebrates their twentieth year in business in 1984. Throughout this period of time under the leadership of Dave Ecker; Charter has continuously improved on their products and added models to the line. Dave assured me Charter will have six shot 32 Magnums in a few weeks. In addition Charter has as new series of auto pistols. They look as if they are made right. The first available will be the double action, adjustable sighted .380 with the 22 and 32 to follow by mid year. The 22 will break up a \$300 bill handily and the clerk may just ask for some change for sales tax. The Competition II Target will be available late in the year at over \$500. The Tracker 357 is available in a 2.5" barrel now as is the 44 Bulldog. Actually there are six or eight new model revolvers and four autos so why not

just write Charter for their catalog cause I'm trying to keep this short.



Warren Shoemaker displays the Pachmayr 1911-bolt action conversion.

Pachmayr has a new National Match trigger for 1911 autos for \$32.50. Grips for the D W large frame revolvers are supposed to be out although I haven't been able to find any as yet. A conversion unit to convert the 1911 to a single shot bolt gun was shown and it looked very good. It is a very simple and fast conversion to make. The sample was chambered in .308. It won't be in production until next fall or winter and the estimated retail price without sights is \$150. Pachmayr, P. O. Box 15053, Los Angeles, CA 90015.



Phillips and Bailey showed their 357/9 Ultra which is a conversion of the S & W M 13, 19, 65, and 66 to fire interchangeably about 15 different cartridges without adjustment or modification. The conversion consists of a new cylinder with an extractor that positions cartridges for proper headspace and extracts them reliably. I don't know of any .357 or 9MM cartridge that it won't handle. It'll cost you \$279 to have your gun converted. Other calibers will be added soon. Workmanship looked very good. P & B, P. O. Box 219253, Houston, TX 77218.

Certainly not new, but worth mentioning is Rust Gordin; a product to prevent rust or corrosion on all metal surfaces. A 10 oz. spray can retails for \$3.95 and it works. It's also easily removed, not sticky, and won't harm any wood or metal finish. Add two bucks postage. P. O. Box 1269, Sequim, WA 98382.

The Double Deuce is a new 5.5" long 22 LR semi-auto DA pistol made in Pittsburg. Steel City Arms is the manufacturer. The gun looked decent. Retail: \$289.95. POB 3154, Pittsburg, PA 15230. Sights are almost nonexistent. This is simply a pocket defense pistol.

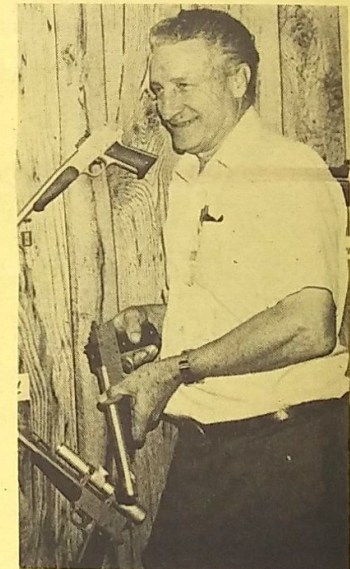
United States Ammunition Company, Inc., 1476 Thorne Road, Tacoma Washington, 98421 manufactures plastic cased ammunition in 38 Special caliber. They also market an inexpensive hand loading tool. Unfortunately, this appears to be one of those "Gotcha" deals as it appears you must buy the bullets from USAC as

conventional bullets apparently won't work. It appears to be an excellent idea that someone has really put in a lot of time and effort with. It's a pity the rep at their booth didn't know anything about the product. Their brochure lists all bullet weight as "grams". I assume they mean grains.



The LAR Grizzly 45 Magnum auto pistol is an adaptation of the 1911 Colt.

L.A.R. Manufacturing, 4133 West Farm Rd., West Jordan Ut. 84084 showed their .45 Win. Mag Grizzly adaptation of the 1911 Colt. This gun looked good and puts some power in your hand. It's not to big to use either. Show samples, with a few notable exceptions are usually well made. These show guns were no exception. If production guns are as good, gunsmithing probably won't be needed prior to using them in the field. Caliber conversions to 9 MM Win. Mag and others will be available. Retail is \$750. This includes the good adjustable sights.

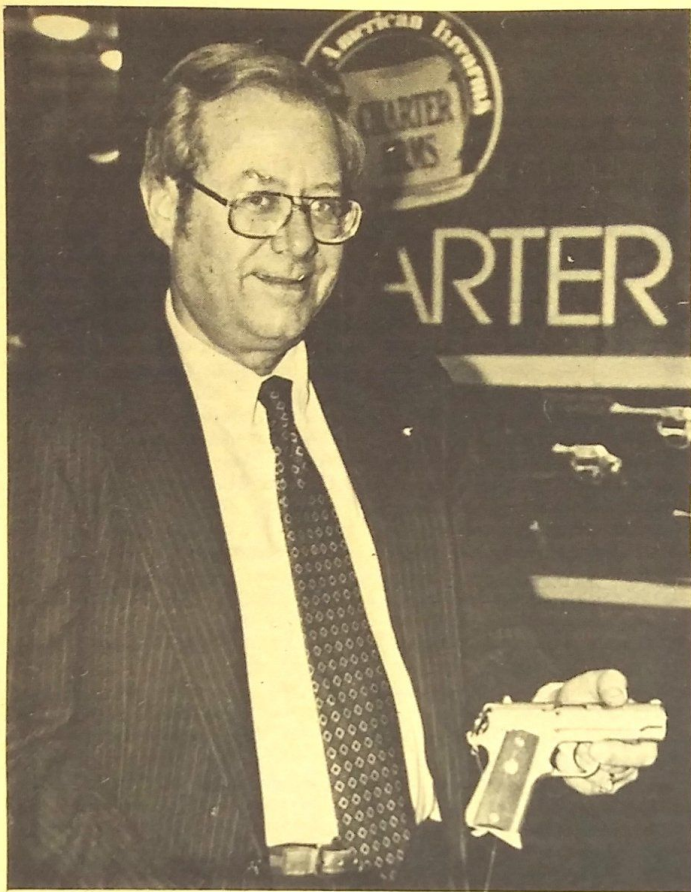


Elgin Gates discusses some of the features of the Wichita Silhouette pistol.

The Wichita International Pistol was on display in the Wichita booth. Its a single shot that is essentially a highly improved Merrill (out of business — good luck) designed by Bert Stringfellow. First calibers will be the 7 Int. R. and 357 Maximum. For information and purchasing — The Silhouette, Box 1509, Idaho Falls, ID 83401.

PMC's 1984 catalog should be on the wall of your gun room. It's a 21 X 34 chart of 11 American big game animals filled with facts about the animals with drawings showing the vital organs of the animals. This one is worthwhile and free. Patton & Morgan, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Dept. S, L. A., CA 90036.

The Hogue Monogrip isn't new, but since this was the first time I had the opportunity to meet Jim Hogue (and I make the rules for this column) covering the monogrip qualifies for inclusion. I have several of them and like



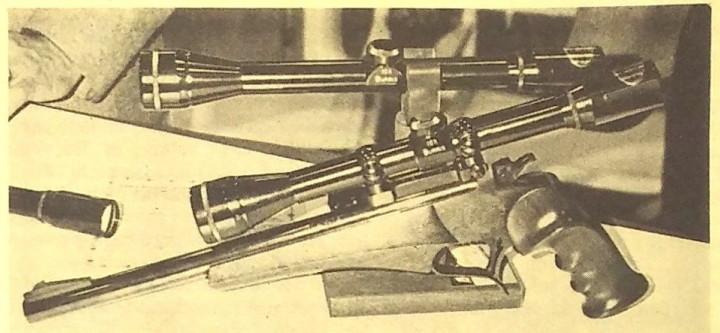
Dave Ecker, Charter President displays their new double action 380-32-22 auto pistol.



H & R and Federal teamed up to give you this combination!



Two on one! Skeeter Skelton is obviously confusing Bill Jordan with an outright lie with Jimmy Clark ready to back him up all the way! Its all in good fun, but none of these guys has told the truth to any of the others in thirty years.



Burris 10x features parallax adjustment. Note overhang past mount rings.

other grips, they will do a good job for most people. The method of attachment is certainly unique as is the grip itself. His brochure explains it all. P. O. Box 2038, Atascadero, CA 93423.

Mike Bussard, one of the "Good Guys" of the firearms industry has moved from Sierra to Fiocchi of America (P. O. Box 7067, Jewell Station, Springfield, MO 65801) as their fearless USA leader. Fiocchi is a well respected name in the ammunition business worldwide and with Mike's knowledge of the industry you'll be hearing a lot about Fiocchi in the future.



Andy Molchan displays the commemorative S & W distributed exclusively by NAFLFD.

The National Association of Federally Licensed Firearms Dealers in 1983 reached their tenth year in business. At that time they announced a S & W 559 engraved custom commemorative gun and plans to release another in about eighteen months — and each eighteen months, thereafter. The initial edition consists of 250 guns — all individually engraved and no two exactly alike. \$50 of the purchase price will go to a legal defense fund for the entire industry. Total price is \$950. These are sure to increase in value. If you are seriously interested drop a line to Andy Molchan, AFI, 2801 East Oakland Park Blvd., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33306.

H & R (Industrial Rowe, Gardner, MA 01440) and Federal jointly announce the .32 H & R Magnum revolver cartridge and five shot revolvers to use it in. The new cartridge will be offered in the tried and true basic H & R guns. The 686 is a Western Style, the 904 a swing out cylinder with adjustable sights, and the 632 solid frame. Various barrel lengths will be available. Powerwise this new cartridge should be roughly equal to the 38 Special in various full power loads. Case length is 1.075". It propels a 95 grain bullet at 1030 FPS and develops 225 Ft./lbs. energy. I assume handloading will be able to improve that a bit. Ted Rowe, H & R President confirms the huge sales of 32 caliber

revolvers and interest in the new Magnum cartridge. This might well be a very popular, inexpensive, reloadable small game and plinking gun. I'm sorta anxious to try one out.

45 FREAKS: If you don't have Bill Wilson's catalog you ain't got nuttin! Send a buck to Wilson's, Rt. 3, Box 211-D, Berryville, Ark. 72616.



The AMT Ruger copy in bull, standard, and a long barrel assembly.

AMT has copied the Ruger 22 semi-auto pistols in stainless. The parts are said to be interchangeable. Workmanship looked excellent and a variety of models are available including a 12.5 inch tube. Externally small changes are apparent. It's called the Lightning. Price with Pachmayr grips is under Rugers.

If you don't know anything about the Glaser Safety Slug you should. Primarily intended as anti-personnel ammunition ten years or so ago Hal Swiggett put me on its trail and between the two of us it got a good workout on various small and medium game. On chest shots its the deadliest ammunition you can buy. The 44 Mag. round weighs 130 grains and does 1850 from a six inch. The bullet consists of a conventional serrated jacket filled with No. 12 chilled shot capped with a frangible tip. It usually disintegrates within one inch in flesh. The 90 grain 9MM at 1700 is really mean. Write Kurt Cannon, P.O. Box 8223, Foster City, CA 94404 for the straight skinny on all calibers.

Winchester announced the Super-Max, another hyper-velocity 22. This one has a 34 grain HP bullet moving at 1500 FPS. Also new is a 43 grain 22 Silhouette bullet. Both should be available to dealers in March.

Lyman has a lot of new products ranging from new, heavy bullet molds to a really good screwdriver set to a much larger capacity turbo tumbler. Too many to cover. Get the catalog. (Route 147, Middlefield, CT 06455) P.S. you've got to have their new loading handbook.

Hornady has a new brochure listing their five new handgun bullets in 32, 9MM, 38 and 44 caliber. (P. O. Box 1848, Grand Island, NE 68802.)

Rocky Top (Continued From Page 1)

My wife and I made the trip a little faster than anticipated arriving in Ingram early Monday afternoon. We walked in the office and introduced ourselves when one of the guides asked if I was hunting Rocky Top Aoudad with a handgun. After replying yes, I detected a snicker in the crowd leaving a doubtful smirk on their faces. Earl Lambert, Textotics main guide, interrupted this muffled guffaw by telling me we could hunt another ranch this afternoon before heading to Rocky Top, some eighty miles away, tomorrow.

We spent an enjoyable afternoon at Roaring Rock Ranch observing several nice Corsican and Stumberg Rams, along with a few Blackbuck Antelope, Axis, Fallow, and Sika Deer, but the Aoudad proved to be elusive with us seeing only one immature ram.

Before daylight the next morning, we met at the office to discuss the days game plan. Dr. Leonard Farlow, accomplished North American big game hunter, flew in from North Carolina to hunt Red Sheep, also found on Rocky Top. Over a cup of coffee, we decided that Doc and I could hunt together since we were both hunting different animals and wouldn't be in each other's way or indirectly in competition with one another. Shortly after daylight we arrived at Rocky Top and I began to realize why the guides were snickering at the thought of me hunting with a handgun for Aoudad up here. Calling Rocky Top typical Texas hill country is definitely doing injustice to the ranch. It's much more mountainous with steep rocky canyons choked full of Cedar, Chinoak, and Prickly Pear. Due to the lack of visibility in most canyons, spotting an animal could be difficult, but getting close enough for a handgun shot . . . well, let's just say it could be interesting.

As we started the steep climb to the top of the mountain, Earl spotted a herd of Aoudad. He stopped the jeep and scrutinized the rams carefully with his binoculars, but nothing big enough to warrant a stalk. Continuing our climb to the top, I didn't know if we were going to make it without tipping over backwards. Finally reaching our destination, I looked over the terrain real well, which inspired me to ask Earl a question. "How many Aoudad have been taken up here with a handgun?" His reply . . . "None." I could understand why. We hunted hard all day and never saw another Aoudad, not even the herd we had seen coming up the mountain. Our method of hunting was glassing each canyon at least for half an hour or more before moving on to the next one. Two Red Sheep were spotted, but neither of them wanted to stay around long. So the first day ended unsuccessful, as we headed for Ingram and a well deserved meal.

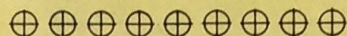
If successful in the next few days, I had originally planned on taking my trophy back home to one of the local taxidermist who usually mounts my whitetails for me. But, the more I thought about this the more it didn't seem logical. Since the local taxidermists have never mounted an exotic before I didn't want to gamble, so to speak. I looked at several studios after we came in from hunting, but the one right next door to Textotic held my attention. The animals mounted in the studio showed a lot of muscle and definition, and looked real to life. Talking with the owner of Kerr Wildlife Taxidermy Studio, 1111 Don-

na Kay, Kerrville, TX 78028, Jim Robinson, I came to the conclusion that he was no novice when it came to mounting exotics. Jim's studio prepares over 600 exotic animals per year with a large volume of life size mountings. After discussing the different type mounts and positions, I felt confident with leaving my trophy with Jim. Now comes the hard part, getting an Aoudad into his studio.

Our new day at Rocky Top found the wind gusting and the temperature had dropped dramatically. We begin hunting our usual way, spending close to an hour glassing each canyon. Obviously, the game was not moving and held up due to the weather conditions for at 3:00 in the afternoon we hadn't spotted a single sheep. I realized this hunt wasn't going to be a pushover after listening to Earl tell me a little bit about the sheep. The Aoudad, weighing between 250 and 300 pounds, is a tough creature with a lot of sinew. When shot, they bleed like a turnip which makes it very important for that first shot to be where it counts. Earl had also informed me that due to the terrain and the wariness of the sheep I might have to shoot further than I normally would. A day like this made me wonder if I was going to shoot at all. Then, just like a lot of hunting and fishing goes, it all happens when you least expect it. A movement caught my eye at the bottom of the canyon. It was a Red Sheep milling around with two Corsicans approximately 500 yards away. Earl, Dr. Farlow, and I observed the sheep for ten minutes and were in the process of planning a stalk when I looked around toward the top of the ridge and noticed three Aoudad. The rams had already seen us as, they were slipping away in the opposite direction. I quickly loaded the 375 J.D.J. and got in a position to shoot. The sheep stopped as they were partially hidden behind some cedar trees when Earl said, "This is as close as you're going to get." I wasn't exactly thrilled about shooting 250 yards or so, but felt confident the 375 would perform if I did my part. Placing the crosshairs on the ram Earl told me to, I slowly squeezed the trigger. The bullet struck home as the ram flinched, ran about seventy-five yards, and layed down. Earl, not sure where the sheep was hit, wanted me to stay put so he could walk around the canyon to check on the ram and just in case he spooked the animal I would be in a position to hopefully put another 270 gr. slug in him. After reaching the ram, Earl motioned me to come over. When I got there I could see Earl standing near the ram, which was lying underneath a cedar about to die, but hadn't given up yet. My second shot was unnecessary perhaps, but only used to take the animal out of misery. The ram wasn't as big as I hoped for, but I had every reason to be proud of him. Earl congratulated me for the long lung shot and for being the first handgunner to take an Aoudad on Rocky Top.

Searching for a place to hunt exotics I came across two outfits that did not welcome handgun hunts. Via phone conversations with Waddell Ranch and Hunting, Inc., I was informed that handguns weren't allowed on their ranch. Unfortunately, not everybody and their brother will extend open arms to our sport. That far from pleases me, but I'll just have to get over it. However, it is encouraging to know there are operations that are willing to promote handgun hunting. If you have any hesitations about hunting exotics,

you need to pack your handgun and your doubts and hunt for Aoudad on Rocky Top. After the hunt I'd be willing to bet you have a change of heart. I'm already looking forward to hunting this ranch again in the future.



HHI AFRICA — AUSTRALIA

At this time it looks like one of these trips will go and the other won't.

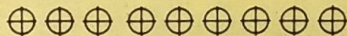
There have been several cancellations as of this date and group hunts are required to achieve the rates that were offered.

A reasonable cost figure for the African hunt would be \$8,500.

You've seen the results of last years Africa hunt in the Sixgunner.

Bob Penfold was here from Australia last weekend and he and his photos were very impressive. I'm sold on the hunt being a good one. The basic hunt will cost around \$4,500 including everything. Going to the Northern Territories for Buffalo would add \$2,500 to the cost. Bob advises Buffalo hunting may not exist in Australia in 3-5 years. This is a shooters trip. Kangaroo and Boar are very plentiful and shooting is unlimited. The goats are the largest I've seen — absolutely huge!

If you are interested in joining us either of these hunts call me as soon as possible at 614-264-0176.



NRA ANSWER

Harlon has shown me a copy of the correspondence you forwarded to him relative to the proposed ordinance in Milwaukee.

At the present time, we feel confident that our support in the Common Council is strong enough to offset Mrs. Betty Voss and her cohorts. Our friends in the Council go a step further in hoping that the ban can even be killed within the Judiciary Committee. I hope this is true, but we'll wait a little longer before committing ourselves.

I understand that you are concerned that someone other than myself returned your call pertaining to this subject. Mike Lashbrook who did speak with you, is the Director of ILA's State and Local Affairs Division, and as such supervises the individual who works the Milwaukee area. As the State Liaison to Wisconsin Ted Lattanzio, was on his honeymoon at the time of your call, Mike was the logical person to provide the information you sought.

Although I am committed to returning as many phone calls as possible, both before, during, and after the work day, the total number is simply too great for one individual. Even if this were not true, I think it important to encourage all levels of our management to communicate and interrelate with our members. This not only builds a esprit de corps but encourages self confidence in the ranks of junior management.

I hope to have the pleasure of meeting with you at our next Annual Meeting in Milwaukee.

Sincerely,
J. Warren Cassidy
Executive Director

P.S. I enclose an article on the Milwaukee situation forwarded by one of our members.

cc: Harlon Carter

BLACK BEAR

By Hugo DiGiovanni
Mountainside, N.J.

Each year for the past 4 years, my son, Raymond and I begin to itch from head to toe when July rolls around. That means it's time to start to sharpen our handgunning skills for our annual Maine bear hunt.

We have been handgun hunters for the last 7 or 8 years and have had more luck than most in bagging whitetails and black bear.

A close friend had told us about a great bear guide in Maine so 3 years ago we tried him and we have been hooked on hunting with him ever since.

This year had us more anxious than before. In May I had ordered one of J.D. Jones' Handcannons in .375 JDJ. I received it about 3 weeks before our trip. My son and I began trying all of J.D.'s recommended loads on wet phonebooks, newspapers, logs and a great assortment of vicious looking rocks and dirt clumps. We settled on J.D.'s loading for a 300 grain Hornady Round Nose.

Finally, the second week of September arrived and we were off to Medway, Maine, the home of Turnpike Ridge Guide Service which is owned and operated by Don Helstrom. In our opinion he is one of the most knowledgeable bear guides in Maine and offers great services to the handgun hunter at reasonable prices.

Two hours after arriving we were on our way to one of Don's tent camps over 100 miles north into the Allagash Wilderness of the Maine North Woods. Needless to say, the Handcannon caused quite a stir in camp. I had plenty of rounds loaded and everyone had a chance to shoot it.

The first day all 11 hunters drew a blank. On the second day I was sitting on a ground stand about 50 yards from a couple of good game trails when suddenly at about 7 p.m. old bruin came walking out of the underbrush. He was quartering away from me and to the right. I had to shift my position

(Continued On Page 5)

THE SIXGUNNER
P. O. Box 357 MAG
Bloomington, OH 43910

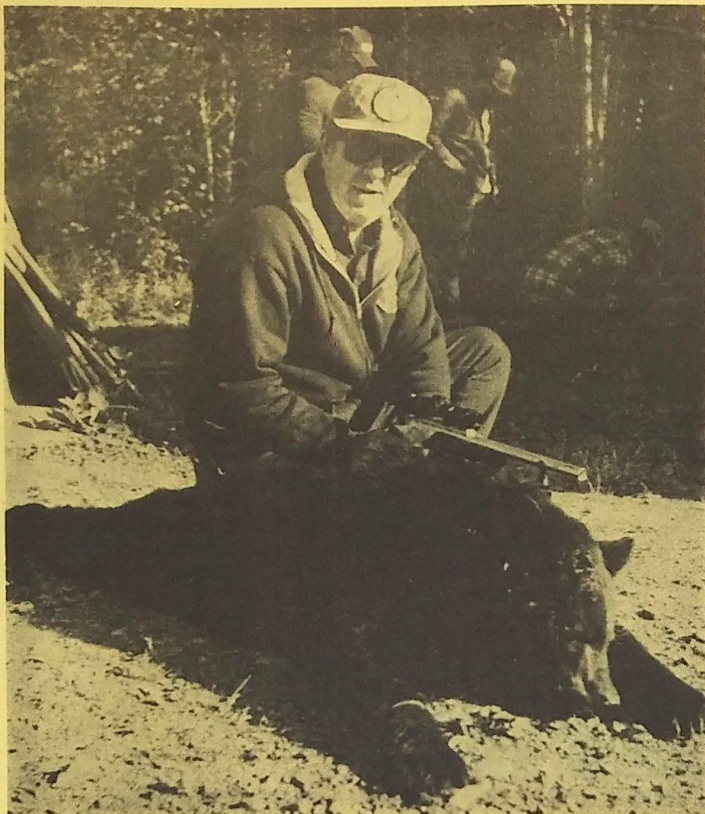
PUBLISHER & EDITOR
J. D. Jones

FIELD EDITORS
Phil Briggs
Larry Kelly
John Taffin
Bob Good

Caution: all technical data presented herein reflects only the experience of the author using specific equipment under specific circumstances. Such information is intended only as a guide and should be used with caution. Other material may be totally experimental and treated as such. HHI accepts no responsibility for results obtained using data published herein.

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Hugo did it the right way!

only slightly to bring the Leupold's crosshairs just behind his left shoulder. Suddenly he stopped and lowered his head just as I squeezed off a shot from the Handcannon.

It was over before I could reload. The bear had collapsed and lay still without taking a step. After pacing off 52 steps to approach him, I found that the 300 grainer had gone through the left shoulder, continued on through the neck and came out above the right eye leaving an exit hole about the size of a half dollar.

I walked out to the road where my guide, Al West met me about 15 minutes later. He had just picked up one of the other hunters who had taken a bear an hour earlier. In no time at all we were on our way back to camp about 20 miles away. That night 4 bears were taken; one of which was a near record bear weighing close to 450 lbs. making my 300 pounder look a little anemic.

My son, Ray, who had not gotten a

shot with his S&W 44 Mag. took my .375 JDJ the next day. Sure enough, on the 4th day, he took a 200 pounder from a ground stand. The bear had gone to bait and then stood up facing him about 40 yards away sniffing the air. Ray put the 300 grainer into his chest hitting the heart and lungs, then exited out the back. Ray says the bear went over like a bowling pin. (sorry JD, I wanted to send you one of the bullets for your info, but if you ask me, that danged thing is still probably plowing the brush in Maine)

Don Helstrom's Turnpike Ridge Guide Service conducts well organized and professional hunts and does cater to handgun hunters. Maybe some of our HHI members might be interested. The week we were there out of 11 hunters, 7 bears were taken plus 3 misses.

Don can be contacted at Turnpike Road, Medway, Maine 04450 — Tel. 207-746-5860 — Just tell him Hugo sent ya'.



Jeff Cooper with the Presentation Bren 10. Mike Dixon in the background.

BREN 10 — COOPER AWARD

In ceremonies conducted in Dallas in January Jeff Cooper was gifted a presentation BREN 10 by Mike Dixon of Dornaus and Dixon in appreciation of his assistance and support of the Bren 10 project.

Many notables of the firearms industry were in attendance.

Cooper gave a most impressive acceptance outlining the development of the 10 MM since its conception many

years ago by Whit Collins of Guns and Ammo. Cooper's remarks were certainly objective and unselfish; in fact, his was one of the best short talks I've heard in the industry.

Apparently, the Bren 10 is in production now and although I would expect them to be in limited supply until the pipeline is filled you probably won't have to wait much longer to get one.

LIBERAL TAKES WHITETAIL BUCK

By Glenn N. Powers
Portland, Tx.

At the close of the '82 deer season, I decided I would make an annual prognostication become a reality. I WOULD take a whitetail buck with a handgun during the 1983 season. Many of you veteran handgunners may not see this as being a "big stepper" amongst hunters, but you ain't met some of the folks around Bryan, Texas. When you mention leaving your rifles at home, putting U.T. Longhorn stickers on your 4x4, and camouflage face paint — you are operating with "I brick shy of a full load" upstairs! With all this good hunter opinion in mind, I decided this awesome project would require 3 phases of development.

Phase one was the selection of a proper handgun and caliber. Being a 20 year veteran of whitetail hunting, and multi-degreed in scientific fields, I considered myself up to the task. I employed the criteria/methods that all good hunters use — I BOUGHT THE GUN THAT FELT GOOD, LOOKED PRETTY, AND HELD A RELATIVELY LARGE PISTOL CASE. I then stuck "Mr. Leupold" on top and "Mr. Pachmayr" on bottom. With this accomplished, to the shooting range I went. In a few "shoots", I had settled on a 158 grain load at about the 2000 F.P.S. mark for this T/C. Boy, phase one was a snap!

Immediately, I was aware that phase

two would be an experience of a lifetime. My spouse had decided to provide "support". I can still hear her words of wisdom: "Has dad got his little deer blind ready for the little deers? Oh, him's got such a pretty paint job on his new toy!" Now with support like that, you know I created a trophy classed deer blind. Thus ended phase two!

We have now reached the difficult phase — convincing the other hunters I did not have "air between my horns". I broke the news to them while we were "bustin' crows". Eliminating a crow, or two, at 100-150 yds. does wonders towards the education of some nimrods. My oldest son was the first to acknowledge that I was not "urinating into the breeze". I was serious about this handgun hunting! All cries of laughter ceased on opening morning of the '83 season, however. I dropped a nice whitetail buck with one shot at 60 yds. It was the only one taken that weekend.

Now the others have stopped "slobbering" on my pictures, and there are no more cries of HERESY or LIBERALISM. (J.D., You know the rest!) I had to buy a SSK .300 SAVAGE to replace the .357 MAX. You see, there is another "liberal" in the family now!

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FOX

By Charles L. Mower
Queensland, Australia

There's a little calypso tune which was made quite popular by Harry Belafonte back in the late fifties called simply "The Fox", and in it was a certain line which I think encapsulates the habits of this wide ranging domestic foraging cousin of the dog.

The lyrics read "He had many a mile to go that night before he reached the town".

Those of you who have hunted this wily fur bearer will know what I mean by those lyrics. The fox is a wide ranging mammal and his foraging for food can take him into a town in search of domestic chickens, ducks and other relates feathered morsels, but to return to his lair by morning, places him in a precarious situation not unlike the legendary Count Dracula, back before daybreak.

Many foxes don't return, for they fall foul to motor vehicles on busy highways, become victims of traps and poisons, killed by domestic dogs and in many cases, shot by man.

Man is the single most deadly predator of the fox, and he uses all types of guns, be it a shotgun, rifle or pistol to kill this cunning animal.

I have taken foxes with all the above weapons, but most satisfaction comes from the pistol, especially a .22 LR or .22 WRFM revolver topped with a 1.5 or 2X powered scope and using a fox whistle to lure old Reynard in for a clean killing shot.

Vulpes Vulpes the European red fox was introduced into Australia during the latter half of the nineteenth century to satisfy the homesick wealthy squatters who liked to hunt with hounds and horses, the traditional British way of fox hunting. To their way of thinking, a few foxes running wild in the Australian bush wasn't going to worry anybody, after all, what's a few foxes anyway, all they can do is breed.

Breed they did. From the nucleus of this stupid act by and large developed an unwanted predator, which in less than a century has caused the demise of many indigenous species of wildlife to extinction. Today foxes can be found in nearly all parts of Australia, including the cities and what they can do in the way of damage to a sheep grazer has to be seen to be believed.

It is a known fact that foxes love lamb. So do I for that matter, but then I do not possess the voracious appetite of the fox. He kills for pleasure, like a psychopath and during the lambing season is responsible for much death and carnage of new born lambs. Of course this unwarranted killing can only be judged as sheer murder by the grazer. But there is always another side of the argument. Rabbits were once plentiful in Australia and therefore became the staple diet of the fox. Yes he might take an occasional lamb, but the rabbit was his main course.

Then came the myxomatosis programme of 1949 which almost wiped the rabbit off the face of the Australian continent and the fox deprived of his natural food turned towards the easy pickings of man's domestic stock.

The rest is history. The fox despite man's depredations on his existence has managed to live alongside him for over a century. He is a wily, cunning mammal and hunting one can be just as exciting as shooting a pig, deer or buffalo. His fur in winter is long



HANDGUN HUNTERS' HALL OF FAME

MOUNT CLEMENS, MICH. — A full-maned lion lords over its downed prey in a scene off the African veldt.

A leopard, tensely poised on a tree branch, appears ready to spring upon those who might walk through one doorway.

An erect Alaska brown bear towers menacingly over those who walk by.

Broad-beamed antlers of a moose dominate one wall.

The imposing muzzles of three malevolent Cape Buffaloes, each with record-class horns, are framed by the massive ivory of a bull elephant.

These are some of the more than 50 mounted trophies, with more on the way, displayed at the new Handgun Hunters' Hall of Fame, 41302 Executive Drive, off the North River Road exit of Interstate 94 in Mount Clemens.

The 1,200 square-foot, two-story high Hall of Fame is in the lobby of Mag-Na-Port International's massive new facility in the northeast Detroit suburbs.

"This is the only trophy room in the world to display animals taken with handguns only," said Larry Kelly, developer and owner of the popular Mag-

Na-Port recoil reduction process.

Mag-Na-Porting involves the use of space-age electrical discharge machining (EDM) to cut clean, burrless trapezoidal ports in the muzzles of handguns, rifles and shotguns. The ports direct gases in a manner which reduces muzzle lift and recoil as much as 30 percent without affecting accuracy.

To be featured in the huge Hall of Fame are contributions from rock star and prominent sportsman Ted Nugent, country singing legend and hunter Hank Williams, Jr., American Sportsmen's Club president Bob Good, writer and ballistics expert J.D. Jones, Mag-Na-Port custom gun crafter Jerry Kraft, Jim Hebert of Big Game Safari, Inc., Mike Timm of Ruger, and other members of Safari Club International.

Many of Kelly's trophies from African safaris and hunts in Alaska, Canada and the western U.S. are among those displayed in the hall. In 25 years of handgunning, Kelly has taken many trophies qualifying for Safari Club International awards. He is the only person known to have shot all of Africa's "Big Five" most dangerous game with

a handgun.

"The popularity of handgunning for game is growing by leaps and bounds," said Kelly. "Because handguns do require a practiced level of skill in order to become proficient and because they are primarily shorter range tools than are rifles, handguns offer hunters more of a challenge, in much the same way as archers and muzzleloaders find more challenge in those phases of hunting.

"For the hunter who figures he has done everything with a rifle, he can do it all over again with a handgun."

Plaques documenting Safari Club awards, plus awards from the Outstanding American Handgunner Awards Foundation, the National Rifle Association, and the American Big Game Handgunners Association also line the Hall of Fame walls. Photo albums documenting exciting hunts are on hand for perusal.

Hunters and shooters may view the Handgun Hunters' Hall of Fame 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays, 9 a.m. to noon Saturdays. There is no admission charge.

NORTHEAST TEXAS AT 0°

By Larry W. Davidson
Irving, Texas

I was hunting in Northeast Texas near the small town of Clarksville. Unlike south Texas, this portion of the state is heavily wooded with large oaks, hardwoods and scattered pines. It was the last weekend of the 1983 deer season and the weather was bitterly cold. In fact, our area had just broken the all-time record for the most consecutive number of days below freezing. As I left to go to my stand before daylight, the temperature was somewhere between 0 and 5 degrees, and that's "Mighty cold" for a Texan.

I was hunting in a tree stand I had built in a large, leaning oak tree with a thicket on one side and woods on the other three sides. I had taken a nice 7-point buck from this stand the year before with my Model 70 Feather-

weight, but this year I was trying handgun hunting for the first time.

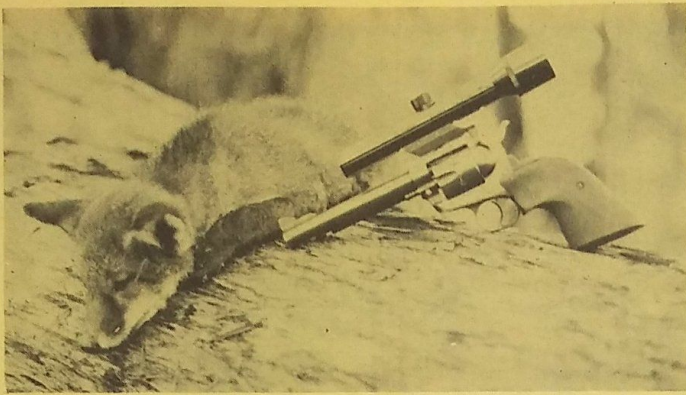
The handgun I had chosen was a Thompson Contender, .44 magnum with a Leupold 2X scope. I had practiced a lot with the big .44 and I knew that I could consistently hit a 5" circle at 60 yards, which was my self-imposed limit, due to the heavy brush around my stand.

This year I had drawn a doe permit and since I was hunting with a handgun for the first time, I had decided I was going to use it if I had the chance.

I had been sitting in my tree stand all morning and I had not seen a thing move, not even a squirrel. I had just about decided that I was the only thing crazy enough to be out in this cold weather, when I caught a glimpse of

movement off to my right. I looked out into the brush and I could see three deer slowly moving my way. I could tell that there were 2 large does and 1 small one, but the brush was too thick where they were to make an accurate shot. I had the Contender ready for action. All the deer had to do was to move a few yards closer where the brush wasn't so thick, but it was not to be. Instead they stayed in the heavier brush and slowly disappeared into the thicket.

Needless to say I did not get a deer on my first handgun hunt, but it sure won't be my last. You can bet that next year my Model 70 will continue to "collect dust" while I try to collect my first deer with a handgun.



Charlie favors scoped guns for fox.

and silky and the skin does make an excellent floor mat or den decoration.

Over the years I have concentrated my fox hunting to strictly handgunning and it was with these intentions that I decided to pack my gear and head south to the tablelands where the fox population is at its best, not in numbers, but in quality pelts. Choosing my favorite fox gun was no problem. A Ruger 5-1/2" BBL Single Six Revolver with a Bushnell 1.5X scope and fitted with the .22 WRFM cylinder loaded with C.C.I. H.P. magnum cartridges. This combination had proved successful on another trip, so I was satisfied that a repeat performance could be achieved if there were foxes in the vicinity.

Winter pelts are always in demand in Australia by the furriers and it has been known that prices in excess of \$ Aus 80 has been paid for top quality skins.

I must confess that the price of pelts does very little to my reasons to hunt foxes, because I consider old Reynard a very worthy game animal not to be exploited for his coat, rather more for his place as a true trophy game animal.

There are not a great number of game species in Australia, but the lesser species do produce excellent furs and such skins do make a worthwhile trophy. This, or course, is my view and there are many who will agree with my argument, while an equal number will not see it as such. Good luck to them for its to each his own.

The weather could only be described as storybook. Cold nights and lovely warm cloudless days greeted my friend and myself when we arrived at the property. A brief chat to our host old Jack, (himself a keen shooter and handgun owner) and it was over to the old hut where we would spend the next few days.

Glen, my companion, started the afternoon shooting rabbits so I decided to explore the possibility of "calling" foxes. Finding a likely spot was really no problem. Rabbits were plentiful on account of the dry season and therefore foxes should be prevalent in the area. I chose a small depression in the side of a hill where an old weathered tree trunk lay horizontally across my place of concealment and which enabled me to view the hillside from almost a 180° angle. The light breeze, a north easterly was blowing up the hillside so I figured that being uphill might be of a benefit as any fox in the surrounding area would come from the gully below me.

Hunting in mountainous areas is not always conducive to good hunting technique. Breezes fishtailing through gullies and down hillsides never seem to blow from one general direction and so the chances of game scenting man's

presence is always at a risk. The hillside was quiet except for the bleat of a distant sheep or the low moaning of a steer on the other side of the hill. A few happy jacks passed overhead, while two fluttering fairy wrens played hide and seek in a patch of berry bush.

Having settled down in my hiding place, I took out the fox whistle and began to blow. The whistle is a small round concave shaped metal disc with a hole in the middle, which when blown, emits a sound not unlike the calling of a distressed rabbit. The eerie sound of the trapp⁴ rodent wafted across the gully as I repeated the call several times. I waited for a few minutes then called again. With my Ashai Pentax 7x50 binoculars, I glassed every inch of the surrounding hillside and gully, but nothing stirred except a few feeding rabbits. I repeated the distress calls three or four times during the next half hour, but results continued negative. No fox.

After nearly an hour, I decided that nothing was going to answer my call so a new position would have to be found. I had just reached down to grab my pack when I noticed something unusual about 200 meters from my hiding place.

Quickly focusing the binoculars on the object, I was surprised to see a very large dog fox resplendent in his winter coat staring fixedly at me. Had he seen my sudden movements? I doubted it, for the old tree trunk would have just enough circumference to conceal my movements.

The whistle was already in my lips, so I blew once, twice all the time watching brer fox through the binoculars. He was hesitant at first. I cursed myself for having stood up, but was still confident that the fox was oblivious to my presence. Suddenly he moved, not toward me, but away. Had a change in the breeze betrayed my scent? Dammit! I watched waiting anxiously — already the pronounced beating of my pulse as the adrenalin secreted into my blood circulation. There was little grass to conceal the fox, but there were a large number of undulations on the hillside in which he could pass undetected from my view.

Suddenly there he was, moving ever so slowly, but nonetheless closer. He had decided to flank my area in an effort to scent the trapped rabbit, and satisfied was moving in for the eventual kill. At around 30 meters he stopped only momentarily, but enough for me to bring the Ruger into play. Thumbing back the hammer and carefully aligning the crosshair reticle, I began the squeeze on the light trigger of the single action revolver. Some time before; I had replaced the factory trigger spring with a light replacement surgical wire spring made for me by a

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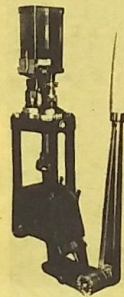
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fast shooting friend. The trigger was now a superb hunting trigger and as I squeezed, the hammer suddenly snapped forward, the revolver jumped slightly as the 40 grain hollow point was sent spinning toward the fox. At the precise moment I fired, the fox turned the projectile taking him squarely through the shoulders. He rolled a number of times, but then lay still. I quickly ejected the empty case and replaced it with a fresh cartridge, then checking to make sure that the fox was indeed dead, popped the Ruger

into the shoulder holster and moved forward to retrieve the skin.

I spotted a few bunnies myself on the return walk to the hut and by the time I reached the last of the gates, darkness was almost upon me. Glen had returned only moments previously and was busily stoking the fire in the old bush fireplace. Over dinner that night the conversation was on guns, foxes, rabbits, foxes, foxes — oh well it was a good days hunting — even if I say so.



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WHAT THE HELL, IT'S ONLY \$500 A SHOT!

Bob Good

I seldom blow a reasonable shot at big game, but I had just blown this one in a big way. Don Price and I were standing on a gravel bar in the middle of a semi-dry stretch of the Nuanetsi River. We weren't alone. At my feet lay a bull waterbuck, a crimson pool beginning to collect beneath the neat round .375 JDJ hole that started just below the base of the horns and exited the left nostril. I had just collected my first African waterbuck with a single precisely placed handgun round to the skull. Unfortunately, it was in the wrong ball.

Even standing over the bull I couldn't believe it. There had been five bulls together, four good ones and an immature youngster. Guess which one was decked! The shot had come at the end of a long exasperating crawl over a quarter mile of razor-edged gravel, sharp enough to shave with. The blood trickling down the gouges in Price's bare knees was testimony enough to the physical pain inflicted by the stalk, but no match at all for the embarrassment I felt.

After glassing the nervous bulls for a long minute, Don had selected a heavy-horned waterbuck to the right of the group's center. Neither of us saw the youngster standing directly in line with the trophy bull's shoulder. In perfect timing with the hammer fall, the youngster raised his head, intercepted the 220 grain flat nose with

his skull, and dropped like a stone.

The ribbing at breakfast the following day was merciless.

"Best breakfast steaks I've ever eaten."

"Yeah, and notice how delicate and tender they are."

"And expensive too, I'll bet."

Expensive was right. That waterbuck was a smooth \$500 bill. When I blow a shot, I do it with class.

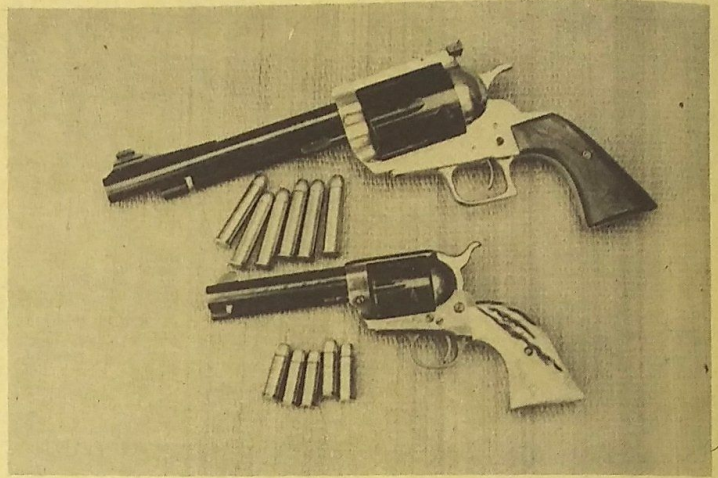
Three days later, I had the opportunity to make it an even \$1,000 worth of steaks. We had crossed sable tracks, and agreed to follow them even though they weren't fresh enough to inspire a great deal of hope. As happens so many times in Africa when you're tracking game, you never see your objective, but blunder into something better.

After tracking the sable a couple of miles, we crossed a set of waterbuck tracks so hot they smoked. After a hurried conference, we decided to give the intrepid client (me) another chance at the elusive waterbuck. Sorting out the spoor, our tracker indicated seven cows and one larger bull.

In the thick riverine brush, the bodies could be hard to sort out. The look in Don's eye told me another mistake would be quite unacceptable.

Part of the mystique of Africa for the hunter is watching the trackers sort out the spoor of the selected

(Continued On Page 15)



The Century 45-70 revolver is a massive gun; particularly when compared to a Colt SA.

HANDGUNNING THE .45-70

... John Taffin

1873 looms large in the annals of firearms history. Every gun buff knows this as the year Colt brought out the Single Action Army Revolver chambered for the equally famous .45 Colt. In 1981, Colt ceased manufacture of the SAA for the third and final time, but they are still available in quantity 108 years after they were introduced. Colt's oldest cartridge will hopefully be Dan Wesson's newest chambering and the old .45 is available in new sixguns in the form of Smith's Model 25, and Mossberg's Abilene, plus innumerable foreign offerings.

The same year that saw the birth of the .45 Colt also gave the .45-70 chambered in the U.S. Model 1873 Springfield, the "Trap-Door". The .45-70 replaced the larger .50-70 which had been introduced in 1866. Using a 405 gr. bullet over 70 gr. of black powder, the new cartridge had a muzzle velocity of 1365 feet per second with a muzzle energy of 1670 ft. lbs., with the military loading later changed to a 500 gr. bullet at 1315 fps for 1875 ft. lbs. of energy. The 405 shot flatter, while the 500 was favored for penetration.

Like the .45 Colt, the .45-70 lives on in replicas of Springfield Trap-Doors, Remington Rolling Blocks, and Sharps Breech Loaders, along with new single shots available from Ruger and a lever action rifle, the 1895, by Marlin.

A new phenom has developed the past few years, that being the .45-70 handgun. More than twenty years ago Elmer Keith reported on a poorly made custom .45-70 revolver and at the same time Clarence Bates and Stu Brainard built up a pair of .45-70 sixguns. Currently two companies are producing .45-70 handguns. Century Arms (700 West Franklin, Evansville, Indiana 47710) is marketing a massive six shot revolver and S.S.K. Industries (Rt. 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910) is producing custom .45-70 barrels for the Thompson Center Contender. Century Arms has a long waiting list as shown by the fact that mine was ordered in January, 1976 and received in June, 1983. That's almost eight years and my serial number is 276! J.D. Jones of S.S.K. reports that the .45-70 is his most popular chambering. J.D. is also offering the chambering in the .45-70 replaced, the .50-70.

Century's offering is a large single action with the emphasis on huge!

I've never had a handgun generate interest like this one. Every time I take it to the range, everyone there, and I mean everyone, gathers around to see the big six-shooter. It's amazing how many people want to be able to say "I've fired a .45-70 revolver."

The Model 100 is a good looking two-toned revolver with the frame, square-backed grip frame, hammer and trigger made of a bronze alloy, and a blue barrel, cylinder, and ejector rod housing. The cylinder itself, as expected, is so large just trying to load and unload it is a task in itself.

For sights, the rear sight resembles an older T.C., while the front is a rifle ramp that matches well with the T.C. rear. For precision shooting, the front sight accepts a standard hood but it will not stay on through one cylinder full. The ramp will accept the excellent Lyman No. 17 front sight.

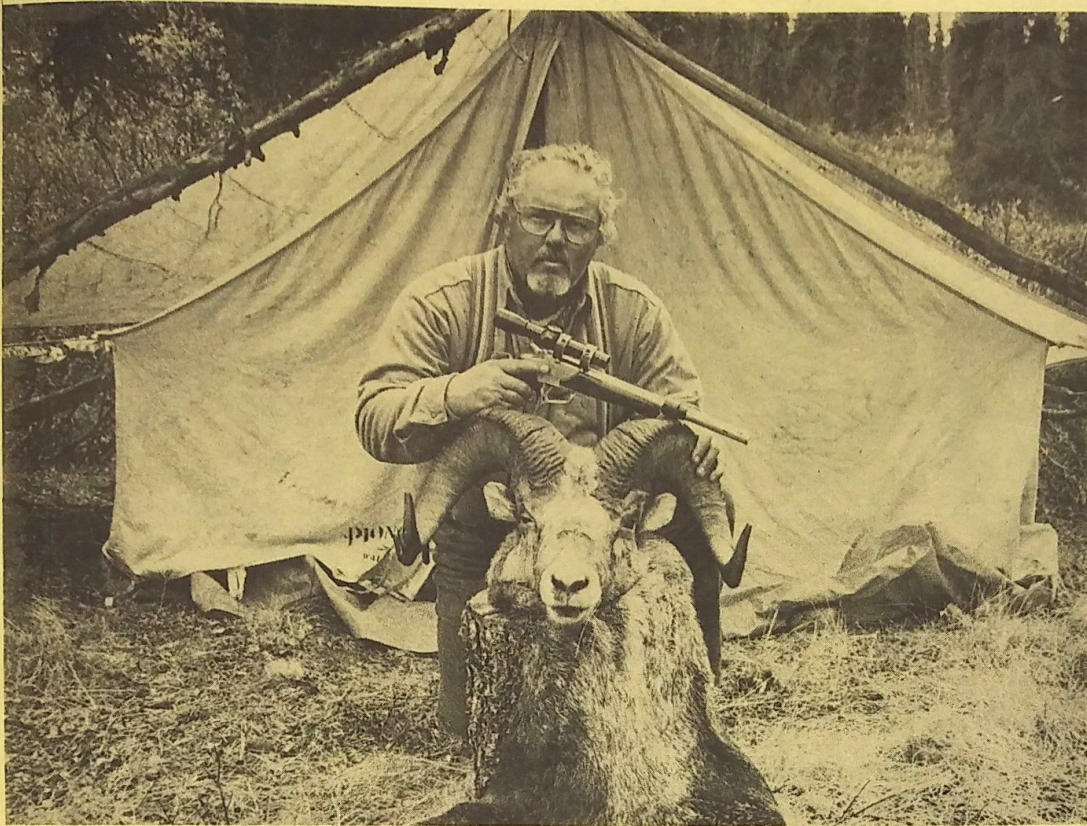
Both the cylinder base pin and the ejector rod housing are held by Allen screws; the firing pin is the floating type, and the Century is a true six-shooter as a safety that locks the hammer allows six shots to be carried safely. The word "carried" is used loosely. There is no easy way to carry a six pound sixgun. It is too heavy to carry either in a shoulder holster or a hip holster. Since it weighs as much as a carbine about the only way to carry it even close to comfortably would be to add sling swivels to the butt and barrel and carry it with a strap.

Recoil of the .45-70 in a revolver is different than other large bore handguns. While .44 Magnum sixguns generate considerable felt recoil, the Century because of its weight just gives an authoritative push. This is true whether fired offhand or off of sandbags. Firing one handed is for someone with extremely strong hands and arms as six pounds gets very heavy very quickly. This is definitely a two-handed revolver.

All in all, the Century is an impressive piece of ordinance. Impressive, not practical. Metal to metal fit is excellent, the grips supplied are good walnut and my only criticism is the barrel length. The gun is so large anyway, I would have preferred it with a 12" barrel.

Firing the Century is a pleasant experience whether with factory loads or handloads. Handloading for the big six

(Continued On Page 15)



Kelly and the result of his successful sheep hunt.

SHEEP --- SCREW UP

By Larry Kelly

"Where were you born?" was the first question the man at Customs asked. "U.S.A." Jim and I answered. "Anything to declare?" "Nope" was our answer with a smile.

We had just completed a tough hunt in British Columbia. "There is something about coming back to the States that makes you feel good," said Jim. "Yes." I answered. Jim and I had just left some beautiful country; probably some of the best in the world, but I was also very pleased to be back. Jim and I were in Northern B.C. for twenty-four days and everything went wrong starting from day one. We had met with our bush pilot at 6 A.M. in Smithers B.C. for breakfast. Over breakfast he discussed how he would be flying us to our base camp at 8. When we arrived at 7:30 there was a change of plans. The bush pilot's partner would be flying Jim and I. He would fly five industrialist from Europe. At 10:30 they were down, and by the next day the largest air rescue search in the history of B.C. was started. My hunt started the same day. It was cold and raining. My horse was saddled and so was Jim's, but he was going to hunt in a different direction. We wouldn't see each other until the end of the hunt. "Get a big ram Kell," he said with his usual smile. Jim knew that horses and I never got along. Actually he knew that I was frightened of horses, being so scared at times that I would get sick out of fear. I have had so many bad experiences with horses that I could write a book on that alone. "Don't worry Larry, they'll give you a good horse. Everything will be fine," said Big Jim Hebert my booking agent. Jim books all my flights and hunts, and occasionally hunts with me. Twenty-four days later I had my sheep and Jim Hebert had his goat. I was 25 lbs. lighter and quite a horseman. (ED. — That I gotta see!)

As usual Jim had everything organized for my next hunt when we arrived in Vancouver. He had a rental car ready and we drove to Seattle, Washington. He dropped me off at the airport, as he would be flying home. I was heading to Boise, Idaho. Jim told me where to get my elk tag and where to meet my bush pilot Jim Suel. The plan was that the pilot would leave Challis and meet me in Boise and have my handguns that I had shipped to him in July. Everything went as planned. I took a cab into town and purchased my elk tag, returned to the airport and within a half hour Serel landed. While he was fueling up I asked, "Do you have my guns?" "Yep they are in back of the plane," he replied. "Anybody get any bulls yet?" I asked. "I don't know, I've been too busy flying," he answered. "I was three days late for the opening of the Idaho season, and the weather was warm. That's a bad sign for elk hunting because the bulls may not be bulging.

As I landed in the Middlefork in the Salmon Primitive Area it looked as beautiful as ever. I had hunted with Gary Madsen and his wife Becky many times. When I landed, three guides helped with my gear and took me to the bunk house. That's when I found out two brothers from Wisconsin had each taken a 6X7 elk. One got his the first day and the other the next day.

My hunt was a ten day hunt, but the mothers decided to stay in main camp and wait until I took my bull so they could take a photo of all three of us with our bulls. It looked like a snap! That photo would never be taken! I went through my gear trying to find some clean clothes, but 24 days in B.C. left me with clothes that smelled like a grizzly bear so I laid everything out in the sun to air. (Ed. Pity the EPA didn't catch him for polluting the Rocky Mountains!) Tom Fortney, a friend of

mine from the Detroit Chapter of the Safari Club came in. His hunt was over and he had taken a nice 5X4. This meant all three hunters had filled and now I was the only hunter and I was really ready!

That evening the three hunters started telling me how tough the hunt was. All three were in good shape and didn't smoke. They looked at me like I wouldn't be able to last a day. "Look," I said. "You can't scare me. I've hunted with Gary before and I've always made it." The one brother had hunted mountain lion with Gary and filled the first day out. When I hunted mountain lion, I hunted for eight days with the temperature at 15 below. They had taken the elk the first and second day. One year I had hunted elk for 41 days in two states. Besides I was in good shape after the sheep hunt. I quit smoking in B.C. (The real reason I quit smoking was I just didn't take any cigarettes with me. While hunting in B.C. I decided I really didn't want to quit, and I was now back to three packs a day and had a good supply with me.) At 4:30 A.M. the next morning Gary, Becky, the cook, a wrangler named Jim and I were off. We had three pack horses and a mule with all our gear. If you have never went on a Wilderness hunt for elk by all means do, and do it now. Rent your house or sell your wife or vice versa, but by all means do it. A hunt with Gary Madsen is a real experience. As you start out the first two hours on horseback you can't even see the horses ahead. While on the trail you can hear the roar of the Salmon River. All of a sudden the horse in front of you will make a direct 90 degree turn and will go down to the roaring river. My horse followed and old Kelly had a death hold on the saddle horn. Crossing the Salmon River is an experience that you will never forget. When daylight

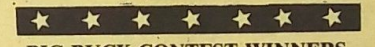
arrives you are in God's country, bull elk are bulging in every valley and canyon.

That didn't last long because the winds picked up to 25-30 miles per hour, and the temperature dropped fast. The rain turned to ice first, then snow. The elk became very spookie from the wind, and the wind kept us from hearing the elk bugle and visa versa. After four days of miserable weather Gary said. "Let's drop down to main camp, get more food and head for a different camp. Maybe by then we will get a break in the weather."

That's exactly what happened. When we arrived back at main camp the two brothers looked more disappointed than I did. They couldn't believe I didn't have my bull. After all it only takes a day or two to get a 6X7. What was my problem. Well, my problem was elk hunting. I have always had problems hunting them and it's one of my toughest animals to hunt.

OK, off to the next camp, weather was great. It was cold in the morning and nice and sunny in the day time. On six different occasions we had bulls bulging and coming up to within 100 to 150 yards. They were screaming and working the brush with their horns and I was ready with a rest, all conditions perfect.

(Continued On Page 14)



BIG BUCK CONTEST WINNERS

The Number One Mule Deer was taken by Leon Pytlík to earn a new T/C of his caliber choice bearing serial number HHIM 1983. Its fitting — he took it with a T/C.

William Kachenko earned a custom gun box by Glenn Risser with his T/C for second place in the mule deer division.

The Mulie contest was hot — 5-2/8 points separated the winners!

Doug Maple is the happy winner of a T/C bearing SN HHIW 1983 for harvesting the winning whitetail!

Harris Hodges captured one of Risser's custom gun boxes with his second place Whitetail.

The Whitetail contest was red hot. Maple won by 1-6/8 points and Hodges aced Rich Winters by 1/2 point!

Maple took his with a revolver; the other three used T/Cs.

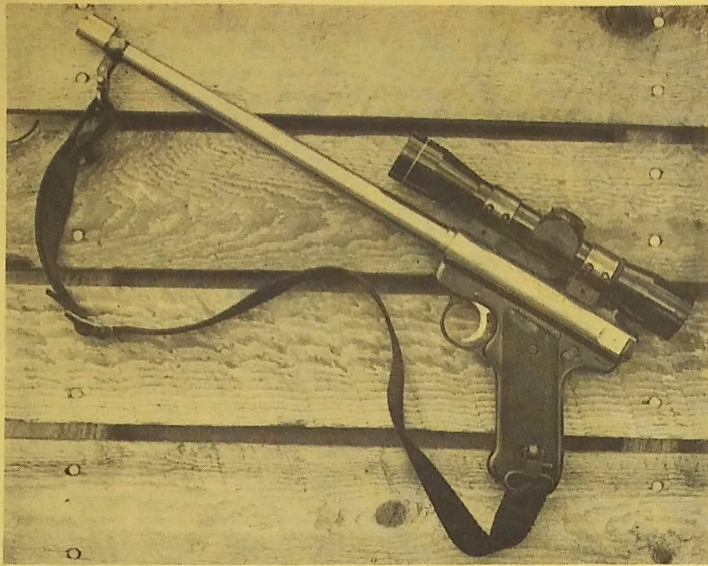
Congratulations to the winners and better luck next year!

HHI TROPHY ANTELOPE HUNT

I have been contacted by an individual in Wyoming regarding a trophy antelope hunt on private land. Accommodations appear to be excellent and all bucks taken should be of record book quality. If you make a mistake and shoot a small one that's your fault. Does are not charged for. The hunt is for three days and any varmints and birds you have time for is simply a bonus, as is fishing. We need nine hunters minimum to make the hunt. Licenses are no problem. Cost exclusive of transportation, licenses, and such incidentals as booze is \$650. If you are interested call or get a \$200 deposit to me by March 15. A/C 614-264-0176.

OSS WINNER

Allan D'Aigneau won the OSS prize for his story "Toughest Handgun Trophy" in the December issue of THE SIXGUNNER. Congratulations!



The AMT converted ruger with 4X scope just may be the best small game getter going!

THE AMT/RUGER MARK II PART ONE

By Philip C. Briggs

I expect that over the last twenty years I've taken a ton of small game and little varmints with a wide variety of pistols and cartridges and at distances that range from near toe to toe on out to ridiculous — but it wasn't until this spring that I found the absolute ultimate pistol/cartridge combo for the job.

Henry Stute hasn't been a handgunner anywhere near as long as I have, (as he's nowhere near as old as I) but he is one of the few real hardcore handgun hunters I know. In fact, he's crazy enough to drive 200 miles to get into some of Arizona's untramped country to spend a weekend shooting rabbits and varmints with pistols.

So am I — that's why we've spent at least one weekend together these last three years trying out a veritable arsenal of pistols on rabbits and prairie dogs. Over that period our choices of preferred pistols has evolved with our experience.

Now before you get excited again about me shooting prairie dogs, and leaving carcasses lie, let me advise you that I have acquired the Hopi recipe for prairie dog.

Let's see here — um — nope can't seem to find it. Well, I remember most of it — it went something like this:

First catch a prairie dog — just kidding — just kidding. Actually, it said, first singe the prairie dog to kill the fleas, then skin and clean it. Then stuff it with onions, herbs, porkfat and something about a brick . . .

Anyhow, back to my story. We started out with loudenboomer revolvers, and scoped, long-range boltguns as our main batteries, with a couple of 22LR's tossed in for when all our other ammo was shot up. That first trip I brought a High Standard Trophy I'd set up with a scope as a squirrel gun many years before pistols wore scopes; Henry had a Merrill with an iron-sighted 22LR barrel.

As the hunt progressed we ended up using the 22LR's more and more, rolling rabbits for the stewpot with surgically-precise, no muss, no fuss, head shots. By the end of the hunt we realized we'd had a lot of fun with the backup guns. And maybe we were on to something.

The next trip, Henry had upgraded his 22LR to a Ruger Mark II Target

model; I'd returned with the high Standard, but had brought a lot more ammo for it. Any rabbit within fifty yards was reserved for the rimfires, and we spent some time walking up prairie dogs in the sage with the little auto's. Worked slick. Challenging too, as the little bullets demanded precise placement on the big jacks for sure kills, and it didn't take much of a breeze to push the little pills off course on the long shots on prairie dogs. No doubt about it, within its range limits, a scoped 22LR semi-auto pistol had promise.

This past year, AMT, the California-based manufacturer of stainless 45ACP Colt copies and the 380 Back-up (and for awhile, the massive Auto Mag) began to build the ultimate 22LR pistol. Or rather part of it.

AMT's staff, realizing that the Ruger semi-auto 22LR pistol was in the public domain (as is the big Colt semi), and hence free of patent protection introduced a line of stainless barrel/receivers for the Ruger that will slip right on your Ruger frame/action.

Introduced in 1949, and built ever since, the Ruger pistol is the gun that created the Sturm, Ruger firm. A straight blowback semi, the pistol is a Luger look alike, sharing the same grip angle, circular trigger guard and tapered, slender barrel. The resemblance ends with appearance though, as the Ruger is simple in design and uniquely suited to this conversion.

The pistol's receiver is a section of tubing with the barrel screwed on to the front, an ejection port cut in the side, and a hole in the back for the bolt which pulls directly out the rear of the receiver for maintenance. Pulling the take down latch allows removal of the bolt, and the barrel/receiver unit (complete with sights) slides forward off the frame. I expect this last feature was intended only to facilitate a thorough cleaning or simple manufacturing as Ruger has never offered replacement units.

In any event, AMT is now offering an assortment of barrel/receiver units in 6½, 8½, 10½, and 12½ inch barrel lengths, in two styles — bull and tapered — with either fixed or adjustable sights. They're all grooved for Weaver Tipoff or similar scope rings made for 22LR rifles. The units are available

from J & G Sales, Inc. in Prescott (440 Miller Valley Rd., Prescott, AZ 86301; 602-945-9650) for about \$90 to \$125 depending upon which barrel/sight combo you select. Your friendly local dealer can order one for you if you don't get to Prescott too often.

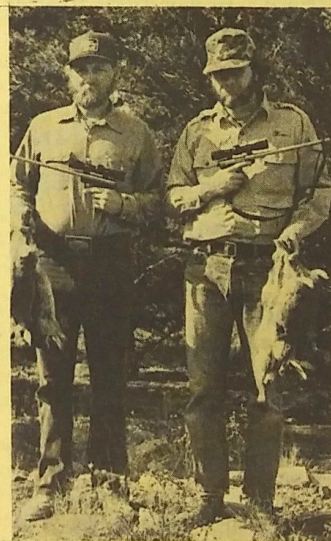
I'd fondled a few on my last visit there, but hadn't yet got around to getting one and a Ruger to convert. That changed this spring when Henry advised of his intention to get a tapered 12½ inch unit.

I picked the same length to obtain the extra edge the long sight radius would give when shooting the pistol in the unlimited class in IHMSA's 22LR handgun silhouette game, and to eek out the most velocity possible from the 22LR cartridge for some extra added punch when hunting with the rig. Accuracy of a barrel isn't a function of its length (past a certain minimum) as much as it is its stiffness which is function of the length to diameter ratio. Bull barrels are stiffer — but shorter barrels of smaller diameter can be as stiff. Stiffness is desired to minimize barrel vibration (barrel whip) on firing, hence a third factor in the equation is the dynamic aspects, i.e., the less vibration the lower the needed structural stiffness to arrive at a minimum level of vibration. With the modest energy levels of the 22LR I figured that the tapered tube would be stiff enough.

Which fit right in with my thoughts on what would handle well — as you can only handle so much weight up front — and fat tubes get there quicker.

All of this considered, the 12½ inch tapered tube looked to be the hot setup.

'Cept it's too long to holster. That I figured I could live with; I'm used to slings on long pistols now, and had a plan for this one.



Escapes from the State Farm? No! Its Henry and Phil with the AMT 22 conversions and the results of a couple hours in the woods.

Michaels of Oregon makes a wide assortment of sling swivel sets, and sure enough there's a set with a band type of forward swivel base that's just the right size for the tapered tube — their set No. 1051. The rear swivel was tougher. You could use the swivel bases from set No. 1281 which have a short quarter-inch diameter threaded (1¼ X 20) shank; this would require drilling and tapping a hole in the butt of the grip though. What I did do was cut the shank off the other base in the

(Continued On Page 15)



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Bill's buck is a good one — good enough for fourth place in the HHI Big Buck contest.

NEW LEASE FOR BIGGER WHITETAIL?

Bill Buckman, Bogota, Tx.

Since the beginning issues of THE SIXGUNNER, I have written various articles regarding game I personally have taken with a handgun. Each animal taken had its own excitement and was, to me, a trophy in its very own way.

This year's story of my whitetail buck is no different, except that this animal would probably be considered a trophy to most any whitetail hunter.

The harvesting of this particular buck was due primarily to a decision I had made this year in changing my priorities in choosing shootable bucks. This decision was partly made due to an offer I received to fill an opening in a lease on the famed Chapman Ranch in Red River County, Texas. In this camp, most members consider an eight pointer with 14" to 15" spread, a small buck. Maybe my standards of judgment are pretty low, but that's always sounded like a mighty good buck to this handgunner. Anyway, at the time, the opening spot sounded of great big bucks and most usually good duck hunting. I wasn't going to give up my old reliable lease at Oakridge Hunting Lodge but I knew the chances of getting a real trophy buck were much greater at the new camp due to their fine conservation program. In accepting the opening, I thought that when hunting season opened I might just hunt a few days at Oakridge mostly enjoying the camp life with my old hunting companions for the past twelve years. After those first few days I could drive some twenty miles or so to my new lease and hunt for a nice trophy buck. All of this sounded great back during the summer but after returning from a moose hunt in Northern Alberta my thoughts started to change. As I began to scout both leases regularly, I began to realize just how much Oakridge and its members meant to me... big buck or not. I was also beginning to find excellent buck signs (scrapes) at my deer stand of the past six years which had, by the way, yielded a buck with a handgun each year. Then I thought those scrapes could have been made by a young buck, trying as best as I could to justify going ahead with plans to concentrate on getting the big one at Chapman's.

As planned, the afternoon before deer season opened, I was on the road

to Oakridge just as I had done for the past eleven years still undecided to wait out a good buck one lease or the other.

Opening morning found me in my secluded stand that sets in a small cleared hole approximately fifteen steps by one hundred thirty-five steps on the edge of a narrow "Jeep road". As in the past years I saw several doe and fawns. Second day I began seeing more deer than usual and I was suddenly being challenged to hold to my decision to pass small racked bucks. During the next several days the size of the buck making the scrape at my stand was becoming more of a mystery for a pretty good size cedar had been rubbed about forty yards from my stand and it sure wasn't rubbed by the little bucks I had been seeing. I decided to put off going to the new lease a little longer. On the night of the fifth day my friend Neil called to report his sighting of a real nice buck near my stand. Needless to say, I was excited!! I continued to hunt Oakridge daily just waiting and enjoying watching the good number of deer I was seeing, plus I oddly enough wasn't regretting the passing up of small bucks. Just as things were looking so good, a problem started arising... full moon. My buck seemed to be smart and doing his roaming and feeding under this full moon. I was going to need help from "mother nature" in order to get cloudy nights or a doe-in-heat or both. I needed just anything to get my buck out of the brush in daylight.

On Tuesday the eleventh day, I headed for my stand thinking help was on the way... A cold front was to come through that night and I had Wednesday and Thursday off from work. Before climbing into my stand, I checked for new signs and sure enough a buck had made a new "hot scrape" some fifty yards from my stand since Monday. As expected, the coming of the front had the deer moving. My first deer of the day was a three point buck and then more deer began to appear. By dark I had seen probably fifteen different deer from my little secluded stand and I thought at just about "dark thirty" I could see a nice rack on one of the furthest animals. It was just too dark and maybe I just had imagined the rack. Sure enough, the front came through quickly that night dropping

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temperatures and leaving an inch or so of rain. Wednesday morning gave me "mother nature's" advantage for deer should not have fed overnight due to the passing of the front. I did have the disadvantage of a prevailing north-northwest wind. Since I did not have good wind direction for my stand, I spread buck lure near some scrapes and near my stand. By seven a.m. I started to see deer. I was watching a couple of deer out in front of me at seven-twenty when I glanced to my right, down the narrow "jeep road" and downwind, to see a lone deer coming up the road at about one hundred seventy-five yards. I could hardly believe my eyes, for although it was early and light wasn't real bright, I could tell it was a good buck. I quickly put my 8 x 20B Zeiss binoculars on the buck revealing a spread definitely past the ears and with that I didn't care how many points he had. I already had the buck in the Leupold 2 X scope on my custom T/C 44-14" loaded with a 240 JHC Sierra and

23.5 grain H 110. The buck was now about one hundred yards straight at me. At my height in the stand, I was looking at mostly a head shot and I wasn't going for that. I figured the buck was going to catch my scent and show me his broadside only as he disappears in the brush. I continued to keep the duplex reticule on the buck as he slows to a few more steps... I was fighting buck fever... no big buck fever... when the buck took a step turning a slight angle to me. I could now begin to see a shoulder as I sized up bullet placement at such an angle and constantly saying to myself, squeeze easy. The easy squeeze finally broke at 18 ounces and the 44 roared. The buck leaped into the brush as the other deer around just looked on, hardly even flinching. Not knowing for sure whether I had hit the buck I knew it best to wait. The next fifteen minutes seemed eternity as I waited quite impatiently. I then climbed down out of the stand flushing

(Continued On Page 15)

GET READY

By Harris Hodges

Preparation is a key to success in any endeavor. This is especially true in deer hunting. The haphazard hunter may occasionally stumble onto a deer, but his success will never be consistent.

Each fall the country side echos with gunshots on the afternoon before opening day because too many "hunters" have waited until the last minute to get their guns sighted in "close enough" to hit a deer. Sundown of the day before hunting season opens is a bad time to discover a broken extractor or a screw missing from a scope mount. These last minute hurry-up-fix-it jobs are what makes gunsmiths such grouches this time of year. Their opening day more often than not is spent fixing someone's broken gun that hasn't been uncased since the close of the season the year before.

My 30-40 Krag Contender almost put me out of commission just before opening day last year. As I was checking the sight setting one last time, the grip screw broke off even with the grip lug. I don't think that T/C Arms anticipated the tremendous amount of recoil and torque their guns are being subjected to with some of the current caliber conversions. Perhaps SSK or T/C Arms can improve this weak link if indeed the broken grip screw is a common occurrence. (Ed. I've never seen a broken T/C grip screw. — Lots of replacement screws break though.) Anyway, drilling a hole into the broken screw and using a homemade ease out solved my problem.

Getting ready to hunt is almost as much fun as hunting itself. Testing bullets and loads is a big part of pre-season preparation that will usually reveal characteristics that aren't apparent from casual observation. This past spring and summer I tested several .30 caliber, 150 grain bullets for accuracy, expansion and penetration. The loads were being developed for hunting purposes with a 12" Contender in 30-40 Krag caliber. I was concerned about adequate expansion and penetration at velocities in the 2100 to 2200 fps range.

Accuracy was no problem as practically every bullet and load combination would group under 2-1/2" at 100 yards. The Sierra 150 grain Spitzer is the most accurate in my gun and will consistently stay within 1" at 100 yards with 44.0 grains of IMR 4064 and CCI 200 primers. Unfortunately, after shooting a truckload of wet newspaper from 100 yards the 150 Sierra proved to expand the least of any bullet tested. In fact, this bullet would usually punch through 4 feet of wet-pack with little or no expansion. This may be a good bullet for heavier animals, but not for the thin skinned white-tail. I do not expect expansion and penetration in game to be the same as in wet newspaper. This medium only allows comparison of different bullets under somewhat controlled conditions.

My preconceived notion that the Speer 150 grain Mag Tip would expand the most was also wrong. Except for the Sierra 150 grain Spitzer, the Speer Mag Tip expanded the least of any bullet tested. The Speer 150 grain Spitzer and the Hornady 150 grain Spire Point performed the best with the Hornady having a slight edge in expansion. Accuracy with the Hornady bullet and 44.0 grains of IMR 4064 with CCI 200 primers and RP brass is 1-1/2" to 2" at 100 yards. This load is maximum in my Contender and is certainly not recommended as a starting load in anybody's gun. I do not have access to a chronograph, but I estimate the velocity to be



Harris's nine pointer taken with a 30-40 and Hornady 150. That's a good buck in anybody's book!

approximately 2200 fps, from the 12" Contender. Can anyone verify this?

My tests by no means covered every 150 grain, .30 caliber bullet made. There are several other bullets available, and I would like to hear of someone's experiences with them.

Finding good places to hunt is as much a part of pre-season preparation as load development. Archery season is the best excuse I have for getting in the woods early to see how and where the deer will be moving. I didn't fire an arrow at a deer this year, but I got in some good scouting. Some areas are hot spots year after year while others lose popularity for reasons known only to the deer.

Last year I wrote about a place where I took a nice 7 point buck and a very good 10 pointer. I hunted the same area this year and it paid off again.

One particular morning in December turned out to be very good. The night had been dark with no moon or wind. The temperature had dropped into the mid-thirties for a few days, and the bucks had finally started leaving evidence of being in rut. Active scrapes had appeared later this year than usual, and I was anxious to climb a tree near some scrapes that I knew were hot.

It was still dark without a hint of red in the east as I hiked the mile of old logging road to the area I planned to hunt. I got within 50 yards of my stand and heard deer running off. I knew that I had spooked every deer within 500 yards. There didn't seem to be much use in hunting there after scaring all of the deer away, but I bolted the Baker Stand to the old pine anyway. I thought that the deer had heard me and not caught my scent so there might still be hope. I soaked 3 Q-Tips in my favorite buck lure and hung them in a bush 20 yards out from my tree. I climbed the tree and had barely gotten settled when I heard the unmistakable crunch-crunch sound of a deer walking toward me. It was still dark, but I could make out a gray form heading right to the bush with the Q-Tips. Daylight seemed like forever away as I strained to see the deer 20 yards in front of me. It finally satisfied its curiosity about the unfamiliar scent and wandered off. As the crunch-crunch sound faded my optimism also faded. I was more uncomfortable than usual as I waited for daylight. The chances of a buck showing himself seemed slim after so much pre-dawn activity, but a little after 8:00 I caught a glimpse of movement off to my extreme left. A buck with a nice rack entered a thicket that I knew contained a line of scrapes that would lead him my way. I pivoted in the stand and brought the Contender up in the direction the deer should appear. (The pistol wasn't cocked yet Mr. Simonds). He came to the edge of the thicket and stopped, facing an open

area ahead of him. He was cross wind from me so he didn't have my scent or the scent of the buck lure, but if he walked another 20 yards he would cross my trail. I've seen deer react as if their noses had touched an electric fence when they crossed a man trail, so I wanted to shoot before he started moving again. He was 70 yards away with some thin brush between us. The crosshairs of the 2x Leupold scope danced over his chest but the sight picture looked O.K. when the sear broke. The 30-40 cracked and the deer just stood there. I expected him to fall over dead, but he turned around and dog trotted back into the thicket. A sick feeling in the bottom of my stomach started as I realized that I had just missed a very nice buck. I have missed deer before, but that didn't help my feelings any right then. I was just beginning to get very angry with myself for blowing a shot when I heard a crunch behind me. Another deer was less than 20 yards away. This buck was following his nose straight to the Q-Tips, and he never suspected that I was there. I twisted, settled the crosshairs behind his shoulder and fired. This shot didn't miss. A mist of blood and hair hung in the air for a second where the buck had just stood. He ran full speed for 30 yards and plowed into a tree. I could count the eight points on the decent rack before I climbed down from the tree.

I couldn't be positive, but I didn't think that the buck I had just killed was the same one I had shot at 5 minutes earlier. The first one looked bigger. I thoroughly searched the area where the first deer had been without finding any sign of a hit.

I decided to hunt from the same place the next Saturday. I normally alternate areas to avoid spooking the deer, but that nagging feeling that I had missed a bigger deer wouldn't leave me.

My plan was to pick my hunting partner, Denny Morgan, up at 5:15 a.m. and be in my stand by 6:45 a.m. At 6:28 a.m. I opened one eye and looked at the alarm clock. I had overslept and got this hunt off to a bad start. I got dressed and checked Denny's house. He had left without me so I headed for the woods alone.

I was late by an hour, but I finally got settled into my stand. Only 30 minutes passed before I saw movement in the same spot that I had first seen a deer the previous week. This time he angled behind my tree and was only partially visible in the short pines and brush 70 yards away. The top of a young pine swayed as he fought it with his antlers, but I couldn't see enough of him for a clear shot. He suddenly stopped fighting the tree. I could see his gray face staring directly toward me. He turned around and calmly walked away from me. I put the cross-

hairs on an opening a few yards ahead of the deer and the trigger gave as he entered the sight picture. He broke into a graceful lope and disappeared into the woods. I mentally marked the last spot I had seen him which was beside a forked pine tree. I would use this tree as a starting point in looking for a blood trail. As I neared the forked pine the sight of a deer lying near it took me by surprise. The buck had traveled 40 yards after being hit and had died with his head in an old scrape. This was my first clear look at the antlers and I was impressed. The nine point rack was wider than any I had ever seen, and it was heavy all the way to the end of the mainbeams. He didn't look all that heavy at first glance, but he was later weighed at 200 lbs. even.

A closer examination of the deer revealed a wound on the underside of his neck that had started to heal. It looked like a bullet had nicked the hide and barely touched the meat underneath. This was probably the same deer I had shot at a week earlier and thought I had missed. The wound probably didn't even bleed.

The last shot had entered his right flank and exited just behind his shoulder on the left side. The Hornady penetrated well and left evidence of good expansion.

When I do my part the 30-40 Krag really does a job on deer. The Hornady bullet I chose to hunt with also proved to be very good, but this came as no surprise. The only good substitute for testing your own bullets is accepting the advice of an expert who has already done the testing before you. J.D. Jones recommended the Hornady bullet to me long before I ever shot my first bundle of newspaper. I could have saved myself a lot of gunpowder, but the preparation was a hell of a lot of fun.

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44 CAL. 225 GR. SWC	36.50
44 CAL. 240 GR. SWC	37.50
44 CAL. 240 GR. TFP	37.50
45 CAL. 185 GR. WC	31.50
45 CAL. 200 GR. SWC	32.50
45 CAL. 230 GR. RN	36.50
45 CAL. 255 GR. SWC	37.50
O.S.S. "COPPER-CLAD" BULLETS	
9MM 120 GR. TFP	35.50
38 CAL. 158 GR. SWC	40.50
38 CAL. 180 GR. FP	43.50
44 CAL. 240 GR. SWC	50.50
44 CAL. 240 GR. TFP	50.50
45 CAL. 230 GR. RN	47.50
ALL ORDERS SHIPPED FREIGHT COLLECT AND MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY F.F.L. QUALITY GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED. DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED.	

HANDGUN HUNTERS' HALL OF FAME AWARD TO BE PRESENTED MAY 26 IN MILWAUKEE

MOUNT CLEMENS, Mich. — A national Mag-Na-Port Handgun Hunter's Hall of Fame Award will be presented at the Outstanding American Handgunner Awards ceremony during the National Rifle Association convention in Milwaukee next May 26.

The Mag-Na-Port Handgun Hunters' Hall of Fame Award will be awarded to the hunter who takes the most outstanding trophy example submitted during the year regardless of species, said Larry Kelly, developer and owner of the popular Mag-Na-Port recoil reduction process.

"The selection committee will make their judgment based on the quality of

the animal," explained Kelly. "That way, a guy shooting a whitetail in his back forty has as much chance as the guy who can afford an African safari."

Judging will be based upon the Safari International point system. The selection committee consists of Kelly, Mag-Na-Port custom gunrafter Jerry Kraft, writer and ballistics expert J.D. Jones, attorney and hunter Ed Keller, Joe Tartaro of Gun Week publications, internationally recognized handgun hunters Frank Murtland and Holt Bodinson, and Outdoor Writer Butch Sapp.



Adrian and friends; warthog and S & W.

HANDGUNNING WARTHOGS

By Dr. A. De Villiers, South Africa

Handcannons with 14" barrels and 4 power scopes are capable of muzzle velocities of up to 2400 ft. per second and 200 meter groups of less than 3", handgunning warthogs with them is a piece of cake since warthogs with their poor eyesite and mediocre hearing probably will not even have seen you at 200 meters, you merely have to choose your trophy and shoot in your own time.

It was for this reason that Eddie Dunn and I decided to hunt for warthogs with our Standard Side Arms, mine a 4" S&W Mod. 629, Eddie used a Standard Colt Government model loaded with 250 gr. S.W.C. bullets moving at approximately 900 ft. per second.

I handloaded 600 rounds of .44 Mag cartridges with 250 gr. S.W.C. and 22 gr. of MP300. These targets load with a velocity of 1200 ft. per second from my 4" barrel, have extremely small groups from a bench at 20 meters.

I practiced shooting with 400 rounds, my aim was to be able to shoot a 6 cms. target from 30-40 meters from any angle supported or unsupported. I shot out of trees, through bushes and thick grass. I noted that the 250 gr. S.W.C. head was minimally deviated by even thick grass or small twigs.

Now I was ready.

We went to Mr. Rob van Rensburg's farm in Thabazimbi. Here, there were numerous large warthogs. The only snag was that they were shot at all

year round and were as spooky as a cricket on a dance floor.

Eddie and I set out on Saturday morning before dawn. There had been rain the day before and all the bushes and trees were heavy with moisture, even the ubiquitous dry twigs barely made a sound when we stood on them.

We filtered through the bush so slowly and carefully that we had within the first hour spotted a herd of 7 Kudus, less than 40 meters from us in dense bush, a few Bush Buck and even an Impala ram which walked slowly past us less than 5 meters away.

This occurrence is so typical of hunting. On my last trip to this farm I had taken two days to see my first Kudu, but pigs at that time were everywhere... today the opposite. It was still very early however, at about 10 o'clock we split up.

At this stage we had still not seen a single hog. By lunch time I still had no luck. I had however seen three families of pigs but had not been able to get anywhere near them before their combined senses had me spotted.

Eddie had seen at least 20 warthogs but none had been satisfactory for a trophy. We had a light lunch and about three litres of water to stock up our supplies and we were off again.

After lunch I was more determined than ever. I found a dry riverbed and moved silently from shadow to shadow. All my senses alert. At about 3 p.m. I spotted the warthog boar. "A

Handgunners Dream."

He was massive with very large tusks. I was sitting under a bush on one side of a dry riverbed when I saw him move about 50 meters away on the opposite side.

He was standing under an old, dead thorn tree which had collapsed into the shape of an umbrella — I was not sure if he had seen me, so I watched him for about ten minutes before I moved.

The ground between us was completely open apart from a small eroded channel which ran towards the riverbed which separated us. I lay on my stomach and moved forward slower than molasses going uphill in winter.

The wind was blowing towards me so my chances were good. It took me about 20 minutes to move the 20 meters to the riverbed.

Ever so slowly, as carefully as aameleon, I squeezed into the bush just below the edge of the riverbank. The boar seemed to be getting restless. From where I now lay, under my bush, I could just see the boar's outline where he stood broadside-on, in his umbrella of branches and twigs.

The boar was about 30 meters away at an elevation of approximately 25 degrees.

Lying on my back I clamped the .44 between my legs and started to squeeze off a shot. Just then he began to walk-off. I adjusted for his movement, aimed slightly ahead of him and squeezed off a shot just before he passed behind a large tree-trunk.

Because I was sitting in a depression, the sound of the shot was very loud and not only could I not hear the sound of impact, but I never saw the warthog after he had disappeared behind the tree-trunk.

Although the shot felt perfect, an anxious few minutes followed.

I went immediately to the spot where the pig had been when I had shot and searched for blood. There was nothing, absolutely nothing, — it was easy to spot where the pig had raced off, so I got on my hands and knees and followed the spoor through thick bushes along the riverbank. He was still running hard after a 100 meters and moving parallel to the riverbed and still no evidence of a bloodspoor.

To save time I marked the spot where I had last seen spoor and walked briskly down the path I was on, approximately 200 meters further, just as I was going to give up hope, I saw him lying on his side.

He was still breathing.

I gave him a coup de grace brain shot from behind and it was all over.

My first shot had been perfect. Through both shoulders and the lungs and possibly even the heart. He had managed to run 300 meters, nobody said warthogs weren't tough.

On my way back to camp I took a second boar at 20 meters, he ran 150 meters with a heart shot before he dropped.

Eddie unfortunately had not been able to find a suitable boar but he could not complain as he had recently handgunned a Wildebeeste with a Ruger.

My big boar is still my favorite trophy.

I had worked hard and carefully for a good shot and it had paid dividends!

Good Shootin.

AN AMERICAN TRADITION

THE .45-70 . . .

By Paco Kelly

As most of the readers of FOULING SHOT, the CBAs bimonthly know, I'm a fan of the .45 Colt. I use the larger caliber more than the others, except for the .44 Magnum which is still king . . . and the .44 Keith Express for truly big critters. And SIX-GUNNER readers also know I like the larger calibers but mostly .45 in all its chamberings. Why it took me so long to get a HANDCANNON in .45-70 is a mystery.

That doesn't mean I haven't used a .45-70 T/C Contender . . . I have. The last time JD was in Tucson, Feb. 83, he, myself, and Holt Bodinson (Admin Honcho of Safari International) went out in the boonies and terrorized the landscape. I used JD's personal .45-70 . . . how sweet it was.

The SSK .45-70 HANDCANNON is a masterpiece of workmanship . . . I would like only one change, that is have Thompson Contender leave the puma off the frame sides. So then I could engrave it with something nicer. I do animal heads in steel, and my own type of scrimshaw, even on false ivory like macarta and such. My animal heads are so much better, than T/Cs puma...even my etching is better.

The barrel is MAG-NA-PORTed, and it helps. The recoil is the first thing I'm asked about when people see the gun. I tell my friends that it is less than full loads from a .44 Magnum in a T/C. The 44 gives a sudden sharp twisting kick . . . the .45-70 pushes back in your hand. Now don't get me wrong, you can handload the .45-70 past the ability of your hand to shoot more than two or three shots. But there is no reason for those loads outside of going after Moose or some such . . . where you are going to shoot only three or four rounds anyway.

I know a writer and senior editor for one of the larger magazines in December stated that the .44 Magnum out of a T/C has more power than a .45-70 out of the same gun. He used a good deal of 'paper ballistics' to prove his point. Why is it we give velocity so much of a leg up on bullet weight and bullet length and penetration? Of the four...velocity is the least critical in the power train. And taking factory loaded rounds in the 13000 to 18000 psi bracket of the .45-70 and comparing against a 40000 psi .44 Magnum cartridge is apples and oranges . . . a set up to make the .45-70 look less powerful . . . a very artfully worded piece.

Handloading the .45-70 and comparing it to the .44 Magnum is another world all together. One unfortunately, that wasn't explored very well in that article. Today with handloads we can get more velocity out of a T/C Contender .45-70 with larger bullets than the original rifle load gave out of those 28 to 30 inch rifles with the 405 grain bullet. Going to the weight of the heaviest .44 caliber bullet . . . the jacketed 265 grain Hornady, with top pressures in a 10 inch barrel we could get 1500 fps out of a Ruger . . . maybe

(Continued On Page 14)

BACK ISSUES

PATCHES

\$2.00 Each



1600 to 1700 out of the Contender. The .45-70 with its lightest rifle bullet the 300 grain flat nose or the 300 hollow-pointed flat nose . . . can top 1900 fps. More power than the .45-70 with the 405 gr. commercial round out of a rifle today.

My load for the .45-70 Contender for killing dragons . . . feral Tyrannosaurus-Rexii (Rexes?) . . . and blowing mistaken gun writers out of the water, is a 500 grain cast bullet at sixteen hundred feet per second, and that gives almost 3000 lbs. of muzzle energy! The .44 Magnum load of 265 & 1700 fps gives 1700 lbs. of muzzle punch. Even if you could get the 44's velocity up to 1800 fps we're still talking about 1900 foot pounds . . . let's go really high with 2000 fps for the 44 and the 265 gr. bullet . . . that gives 2350 plus foot pounds . . . very respectable but still not in the .45-70 top end league.

And if we wanted to play the velocity game with the T/C .45-70 . . . I can drive a 200 grain Speer at 400 to 500 fps faster than the 180 gr. light weight in the .44 Mag Contender. It makes for a nifty varmint load, but just like driving a 180 grain 44 bullet out of the .44 Magnum Contender at its peak . . . what is it good for? To match the .45-70 Contender with a .44 caliber round you need to fall back on the .444JDJ case size . . . and even then the .45-70 still has heavier jacketed bullets, more mould choices and a faster expansion ratio than the .444 has. If you believe that the .44 Magnum can beat the .45-70 I have a guy that's selling lots in beautiful downtown Beirut wants to talk to you . . .

The U.S. Government Printing Office offers a unique reprint called THE REPORT OF THE BOARD FOR SELECTING A BREECH SYSTEM FOR MUSKETS AND CARBINES (Dated May 1873). That's the report that resulted in the adoption of the .45-70 as the military round. There were many repeaters on the market by that time. And the .44-40 cartridge was certainly known to the selection board . . . but they wanted a round with power . . . to go thru a man and horse if need be . . . I'm not saying I agree, just saying what they wanted.

No repeater on the market or in the near future could give the power of the .45-70. Marlin in 1881 came out with the first repeater, a lever action for the .45-70 . . . Winchester didn't make it for five more years. The military even then didn't go to the leverguns . . . cause, get this official reasoning . . . the repeaters of the day . . . "do not have the camming action sufficient to guarantee extraction of jammed casings . . ."

The same kind of thinking that held the Spencer from being more widely used in the Civil War. But if the military thinking on the rifle type was faulty . . . the cartridge certainly was not. The first .45-70 round as most know was an inside primed copper case with 70 grains of black powder under a 405 gr. lead bullet. The carbine load was cut to 55 grs. of black powder . . . and in 1882 they went to a 500 grain bullet. And this gives us the military's next big reason for the .45-70 over a pistol round in a repeater . . . range. That's it! The .44-40 and its ilk's range was measured in hundreds of yards, and not too many of those. The .45-70 was reputed to be accurate to 1300 yards. They state that the penetration of the repeater round (.44-40/200 gr. bullet) at 100 yards was less than the .45-70 carbine round at over 880 yards.

The question is can a person really believe that 880 yards is a killing fi-

gure. In one sense only I think . . . the midrange height (440 yards) for a .45-70 with the 55 gr. load of black under the 500 gr. bullet would be so high the big bullet falling into the target alone would give it some power. I have tried both the 70 grain load (we could only get 60 grains or so in the case) and the 55 grain load of black powder under the 550 grain NEI cast bullet. We tried them but absolutely not at those fantastic ranges. But that's all right cause I don't think the dog soldier of the 1880s ever did either. An easy 200 yards was difficult until we "got the range" as they said back then . . . and it was true.

Believe it or not . . . those are stout loads. They recoil (in a rifle/modern Springfield by H&R) most vigorously in the carbine or officers model as it seems to be called. But they are very accurate . . . and powerful. Unfortunately the commercial producers of .45-70 ammo still load the round down to the velocity of the 1880s. Only two commercial loads are faster . . . Federals 300 grain at 1800 fps and Winchester's look alike. Out of my HANDCANNON they do about 1500 fps . . . hohum.

I take a .462 to .464 caliber black powder ball and load it over 3 to 4 grains of Bullseye in the .45-70 cases. Weight runs around 170 grains . . . they are almost silent and move at around 800 fps. They will kill good sized pests out to 50 yards. That's more power by the way than the 158 round nose 38 special load. I cast hard balls about the same diameter (black powder shooter moulds) . . . you need oversize balls in any bore to take the rifling. These hard balls are loaded up to 2000 fps . . . push them into the case about a quarter inch below the case rim, and put good alox type lube over the top of them. I found 2400 and Unique powders to be the best in these big straight sided cases, with light balls for medium and high velocities.

Using 500 grain cast bullets and of dead soft lead, at 600 fps for around 400 foot pounds of hitting power is fun . . . you can almost see the damn things in flight if you are standing to one side of the shooter and the sunlight is just right . . . but again the lack of noise and recoil give one the feeling that they are toy loads, not really deadly. They will go thru both sides of a 3/8ths inch, to the side, steel pipe I shoot at with handloads to test penetration. And the exit side tells the story with about a 2 inch hole . . . meaning the lead mushroomed and could make the same holes in someone or thing very easily.

Cartridge collectors could go crazy with .45-70 cases alone . . . they were made by Frankford Arsenal, commercial ammo makers, and many others in a number of loadings . . . 70 grains of black powder under both a 405 gr. and 500 grain bullets, also the carbine load was with both bullets and 55 grains of black powder. But that isn't the end . . . blanks were made for the military in several different kinds, one was made with a bullet type nose on the end of the case for use in Gatling guns . . . there were several squib loads with one using wooden bullets. And an interesting round with a wooden sabot carrying a thirty caliber bullet.

I broke down one of my Frankford Arsenal rounds . . . it is a hard brass case with a high tin content and nickel plated. The bullet is a 507 grain round-nose with a flat tip, and paper patched. It was over 56 and 1/2 grains of a very fine black powder. Powder charges were not weighed I guess, but thrown by measured bulk. A very nicely manu-

factured cartridge, every bit as well made as our big producers today, and it was done by a government arsenal.

One of things I could never understand today . . . is why some of our more progressive ammo makers hasn't brought back the paper patched bullet with cast bullets. It is easy to make, cheaper also. And with the soft lead the big boys are straddled with use in manufacture of lead bullets, paper patching would allow them to up the velocity by 400 to 500 feet per second in handguns and well over 1500 fps in rifles. I've used paper patching, it is simple, use a good 20 lb. paper and lube like you usually do . . . the complete explanation is in Col. Harrison's excellent book CAST BULLETS (by NRA).

The power of the .45-70 in strong rifles like the Marlin lever action is fascinating, it is like a new cartridge has been invented . . . in the Rugers number ones and threes, by loading the bullet out further than usual in the case you can get just under the 458 velocities.

Of course you can't load the Contender like that. The recoil is savage, and the head thrust of the big .45-70 rim would begin to damage the gun itself. But you can load above the commercial 405 gr. loads . . . slowly and carefully.

JD disagrees with me so I'll tell you he feels that powders like 2400 and the small rifle powders WW296 and H110 are dangerous in big cases like the .45-70. Because of a mysterious detonation of fast powders that take guns apart, when those fast powders are used in big cases. I don't make light of this . . . I have seen several badly damaged guns where the shooter has been firm, that only a small squib load was used. But I feel two things are responsible, the bullet itself may have been unintentionally pushed too deep into the case, or no filler or too much filler have been used.

The pressure in a lowly .38 special wadcutter leaps up at a squaring rate as the bullet is pushed into the case. It goes from around 7000 psi to 20,000 psi pushing it back into the case only a little over 1/8th inch! If you push it past a 1/4 inch you can be in the magnum class with pressures . . . push it to the bottom of the case and you could very well take the gun apart. I'm sure it can happen with the .45-70 . . . if you have a loose bullet be careful it doesn't fall back in the case.

The use of fillers like oatmeal and such, that fill the case and then have a bullet squeezed down on top of them are really creating a giant bullet. The weight of the filler and the bullet combined is the projectile weight to the powder, so instead of a five hundred grain bullet you may suddenly have a 1800 gr. mass to push against. And the restricted space in a cream of wheat filled to the bottom shell is adding more problems.

I use a pull of pillow stuffing pushed down on the powder, it is less than 1 grain, and costs very little to buy. This holds the powder to the primer for even ignition round after round . . . and stops another mysterious process where the powder from shaking and slight magnetic field built up inside the case (easy to do in a brass or copper environment with solvent washed powders) suspends the powder like a cloud in the case . . . the primer then ignites every granule at the same time! I use a light filler, no problems.

There are any number of expert handloaders who I highly respect that disagree with me. I don't expect any-

one take what I do as gospel . . . that's why I rarely give amounts of powder in loads I use. Someone no matter how hard we try to warn against it, is going to try that load first, not leading up to it slowly. So I am saying there is a problem using fast powders in big cases . . . especially bottle necked cases like the big magnums and the big straight sided ones like the .444 and the .45-70.

I can safely push my 550 NEI bullet to 1600 fps.

The first coyote I hit with a 130 gr. HAMMERHEAD bullet at a little under 1900 feet per second (a Reloader 7 load), was literally moved sideways, in a little spin. I have never seen a large animal pushed by a bullet before. I know people say it often but it just rarely happens. This brush wolf got hit along the ribs, thru the vitals and out the other side leaving few ribs and big holes. It was a good 200 yards shot . . . the scope is excellent and I had a good sitting hold waiting for him. To come in closer, but he wouldn't, even to my buddies best crying squeaker . . . so I held over his back about a foot and squeezed off.

As most SIXGUNNER readers know . . . JD's T/Cs have hunted Africa, all of the big five have fallen to their bark . . . and a number of animals not in the big five that should be, also have been taken. As good as these guns are, they are only as good as the shooter behind the trigger . . . even the 460 Weatherby will fail if the shooter is not in tune with his rifle and load. Practice, and more practice is important. The shooter needs to know where his bullet will drop, how far he can hit with his load/bullet/gun combo . . . there is only one way I know to learn that . . . it is to shoot. Shoot at known distances first, get to know the range of the load, then start shooting at unknown distances . . . test drop, penetration if possible, get to know the gun you are going to go after big game with . . . cause the person that hits a lion, grizzly, even a gentle animal like a moose, and hits him badly . . . that may be the day the bear eats him.

So I know from experience and other reliable hunters that there is no game on earth I can't put down with my .45-70 SSK HANDCANNON . . . as soon as I meet my personal self-imposed criteria. That's being able to hit a 1 gallon bucket . . . every time at 100, 200, and 250 yards. Practice is good for all of us. Like the grand old man . . . Elmer Keith says . . . "do all your hunting before you shoot".

Sheep (Continued From Page 9)

Then they would move off down the valley with their cows, never showing themselves. It was exciting, exhausting, fun and great. Going down in one valley and climbing back out is tough, but when you're doing two valleys a day it's murder. I don't want you guys to think I'm a candy ass but every night on the way back I'd say to myself, "Give up, you must be nuts," but after some good food and a night's rest I'd try again. After my 8th, 9th or 10th day — who keeps track — I was lucky to know what month it was let alone what day it was.

We had just reached the horses after trying for a bull and climbing out a valley. I was not only running out of time but I had the four D's (Discouraged, Depressed, Disappointed and Disgusted) It was around 3 p.m. and we were heading down to the camp. I now had two

(Continued On Page 15)

requires that one not approach it as a "Magnum". Perhaps it will handle hotter loads than I have tried, but they are not recommended as after a seven and one-half year wait I am not about to see how far it can be pushed. A 420 gr. bullet at 1100 fps is enough for me.

As I mentioned, the Century is not practical, but that does not keep it from being desirable. After all it truly is the "World's Largest Revolver". Plus it functions well and has shown excellent accuracy with either cast or jacketed bullets. Firing into a fir log, the factory 405 penetrated 8" and looked virtually unfired, while the 300 grain Hornady Jacketed at 1250 fps Hollow Point went 4" but mushroomed out to .675" in diameter. I prefer the 300 gr. Hornady and the 420 grain RCBS No. 45-405fn for the Century.

The SSK offering in .45-70 is a completely different proposition. Like the Century only in caliber, the add-on .45-70 barrel for Thompson's Contender is an extremely powerful practical hunting handgun. With proper handloads a custom .45-70 TC barrel can exceed trap-door ballistics by 300-400 fps with 18" less barrel, actually it is basically the equivalent of an 1886 Winchester (or Marlin 1895) and weighs less than half as much. Again, however, care should be used when loading the .45-70 TC.

While the recoil of proper loads from the Century is mild, pushing the same bullets 400 fps faster from a hand-gun weighing 2/3 as much changes the recoil situation radically. Heavy loads from a .45-70 TC kick. Hard! Both Mag-na-porting and Pach-mayr grips are strongly recommended.

While SSK rechambers standard TC barrels for many of their wildcats such as .44 Magnum to .430 JDJ, .35 Remington to .358 JDJ, .30-30 to .30-40, and 7TCU to 7JDJ, the .45-70 is strictly a custom proposition. My barrel is a beautiful piece of custom work and came with double recoil reducing slots, a full length SSK rib and three Bushnell rings. The barrel and rib are finished with SSK chrome, while the rings appear to have a bead blast finish. The SSK mount is the only mount that will hold with the recoil generated by the .45-70 and three rings are necessary to hold the scope, which in this case is a 2 1/2 power Red-field.

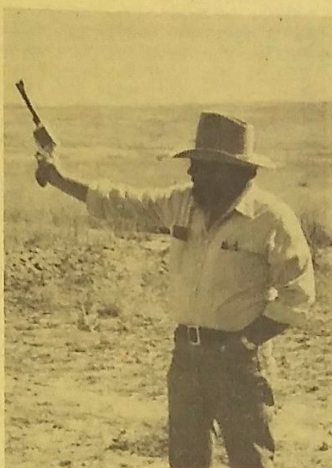
LOADS FOR THE .45-70 CENTURY MODEL 100 8-1/2 BARREL

LOAD	MV	5-Shots, 25 Yds.
Remington Factory 405	1040 fps	7/8"
Hornady 300JHP/27 gr. No. 2400	1103 fps	1"
Hornady 300JHP/39 gr. H4198	1254 fps	1-3/4"
Hornady 300JHP/46 gr. H322	1156 fps	1-1/2"
Hornady 300JHP/49 gr. No. 3031	1020 fps	1"
Lyman No. 457124/22 gr. No. 2400	1025 fps	1-1/2"
RCBS 45-405 FN/22 gr. No. 2400	1109 fps	1-1/2"

T.C. .45-70 SSK 14" BARREL

LOAD	MV
Remington Factory 405	1209 fps
Hornady 300 JHP/44 gr. H4198	1666 fps
Hornady 300 JHP/53 gr. No. 3031	1631 fps
Speer 400 JSP/47.5 gr. H322	1500 fps

All loads shoot into 1-2" at 100 yards.



Taffin with the Century in full recoil.

For loading the .45-70 I selected Pacific Durachrome dies and loading the massive .45 is the same as loading any straight walled sixgun cartridge. However the case is so long that it is difficult to use a press that has minimum clearance such as the RCBS Jr. While I avoid loading the 9mm because it is so small my fingers get in the way, everything about the .45-70 is large and easy to handle.

Having two .45-70's that accept different levels of loadings, reloading is approached by using two brands of cartridge cases. My cases are all separated so that Winchester Western Cases are used for the Century with Remingtons being used for the TC.

There are many suitable jacketed bullets available for the .45-70 from 300 to 500 grain weights. However after the 300 grainer, expense becomes a real factor so if I want something heavier I go to cast bullets. I prefer the RCBS 45-405 fn in the Century at around 1100 fps, and the 300 gr. Hornady Jacketed Hollow Point in the TC loaded to 1600-1700 fps.

Sighting in my 14" TC at 165 yards using iron chickens on the turkey rail, I found that adjusting to hit dead on with the 300 gr. Hornady at 1650 fps, I can hold at the feet to hit dead center with the 400 gr., speed at 1500 fps. Chickens fly backwards several feet when hit with either load. A 400 gr. .45-70 at 1500 fps churns up twice the muzzle energy of a .44 Magnum sixgun.

bullets that were made and loaded by J.D. I knew that it was the right elk medicine because I had shot a moose with the same load and put him down with the first shot, completely penetrating the moose. We stopped about 20 ft. in front of the horses and laid behind some brush. Gary replied

to the elk's bugle, and the bull answered him. The elk started thrashing the brush and he was coming closer. The only problem was he was straight above us and there wasn't any rest for my gun. "There he is!" whispered Gary. All I could see was the elk's legs and my neck was getting stiff. All of a sudden the bull moved off. "He thought the horses were cows," said Gary. "I'll have Ken take them down the trail. He may hear them and come back." Gary motioned for Ken because he was a couple hundred yards down the trail. It worked. The bull was coming back. Gary said, "Get to that tree." "Keep it between you and the bull." As I started up all I could think of was this bull was going to spook like all the rest had done. My heart was pounding a mile a minute and I was huffing and puffing, and I did what we should never do. I got excited. When I was within 20' of the tree I peeked around it and to my amazement there was the bull 40 yards away, broadside, bulging and fighting the brush. I just went to pieces, the 2X cross hairs were weaving all over the place. I must shoot quick or he will run I said to myself.

Now this is when I'm suppose to say how I put the cross hairs on his shoulders and squeezed the trigger. I did just the opposite. I had the elk in the scope and jerked the trigger. What happened after that is a repeat performance. I literally went to pieces. The bull turned and offered me his other side and bugled again as if he had never heard the explosion of the .44. My second shot caught him in the guts. He ran down to a lower level and stood behind a large tree. By now I was at the tree that I should have gone to in the beginning. The bull was still only 40 to 50 yards away. He didn't know where I was. I had his rear flank or head to shoot at, this is when I made the wrong decision again. I waited for the bull to step out. He didn't. He spun and ran directly away from the tree. I had a quick shot at his rear, but I never touched him. As we reached the ridge the bull had gone over, there was blood all over and he was standing about 600 yards out in a large open basin. "He's down!" said Gary. "He's up." said Ken who had just caught up with us. "Do you think we'll get him?" I said. Standing there feeling like a misfit. The bull laid down and we watched him as darkness was moving in fast. "He looks finished." said Gary. "It's all open and if we try to approach him he may get up," Gary said. "He'll be there in the morning, no doubt about it. You've got yourself a nice 6X6," said Ken. At daybreak I focused my binoculars on the spot where the bull had been. There was no bull to be seen anywhere. We rode over and took up the trail. Five hours later we lost the trail and quit. We had done everything possible to find him. You ask how can a guy that has taken hundreds of animals screw up that bad. The only answer I can give is, it's easy. Anyone interested in going on a dream hunt for elk or trophy mule deer, Gary Madsen is the fellow to hunt with. For further information contact: Jim Hebert, Big Game Safaris, 4700 Barber Road, Metamora, Michigan 48455. (313) 678-2843.

AMT (Continued From Page 10)

No. 1051 set (was a wood screw) and then soft solder that on to the left, lower grip screw. A shortened section of Michaels one inch nylon web sling (No. 2670) finished things off. (Continued On Page 16)

Works slick. On the shoulder it's out of your way and light enough to be hardly noticeable, yet accessible enough to get into action rapidly, should you kick out a jack while wandering around with your hands in your pockets.

My concerns on the handling qualities of this long tubed pistol were allayed the day the barrel arrived. I put the pistol together and tried it out in an assortment of positions on the living room floor. The long tube also gets the muzzle out in front of any body parts whether shooting Creedmoor or locked sitting, and it felt fair standing.

Now, after having shot over 500 rounds through it in the field and on the range I'm sure I made the right choice. It works swell in sitting or reclining field positions and hangs well standing.

I'll talk about accuracy and my overall impressions on the pistol in Part 2.

\$500 A Shot (Continued From Page 8)

quarry through brush, gravel, river-bottom, marsh, and sundry other challenges. The Shor trackers of Nuanetsi Hunters are possibly the best there are. A quarter mile through the brush, we found our herd of waterbuck. They "found" us at the same time. It was the worst place we could have picked to make contact. The brush was what I call "tech-wood", an inch around, an inch apart.

The waterbuck bolted instantly at our sight, racing to our left through a virtual maze of tangled brush. A door-sized hole eighty yards out front would present the only fleeting opportunity for a shot as the animals would flash across.

I dropped to my knees and rested the base of my hands on a short stump, setting the .375 JDJ's four-power glass solidly on that hole. Centering the cross-hairs at what I assumed body height would be on the running waterbuck. I concentrated on the upper right corner of the field of view. That's where the horn's identifying the bull would appear first. That's a technique I've learned from hunting whitetails in the Pennsylvania hardwoods for years.

The first waterbuck flashed across the opening... cow... cow... cow... another cow... horns! Bang! Smack! Then came the flash of other running bodies, then the distinct sound of a body hitting the ground, skidding and kicking.

Don took off toward the crashing sound like a gazelle. I was in hot pursuit, reloading the single-shot as I ran.

There was no need to hurry. The record book bull was down with a heart shot, less than forty yards from impact.

Don just looked at me and grinned. "Damn, that happened too fast. If this had been a cow..." he let his voice trail off.

I know, Don, I know.

New (Continued From Page 11)

the remaining deer as I started to the spot where the buck had stood. I slowly moved to the spot to find no blood, no hair, and no buck laying anywhere near. I eased out into the brush some fifteen yards. There was still no sign of the buck but I was confident of a hit. Wet leaves were making blood hard to find. I slowly searched when in just a few steps I spotted a gray hump in the leaves about twenty feet away. (Continued On Page 16)

Sheep (Continued From Page 14)
guides, Gary and his brother, Ken. All of a sudden there was a shrill whistle of a mature elk bulging and it was very close. Gary mentioned for me to get off my horse. I slipped my 8-3/8 scoped Stalker out of its military bag that I had rigged up like a holster. The 44 was loaded with 320 gr. hard cast

(Continued From Page 15)

yards out and at the end of a nice blood trail. I approached cautiously and began to see the rack. I then began laughing and half crying with joy. I just stared at the beautiful animal. I then rolled him over to check my hit. It just entered the edge of the right shoulder exiting from the left flank with damage to almost no edible portion.

This buck was worth tears for he was the best scoring buck I had harvested in seven years of handgun hunting plus more years than that rifle hunting. The trophy had a spread slightly under 17 inches inside of his 8 perfect points, short brow tines, just under 9 inches on C 2 tines, and near 8 inch C 3 tines with bases of over five inches. I was just overjoyed and so pleased of my decision to hold out for a chance at a trophy buck. Besides, I got him at my old reliable lease where the small bucks are. You know, I really do need to get over to my new lease and check on the big bucks that were harvested.



.358 J.D.J.

By Bill Aurand, Lewistown, PA

After a couple of letters and a phone call to SSK. I decided to send a Super 14,35 Remington barrel to S.S.K. to be rechambered to .358 J.D.J. While S.S.K. had the barrel, they also installed a T'SOB scope base on it and put their special crown on the muzzle. To complete the outfit, I acquired a Bushnell Centurion scope and a set of Bushnell scope rings.

About a week later, the barrel and a set of .358 dies (that are made for S.S.K. by RCBS or Pacific) arrived at my home. Quickly, I dropped the barrel into my action and mounted the scope. It looked great! I chose to touch up the muzzle crown with a little cold blue, although it looks fine as machined. Then I went to my loading bench to work up a few loads for testing. After resizing 100 cases, I primed them with CCI 250 primers and charged them with IMR 4064 powder in 0.5 grain increments from 46.0 grains to 49.0 grains in weight. I chose the 200 grain Hornady spire point bullet as I felt it would have better expansion on deer sized game than the 250 grainer would.

It was quite exciting to drop that first round into the chamber and close the action. I had no idea what to expect when I dropped the hammer on that first round, so I hung on to the gun as tight as I could and squeezed the trigger. As the gun fired, I could feel myself flinching. The dust cleared and I was surprised and quite pleased to find out the recoil wasn't as bad as I had expected, and it wasn't long before I was shooting the .358 without even thinking about the recoil. After shooting several groups with the loads mentioned and carefully checking for high pressure by inspecting the primers and measuring the case heads for expansion I decided on the load of 49.0 grains of IMR 4064. According to S.S.K. the muzzle velocity of this load is about 2100 FPS and it generates nearly 2000 ft/lbs. of muzzle energy. Accuracy of this load is good with 2" groups at 100 yards being the norm. Not bad for a 2.5x scope. I'm sure a little more experimenting and a 4x or 6x scope would shrink these groups even more.

Since paper punching doesn't prove much about a cartridge's power, I decided to try the .358 out on silhouettes. It really sends the chickens flying. A center hit pushes them several feet straight back and an edge hit sends them spinning even farther. The only problem we had with this was the chickens disappear so fast it's hard to spot the hits. Rams set full footed also go down quite fast. I hit one in the back leg and it spun around about 90°. Even edge hits low on the body gave reliable knock-downs every time.

Penetration of the .358 J.D.J. into the dirt backstop of my shooting range was also impressive. It was nearly twice as good as my favorite 240 grain 44 Mag. load.

At least a dozen people shot my .358 J.D.J. (many of them only occasional shooters) and every one of them felt the recoil wasn't as bad as they expected. Although, I'm sure without the weight of the scope and the 14" barrel length, the recoil would be quite fierce.

As for the Bushnell Centurion scope, I feel it's of excellent quality and is as clear as any scope I've seen. The scope is very durable as it has withstood several hundred full charge rounds from the .358 without ever changing zero. I also like the dual power feature although I feel something like a 2x to 4x would be more versatile than the 1.3x to 2.5x. All in all, it's a good scope and hopefully, the dual power feature will catch on with other scope manufacturers as I feel it's a step in the right direction.

WRITE YOUR STORY TODAY FIRING LINE

I haven't killed much game with a handgun, but really like trying. I think it is the greatest sport going. I hunt with a Ruger Super Blackhawk .44 mag., 7-1/2". My loads are 240 grain Hornady Hollow Point, 22 grains 2400 powder, Mag. Primers CCI, Norma and Win. case also. 200 grain Hornady Hollow Point, 27 grains H110, Mag. Primers CCI and same case. I hunt mostly whitetail with these loads. Which would you use, the 240 or the 200 grain? Why? I hunt the woods mostly. Thanks for your help. Carroll Brown.

Ed.: I'd be happy with either load for white-tails, but would choose the 240 as I favor penetration more than any other single factor.

Just for information: Shot one fellow in the hand with WW-380 Silvertip. It shattered and wasn't recovered. Another shot penetrated the leg bone also, required a pin to put it back together, with a Remington Solid. Apparently exited intact. Not much deformation, but can't rate it as it hit a wall and stopped. Shot 190 pounder in chest at 1 foot through jacket and leg and arm at 40 feet. Not much deformation — none in leg and arm. This with plain .25s. I don't recommend just one shot — empty clip into body. He got off 9 shots at me before he died. Name Withheld.

I've been carrying my 10" T/C in .30-30 but feel that a 150 grain bullet at 1700-1800 fps is not really what the doctor ordered for deer. Please send info on your "Hand Cannons" and advice on a good deer cartridge up to 200 yards. Please keep in mind that I am small (5'6", 150 lbs.) and have small hands. I have a hard time controlling my 6-1/2" .41 Mag. Blackhawk with moderate-heavy hand loads, although the .30/30 loads aren't a problem. Jim Hart

Ed.: 257-6.5-270-7MM JDJ will all do it well with minimum recoil.

I am very interested in handgun hunting for wild boar in Ohio or Tennessee. Are there going to be any HHI hunts in these areas in 1984? Kelly Kennedy

Ed.: No boar hunts scheduled for this spring or fall. Anyone wanting one — call 614/264-0176. If there is enough interest we'll set it up at Tellico Junction in Tennessee.

Please can you explain to me why the 200 gr. 358 JDJ can only be pushed up to 2000 fps when the 200 gr. Herrett (with a case capacity half that of the 358) can reach the same velocities. My information comes from the magazine "Complete Book of Handguns" by Harris Publications. What is the largest African game I can safely take with the 358 JDJ using 250 gr. Speer heads at just over 2000 pfs? Dr. Adrian De Villiers, South Africa

Ed.: I've pushed 200 grain bullets at over 2200 fps in the 358 JDJ and found them inferior to the 250 at 2000. 2150 fps with a 200 gr. with powders such as 3031 through 4320 should be feasible.

In the December Issue of THE SIXGUNNER J.D. gave many favorable comments on a new case tumbler/cleaner. For the past several years, I have used one of the popular Vibrator case cleaners. A fellow shooter gave me the following tip and it really works. Replace your tumbler media with new corn cob media (ground dried corn cobs). Then add a splash of Brasso to the media. This combo, with any type of case tumbler, will give you shiny and clean cases. You may have to wipe the cases a little more to remove the Brasso, but the shine is worth it. R.D. Herring

Ed.: You won't need to do this with the Ultra Vibe 18. Cases come out mirror polished. A new Giant Size — 2-1/2 times the capacity of the original is on the way.

We had a monsoon deer season here in Wisconsin. With a lot of luck I took a nice 8 point, 165 lb. buck. Had to tear my Redhawk down four times to get the water out of it. In case you're curious, I thought I'd give you a few numbers from last season and how it is hunting in Wisconsin. Of the 195,000 deer taken last season only 467 (approx.) were taken with handguns. About the same were taken with muzzle-loaders. Wisconsin doesn't allow you to hunt with reloads. The only calibers allowed are .357 mag., .41 mag., .44 mag. or any other commercially manufactured cartridge with over 1000 fps of oomph. The barrel length must be over 6" from firing pin. Any game warden would write you up for using a .375 JDJ. If you illegally shoot a deer its \$2000, but if you shoot a moose (only a handful in the state) its only \$500. This is only the second year of handgun season. I got a doe last year with .44 mag. 10" T/C with a 1-1/2 Redfield. The handgun hunters have been holding up their end. A lot of people were afraid of hunters taking pistols into bars, etc. I haven't seen anyone else hunting with a pistol myself. I would like to get a barrel that would be legal for Wisconsin. Like most people I hunt better, not paranoid. What type of barrel do you have in .30 caliber or better, in a commercial round, has over 1000 pounds of energy, has enough knockdown power to 150-200 yards, and dazzling to reasonably accurate? C'mon quit laughing, this is what I have to put up with. Any help would be appreciated. Sure wish I could go to Australia. Have fun, it's a great place. Danny Barnhart.

Sounds to me like you're in 300 Savage, 30-40 Krag, 444 Marlin or 45-70 country- JDJ

Can you give me a line on any reloading info for Thompson/Center Hot Shots? Factory loads seem somewhat drab. But I still need something to start with and maybe I can work up something from there. Don Lester.

Ed.: The factory data in loading hotshots is seldom improved upon. If you take the velocity up, patterns usually open badly.

On a lengthwise shot your 320 grain 44 slug went clean through a mule. My Redhawk seems to enjoy and digest 22.5 gr. WW 296 better than 21.5 gr. Average velocity in my gun of 1459 fps with this load. Slug entered his chest and exited the groin of his inner left leg high up and still howled away. Plan to definitely take Cape Buffalo and hippo with this bullet of yours and 22.6 grs. of 296. I've loaded also 22.6 gr. H110 (1461 fps). My Redhawk loves your bullet and this load, pressure signs are starting to become obvious, however, I feel that I'm still safe. Besides, this load is chiefly for extra large beasts. With my SBHawk I stay at 21.5 gr. 296 giving me an average of just on 1400 fps. Adrian and myself went hunting hogs a few weeks ago.

Adrian got two nice boars with his 4" Mod 29 S&W. I failed to find a good enough boar. I was hunting with my Colt 45ACP Auto. Subsequently took a fine warthog last weekend using 45 ACP Auto and own load using 250 gr. SWC slug.

One evening testing Arcane bullets with Gary Arensten I fired your 200 gr. KTW Tungsten cored bullet. "Hell" J.D., but that slug out penetrated everything else. (Pinewood) Still have 4 of them I wrestled off Oly Colman and saving for an elephant day. Will soon be getting involved with National Parks when they're culling elephant and buff. Eddie Dunn, South Africa

Shooting hogs with a handgun can be a good experience. Fellow HHI members who have done so will agree. Unfortunately to do so, east of the Mississippi, you're faced with selecting a shooting preserve offering wild(?) hogs confined within fences. Not exactly fair chase but for testing the performance of a new load or gun or for a few days away from civilization a good shooting preserve is worth the money.

After shooting hogs on several preserves and visiting others I have come to the conclusion that of all the hog shooting preserves operating in the eastern half of the US those worthy of a serious handgunner's time and money could be counted on one hand, actually on a couple fingers.

While in Pennsylvania recently I made a point of visiting the Black Boar Lodge located a few miles from Wellsboro. They advertise as being the largest shooting preserve in PA and offer Wild Russian Boar. Meeting the manager and taking a thirty minute look around convinced me of one thing. This place is a joke. The "Guns of Autumn" folks would have a field day here. The manager, apparently taking us for fools, provided my partner and I with the usual rhetoric as to the life threatening sport of hunting the RUSSIAN BOAR. We were then provided with a tour of the trophy room. What a sorry sight. Together with goats and sheep were a couple bison heads (shot on this 80 acre preserve) and several boar heads. A world class taxidermist couldn't have helped the sorry looking representatives of the wild swine clan on display here.

Dogs are not used at Black Boar. According to the manager the use of dogs takes the sport out of the hunt. Actually, the use of good hounds is the only way hog hunting can present any real challenge. This place should be avoided!

Of course, the above statement represents my opinion.

Slick brochures filled with pictures of wild boar of behemoth proportions should be taken only for what they are. Promotional material. Don't expect to replace that satisfied hunter shown on the cover with a boar of record book class beside him and a big smile on his face. It seldom happens. In my files I have such brochures from most shooting preserves in the US. I don't know where they get those big hogs. I think that perhaps only a few actually exist and shipped from one preserve to another for photo sessions. Not really, but I have yet to visit a hog shooting preserve and actually see anything which comes close to the animals implied to in the sales literature.

It's a hunter beware game. Do your homework before putting down your hard earned money.

Good Luck!

John Reinhart No. 495

Ed.: Let us know of your experiences — Good and poor with guides and preserves so we can pass them on to fellow members.

Thought I'd drop you a line and let you know how much I appreciate THE SIXGUNNER, there are two things that I don't like about it. Number one, it only comes out every other month and being as good as it is it should be a monthly publication. Number two, is when I receive it at the shop I can't get anything done because I get lost in it. I think it's great. I've been doing some testing with the 444 Marlin T/C and boy does that sucker shoot. It only took me a year to get around to messing with it seriously, but have I got some good things to say about it. Once again, keep up the good work with HHI and THE SIXGUNNER. John R. Musacchio

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