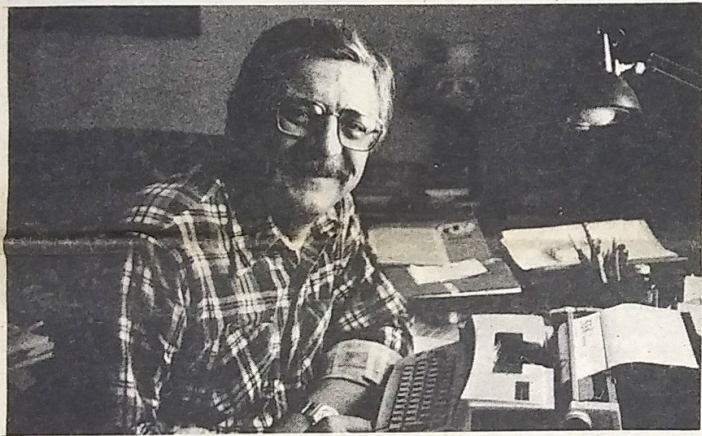




# THE SIXGUNNER



## MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

S & W has announced the introduction of a Silhouette Model 57 41 Magnum. The gun has a 10-5/8" barrel with a four step front sight. The THEORY is that you simply sight in at one distance and change the front sight to correspond with the other distances. Good luck in finding the right load. The 41 Magnum is definitely not as hard on the N frame guns as the 44 Magnum. The famous 29-629 malfunction of dropping the bolt out of its cylinder recess and rotating backward so the fired chamber comes up under the hammer the next time you try to fire is seldom encountered in the 41 Magnum. It's beyond me why S & W has not corrected this problem which has existed for many years. S & W is now offering a "Field" barrel for the Model 41. The new 5" barrel is offered with either a Patridge or red ramp front sight and the standard target rear sight. Retail price is \$115 and that's a bargain for a high quality barrel such as this is.

The T/C 32-20 barrels are being shipped. The only available length is 10". This barrel is intended to dominate the N R A Hunter 100 meter silhouette course. Cartridges are basically restricted to straight wall pistol cases but allow the 32-20. In this game

where minimum knockdown is needed, the 32-20 with its ability to use 308 bullets will dominate this game from the time they get into the shooter's hands. T/C also is introducing a new straight line capper for black powder shooters. This unit has a solid brass body with steel jaws and holds 17 No. 11 caps. It also features a carrying loop. It's a good one and priced right — \$13.50.

Lyman is reintroducing their drill press case trimmer. After simple set-up in a drill press (one of the cheapies that holds a 1/4" drill will work) several hundred cases per hour can be processed. Priced at \$34.50, it will save a lot of time. I've been using Lyman's Turbo Degreaser in the shop to degrease screws prior to using them. Simply lay them out and give them a shot from the aerosol can. They dry in a minute and are oil free. Loc-Tite and other adhesives do not work very well unless the screws are oil free. Of much greater interest to handgunners is the Turbo 3200, a new larger case tumbler with a capacity of about 1000 38 Special cases. 'Tain't cheap — it's \$189.95.

Ever heard of Dangerous Dave the Old Western Scrounger? How about

(Continued on Page 2)



Doug Maple with his winning HHI BIG BUCK and the T/C CONTENDER 35 Remington SN HHI 1984 that he won courtesy of T/C for his Big Buck!

## WINNING WHITETAIL

By Doug Maple

Deer season, the time of year when itchy feet and buck fever get the better of any sane person. And, I'm no different.

I have only been deer hunting seriously for three years and have had great luck. This year was no exception. Getting ready for the opening day always seems like an endless decision. What do I take, what should I shoot with, is the handgun sighted in well enough? You know the drill.

Opening morning came in rainy and cold. I gathered my gear that I had laid out the night before. The last step was getting to my treestand. Once positioned, with a great view of the entire area, I watched for any one of three bucks that were seen in the area before season. After about 4 hours of standing, I spotted two deer in a neighbors pasture. While watching them graze and run around, I finally determined

(Continued on Page 2)



the M20 4MM Ubungsmunition for the P 38? Rock Crusher loading press to manipulate those 50 BMG and 20MM rounds? The "wulmaus-selbstschuss" apparatus that will enable the purchaser to dispatch mice or similar small animals with a BLANK cartridge? Hell of a mousetrap! Snake-greasers! He also has the old and the new conventional and unconventional. The catalog is a buck and worth that just for laughs. Write DD, 3509 Carlson Blvd., El Cerrito, CA 94530.

MTM Molded Products Company has introduced a convenient attractive and economical display case for displaying cartridge and shotshell collections. It holds 42 rounds mounted in a unique manner. The color is black or black. At \$19.95, it will do a good job. MTM's catalog is one buck from P. O. B. 14117, Dayton, OH 45414.

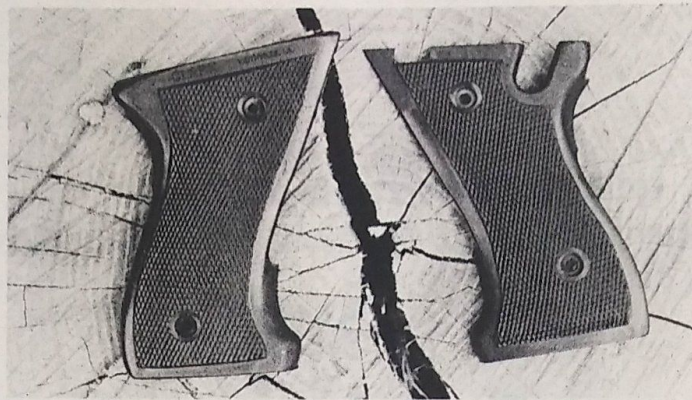
Lee Precision is on a roll. They just keep on introducing new high quality low priced products. The latest is the 2001 CHALLENGER \$39.95 loading press. Lee calls it a high tech super press and guarantees it 'till 2001! It features compound leverage, a stress limiting design and a larger than average opening combined with a 30 degree offset for convenience. It's made of ASTM380 alloy and has a fatigue strength of 20,000 PSI after 500,000,000 cycles. You should live long enough to wear one out! A complete kit is also available for \$59.98 that supplies all you need to load one caliber. For more information: Lee Precision, Inc., 4275 Highway "U", Hartford, WI 53027.

Hornady-Pacific have a fresh batch of goodies including a Pacifikit re-loading outfit. To get the '84 catalog, you'll have to ask for it at P. O. B. 1848, Grand Island, NE 68802.

Ruger has made an interesting modification to the Single Six by chambering it for the .32 Magnum cartridge. .32 S & W will also work. It's cute and looks like a winner to me. Light and handy it will improve Single Six power considerably at even less weight. The Mark II auto. is now available in stainless with five different barrel lengths including a 10" bull. Did you see the new Ruger DA revolver at the NRA show? Have you heard anything about the 9MM Ruger Auto.? Or the EX-GI? Looks as if some exciting things are in the mill at Ruger. Last but not least the Ruger .357 Maximum Super Mag. or whatever — you know — the stretched .357, is on the way back.

Stoeger is now importing the SAKO competition pistols. At this time the SAKO 22-32 and TRIACE international standard pistols are available. The 22-32 offers either 22LR or 22 short units in combination with 32 S & W wadcutter unit. The TRIACE consists of all three units. The frames of the 22-32 and TRIACE are different; the TRIACE being the more sophisticated. Barrel-bolt-sight units are interchangeable as are magazines. This is one of the most desirable European competition pistols available. An information request should be directed to: Stoeger, 55 Ruta Court, S. Hackensack N.J. 07606.

Since the 9MM is primarily a handgun cartridge even though it certainly gets a workout in sub-machine guns, I thought it might be worth mentioning. MARLIN has a working prototype of their Model 9 Camp Carbine. It's a nice 9MM semi-auto that looks like a real gun, will be



Clark's "make it feel like a 45" grip for Ruger 22s.



The SAKO TRIACE is typical in appearance for a European competition pistol of this type.



T/C's new 32-20 barrel offering.

well made and reliable, safe — it has several safety features not found in most of the paramilitary or military noisemakers — decent adjustable sights and a projected retail price of about \$200. It will also handle at least one 9MM handgun magazine. You'll have to wait to mid-85 to get one. I'm particularly glad to see this one come along to offer a CIVILIAN type 9MM at a price that should embarrass the hell out of some of the "stamp it out for 2 bucks and sell it for 500" guys.

Jimmy Clark, famed accurizer and innovator from Rt. 2, Box 22ab Keithville, LA 71047 doesn't do much wrong in the way of guns or accessories for them. New is his moulded grip for the Ruger 22 auto. that gives it the feel and grip angle of a .45 auto. It's tough, works, costs \$21.45 prepaid. If you don't want one of them ask him for his brochure — it's worth writing for.

Tru-Square Metal Products POB 585, Auburn WA 98002 has a new high speed adaptation to Thumlers Tumblers in 9 to 18 lb. capacities. The Ultra Vibe 45 is the big brother to the vibratory tumbler I called the best I've used. (Ultra-Vibe 18) The 45 has 2.5

times the capacity of the 18. In addition to cleaning 1500-2000 cases it is an industrial model suitable for continuous running for deburring, etc. Write Al Thumler for info.

**Soap Box Time:** Most of us are good — no, excellent at talking about "They'll never get my guns." And few of us do anything more than talk about it. Well, as far as I'm concerned, those buried guns rusting away aren't doing anyone a hell of a lot of good. If they are illegal, you can't use them. What good will they do anyone in a hole in the ground?

The point I'm trying to make is an important one. Someone, some organizations, care enough about our rights to do something to protect them. You all probably get hit by the NRA and Second Amendment Foundation for contributions and they are needed desperately by those organizations. You do not "get hit" by Safari Club International and SCI is at the front of the fight. SCI is the only one to defend handgun hunters per se that I am aware of.

I'd like to quote from a statement submitted to the House Subcommittee on Criminal Justice 3/22/84 regarding H.R. 3498; the Victims of Crime Act.

"The Task Force also claimed that "there is little if any relationship between handguns and hunting and wildlife activity." Contrary to this baseless rhetoric, law-abiding people do indeed buy handguns to hunt. In fact, the opportunity for handgun owners to enjoy the sport and challenge of hunting in this fashion has perhaps never been better than it is today. Forty-nine states allow handgun hunting of small game, and 37 states allow big game hunting. The number of handgun hunters is growing each year and it is estimated that there are nearly 1.5 million hunters using handguns today. In fact, one of Safari

Club International's affiliate sportsman organizations is Handgun Hunters International which was founded in 1979 to promote the increasingly popular sport of handgun hunting."

Well, draw your own conclusions! SCI raises its own money from its members through various methods of fund raising and uses it effectively without getting into your pocket. If you would like to know more about the organization and its chapter locations, drop a line to Holt Bodinson, SCI, 5151 East Broadway, Tucson, AZ 85711. SCI also now recognizes handgun trophies in their record book and identifies them as such.

**Winning (Continued from Page 1)**

that they were bucks. Half-an-hour had passed, the smaller of the two jumped the fence and headed right toward my stand. I did not know what to do, shoot or wait and hope that the other buck might show up. I waited, and the winning whitetail came within view. He was standing about 75 yards away and I figured that it was now or never. I drew my Virginia Dragoon .44 magnum loaded with a .320 grain J.D.J. backed behind 21.5 grains of W.W. 296 and magnum primers. The front sight positioned on his left shoulder, I squeezed off three shots and immediately knew that he was hit. He went 10 yards and dropped. The exit hole was about the size of a quarter. Field dressed he only weighed 130 lbs., but his prize 14 point rack made up for his light weight nicely.

**HHI SPECIAL OFFER**

Dillon 450 presses for \$125.00 plus \$5.00 postage and handling charges. These presses do not have shellplates or powder measuring devices. These parts may be ordered direct from Dillon via their toll free number. There are very limited numbers of these presses available at this price. These are new in the unopened box and there is nothing wrong with them. Dillon is not participating in this offer. Order direct from HHI; first come, first served; less than two dozen available.

**OSS AWARD**

Jim Taylor wins 500 cast bullets for his story "Javelina Shootout".

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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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**KELLY 1984's OUTSTANDING AMERICAN HANDGUNNER**

**1984's OUTSTANDING AMERICAN HANDGUNNER**

Larry Kelly was awarded the OAHA Award by Joe Tartaro, Chairman of The Outstanding American Handgunner Award Foundation, in ceremonies held in Milwaukee on May 26.

Kelly was the twelfth individual to be presented the award since it's inception.

Historically there have been ten nominees for this annual award with the exception of one year when there were five. All nominees are selected for

their contributions and achievements in the field of handgunning. The award is given on the basis of the vote of peers.

Others were given "State" awards. HHI member Audrey Murland was given the Michigan state award for her achievements in handgun hunting.

Nominations for the awards are solicited and should be sent to Joe Tartaro, POB 411, Station C, Buffalo NY, 14209.



**BOB GOOD RECIPIENT OF THE FIRST HANDGUN HUNTERS HALL OF FAME AWARD. PRESENTATION BY KELLY.**

**HANDGUN HUNTERS HALL OF FAME AWARD**

BOB GOOD was the recipient of the first Handgunners Hall Of Fame Award which consisted of a bronze depicting a Dall sheep. Larry Kelly conceived the award and made the presentation.

Good was selected by the Board of Directors vote for his fabulous 40" Dall sheep taken after a very difficult hunt.

1984 marks the first presentation of this annual award. To qualify for the award an individual must have taken the trophy in fair chase using a handgun. Safari Club measuring system and measurers must be used. The Safari Club system for selecting the best trophy of those

submitted will be used. In addition, difficulty of obtaining the trophy will be considered. In essence you can step out on your porch and take a good enough Whitetail to win, while a small Elephant or Cape Buffalo would not win. The selection is meant to be as fair as possible and intended to go to the individual who has taken the most outstanding trophy.

It is intended the bronze given each year will be a likeness of the winning trophy.

Animals taken in any year may now be submitted. Sometime in the future this will probably be changed. Contact Kelly at MNP for additional information.



**The H & R 504 32 Mag. is a lightweight, adjustable sighted five shooter. The ammo shown is 95 grain lead. Federal has a new 85 grain jacketed HP on the way.**

**H & R'S .32 MAGNUM**

By J. D. Jones

If you haven't already gotten the word, H & R and Federal have gotten together to give you a new toy that is a little unusual in today's world of modern super magnums. How about a little bitty magnum without much bark, a pretty good hundred yard

trajectory, five-inch 100 yard groups, next to zero recoil and a lightweight adjustable sighted gun for a suggested retail price of \$185.00. Interested???

A Model 504 side swing double action revolver with six inch barrel showed up a week or so ago along with a

supply of Federal 95 grain lead semi wadcutter loads.

The Model 504 looked and felt like an old friend and in fact is. It's the same time tested reliable H & R that has been around for years and years with a few modifications. Major modification is that it is a five shooter in the .32 Mag. Right off the bat, I loaded it and put five rounds into one ragged hole in the bullet trap target. No big surprise the .32 just spit'em out like it was supposed to with no fuss or bother.

Frankly, the H & R is good mechanically with good adjustable sights and a well thought out balance. I like it just fine the way it is except for the trigger pull which is a heavy product liability special. In other words it ain't gonna go off unless it's pulled hard. That's the way everyone has to make them nowadays, so either shoot them the way they are or get a trigger job. I choose to shoot this one the way it is for awhile and after 250 rounds I

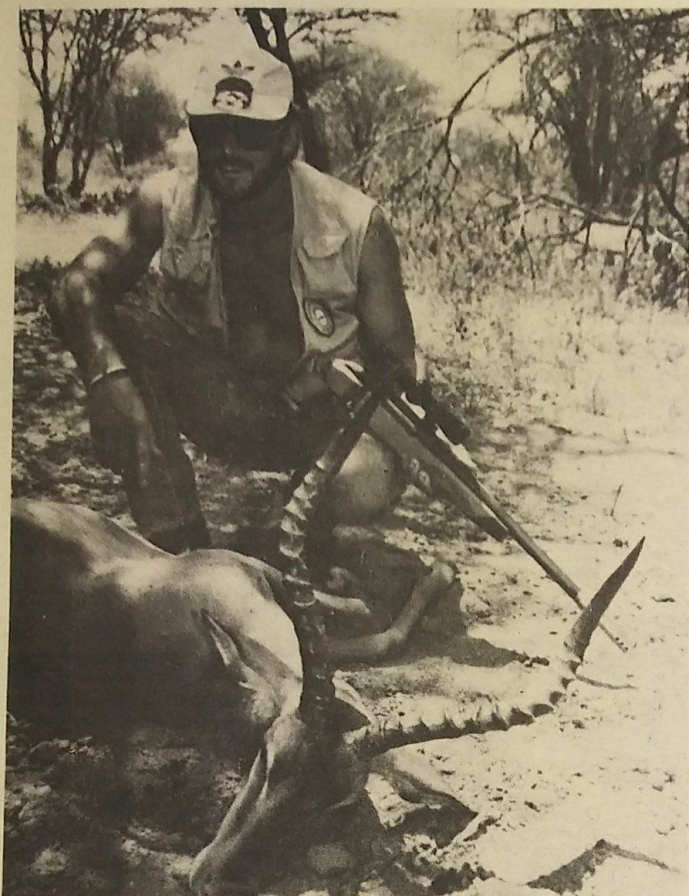
have to say the trigger is just too heavy to suite me and I'll lighten it when I get around to it. OK, the gun works like it is supposed to and it's accurate. Several 100 yard groups under less than optimum conditions from a rest on ammo boxes stacked on a table gave 5-6 inch groups with the Federal Ammo. I think that the ammo can be improved on either by Federal or by handloading.

Ballistically, the little bitty magnum beats the .38 Special in several ways in so far as paper ballistics are concerned. It is rated at 1030 FPS and 225 ft. lbs. energy. Check that against the .38 Special tables and you'll find the .32 shoots flatter and retains its velocity better than comparable .38 ammo.

In general, the shooting experience is that of shooting a .38 Special with a little flatter trajectory with less noise and recoil. Without making a direct comparison, I had the feeling the 158 grain .38 would not penetrate the 95 grain .32 in most media.

There is no doubt the .32 Magnum is  
**(Continued on Page 14)**





Adrian with his first Impala taken with his homemade 308.

## Make Your Own Bolt Action Handgun

By Dr. Adrian De Villiers, South Africa

When I first started handgun hunting the only satisfactory handgun available for hunting was the 44mg S & W, handgun scopes were not even available. Things have changed to some degree. Thompson Contenders and handgun scopes are now available in Johannesburg (at a price) and bolt action XPs in .221 cal. appear now and then, but no bolt action handguns in larger calibres (308 — 7/08) have ever been available. Obviously if one wanted one badly enough the only alternative would be to make ones own.

From the beginning a lot of thought went into its production. Long range accuracy and the potential for taking large game (Kudu, Eland) were the two main considerations. For this reason a bolt action single shot Bull Barrel 308 rifle was the mechanism chosen. The Bull Barrel being very heavy would reduce the recoil and the very strong tight chamber would allow the use of "hot" handloads.

The barrel was machined off to 15 inches (38 cms) the barrel tip was then threaded to accept a nickle plated muzzle brake to reduce the recoil. Numerous muzzle brakes were built up and tried, the best of these was chosen. This one has 12 ports each measuring 4mm in diameter. The muzzle break, was chosen rather than magnaporting since it was felt that since there was no expansion chamber a large number of magnaports would be required to have the same effects as the muzzle break.

The rifle stock which was designed on the lines of a Thompson Contender, it was felt that the recoil should be in line

with the shooters hand, rather than above the hand as in the case of the XP 100. A steel rod also runs through the grip for strength. I was told the large bore handguns (including the XP 100 chambered for the .458 x 2") tend to recoil hard into the web space and twist the wrist upwards. This was to be avoided.

The barrel and stock were then mated and then glass bedded for extra accuracy.

The trigger guard was altered to fit the new stock and then nickle plated.

The grip of the stock was very basic and left far too large for the average hand. My hands were too small to feel comfortable with the grip so it had to be carved out. What I now did was to tightly hold the grip the way I would when shooting and mark the outline of my hand and fingers on the primitive grip. After a number of hours of carving, filing and sanding the grip fitted my hand perfectly. (I left it slightly large so that it would help absorb some recoil, but this was later found not really necessary).

The stock was now rubbed with No. 400 sandpaper and oiled with 7 Coats of "True Oil".

A 4x Leupold handgun scope fitted and a wide gold plated trigger shoe added for colour. The handgun has a very pleasing look to the eye and in fact looks like a Production weapon. Test firing the weapon was even more of a pleasure. To my surprise, using military factory 308 rounds, there was relative little recoil far less than a 44 mag. revolver.

My first group of 3 shots at 150m was 1½", two of those rounds passed

almost exactly through one hole. I was absolutely delighted (these shots were all fired in the modified Creedmore position. Not off a sandbag).

Bernie Michelle who did all the machining and plating assures me that it will shoot less than ½" groups at 100m with handloads and a bench rest.

The 150 gr. 308 will leave the muzzle of a 15" bolt action handgun at 2650 feet/sec.

I then loaded up some hot round with 150 gr. spear heads (50 gr. MR205), (MR205 = 1MR 3031) — sighted the gun in using a modified Creedmore position at 150 meters — a 10 shot group could have been covered with a disc 6cms. in diameter).

A week later I had a chance to hunt an Impala Ram and Warthog Boar, the Impala was standing at an angle facing me. I aimed at the spine at the base of the neck from plus 100 meters. The site of impact was exactly where I had aimed. The spine shattered the Impala was dead before it hit the ground. The bullet was found under the skin behind the offside shoulder. It had expanded perfectly, but had lost 40 grains in mass to weight 110 Gr.

The boar was walking towards me and at about 100m he must have picked up my scent. He started a zig-zag through the bush stopping every few meters to see if I was still around.

At plus 120 paces he stopped and looked in my direction with his chin up and I took him dead center in the chest, the bullet exited in the midline posteriority — he too was dead before he hit the ground.

I am now the owner of what I believe to be the only custom made 308 Bull Barrel handgun in South Africa. In the coming season, I hope to take Kudu & Eland with it using heavier solid 30 cal. heads.

The gun is pleasing to shoot — very accurate, light on the hands and when lying down there is very little noise allowing one to shoot without ear muffs.

Any inquiries: P. O. Box 90, Halfway House, 1685 Republic of South Africa.

**Editors Note:** Don't even think of converting a rifle to a pistol in the USA. It's worth up to a \$10,000 fine and 10 years in jail!



## TALL TALE

By Dan Schuler, Sanborn, NY

Years ago we had very slight problems with wild dogs. This is one incident that I never want to relive.

One day I had planned to test some 44 Mag. handloads that I was working on for deer hunting in the fall.

My shooting range was about a 15 minute walk from my house. I usually hunt woodchucks on my way for a shooting session. I was walking about five minutes when I saw a dog watching my every step. I didn't think much about it, as he turned and ran in the opposite direction as I was going. As I hunted my way to the range, I kept hearing twigs being broken and leaves being rustled. Looking back and seeing nothing, I kept on going. I made it to my range which was a very secluded area surrounded by woods. It was about 50 yards wide, 150 yards long with a large mound of dirt as a backstop.

I settled down and set up my targets

and got things ready at the bench. I had a very uneasy or eerie feeling that something was wrong somewhere in the woods that surrounded me. A feeling that I never experienced before.

In shooting the loads that I loaded for my S & W 629, I came up with 2.500 five shot groups at 60 yards from a rest. Which is very good for me. So I decided that this would be the load for deer hunting. Near max. pressure, very good accuracy and the bullets expanded very well. My load consisted of WW cases, 20 grains 2400 and Speer 240 Mag. tip hollow points. After shooting about an hour, I called it quits. I had 12 rounds left. I usually left one or two cylinders of cartridges to hunt with on the way back, and to have some extras till I can load again.

As I cleaned up, I put six rounds in the 629 and started back. Being late, I took a shortcut to save some time. A shortcut that would take me to a 7' to 15' drop-off. But in certain areas, you can climb down the drop-off and down the hill and be on your way. I almost got to the dro-off and again, I heard noises behind me. Upon reaching and looking for a suitable way down, I heard low growls. I turned and saw four dogs — feral dogs, snarling and looking mean as - - - - . I hadn't found a way down yet and the dogs started to spread out. They made a half circle, somehow knowing that I could not move back. I found myself cornered. Needless to say, I was very scared. I have read how mean and vicious these dogs are. The only thing that my mind could picture was being torn apart by these four wild dogs. Each dog was 15 to 20 yards away. As they knew they had me cornered, they started to move in. I drew my 629 and all - - - - broke loose. One dog started running at me. I shot him in the head. I turned to my left, shot the second, kept turning and shot the third. I swung a 180 and shot the last at point blank range. As I stood there shaking violently, my legs became so weak that I slid down and sat on the ground, unable to get up. As I looked at the four dead dogs, I was glad that I had my Smith. I opened the cylinder and found that all rounds had been fired in about three seconds. Not knowing how many other dogs were around this area or any other area, the slight problem I thought we had might have turned into a serious problem.

Finally, after about 10 minutes of calming down, I made my way down the drop-off, still somewhat weak from what happened. Walking through the fields, all I could think about was if I had missed just one dog. What would have happened? The past is past. What will the future hold?

The story you have just read is NOT true. I realize this may not be what you have in mind, but I thought it might make THE SIXGUNNER a little more interesting. You might call it "The Tall Tale Corner" where members would write untrue stories that they may think other members would like to read. It might be fun to see what some members can dream up.

I wanted to write a story in the worst way, but I haven't gone on any hunts and the little things I've been doing just aren't worth writing about. I know I am not the only member who wishes to write a story and this would give others a chance to write and members a chance to enjoy a "tall tale"

**Editor's Note:** How 'bout it, guys? I think Dan has something here. Let's have some more. **JDJ**





Jon and his not quite B & C record book Caribou. This one just may make the HHI book!

## Trophy Caribou

By J. C. Saxton, Anchorage, AK

I believe I've discovered a new definition of frustration. First, you get up at dawn and spend an hour climbing 1000 feet up a ridge, pushing your way through willow thickets, sloging up through swamps. (Yes, up! I thought they were all level, too), and sinking a foot deep in tundra. As you climb up, the clouds come down to meet you, so that when you reach the top, you can barely see 100 yards. Then you spend the next hour climbing down one side and up the other side of a seemingly endless number of ravines as you work along the ridge, peering through the holes in the clouds. Finally, you sit down to take a break as the clouds start to lift, and the trophy caribou you've been stalking walks around the next ridge and stops to check you out! And, of course, he's just out of range! That is frustration . . . !

We flew in to the bush from the Gracious House Lodge on the Denali Highway on the 29th and 30th of August. The weather closed down and only two of us got in the first day. The other three had to wait a day. I was the only one planning to hunt with a handgun. I took my 14" .375 JDJ and my 7-1/2" SBH. None of us had been in that area before. We picked it from topo maps and checked with several pilots who had flown the area. My neighbor, Radley Takaki, and I had caribou permits (it's a drawing area), while Chris Johnson, Carl Maschmeyer, and Mike Winston were looking for moose, bear, and sheep. We set up camp on the only dry ground near the lake, and even that was surrounded by a swamp. If you plan to hunt in Alaska, bring waders!

We saw some caribou on the 30th, mostly on the 1500 foot ridge behind the camp, but none of them were very big, so we passed on them. We glassed the area from about 1000 feet up the ridge, but saw no moose or bear. The timber and brush around the lake at the base of the ridge were too dense to see into. A storm kept us in camp all day on the 31st, but it cleared in the evening so we sat around camp, glassing the ridge. After noticing a strange looking "rock" for the third time, I got out the spotting scope. I had to crank it up to 45x before I could tell that it was not a rock, but a caribou. He was at least two miles away by line

of sight, and 1500 feet above us on the mountain at the end of the ridge. Even at 60x, I couldn't see him well, but I could tell that he was big. In that area - cows, calves and young bulls may run in herds all year, but the big, old bulls are loners until the rut starts. With less than an hour of light left, there was nothing we could do but watch him as he fed and walked to a rivulet to drink. He bedded down as darkness fell.

Needless to say, we were up at dawn. Clouds were hanging around the top of the mountain, but we could still see the bull just below them. As Chris, Radley, and I headed up the ridge, the clouds started down. After our two hours of climbing through the fog, the bull walked around the next ridge, looked at us, and started feeding again. We spent the next half hour playing cat and mouse with him. We'd move and he'd move. We'd stop to see where he was going, and he'd stop and go back to feeding and watching us. The range was over 250 yards, and I felt that was too far to be sure of my shot. Circling uphill would have taken all day (over a 3000 foot peak), so we left Chris on top of the ridge to hold the caribou's attention (hopefully) while Radley and I slid down a gully to try to get under his line of sight. As with many great ideas, it didn't work! As soon as we hit the bottom and started crawling toward him, he went back over the ridge. We took off running after him and found that he had only gone about 500 yards before starting to graze again. After a moment to catch my breath, I shot from about 75 yards.

I guess I had gotten myself too psyched up for bear . . . at any rate, I aimed for the shoulder instead of the lungs. The shot nearly knocked him down, and he started staggering around. I finally fired again (for the shoulder, again!) with the same result. Radley asked if I wanted him to shoot and I said no, so he put down his rifle and started taking pictures. At that point, the caribou took off at a run. He went about a quarter of a mile around the ridge and disappeared into a ravine just as I dropped into the Creedmoor position for another shot. I hit him as he came out of the ravine about 175 yards away. He staggered another 10 yards and went down right at the edge of the ravine. Not until we walked up

to him did we realize how big he actually was. His rack was still in velvet, and the second shovel wasn't quite fully developed. It probably would have had another point or two.

My load of 44.5 gr. of 3031 Hornady 270 gr. SP/CCI 220 primer had enough energy to exit even at 175 yards. The first two shots just missed the shoulder joint. One exited at the base of the neck, and the other clipped the top of the lung before exiting at the middle of the ribcage. The third hit the middle of the back and exited the middle of the belly. While I hit what I was aiming at, I can't say much about having the presence of mind to pick the right spot!

Four days later, Radley shot another big bull just across the lake from the camp (another loner!) His rack was a bit larger than mine, but had only one shovel. We saw a lot of moose, but only one bull, and he was under the legal size. We saw one flock of sheep (several hundred feet down the mountain from where I got my caribou) but there were no legal rams. We saw lots of bear sign, but no bear. We named one area on the ridge above camp "the bear motel". You literally could not walk five feet in any direction without going through a bed or stepping around a pile of droppings.

I had the rack scored when I got home. Minimum Boone & Crockett trophy score is 400. Mine scored 367-1/8. That's close enough for me. I think that I'll concentrate on moose and bear next year.



Alan took this Buck on the run at 130 yards!

## Too Many Goats

By Alan Jaeger, Mountain View, WY

I hunted antelope in Lonetree, Wyoming (population, 5) this year. There were so many antelope each hunter could draw three tags. I applied for my buck tag with some buddies and after I got that, I bought an additional doe tag. I'm really not that fond of antelope, so I figured two of the critters would be enough goat meat in the freezer.

The season opened on a Saturday, so I met with my rifle hunting buddies at the local bar the night before to hash out a few of the details of the hunt. A couple of beers later, we were all laughing and talking about "remember when . . ."

I was still the only handgun hunter in the bunch, but Harold told me to bring that T/C in .444 Marlin along so I figured he might leave that 7 Magnum at home. Well, morning came and here was Harold, knocking at the door with his 7 Magnum. "What are you doing with that rifle, Harold?" I asked. He said he wanted to bring it along in case he saw a big one. These rifle hunters are just a rare breed, aren't they?

The T/C I had was a conversion from .44 Magnum to .444 Marlin done by SSK Industries. It also has a T-SOB scope base on it and recrowned muzzle. SSK did a fine job, and with a 4X Leupold, it shoots 3" groups at 150

yards over the hood of my truck. It's a real fun gun to shoot.

We hunt antelope by driving around in the truck until we spot a herd with some nice bucks in it. Then we figure out how to stalk 'em.

It had rained all night and the fog was so thick that visibility was only 200 yards. Kinda hard to find the critters under these conditions. We were just crawling through the sagebrush in low gear and we came up over a little hill. We spotted a small herd of goats about 200 yards away. We stopped, got out the field glasses and spotted four bucks in the herd. None were real big. They got nervous and started moving away from us, but suddenly turned around 180 degrees and came back at us. I was standing next to the truck and told Harold that I would try for the lead buck if they kept coming. That they did! The whole herd was running broadside to us. I figured they were about 100 yards away, so I pulled my Redhawk up and squeezed one off at the lead buck. Couldn't see where the bullet hit, and they really started beating cheeks after the first shot, so I shot again, holding right in front of his nose to allow for some lead. Down he went and he didn't get back up. The rest of the herd kept going. I waited to see what he was going to do, and it looked like he wasn't going anywhere. I ran over to him and saw a big hole through his spine, right in the middle of his back. I finished him off and stepped off 130 steps back to the truck. After inspecting the wound, I wouldn't hesitate to take the same shot at 200 yards. The 240 grain Hornady Hollow Point went through his backbone and the exit hole was very large. His horns measured 12.5" — not record class, but I was satisfied getting him with my Redhawk with open sights.

I did feel a little lucky on this one, but old Harold really had to rub it in. I finally calmed him down and reminded him that I never used anything but a .44 revolver to bag an antelope.

Later on that morning, Harold decided to use my .444 T/C on a nice buck at about 200 yards. Well, Harold got all excited and when he held up that 4X Leupold, he sighted in on the wrong goat. He made a helluva shot on the doe next to the buck. I had to laugh but at least that 7 Mag. didn't come out of the truck.

## NOTHIN!

Bud McDonald

Ah. . . elk hunting! Makes one spine tingle. . . your breath shortens just thinking about bagging such a magnificent animal. . . not to mention furnishing juicy steaks far into the winter. Those thoughts were far from my mind at the present time. Here I set in knee deep snow after 3 days of trudging up and down hill and dale (hill 'n dale hell . . . 12,000 foot mountains and 2000 foot deep canyons), looking for a sign of elk. Sign . . . that's all I ask, but the weather wasn't cooperating. It's 70 degrees, clear skies . . . should be on a beach not up on a 12,000 footer feelin' sorry for myself.

The first day out my hunting partner and myself hunted an area where he had gotten bull elk 3 years in a row. Walking my silly butt off yielded only an area with lot of bear spat, but only two week old elk sign. The only consolation, if ya want to call it that, was I carried a TC .357 Herrett in a shoulder holster while my partner lugged a 9

(Continued on Page 6)



## Nothin! (Continued from Page 5)

pound .270 Weatherby. One can really get into some rough territory with a handgun than with a rifle. Two hands at times, can mean the difference between taking a fall or letting the rifle go over a cliff!

I've had good luck with the Herrett with 180 grain speer over a charge of W296. Haven't been able to talk J.D. into lettin me have a .375 JDJ for a dollar down and a dollar a week, but I'm still trying. The Herrett has accounted for 3 large muleys and 3 antelope plus countless jacks, prairie dogs and gophers, but I knew I'd have to place that 180 grainer just right to down a bull elk.

The next day, my partners son and I hoofed it to the top of a 11,000 footer to find elk sign. Three hot, sweaty hours later found us at the top. We cut elk sign headed south into a large basin full of heavy black timber and wet lands. I figured they would go down and come back north later in the day. We stationed ourselves at a likely looking crossing and sure enough, around 2:00 p.m., here came four cow elk. An hour later, after seeing nothing else, we headed for the truck, getting there just after dark. My young companion couldn't believe we came "right back to the truck". I can't shoot worth a damn, drink much or leap over tall buildings, but do have a keen sense of direction.

Day three found me and my young companion heading off to a high country park I'd glassed the day before. It was hidden from view from down below, but could be partially seen from higher up. Getting there we had to scale a rocky cliff, but I figured that's where the game is. No one in their right mind would walk this far, climb this cliff to check out this high park! After two hours of slowly glassing and moving I figured I'm the dummy. Nothin . . . not even deer sign. Found some ole cat tracks. . . but nothin else. Came down a different way, hit some down timber. Talk about some rough going. I never want to see down timber again. I'll walk around, even if it's 5 miles further.

The last day here we go through the motions but no one's heart is in it. Someone had the guts to say "let's get the hell out of here". We did . . . quickly.

Worked a couple days, but had Friday off. Luckily it snowed in the mountains on Thursday. Went up to Kanoshee pass, which is only an hours drive from my house. Parked at the bottom of a 13,000 footer. Had a new friend with me, Frank, who had the gumption to leave his .270 at home and carried his .44 SBH 10" stainless. His first time out with only the hogleg! Had a Burris 3X on it and fired it enough to surprise himself with it. 2" groups (and less) at 50 yards, 4" at 100. He's one of those damn "naturals", ya hear so much about, with a handgun. Don't know why I associate with people like that.

Frank headed up into the aspen . . . I slowly made my way up into black timber. No sign!! Huffed 'n puffed up to a saddle . . . the peak off to my left. On the way up I ran into a passel of snow shoe rabbits. First I'd ever seen. Big 'n fat. Strange to look right at 'em and can't see 'em unless they move. Got up on a big rock over lookin 100's of square miles. Glass for a while then switch to the spotting scope. Nothin. . .! Out of the corner of my eye spot movement. Big coyote headed my way. Has beautiful cream coat. Have blank spot

on wall for Mr. Coyote. He goes behind a rock . . . I put Burris 3X where he's gonna come out. Wait. . . nothin. . . he never showed! Ghost of Prairie . . . believe. . . now. Head back to truck, cut elk and deer sign. Follow elk tracks, three of 'em, really fresh. Still has fleas in hoofprints. Probably three cows. Follow nonchalantly, as they were going toward the truck anyway. If they turn to go back up the mountain. . . hell with 'em. The tracks turn. . . I'm debating whether to follow or not, when a sudden crash of timber rings out. Snap head up to see two large spike bulls and a larger one with horns all over bust their way out through heavy timber. The spikes had antlers three ft. long, but couldn't see the big one well enough . . . only he was bigger. Heart in throat, I take off . . . all business now. The tracks split. Two going one way, one going another. I follow the single one cause they are bigger. He's headed down into a deep rock walled canyon. I've followed his trail for over a mile. Don't look like he's frightened as the prints are close meaning he's just walking along. Snow's up pass my gaiters on this north side of the mountain. Step on a snow covered slanted rock . . . like pulling the rug out from under ya. Down I go . . . ass over elbows. Get up cussing and carrying on . . . ready to head back to truck . . . but . . . but there, 50 yards away, is a BIG four point bull elk, lookin at me over his rump. Yank at Herrett . . . finally comes loose. Bull elk throws his in 1st gear, but loses traction . . . he goes down, gets up and is behind big heavy spruce trees. He's headed up . . . got him in scope but just get glimpses in between trees, but he's off to the races. I head after him as fast as I can go. Tracks are far apart . . . he's definitely running. Throw up twice on the way up. Push myself . . . air is thin at this altitude. Heart 'bout to beat out of my chest. Get to top, seemingly hours later, tracks still far apart. He's down over on the other side. If I got him down there I'd have to eat him right there. Salute that bull Elk . . . tell him I'll be seeing him next year . . . head back to truck.

Rest four times getting back to truck. Figured a mile or mile and a fourth per rest. Must have stopped 20 times on way up. Just barely made it to truck. I'm really whooped. Just ran out of gas . . . plum tuckered out! Frank's there already so we go to another place, at a lower elevation, to try deer before the season is out. Frank takes off. I strap on my 5" .44 SBH as I really don't feel up to any more, stomping around. Get 200 yards from truck . . . find nice grove of trees, soft pine needles . . . sun on my face . . . I drift off. Wake up suddenly knowing something is amiss!! There not 20 feet away is a mangy lookin coyote, easing along, looking all around. I grab for my .44, which is in a shoulder holster designed by John Taffin. The holster is a rip out style, but I don't have the expertise to make it as such, so put on a retainer strap. Forget about retainer strap. . . pert near yank myself up off the ground before I remember the strap. Get .44 out but prairie ghost is 40 yards away still moving. Old model SBH .44 makes a distinctive 3 click ratchet as I thumb the hammer. Coyote stops . . . looks back at me. Sight picture little cockeyed, limbs in the way . . . pull trigger anyway. Coyote beats feet . . . I wing another his way to send him on his way. Damn . . . should have stayed home in bed. Think about time I hit 50 gophers without a miss. Muley

and antelope . . . same day . . . no miss. Look at spot where coyote was standing. Don't see how I missed. There are 4 paw prints . . . bullet hole 6 inches above tracks. Must have shot under.

Back home . . . hunt is over. Got two antelope and a muley in freezer thanks to Wyoming. Nothing in there from Colorado. Had a good time, no less. Learned quite a few hard lessons about western hunting. Lost 10 pounds. I had scouted three areas early in the fall, locating a good deer spot with several heavy horned muleys. Took advice of other people . . . so went to another area I'd never been to before. Won't do that again. Got elk fever . . . forgot about deer. Won't do that again. Tracked a spooked elk. Won't do that again (up hill anyway). Will be all business in heavy timber from now on. Will get .375 JDJ so don't have to be so picky about shot placement. Will fill blank spot on wall with prime coyote pelt. . . with a .44 hole in it. Mr. Elk and I gonna have another go at it next year . . . furr sure.

For all you HHI'ers who have had the above experiences. . . and not written about it . . . this one's for you.

## Two A Day

By Gordon Fletcher, Burt, NY

New York's big game gun season opened November 21st. I was in my camp the 18th so I could do some bow hunting and scouting. I had a couple of spots I had been hunting, but while bow hunting Saturday, the 19th, I found a spot where there was a lot of buck sign, and I saw two bucks before Noon. I made up my mind I'd be there Monday morning well before first light.

Monday morning, it was cool and clear. There was a full moon and almost like daylight. I don't like it when the moon is full because the deer will be bedded down before shooting time. I knew the big bucks would be well hidden before first light, and I also knew there was a real big buck in the area with a spread of around 30" and I was hoping to get a chance at him.

I was carrying a scoped S.B.H. loaded with 25 gr. 296 under Lyman Keith H.P. with a velocity of 1500 from a 7-1/2" barrel. This load will average about 5" groups at 100 yards.

I was at my stand well before first light. At 7:30, six does went by. I could have shot one as I had a party permit which allows you to take a buck or doe. I wanted to fill my regular license first as I felt I could take a doe any time. I waited till around 9:30 A.M. A nice 5-point buck came into view, moving quickly through the thick cover in front of me. I picked an open spot as I could find and as he walked through it, I squeezed one off. I hit him too far back. He went about 10 yards and stopped. I shot again. He stumbled a few steps and went down. His head was still up so I put one in his neck.

He was a nice 5-pointer. I dressed him out and went back to my stand. About 10:30, my son found me, looked the deer over and asked how many times I shot. I told him three and he gave me a ribbing, telling me I should have made the first one count, like I always told him to do! We had a laugh over it, and then we dragged the buck about two miles to the truck.

My Dad was there. Both he and my son had seen deer, but could not get shots. We ate lunch and made plans to hunt that afternoon. Dad was going

back where he had hunted during the morning. My son would take my stand and I would try to push some deer his way.

This time, I carried my Contender in .357 Herrett with 10" barrel and open sights. The load I was carrying was 29 gr. of H-4227 under the 158 gr. Speer H.P. I had chronographed this load at 2050 fps and it will stay inside 3" at 100 yards for me.

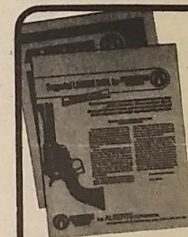
I was working some very heavy cover, trying to push deer toward my son. When a buck and doe stood up about 75 yards away, I could see them but there was a lot of brush between us. The only spot that was clear to the buck was a small spot on his neck. I held on it and squeezed one off. He disappeared. I didn't see him run, so I hurried over to check it out. My second buck of the day had been instantly killed. He had only 4-points with one broken horn, but he was a nice sized deer. These two bucks made six deer I had taken with a handgun since New York opened big game hunting to handguns in my area in 1981. These were my 19th and 20th bucks.

My Dad and my son hunted until Saturday before they both shot does. Dad got his with the shotgun. That's all he uses. My son shot his with my scoped S.B.H. He crawled within 200 yards of a doe in an open field, then held 2' over and put one through her lungs. She went about 40 yards and went down. He walked up to within 100 yards and put another one in her, two hand standing just to make sure she didn't go anyplace.

I was very proud of my son. I guess he must have listened a little to all the things I have tried to teach him about hunting and shooting. He has taken two deer in Pennsylvania with a flintlock. The first one was when he was 13.

Next year, he says he's going to hunt with the handgun only. We both shoot a lot and enjoy hunting woodchucks in the summer with rifle and handgun.

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## Two In A Row

By George Williams, Northglenn, CO

I have been nuts about hunting with a handgun for the last two years. Until then, I was a dedicated hunter with a rifle. I had always carried a handgun with me in case an opportunity presented a shot at any small game or was needed for a finishing shot on the numerous big game animals that I have shot in the last 17 years.

Three years ago when the National Rifle Association had their Convention in Denver, CO, I attended a seminar on hunting with a handgun. Hal Swiggett, Steve Herrett and J. D. Jones were the main speakers. Until that time, I had never seriously considered hunting big game with a handgun, even though I had shot a lot of small game with a handgun.

January of 1982, I changed all of my big game hunting habits by purchasing my first T/C Contender which happened to be a .357 Herrett. This gun I originally had equipped with a T/C 3X scope and Buehler base and rings. After I had shot 600 to 700 rounds through this barrel, I noticed that the gun was not grouping like it had been. When I took the scope off of the gun, two screws in the base had worked themselves loose from the recoil along with the internal adjustments of the scope. At this time, I wrote SSK about the T/SOB base and immediately sent my barrel and purchased a 4X Leupold Scope. After I received the barrel back and mounted the new Leupold Scope, there wasn't a prairie dog or jackrabbit that was safe in my travels of eastern Colorado. I am 32 years of age and am employed as a food inspector by the U.S.D.A. in Denver, CO, and I travel a lot.

Colorado's combined elk and deer season finally arrived in November of 1982 and I left for Granby, CO to meet my other five hunting partners who are confirmed rifle hunters. In Colorado, the only legal big game that a person can hunt are deer and black bear, although antelope for sure, and if you could pick your shot on an elk, they could be shot with a handgun. Ten days later, I still had to fire a shot in my T/C and had a feeling that Uncle Sam wanted me to come back to work. Ten days of hunting without firing a shot at anything made my mind wonder if I really had enough gun for what I was hunting. (Deer with my T/C, and elk with a rifle). Two weeks later, I decided that I could not get by without a .375 JDJ in my gun cabinet. After a

long wait, UPS finally brought my Christmas present to myself from me and I mounted a 4X Leupold Scope on top of the barrel.

With the arrival of nice weather, I turned my attention to developing two loads for my hand cannon over my Oheler 33 chronograph. Extensive chronographing finally brought out the two best loads which could handle any big game that I thought I'd ever hunt. I settled on one load for deer, antelope, and any varmints that I might encounter. It consists of a 220 grain Hornady flat point bullet, Federal 210 primer, 40.0 grains of IMR 4198 and in an R-P case. It gives an average velocity of 2171 fps and a standard deviation of 9.2 (all loads are with a 10 shot series). The second load I developed is for bears and elk (if the Colorado Division of Wildlife ever decides that they are huntable with a handgun!) and employs a 270 grain Hornady Spire Point bullet, 46.5 grains of H-4985, Federal 215 primer and an R-P case. This load gives an average velocity of 1935 fps and standard deviation of 11.3.

During the time that it took to develop these two loads, I shot some pretty impressive five shot groups at the rifle range that I belong to.

East of Pueblo, CO, I have a friend who ranches an area of roughly 50,000 acres that has a prolific prairie dog population. In July, I met my middle brother that lives in Houston, TX at our parents' home in Pueblo. After acquiring permission to hunt, my brother and I shot over 100 hundred prairie dogs at distances from 30 yards to 250 yards with either my .375 JDJ or a .30 Herrett that I am very fond of. Prairie dogs that were under 60 yards were propelled up to 10 feet from the spot that they were originally occupying. The 220 Hornady did an excellent job of expansion (very little tissue to expand into) along with the .30 Herrett (130 grain Hornady Spire Point, 29.5 grains of H 322, CCI 200 primer, and a W-W case, 2050 fps and a 10.3 sd.).

November finally arrived and I was all prepared to spend another 10 days hunting elk and deer. I had a bull elk and two deer licenses. Normally, a hunter in Colorado can only shoot one species of big game a year, but this year, the Division of Wildlife had almost 8,000 left over doe deer licenses available after their limited license

drawing in June. In August, they published a list of areas and how many licenses were left over for each season. (There are three big game seasons for deer and elk, an elk only, a deer only, and a combined season in which you can hunt elk and deer at the same time, depending on which area you hunt), and if you had not drawn a doe deer license on the first drawing, you could apply for a left-over license in this drawing. A hunter that was successful in the second drawing could purchase a license for a buck deer if they desired to. This is the reason that I had two deer licenses in 1983.

I could hardly wait for the end of my work shift on November 4th so I could go home and pack my car with all of my hunting gear and leave for Granby which is a two hour drive from my house in Northglenn. The people that I hunt with live in the town of Granby or on a ranch northwest of Granby. November 5th finally arrived and three friends and I left before daylight for our hunting area southwest of Granby. We hunted all morning and never saw any sign of either elk or deer. We had all decided to meet back at the pick-up around 11:00 A.M. for lunch and to decide what we would do next. Lunch time arrived and my best friend Leigh and his wife, ZoAnn were late, as usual. His dad (Joe) and I were both back at the pick-up at 11:00 A.M. About 11:30, Leigh and ZoAnn came walking into the meadow that we had the pick-up parked in. Just as they walked up to the pick-up, I saw a gray streak run out of a bunch of Aspen trees and into the willows in the creek next to the meadow that the pick-up was parked in. Out of the willows came a spike bull. He stepped and looked at the four of us broadside, then ran straight away from the pick-up. Leigh and Joe shot at him three times as he was going into the willows along the creek. As soon as he went into the willows, Leigh and I took off after him to see if he had been hit. Just before he ran into the creek, there were two drag marks, like he had been shot. Upon crossing the creek, there were big splashes of blood, so I knew he had been hit. All four of us got together and decided one person should try to follow his tracks in the creek while Leigh and his wife went down the east side of the creek, and I went down the westside. This way, if he was still in the creek, we could push him into one of us and finish him off. About 100 yards down the creek, Joe jumped this spike and shot him with one shot with his 30.06. At the same time, Joe jumped him. I tried an offhand shot with my .375 JDJ but missed him. Since he was still alive and trying to crawl off of the dike of a beaver dam, I shot him in the head from about 30 yards with my Ruger Redhawk. I shoot a 310 grain JDJ bullet cast out of 85% wheel-weights and 15% lincotype with 24.0 grains of W-W 680, CCI 350 primer, and W-W cases. In my Redhawk, I get an average velocity of 1310 fps and a sd. of 8.9. This is only the second time in the last eight years that I, or anyone I have hunted with, has killed an elk on the opening day. It looked like 1983 might be a pretty good year for all of us to put some meat into our freezers.

Thursday morning was cold and crisp with 8" to 12" of new snow on the ground. This is the perfect kind of weather to hunt in. Everything is covered with snow and if there are any deer or elk, they have made enough tracks that any blind person could track them. Well, on this morning, the

snow couldn't help Joe or I find anything in the form of deer or elk. After lunch, we decided to run up to a place northwest of Granby that is generally a hot spot for deer, or an occasional elk. We jumped in the pick-up and took off for our hunting area. We were climbing up a steep hill that is covered with two to three foot high sagebrush when all of a sudden, two doe deer that had been laying down jumped up and stood broadside to me. We immediately stopped the pick-up and I took my 10x50 binoculars and identified them both as does. I jumped out of the pick-up and flicked off the safety of my T/C. The deer were still standing and looking at the pick-up as the crosshairs settled on the closest doe's front shoulder. I cocked the gun and gently squeezed the trigger. Instantly, the gun roared and the recognizable sound of the 220 grain bullet hitting muscle and bone was heard. As the gun recoiled, the doe was literally blasted off of her feet and killed instantly. When we walked over to her, I estimated the distance at 60 yards and noticed that the bullet had gone in one shoulder and exited the opposite shoulder, leaving a slightly larger hole as compared to the entrance hole.

Friday morning came and as Joe and I were cooking breakfast, Joe pulled a muscle in his back. We waited around for a while, and when his back didn't get any better, he decided to go to a chiropractor. When he came back, he didn't feel like going hunting, so I decided to go by myself. I got my guns and went out to start the truck to go where we had gone on Thursday.

I drove up and passed the spot where I had shot the doe on Thursday and parked the truck in a little patch of trees. The area that I wanted to hunt was all heavy timber with patches of Aspen trees sloping up from what is called Willow Creek Dam and Willow Creek flows through the area below this hillside.

There is a long rocky ridge that runs in a north to south direction that has open areas of sagebrush with dark timber on both sides. This is a real good place to sit and watch for either deer or elk crossing the ridge. I sat here on this ridge for an hour to an hour and a half, until I got so cold that in order to warm myself up, I decided to still hunt through the dark timber and Aspen parks. Moving real slowly, I would walk about three to four steps, stop and look with my binoculars at everything in the area. I had been hunting like this for about an hour when I saw a deer bedded down underneath a big pine tree with its back to me. I slowly raised my binoculars up and looked at it for two to three minutes. My first glance at the deer, it appeared to be a doe, but after looking at it in my binoculars, I could see small spike horns on his head slightly longer than his ears. I had my T/C loaded with a 270 grain bullet which I thought was a little too heavy bullet for a deer that close. I quietly opened my gun and slipped a 220 grain bullet in the gun and quietly closed the action, wrapped the sling around my right wrist and brought the gun up. Since I was sitting down, I put the gun on top of my knees, cocked the trigger and put the crosshairs of the scope just below the buck's left eye, and squeezed the trigger. The gun jumped in my hands and I looked up a second later to see the buck collapse in his bed with a clean shot exactly where I had wanted

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Doc Rogers with his properly 44 Magnumized bear.

## Bear — Finally

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

I've wanted a bear with a handgun for a long time. The stories in THE SIXGUNNER have really been getting to me. I tried in 1980 and wrote about it in THE SIXGUNNER (Busted Bear Hunt). I had the misfortune of booking with a primarily bowhunting guide in Maine at the peak of bowhunting popularity and success in that state. I was unsuccessful and a little bitter.

The adrenalin started flowing each year when I bear hunted here in West Virginia. Our hunts have been successful and my yearnings became more intense. Our state legislature passed a handgun bill in 1983. I was ecstatic. I immediately bought a Weaver Scope Mount System for my Redhawk and topped it with a T/C 3X scope. I was ready. Was I ever fooled. Governor Jay (I can buy any office anytime) Rockefeller vetoed the bill. He said the state police didn't want it. Why had the state police commandant told me that his organization did not oppose it? Somebody lied. The simple fact was that the Governor was planning on running for the Senate and he didn't want his name on a handgun bill. Not in a liberal, Democratic state.

I was right, then. Furious was an understatement. I still had an obsession about handgunning a bear. I didn't know where to go. I called my old bear hunting buddy that had gone to Maine with me. Things had apparently changed for the better for handgunners. I called Wayne Bosowicz of Foggy Mountain Guide Service for more information.

Maine had closed its spring season the year before. He had bought a hunting camp in Canada for spring bear hunting. It was teeming with bear. Wayne had directed his advertising toward this area for his bowhunters. He had decided to emphasize Maine for gunhunters, handgunners in particular. He wanted some successful handgun hunts to use for his advertising. The accommodations were the same, O.K. I knew the territory so I wouldn't feel uncomfortable having to learn a new area. Deep down inside Wayne was a dog man and he was running 90% over the years with his pack. That just about did it. A September dog hunt. No black flies. No sore butt on a wooden platform. Let's do it.

I never could find a handgunner to go with me. A friend, Jim, decided to go, but he was a rifleman. At least I talked him into using my Marlin .444. It's almost as good as a handgun.

I spent the remainder of the summer working on groundhogs with my pistols. Initially, I selected four possible guns — a scoped Redhawk, my .375 JDJ, a 8", M29 Smith, and a 5" Super Blackhawk. I vetoed the scoped guns rather quickly. I knew from my bear hunting here at home that bears can get mean and move fast in a pack of dogs. A black blob in dark woods is not the easiest target to pick up in a scope. I'd go with the odds. The two .44 baldies were nominated.

My M29 and Super Blackhawk took 21 hogs this summer. They shot three top loads well. No. 1 was a 250 gr. lead

SWC over 24.00 gr. of WW296. No. 2 was a Norma 236 gr. Steel jacketed HP over 23.5 gr. WW296. No. 3 was a 265 gr. Hornady FP over 21.0 gr. of WW296. I decided on the cast bullet and the Norma bullet as my main loads. The cast bullet has taken several deer and tons of groundhogs. Its performance has been flawless. It was to be my No. 1 load.

The second trip to Maine seemed to go a lot faster than the first. I guess our enthusiasm was sky high. Upon our arrival at Foggy Mountain Guide Camps, we were greeted by guides Frank Cupero and Horace Farrar. Wayne was still in Canada closing down that operation. Also arriving shortly were Hank Williams, Jr., Dick Metcalf of Shooting Times magazine, and Roy Jinks of Smith and Wesson.

All talk centered on bears, naturally. Frank had been in Canada until dog season had come in then he returned to run the dogs, his one true love. Their Canadian concession had produced fantastic results this year. Success ratio was very high, around 60-70%, I think. Those of you acquainted with the trials and tribulations of bait hunting knows that is a great set of numbers.

Jim and I wanted to hear about the dog hunts more. We were the eleventh and twelfth hunters with dogs this year. Frank was 10 for 10 so far, and all were killed on the first or second day out. Most hunts were doubles killed on the first day! That's all the news Jim and I needed to hear. We were sky high and worse than a couple of kids getting ready for their first date with so much tension. To say the night was restless was an understatement. Jim was up the next morning at 4:00 a.m. The adrenalin was in excess.

Our hunt was to last the whole day. We would travel in a Datsun King Cab and search apple orchards for bear sign. That initially sounded a little suspect to me, but was I ever surprised later. Jim and I packed for a two or three day outing that first morning, naturally. Our final act before meeting Frank was the ceremonial flip of the coin for the first shot. I won. Hot damn!

Frank met us a half hour before daylight at the camp in his Datsun "mankiller". The rear seat was out, so Jim being the shrimp of the brunch was selected to sit there. Through the course of the week Frank drove that truck like a fine Ferrari race car. Unfortunately, it had the suspension of a little red wagon. Our bodies, backs and behinds in particular paid a dear price that week. I've never seen so many rocky, bumpy roads. Ouch!

In the back of the truck were four very pretty and large Plott hounds. We were ready to go. About 1/2 hour later we rolled into an old run down apple orchard. It had ten or twelve enormous trees with very large apples. I was so awed by the apples that I didn't notice the bear manure I was wading through. And, I don't mean one or two piles. There were close to 100 piles of fresh bear hockey. Lordy, I've died and gone to bear heaven!

The dogs were going crazy by this time. Frank took off Princess, his starting dog. She circled the entire orchard trying to figure out the track. Finally, there was no doubt about the tone in her voice. She was off to the races. The track was hot. Frank released Sam, a big headed Plott ready for Medicare, Rex, a cocky, up and coming stud, and another young female. They all took the track and joined with Princess in unison.

We listened a while to get the bearings of the dogs. We then jumped in the truck to get a little closer. Luckily, this area of Maine had a few interesting roads. We took two radar readings at different places then tried to get as close as possible. That's right, radar. Maine woods are so big that sight and sound of the dogs is quickly lost. Radar is really necessary and is not unsportsmanlike in those vast woods.

So, we drove to another area and stopped to listen. Sure enough Frank had put us on the right track. The dogs were over a hill about 4-500 yards and they were going beserk. We walked a little closer, but Frank didn't take us in. I knew the bear was treed or they were frightening him, but I kept my mouth shut. Stranger in another land all that stuff. Then Frank said he would go back and get the truck. Say what? So there stood Jim and I going wacko and there went Frank after the truck. Frank pulled up and said, "Let's go." We walked about 100 yards and suddenly everything went deathly quiet. We waited . . . and waited.

I could see the worried look on Frank's face. He got the radar out. It showed the dogs to be in the same place, but there was no barking. That was definitely a bad sign. Time drug on and we got that sick feeling that you get before you throw up. The radar kept beeping loudly showing that the dogs were very close, but still no sound. We finally saw the young female coming up the road. She looked O.K. at a distance. Closer to us, I could see the blood dripping from her belly. A fast exam showed several tooth puncture marks up and down her back and a 2 1/2 inch laceration on her hip. An injured dog in its first year of hunting does not always lead to good things in the future.

Now, we had one hurt dog and no sign of the other three. The radar still showed they were close. Frank was extremely worried now. Those dogs may be close, quiet, and dead. We drove over several roads around the radar readings. Sam and Rex showed up next. They were nervous and jittery, but unhurt. Princess finally appeared on the road walking very slowly. She stood in a mud puddle as we approached. I'll never forget the pitiful look on her face and the blood dripping in the water coloring it pink. Princess had 18 puncture marks down both sides of her spine and on her belly. The bear had this dog in its mouth several times.

Talk was not necessary. The hunt was over. We hurriedly went back to camp to assess the damage again. The young bitch was shaken, but appeared O.K. overall other than the laceration. Princess was different. She was very bad. Her pupils were dilated. She was shivering. Her abdomen was moving in the opposite direction of her lungs. This dog was going into shock and was sucking air into her abdomen. We flew to the veterinarian. He diagnosed Princess as being in shock and as having a tear into her abdomen. She was prepared for emergency surgery.

We left the vet very dejected. Our four dog pack (that's all that is legal in Maine) was down to two. Frank had no reserves. They were killed the year before. Jim and I were at our lowest point. Frank was depressed. It was only 8:30 a.m. and he was ready to quit for the day. I didn't blame him. I finally had to ask Frank why he didn't take us to the dogs when they first barked

(Continued on Page 9)



## Bear (Continued from Page 8)

treed. He said he went to get the truck, so I could get my guns. I pushed my coat back and showed him both my .44s strapped to my waist. Oh, no! Did those dogs get hurt on our account? Frank blamed himself. I blamed myself. We were crushed.

Frank's sense of responsibility to his clients overtook his better judgment. He decided we would go bear hunting again this morning with two dogs. Things looked very grim at that time. We spent the next two hours looking at different apple orchards. There was lots of 2-3 day old sign, but nothing fresh. Our last scheduled stop was at a very small orchard deep in the woods. Frank had Jim and me wait at the truck so not to spread our scent around. We talked ourselves into a deep state of depression while Frank was gone.

I got goose bumps when I heard one of the dogs open up very close to us, then another further ahead. Frank was coming back very excited. He had found a fresh track. Rex took it quickly, but didn't open up until he was close to the bear. Old Sam was a little slower getting his act together. We could hear the two getting closer together, further away from us, and more frantic in their barking. All right!

We mounted up in the ol' yellow Datsun and went toward the dogs. Several stops and radar readings later narrowed down the direction of the chase. It had long been out of ear range. Frank figured the chase was heading toward the river. We went to a little used road running parallel to the river. It was undoubtedly the worse road I have ever travelled. Frank was in a hurry to get to his dogs and was worried about their safety, especially since he had two hunters coming the following week. We were bounced, beaten, shaken, and rattled senseless in that little truck on the rocky road. As we approached the top of the hill, Frank said, "It would be fitting to hear those dogs barking treed when we stop to make up for what we've been through today." We stopped and got out. The dogs were barking treed right over the hill!

We loaded our guns quickly as we went down the hill fighting brush and briars. Frank gave quick instructions. He and Jim would get the dogs tied up while I lined up on the bear. He also said he would shoot the bear on the ground if there was any sign of life. Yeck!

The dogs were going crazy at the tree as we approached. I looked up in a very large spruce and saw a nice bear looking at the dogs, then at us. It started moving down as we approached. Frank got very hyper and said, "Shoot him in the head". That was a low percentage shot at a moving bear. No way, Jose'. The bear was about 15 feet up and was turning around to come down head first. Both shoulders came into line behind the sights of my 8" M29. The bear's grip of the tree loosened at the shot. I put another round behind the shoulder as it fell. I put a third shot in the spine as it hit the ground. The dogs were on the bear shortly after. No wonder Frank was so hyper. The dogs were loose! That could have been the end of our hunt right there.

As I approached the bear, Frank yelled to look in the tree. About 30 feet up was another bear. Jim was shooting it with his camera. His rifle was in the truck. We took several pictures as the bear came down. It was smaller, about

80 pounds. A closer inspection of my bear showed that it was a sow, about 170 pounds. The other bear was her yearling, not her cub. It would live to fight and be chased another day.

A lot of back slapping and hand shaking took place followed by two rolls of film. That wasn't such a bad end to such a dismal day. Post mortum exam showed shot No. 1 went through both shoulders and lungs. No. 2 took out a couple of ribs and the heart. No. 3 wiped out the spine. Ms. Bear was dead three times. All rounds were my 250 gr. lead SWC. All penetrated completely. The ground around the tree was completely covered with blood as well as the trees up to four feet off the ground.

The remainder of the hunt turned out differently. We found more bear signs in the next four days than I have seen in deer signs here in West Virginia. We had some eight or nine chases those days in some of the most ungodly places I have ever seen, including swamps, big hills, and monster mountains. The results were the same — long chases where there were no roads. By the time we reached the trees the bears had broke cover, back tracked, or fooled the dogs. Only so much can be expected of two dogs. They served above and beyond the call of duty.

Jim didn't kill a bear. But, it wasn't because Frank didn't try. We hunted all day long every day. Luck was simply not to be on our side. That boy busted his hump trying to get us another bear. The rest of that week was a jinx. I killed the only bear. Even the bait hunters were blitzed. They had killed almost a dozen and a half the week before. Interestingly, too, the last two dog hunters killed their bears the following week on the first day. That made 13 bears for 14 hunters.

In summary, I had a great hunt with a great hunter. If Frank would call me to come tree a bear in his bathroom, I would go. He knows his stuff. Would I go again? On a bait hunt — never. Too much sitting, boredom, mosquitoes, black flies, and bad luck. On a dog hunt — you bet. My only reservation is that Foggy Mountain Guide Camps has only two experienced dogs. More dogs are needed, especially for reserve. They are planning on purchasing some trained dogs for next season. The bears are there just waiting to be chased.

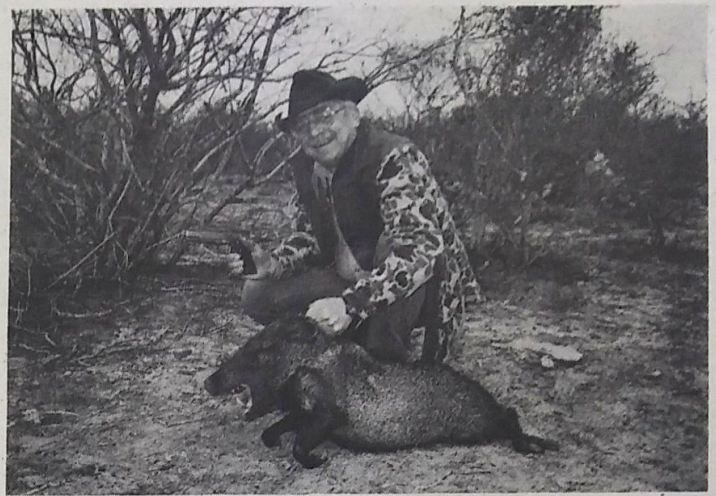
You can't get rid of bear hunting once it gets in your blood. It's a life long obsession that won't leave. I'll be going again, for just one more.

## Two In A Row (Continued from Page 7)

to shoot him. When I walked over to him (a distance of roughly 35 yards) and eviscerated him and left the carcass under the big pine tree that he was laying under, I went back to the truck and brought it closer to the buck so I could drag him out to the truck and load him into it.

We hunted all weekend and never did kill anything else except time, so I decided that I should be thinking about going back to work. Also, the weather on Sunday continued to pile snow on the mountains as fast as it would come down out of the air. It even went as far as thundering and lightning in the morning, so on Monday morning, I packed all of my hunting gear, along with a portion of the meat from the two deer and the spike bull that we had shot, and headed home.

Any way that I look at the 1983 hunting season, it has to be the best one that I can remember since I finally killed two deer with my handgun.



Javelina taken with the 41 Avenger had exceptional tusks for its average size.

## JAVELINA

By J.D. Jones

Contrary to both his looks and public opinion, the Javelina isn't a pig. He is, in fact, in the US a Collard Peccary which is according to my encyclopedia related to the wild hog. There is also a White Lipped Peccary but its range does not extend to the US.

The Peccary is found in some parts of the southwest. In some areas he is downright thick.

His coat is coarse bristle — black-gray with a gray collar. He isn't big. He stands about 21 inches tall and weighs 35-40 pounds. Some of the big guys will go 25 inches tall and weigh 60 pounds. I've seen one 60 pounder on a scale. He was definitely big. He has a gland on his back that he uses to emit a scent that is lovely! Musk hog is a common name for them as is the Texaneze Mushog. His skull makes a fine trophy when bleached out and doesn't look anything like a hog skull. A head-shoulder mount is very impressive.

For all his reputation as a fighter the Javelina is kinda shy. He will run if given a chance but I suspect he knows how to use the tusks he carries. At least when he starts popping them I give him a lot of room or lead. Their hides are great for gloves and vests because of the distinctive clusters of three hair holes.

Mr. J likes the Texas brush country. The thicker and stickier the better. He is quick. He doesn't believe in giving you a clean shot. You have to catch him out of the brush most of the time or you will never see him. You can wait him out, go after him or find him by accident. The latter is more than likely.

There were a lot of them on the American Sportsmans Club lease where we hunted last February. There were also a lot of wild and I do mean wild hogs. Jacks were also plentiful.

After the HHI Sheep hunt, Jane and I headed south to a point about 75 miles from Laredo and met Allan Strand, Frank Russell, and Louis Reinger who are ASC employees, HHI members and good natured renegades.

We didn't encounter any problems finding the ranch or knowing they beat us there from the looks of the meat pole.

The first afternoon while riding around, we spotted Javelina and the chase was on. I tore half a pocket off my coat getting out of the Suburban and the chrome moulding off the ve-

hicle. Called that one a draw. Allan decked a Javelina with his 44. I went into the brush after several others. Javelina sometimes stop to see what's behind them if you go easy. I slowed up quick! Everything bites or sticks. I spotted one animal at five yards and eased up the 7 JDJ with a 4x on it. I couldn't see anything but a hairy blur. Touched it off and mushogs ran. So did the one I shot at. After reloading I eased through the brush and found another trying to spot me from about 15 yards. The 7 barked and the mushog dropped instantly from a shoulder spine shot.

I went after the others a short distance and had a heck of a time finding the dead mushog again. *Couldn't hear anyone so had to take a guess at where the truck was. Wound up backtracking myself to find it. Told you it was thick.*

Saw a few hogs and on one occasion a couple of guys shot without result. Those hogs are wild! Some ran at the sight of the truck at about 200 yards.

The next day was a repeat. Light rain, clouds and chilly. Not much activity if you don't include Javelina, pig, duck, quail and jackrabbit shooting. Frank got a decent hog that night.

Early in the afternoon while we were all together we jumped a bunch of Javalina. WW III started and ended just about as quickly with three down. I got mine running with a 41 Avenger. The others were using 44s. A little later while sneaking up on some ducks we jumped a little pig. I ended up nailing him with the 6.5 JDJ. Heart shot, he dropped in a few steps.

The jackrabbit shooting at Jackrabbit Flats was decent for a bad day. Not mentioning any names, some guys hit a few and then there were those who just like to scare them! Saved a few rounds for the ride home but didn't need them.

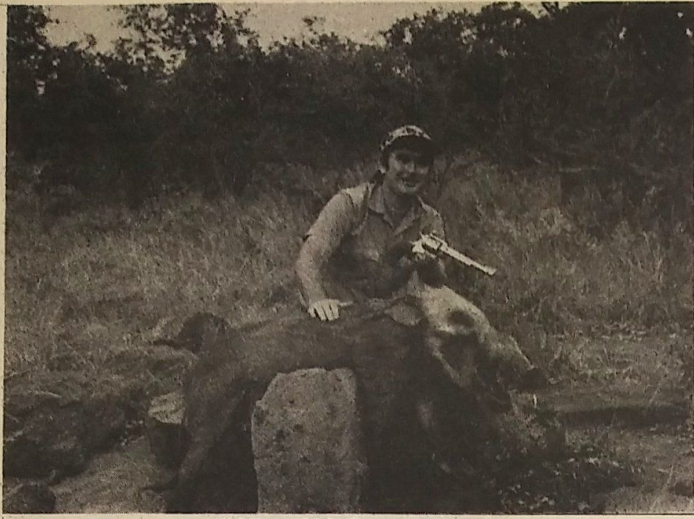
After supper nailed a running hog through the head with Frank's rifle just to prove I could shoot one of those funny sticks if I had to.

Somewhere along the line Allan got a nice but mangy Coyote with a 22 Magnum Winchester lever action. A couple of additional hogs were taken but the most fun was had hunting Jacks and skinning Javelina. It's really fun!

The last morning Allan and I hunted ducks and did fairly well. Don't bet against Allan on shooting ducks. He

(Continued on Page 11)





Eddie and his first Bushpig.

## THE GHOST HOGS OF SOUTHERN AFRICA

By Eddie Dunn, Pretoria, S.A.  
HHI No. 1650

After many years and many hundreds of logged hours specifically hunting the elusive Bushpig of Southern Africa, I finally bagged my first boar.

First let me tell you something about Mr. Bushpig, so if ever you visit this part of the planet you will at least have a good start.

The Bushpig is unquestionably the most difficult animal next to the leopard to hunt under any circumstances.

This indigenous wild hog has despite man's encroachment and development in the region adapted better than any other wild animal with the exception of the common rat and cockroach.

In fact they are so adaptable to life in general that they have reached epidemic proportions in some agriculture areas, much to the downfall of the crop farmers.

The Department of Wildlife in the Transvaal Province has even at present a full time scientific team trying to deal with the problem, as to date very little is known about this creature. I am privileged in knowing these guys and will in conjunction with my nature studies also be getting involved in the project, not to mention the fine hand-gunning hog opportunities that will naturally arise.

Being a problem animal, no license is needed to hunt Bushpig.

This hog is mainly nocturnal and has a sixth sense and intelligence which baffles even the most determined hunter.

Most bushpig that have been taken by casual hunters after other game and who just happened to stumble across them by accident cannot claim the true value of having actually hunted them and got one this way. Unless you have actually hunted for them it's difficult to really explain what's involved in hunting them, however perhaps this short story might just give you some idea.

They are the most elusive, shrewd, frustrating and finally most rewarding wild pigs that you could ever wish to hunt.

Only the most determined hunter who has lots of time and a lot of patience will stand a slight chance each time he sets out into their territory.

I only hunt Warthog and Bushpig by still-walking. The use of dogs and

beaten etc. is unsporting and totally against the principles of gentlemanly handgunning. Hunt him by day, seek him out and face him (man to pig).

Your beard may be very long and your enthusiasm long gone before you get your first Bushpig.

Many hunters in Africa have become so obsessed by mastering hunting these hogs that they have suffered strokes in the attempt at doing so.

It just seems the more you try after them, like a drug they seem to make you go back over and over again until you become quite obsessed by these creatures.

Firstly, forget about hunting them at night, the advantage is too great on their side, they will simply run rings around you and make you quite insane.

Secondly, spend at least a full day or two studying the topography etc. of the area you intend to hunt, seeking out all likely places where you would expect them to be hiding up during the daytime.

Bushpig usually inhabit high country, their fringes and thick bush country, also montane forest and river courses, where they retreat during the day. Patches of forest up valley slopes above agriculture areas is a good spot to look.

Like naughty, mischievous children usually led by a master boar (Big Guy) the group will descend from the mountain slopes under cover of darkness and ravage the healthy crops in the valleys below, to the utter frustration and rage of Mr. Farmer. Like determined thieves this crafty gang of night raiders can cause tremendous damage to crops in the course of one night.

I can testify to such happenings, that's for sure.

In the mountain areas where they live, their rooting about for bulbs, roots, etc. digging with their snouts may leave an appearance of utter devastation, the ground torn up, shrubs, rocks and debris scattered all over the place.

Such signs especially when fresh are an indication of their nearby presence.

They move in groups ranging in number from 6 up to 20 or more individuals. They weigh in an average of 75 to 90 kilograms, a large master boar may reach over 100 kilograms. They are ferocious when cornered and very

dangerous when the chips are down on their side.

I have seen dogs that were so badly injured by these hogs that to put them down was the only way out.

In Zimbabwe several years ago a hunter who got in the way of a large enraged boar was so badly savaged that he lost his leg above the knee.

Especially when they have young piglets present in a group — 'watch it'. Bushpig are very protective and loyal amongst one another and will help a buddy porker if need be.

Hogs are hogs so whatever your favorite bullet and load is back home, it will do just fine for these fellas out here.

I happen to be a cast bullet nut and use nothing else in all my handguns. I still like Elmer Keith's 22 gr./2400 for any hogs anywhere.

Like all wild hogs, Bushpig are tough and tenacious of life, so an impressive big bore cartridge is a strong recommendation.

I use a RSBH 7½" with great success.

P.S. With greatest respect to J.D., sorry but that 320 grainer of yours is just too big a giant killer for hogs in general.

This beautiful slug loaded as J.D. recommends has incredible penetration and goes through our warthogs lengthwise like they were made of soft butter, hitting the dirt on the other side and howling away forever.

I took a huge warthog just last week as he was running away, perfect rectum shot (hell that sounds mean), however J.D. your 320 grainer went in only an inch from his penny piece out his neck at the chest, punched an impressive dust plume some thirty yards ahead of the fleeing hog and howled away into oblivion. In fact, as a matter of fact that slug is still travelling.

N.B. P.S. (Useful hint to any future visiting handgun hunters.)

If ever you can or want to bring just one handgun (sixgun) to Africa then make it a RSBH or Redhawk with one load to cover 95% of all game. The load being J.D.'s 320 grainer loaded as it should be (21.5grs. ww296).

Hells bells, that 320 grainer just keeps going. Sorry J.D. haven't retrieved any slugs yet, they're still travelling.

Back to Pigs before I get carried away here with J.D.'s load & bullet.

Right now that you know a little about these local hogs of ours, let me tell you about my epic hunt just last week.

I was hunting a beautiful Bushveld farm covering some ten thousand hectares in the Waterbug mountain range just 2½ hr. drive from Pretoria, where I live.

To date the local hog population had been living a life of idle peace and quiet until I made my determined presence a reality.

To cut a long story short, after a solid week of tracking and making myself familiar with the movements of the local Bushpig population, I decided to really hunt in earnest.

I knew as each day went by that I was learning a lot about them by their excavation sights and spoor and other signs, and that it was now getting close to confrontation time.

I was just working a bushy ridge next to a plateau ridge when my sixth sense, seldom wrong, caught my attention to a particular patch of thicket, at the base of the ridge.

Strategically this spot was well

placed, and I just knew them hogs were present.

Not so easy, Bushpig choose their retreats very well indeed, such that no matter what angle you approach, a likely spot, their escape is well assured via other gullies, thickets, etc. in many directions. As I later found out they always leave the thicket opposite to whatever side you approach from, keeping the thick bush and rocky outcrops between you and them, allowing them to gain valuable distance between them and their enemy. This giving them valuable distance to get away and re-group later.

Our Father, creator sure left them with a fine gift in being able to strategically hide themselves and plan their escape so efficiently.

This time I decided to approach from the bottom of the hill thinking that they could only run parallel with the ridge.

But not so.

Just twenty paces from the thicket I could now feel my goose flesh begin and knew 'this was it'.

I cocked the hammer on my RSBH 44. 'Huuff. Huuff', then the breaking of bush and branches and stampeding hoofs as the bush virtually exploded into life. Hogs tearing off through the undergrowth like miniature bulldozers.

Please one of you ?\*★/★□\*\*? just give me a clean shot. Then my quick prayer was answered when a young boar and very kind porker at that decided to take a short cut across a small clearing.

His mistake, my gain, this is it I said aloud and take this you frustrating swine and sent a 250 SWC behind 22 grs. 2400 steaming after him. The first slug punched him low in the neck and went down squealing in true pig tradition.

Down a little low, missed the spine. The porker was soon up and running like hell, for all he was worth. At full speed I sent a second 44 Mag. missile on its way, this one took him neatly between the shoulders a bit high taking out his spine, and punching on clean through. This time he went down for keeps.

For several minutes I just stood there amongst the fading commotion of my hogs last thrashing and the sound of faintly crashing undergrowth and the beating drum of heavy pigs holten as his fleeing companions took off at record speed for destinations unknown.

We shall meet again some day.

## SWAPS

THE SIXGUNNER will publish short ads for members offering equipment and hunt swaps or sales to other members.

Alan Crawford, A/C 404-962-0626 has a 375 JDJ, 411 JDJ, T'SOBs dies, brass and other goodies he would like to deal on or swap for cash. Call at either 6 a.m. or 6 p.m. — that's 9 a.m. for the west coast guys.

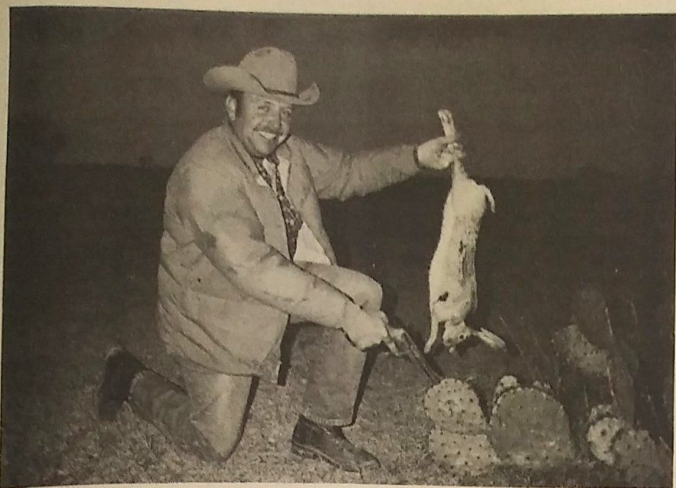
Could you please help me out?

I am getting married and need to sell a new Ruger SBH 44 Mag. with a 6" barrel and Mag-Na-Port and action job, all done by Mag-Na-Port. Could you run it in THE SIXGUNNER? I want \$300.00 for it.

Also where could I get different grips for an Abilene? You can answer this in the FIRING LINE. . . Kenneth Price, 1949 Jonesboro Rd., Bristol, VA 24201.

Hey, guys, someone out there needs a worked over SBH. I think your best bet for grips for the Abilene is Herrett's, Box 741, Twin Falls, ID 83301. JDJ





Louis and a jack "made good" with a 629 and 44 Special ammo.

has a secret weapon. Knows how to shoot.

Headed for Laredo in the afternoon. Found a fancy hotel and a terrific restaurant across the border in Mexico. Frank gave the directions and couldn't have done better. Good Mexican restaurants are a real treat. The different atmosphere and great food

certainly make for an enjoyable evening.

After souvenir shopping the next morning as we were pointing the car north the sun came out and temperatures jumped into the 70s. 16 hours later we were in the snow again. Hope you'll join us for a repeat next year.

## FEBRUARY 1985 TEXAS

**HHI HUNT:** One of the best hunts we've ever had. We'll meet in San Antonio on Feb. 24 to go south into the Texas brush country to a ranch about 70 miles from Laredo. You will see a lot of Javelina and you'll be able to take two! This place has some of the biggest boar I've ever seen, and you can take two of them, too! If you can! These guys are wild! You might have to do a little waiting at a mud hole, or employ a "Frank and Louis" on them. The 'F & L' is a lot more fun than waiting at a waterhole, but you're going to have to be there to find out what it is. Your hosts are all HHI members, renegades, scoundrels, good cooks, good guides and have been around enough normal people to communicate in other language than Texaneze.

In addition to the Javelina and boar, this place is loaded with jackrabbits, coyotes, cottontails, and quail. Come armed accordingly. It's brushy in most places. Bring a scope or iron sights, or a couple of either, plus a shotgun. Not to mention the fishin'. Those with limber rods can fish. This is also prime country for arrowhead and scraper huntin'!

You will stay in the glorious Rancho Hilton which features a meat pole (complete with gut tub) beside the front door, water, a roof, toilet with shower, electricity, refrigerator and a separate wing for honeymooners. No women allowed unless you want to share.

Cookin' and dishwashin' will be by you. All grub will be furnished. Bring your own sleeping bag — there will be a bunk to throw it on. Lightweight type — it will probably be warm.

The hunt will last four days. Cost is \$650 plus a Texas hunting license for \$105. As an added attraction, an optional \$100 a day will buy you a trip to a beautiful Mexican border town across the river from Laredo for an afternoon of sightseeing, shopping or whatever, capped off with dinner in a truly elegant Mexican restaurant for

those still able to get there. F & L are experienced guides, plus tough, so they get the job of driving everyone back to the ranch.

If enough guys are interested, we can try to set up something at the Y-O or Texotic to follow. At the least I can offer help to anyone interested in going on their own for exotics after the HHI hunt.

Questions? Call 614-264-0176. Terms: \$300 up front to reserve your spot. Refunds — only to your survivors. If you back out, that means some other member can't go. We do not take reservations with the thought that you might or might not go.

## SATURDAY

By Linn Keller, The Plains, Ohio

There was a ragged hole in the wall, a hole about as big as two fists. Tricolored wires dangled, roots torn from the plant at a violent harvest. And on the floor, the phone, dead and silent, receiver spilled from the cradle, still joined by the coiled beige wire, technology's umbilicus.

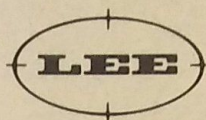
I sighed and dismissed the daydream. Tempting though it was, marital discord was sure to develop if I yielded to this urge. Three times now I'd been interrupted in my quest for equipment; three times I took the wholly unimportant call, and three times I hung up the receiver quietly.

Swiftly gathering the necessities, I loaded the truck for the day's expedition, left a brief note for the wife, and motored out of the trailer court. The scanner locked onto a channel and I shut it off, dismissing even this undesirable interruption.

The equipment rode safely in back, protected by the faded and rock-chipped topper, all but the four-inch Security Six. It rode, fully loaded, on my belt, complement to the badge hanging from my shirt pocket. I was going to the range for practice, and nothing — I hoped — was going to stop me.

The range was empty and unoccupied when I arrived, which is the

# THE BEST WAY TO PRIME SHELLS.



## AUTO-PRIME

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way I like it. Laying out my equipment, I ran a last minute check — all actions operational, all bores clear, each one with its own two boxes of ammo.

I warmed up with dry-fire, three cycles with the Security-Six, with simulated speedload every six "shots." Then the long barreled Redhawk — twice as many from this big brother. Then live fire.

Laying the Security Six, cylinder open, on the bench, I eased the Redhawk into the front break holster and settled my ear muffs over the issue ballcap. I drew and fired, slowly, without rush; six center hits at 25 yards. Reload with the speedloader — always reload with the speedloader and reholster. Replace the Redhawk with the Security Six, empty. Draw and dry-fire, faster now, but not yet at speed. Do this twice. Six more from the Redhawk.

Now reload the Security Six. Holster a loaded weapon.

Draw!

Two shots and pause, two shots and pause, two shots and reload. Holster a loaded weapon.

It is surprising how light and manageable the Security Six is after handling and working out with the Redhawk. On days like today, practicing for the FOP shoot two weeks away, trading back and forth will keep the lighter .357 handling light and easy. Recoil from the .357, too, is less after handling a few cylindersful from the .44.

I carry the same weapon afield that I qualified with for duty wear: the 4" Security Six. I've taken squirrels,

groundhog, innumerable tin cans, and a few road kills with this. The .44 goes afield and on range with me, but with a 7-1/2" barrel and no acceptable holsters yet on the market, it has seen, but little "on-duty" use.

It's been said, "Beware the man with, but one gun, for he can use it well." This holds true also for the shooter who works mostly with one weapon and uses his other battery to maintain or improve proficiency.

My .22 Standard Model, for instance, like most of its kind, sees mostly tin cans and informal targets. It is most useful for training new shooters, or checking my eye if the sight picture "just won't settle down"; one of these days I plan to try a longer, AMT Stainless barrel and a 2X scope — but that's a different story.

It's still a bit early in the year to pursue my favorite quarry, the humble groundhog, but certainly not too early to get in practice for this delightful diversion.

Plus it lets me try different loads for duty use. If it won't work on groundhogs, Chief, do we really want to carry it on the street?

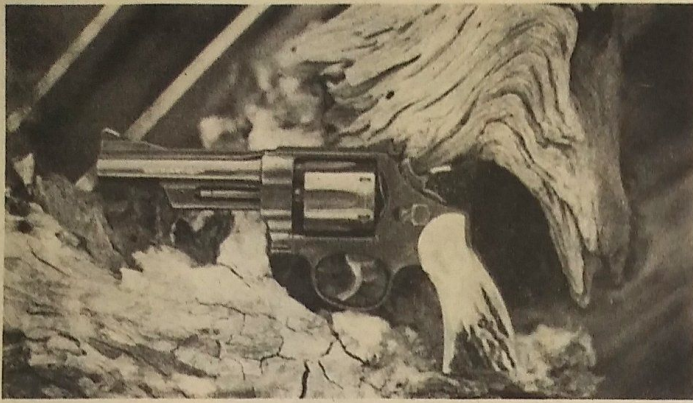
### WRITER'S GUIDE

Write It The Way  
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Paco's KEITH gun.

## IT'S NOT GOOD-BYE . . . JUST AVOIR MY FRIEND

By Paco Kelly

By now, Elmer Keith's passing is known by just about everybody involved in the shooting sports. Many folks knew Elmer much better than he knew them. He was free and easy with his time, always ready to sit and chat with a reader, fan or not. Like is often said, get a busy man to find time to do a needed job . . . Elmer always found time, to write, or speak to you on the phone. I always got the impression that he enjoyed doing both.

What is not generally known is that he answered hundreds of letters and 25 to 30 long distance phone calls . . . every month, for years and years. Try a little simple math . . . multiply 30 years by 12 months by 100 letters per month, and that is conservative. His total is probably close to 40 to 50 years and several hundred per month. Anyway *the answer will begin to show you the real genius of this simple man.* He built a readership, one reader at a time through the mail with friendship and honesty.

One of the sadnesses of my life is that I never physically met him, face to face, I feel badly that I never shook his hand, but I knew him, very well. I wrote to him with regularity, about seventy letters dating from 1952 through the last he could answer in 1981, but I kept writing them, thirty years of them. And, of course, I spoke to him on the phone. He called me "Kid". Because, I was one when I started writing to him so long ago. If you ever spoke to Elmer, you would never forget his voice and manner. He was very much as John Taffin said of him, a Gentleman. He like lawmen, to him we were part of America, and he loved this country with a pride that was a living thing. He made us feel a little special.

When I was in the hospital in 1978 getting my face rebuilt, from sticking my lawman nose in where it was definitely not wanted, only hours after surgery my phone rang. It was Elmer . . . "How ya' doing, Kid . . ." I can hear his voice still, mutual friends told him about my little mishap. He gently chastised me about carrying my beloved .45 Colt caliber custom S&W. Telling me I should have had a big .44 Mag. S&W with me, and that I wouldn't be in the damn hospital if I'd start listening to experience.

He followed the call up with a letter, so I took his advice and bought an S&W 29. I had it cut to a 3-inch barrel and K-frame roundbutted the grip. Larry Kelly did one fine job Mag-Na-Porting that beast.

That isn't the only gun that has had

a relationship between us. In the late 1950's while I was in the military in Africa, I was a small arms instructor. I was suddenly ordered to do a TDY tour in a strange sounding country, two blocks over in Southeast Asia, it was Eisenhower's war in those days. I quickly wrote Elmer a letter, stating I needed a powerful double action revolver, but couldn't get a .357 magnum by hook or crook. The .44 Mag. was unknown in those early days, and the .357 had the .44 Mags.'s power reputation.

I don't know how he and S&W did it, but three days before I was to leave for my first tour, a Lt. Colonel I never heard of called me to his office at 17th HQs, Wheelus Air Force Base, (Tripoli, North Africa). He handed me a package, and said he didn't know what it was, and didn't want to know, because it had come in the British Diplomatic Pouch!

It was a five screw, 5 digit serial numbered S&W .357 Magnum, with custom bone grips, finish, and five-inch barrel, on the old "S" frame. And with Elmer's humor involved I'm sure, the serial number was a fantastic poker hand. The note from S&W said Elmer had asked them to ship me a five-inch .357, pronto, so they couldn't put the usual inscription on it about Elmer, "special selected by etc . . ."

Years later, I realized it's growing value to me, so I had it rebuilt and inscribed with the language of the S&W note and retired it to my collection. It's here now, on my desk, as I write these words. I'm going to photograph it for SIXGUNNER and our readers. Also, now that I'm being retired, the big S&W .44 will go into the safe with it. Two guns, a bunch of old letters and a few phone calls, not much you might think, well, there's more, much more.

Besides living a very active and interesting life, I have been blessed because I have been privileged to know a number of very interesting people. Africans, Americans, Asians, men, women, some white, some black, some brown, a few red, yellow, tan, some very famous, some rich, most not, but all giving me wonderful memories. Elmer's memories are at the top of the list.

When I was about 13 or 14 years old, I read an article by Ed McGovern, the worlds best handgun shot ever. He stated that there was a 'cowpoke' up in the wilderness of the Northwest, that was killing game at very long rifle ranges with handguns. It was, of course, Elmer. And, it started me reading everything he wrote and our letter writing friendship, as well as my

building a .44 special Colt single action, but keeping the .45 Colt barrel and cylinder with it.

The single action went to Africa with me along with Elmer's words and letters. It was there I learned that the power of the .44 special and the .45 Colt on hundreds of pound weight of flesh, was indeed what that "cowpoke" was telling everyone it was. Elmer has always been there to answer my calls and letters, for over thirty years, even now, emotionally I feel if I pick up the phone, but intellectually I know better.

I'm not a church going man, except to share the experience with my family on holidays. But, I am a believer, as is said, there are no non-believers in fox-holes, and I've been in and out of fox-holes of one kind or another, for most of my adult life. So, even though I know Elmer has moved on, I know he isn't very far away. I privately like to think he's watching as I write, smiling and thinking, "the Kid's finally learning".

I hope you kind readers will forgive me for putting so much of me in this article, I normally try not to do that, but there was just no way I could explain Elmer, my friend, and separate me out of it. The rest of this may not seem related at first, please read on . . .

"Tombstone! The Town Too Tough To Die", is in southern Arizona. The whole town is like a giant museum now, preserved as it was 100 years and more ago, and one of its attractions is its graveyard. I'm not sure how much of that old graveyard is real and how much hype, but there is one grave tucked away to one side. As you face it, your back faces the mighty Dragoon Mountains. If you read the inscription, on a hot day in the setting sun, it will give you a case of the chills, because it states:

"AS YOU READ THIS REMEMBER . . . AS YOU ARE NOW I ONCE WAS . . . AND AS I AM NOW, SOMEDAY YOU WILL BE . . ."

Death is a fact of life, but nothing to really fear because we don't go very far, just over the Mountains at our backs. Besides, I hear the hunting is better over there. And on that unknown day which is reserved for me, I will get to correct one of the serious mistakes in my life. I will finally be able to say thank you for years of rich and wonderful memories, and shake the hand of my old friend . . . Elmer Keith.

## 375 JRS

By Chuck Richardson, Union, MI

This fast stepping counterpart of the 375 JDJ was designed for use in bolt action handguns and is aptly named the 375 Jones Rhino Stomper, (375 JRS). While there have certainly been enough cartridge/handgun combinations tagged as being the "World's Most Powerful Handgun", I have not had the pleasure of shooting anything with more down-range power than this one. As you read on I believe you will come to agree with me.

The cartridge was designed by J.D. Jones of SSK Industries (now we know where the Jones in the name came from), by necking the 358 Winchester up to 375 and maximizing the case by moving the shoulder forward with minimum body taper. The five grain increase in case capacity has resulted in velocities all out of proportion to the size of the cartridge. It undoubtedly produces pressures beyond the safe capacity of Contenders; however, none of my loads have shown any signs of excessive pressure in the XP-100. Close attention has been paid to case expansion and while I don't keep good enough track of how many firings and reloadings each case has, I have never had a case fail or a primer pocket loosen and many of my cases have been fired over a dozen times. It's hard to argue with that kind of success.

J.D. first told me he was working on this combo while we were on the 1982 HHI Wyoming antelope hunt. I had been working with some pretty stiff loads with the 45-70 in the Contender and I think he thought if I was going to play with high pressures, I should have something designed for it. Anyway he said if I was interested he would send his prototype and let me try it, that is akin to asking a six-year-old if he wants a lollipop. He probably shouldn't have done that, because I talked him out of it rather than waiting for him to build me another. (Ed: The way I remember it, Chuck said, "you better send me a bill 'cause you ain't gettin' it back!") He hadn't had a chance to work up finalized load data yet, but felt I shouldn't be able to get in any trouble with a case full of IMR 4198. I started with 41 grains of DuPont's 4198 and got 1950 with the 270 Hornady, in cold weather. I soon found out he was right, you couldn't get enough of any powder slower than

(Continued on Page 14)



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This is the HHI Big Buck Mule Winner. Leon took him at long range with a single shot from a T/C 30-30.

## HHIM — 1983

By Leon Pytlik, Valley City, ND

My son, Joe, and I left for Wyoming the morning of November 19. I had made the trip to Wyoming many times with my Dad and went over the memories in my mind. Dad passed away in 1982, and Joe became my new partner. Except for a short icy stretch on the Interstate, the trip went quickly, as we speculated aloud, about the trophies we hoped to bring back.

We took I-94 to Belfield, then take 85 south into South Dakota, then decided to go through Camp Crook, and into Montana, before heading south to the Moore ranches in Wyoming.

Dad and I usually went to Wyoming for the opening of deer season, the first of November, except when delayed by Mick and Joe's football playoffs. This year, Joe is a freshman at Valley City State College, so we timed our trip to coincide with quarter break.

Our landowner friends are Tom and Tim Moore, and his family. Tom had told me many times that we should come later in the season for the really big bucks. We, due to our timing, were about to test his theory.

We got to the ranch about sundown. We normally stay at the Hulet Motel, but due to our own change of plans, we got to Wyoming a day ahead of our reservations, so we stayed in a camper at the ranch that night.

We were up before dawn, and headed for the breaks, draws, and canyons along the Belle Fourche for some "window shopping". We had a week if we needed the time to find a nice buck or two. My goal for this trip was to get Joe into a position for a shot at a really nice mule deer buck. We looked things over for the whole day and saw lots of deer including about a dozen small bucks, and 2 mule deer and 1 white tail with hat rack size racks.

We headed back to the ranch just after sundown to visit and swap a few lies. We always check in at the ranch in the evening, and make plans for the next day. This allows us to find out where other hunters are planning to hunt as well as let Tom know where we are planning to hunt the following day. Then we headed in to town for supper, a shower, and hit the sack early.

Lorae and Beaver Vitto open the cafe at the motel early enough, so that hunters can eat breakfast and be headed out well before dawn.

We were going to window shop the

big canyon and surrounding area. Late in the afternoon it started to snow. Great big fluffy, white feathers, floating down without a breath of wind. In North Dakota, we don't often see snow come down like that. Ours usually comes with at least some wind. We saw quite a few deer, but no real trophies. Back to the ranch to check in, and then back to town.

The next morning we went out well before sunup, to be in the area where we saw the 3 big bucks on our first day of scouting. The pasture we were hunting is about 4,400 acres. With the many dry washes, draws, canyons, and creek bottoms. It takes a day to cover even part of the area.

Joe and I had topo maps of the area. We worked out a plan to zig zag back and forth and push alternate draws toward one another. Joe had pushed one area for me and was capping another as I worked my way down to him. After we met, he went up the draw that I had just come down. I was on my way to the bottom of the next draw when I heard the telltale report of his rifle followed instantly by a PLOP. I started back to give him a hand. Joe had spotted a 5 by 6 pointer trying to sneak up a barren ravine. The big muley had held tight while I had passed by, but he grew a little spooky when Joe came through the same area. That was his last mistake. The muley was quartering away when Joe caught him in the rib cage, and took out the lungs with his 30/06. Its 26-inch inside spread was easily the nicest rack taken from the ranch in 30 years or more. My trip was complete, whatever happened after this was frosting on the cake.

We headed back to the ranch to hang the big buck up on the deer pole. I told Tom, Ole, and John, Tom's number ranch hand, that we were going to a different area on the backside of Tim's ranch the next day, Wednesday. I joked that if I got a good buck where Joe got his, he probably wouldn't want to hunt anywhere else.

The next morning, once again, we were in the area before the sun came up. We use our binoculars a lot. I can't imagine hunting without glassing. In a small opening in the distance we spotted a small buck who was very interested in a couple of does. We kept moving closer to them. This time of the year you don't often find just one buck; usually there is another one near

by. The wind was helping us, it was crossing from right to left. As we approached the deer we had spotted, I saw a large buck moving in the distance. He was moving from our right to our left, perhaps 400 yards ahead of us. He would disappear behind the pines and the scrub oaks, and reappear from time to time.

There was no doubt about it, I wanted that buck. Even without the binoculars it was evident that the rack was usually high. With the binoculars I could see it had at least 4 long points on each side in addition to the brow tines. He was moving slowly and he seemed to be heading in a more or less straight direction toward the small buck and the does. I took a position where I could see the buck standing broadside in a large opening. It is difficult to judge exact distance, but I knew it was longer than a silhouette range.

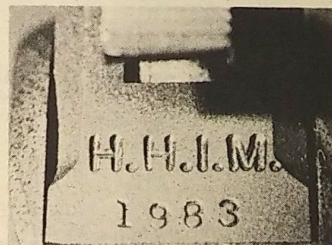
The load I use in my Thompson/Center Magna-Ported Contender with a Super 14 30/30 barrel is 34.8 grains of Hodgdon H4895, CCI 200 primers, Speer 150 grain Mag-Tip bullet, in a Federal case. It chronographs at 2094 fps. At 200 meters it hits 4 or 5 inches above the line of sight. I use the belly line of the ram as the point of aim.

I had to decide quickly, I lined up the front sight with the top line of the buck's back. I held as steady as I could, squeezed as well as I could, and touched off the shot. The buck stumbled and then took a step or two and disappeared behind the trees. I headed in a straight line to the point where the buck had been standing. As I approached the spot I could see blood droplets on the fresh snow. I followed the track in the fresh snow into the thickest of the thick brush, and found my buck, dead. This was my tenth buck with a handgun, my ninth with the T/C. It really was frosting on the cake, but the best was yet to come.

I called J.D. to ask where I might have the rack measured for the HHI Big Buck contest. There was no one in this immediate area, so he said I should ship it to him for official measurement. A few weeks later, I got the rack back with a note stating that I won the 1983 mule deer award. I'd like to thank my rancher friends, HHI, J.D., and Thompson/Center for making this possible. Contender No. HHIM 1983 will have a special place and a special meaning.

CAUTION: Although the data listed above works well for me in my Contender, I don't recommend that you use this data without first reducing the load, and carefully developing the load in your own gun. Neither I, nor HHI will accept any responsibility for use of this data.

Good Hunting and Good Shooting



There aren't many T/Cs with serial numbers similar to these. This went to the Mule Deer big buck contest winner. T/C has always supported handgun hunting. Try your luck for one of these in this year's contest!



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## 6mm - 223

By Bob Herring, Bartlesville, Okla.

After reading a couple of articles on the 6mm - 223, I just had to have one. The good ol' boys SSK just happened to be able to fill the need — complete with dies. I topped the outfit out with a 5x Burriss on Burriss base and ring with Pachmayers on the bottom.

I really had fits getting my cases to fire without breaking. Here's what I did: Start with new or once fired G.I. cases. Do Not use 223 cases that you've been shooting in a rifle — they will split around the pressure ring just about every time. It will drive you nuts. Once I got that behind me — the "little 6" shot like a dream! The rule of thumb has been 1" or less groups from the bench at 100 yards.

My loads are as follows:

70 gr. (.243) Hornady Spire Point	25.5 gr. H322
75 gr. (.243) Hornady H.P.	24.5 gr. H322
85 gr. (.243) Sierra HPBT	23.5 gr. H322

All using the old 7½ Rem. primers — not 7½ B.R.

The above loads are safe (pretty warm to hot) in my T/C. Begin with your loads lower, of course. The 70 gr. Hornady is my favorite prairie dog load. They literally explode at 100-150 yards. The 6m-223 T/C appears to have more down range punch than the .223 T/C. However, both are excellent. How about reports from anyone on the 10x Burriss IER handgun scope?

Ed.: Always use unfired cases to form wildcats from any case for good case life. Re 10x Burriss with dot has a dot too big for effective long range prairie dogs. Just covers them up. Stay with the crosshair.

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## THE GRIZZLY WIN MAG.

J.D. Jones

45 at that! This has gotta be short. First it's a 1911 made bigger in some areas and identical in others. It's well made. The handle is big — almost half an inch longer from backstrap to frontstrap than a Colt. Grips are by Packmayr so slippage is minimum. Trigger reach isn't a problem for my size 12 hand. It will be for guys with small hands. Trigger pull is good for an automatic. Sights are Millet. That's mechanically good. The test gun sights were white outline rear and orange or red front. Looked OK in poor light but shiny.

Loading and shooting the Grizzly is straight Colt 1911. The magazine is bigger to accommodate the 45 Win Mag. round. Loading it is no problem — certainly a lot easier than an Auto-Mag. magazine. The safety worked easily — a bit too easy to suit me. I like a safety that works relatively hard in both directions. Pulling the slide back at first was a little sticky. The fitting of the gun was tight and it has to wear in to become smooth. As far as I'm concerned it was set up right.

Factory ammo is all that I've tried in it at this point. Started shooting under 100% cloud cover and the sights were bothersome. When the sun came out the glare off of the paint was so bad I couldn't see past it. Point of impact shifted drastically and groups just plain went to hell. Had a black marker pen in the truck and painted them black. Improved things a lot but the sights are still shiny.

Frankly, I like the 44 Magnum-like power of the 45 Mag. Hardball ammo, but I don't think it exceptionally accurate. It feeds like a champ and penetrates well but that's as far as it goes. I had the feeling the ammo wasn't living up to what the gun or I was capable of. Even with the shiny sights and heavy trigger I felt one or two hits on cans about quart size out of four shots average at 100 yards wasn't as good as the gun can do. I don't think that's bad for an over the counter auto — in fact it's better than almost any of them, but still not up to what I think the capabilities of this gun are.

It fed 100% of the time. The slide failed to lock open 100% of the time when the last round was fired and locked open three times while ammo

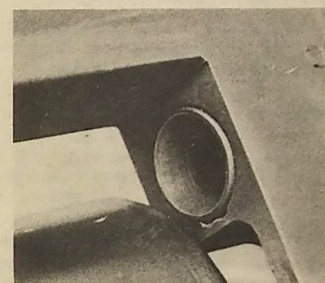
venerable old 375 H&H Magnum and not too many of us argue about its merits.

was in the magazine. Don't know why as I wanted to shoot it and tell you something about it in this issue. Troubleshooting it would have taken time I didn't have. I don't figure it's any big deal though. I never trust any automatic until I have at least 500 rounds through it anyway.

After the limited shooting and time with the gun I'm satisfied hunters have an automatic they can now effectively use out to 75-100 yards in an over the counter gun. Now it'll be interesting to see if it will sell. The gun has a number of unusual features and caliber interchangeability is only one of them. To get the product information from the manufacturer write: LAR, 4133 West Farm Road (8540 South), West Jordan, UT 84084 or call 801-255-7106.

Yep, if needed, all of the accuracy tricks that work on the 1911 will also work on the GRIZZLY!

H & R's (Continued from Page 3)



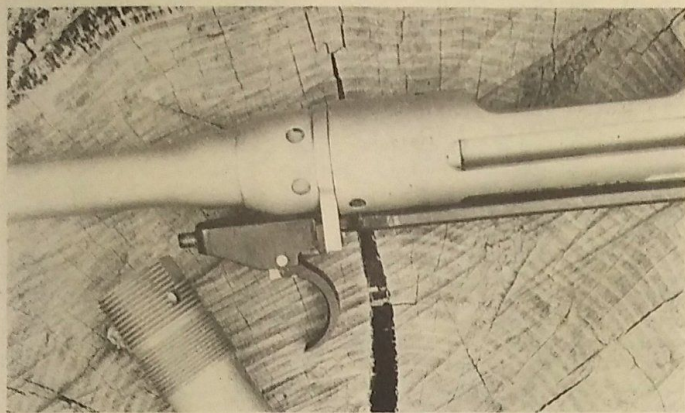
The rear of the barrel is solidly supported by the frame.

delivering good performance.

The .32 Magnum is undoubtedly going to sell in defense guns more than hunting or trail guns. Ballistically many of us have been handloading the .32 S & W to higher velocities than the .32 Magnum delivers. Handloading the H & R to beat factory loads is a cinch. I'm guessing that 12-1300 FPS will be easy to get from the six inch and cast bullets. As it is the .32 Mag will make a fine small game gun. There is definitely an edge over the 22s and you can bet the inexpensive H & R will get a lot of attention from the farm boys that can talk dad into getting them a tractor gun.

Charter Arms has a couple .32 Magnums on the way and I expect a test gun any day.

(Continued on Page 15)



The SSK XP interchangeable barrel system. Holes in the barrel collet are for a spanner wrench. Hole through the receiver and into the barrel accepts a pin to positively set headspace when the barrels are changed.

4198 in the case to cause any problems. To make a long story a little shorter, I tried every available powder between 4198 and Norma 202 with 270, 285 and 300 grain bullets and finally settled on 53 grains of H-335 with any of the three bullet weights. The case is full, but the powder is not compressed, which is probably a good idea with spherical propellants. Depending on temperature and which bullet I'm using, velocity will be between 2200 and 2250 over my Oehler 33, with the heavier bullets being a little faster. An odd thing here too, after settling on this load, I tried six different primers in a comparison test and contrary to what is supposed to happen the two slowest loads were two different lots of Federal 215 Magnum primers. The fastest and incidentally the most accurate was the Federal 210.

I've had this happen with a couple of other calibers, but most of the time you will really shoot velocities and pressures up when substituting the 215 for something else. Anytime, I'm doing my part the gun will put 3 shots under an inch at 100 yards off the bench, with a lot of them running around 3/4 inch. Now, if that won't stomp a rhino, then that rhino just doesn't want to be stomped. Do have to admit that some would say that it kicks a little, even with the four-port Mag-na-port, but it is certainly not excessive to anyone who is accustomed to recoil at all.

Cases are formed by first expanding the neck to accept 375 bullets and then seating them out to engage the rifling when the bolt is closed. Headspace is thus achieved since the shoulder of the 358 Winchester case will not reach the shoulder of the 375 JRS chamber. This system works well; however, I feel that I have found a better way to skin the cat. Stick a 30-06 or any other similar case in the power case trimmer on a drill press and trim off the neck, then run it into the full length 375 JRS size die, finish trimming it to final length and presto, you have a JRS case that really doesn't have to be fire-formed. You should check your cases after the first firing to see if they need to be neck-reamed, since the brass will be abnormally thick. A simple test is to try a bullet in the unsized case after firing, if it is tight you should neck ream. My chamber was probably the first one cut with a new reamer and my necks are fine without reaming. This brings up one more little trick that works in my gun, after making a chamber cast. I found that the neck in my chamber was somewhat longer than the neck on 358 Winchester brass. I trimmed my 30-06 formed brass to 2.04" instead of

2.005" as specified for 358 brass. This gives a little more grip on jacketed bullets, but primarily it has helped when loading cast bullets, covering up one more grease groove.

Lyman's 375449 gives results almost as good as using jacketed bullets. Cast from pure linotype, this bullet over 48 grains of H4895, churns up over 2100 fps and groups just over one inch when the shooter does his part and the barrel is clean. I haven't had a problem with leading with these hard bullets when the barrel is cleaned at reasonable intervals, but you must have all of the metal fouling out after shooting jacketed bullets if you want that kind of accuracy from cast bullets. A couple of other loads that gave even better accuracy with just a little less velocity with Lyman's 375449 were 45.1-N202 for 1880 fps and 45-3031 for 2045 fps. These were sized at .377 and lubed with Tamarack lubricant.

One note of caution is in order here; my barrel is quite deeply throated, which probably explains why I can use some of these loads with no pressure problems. My overall cartridge length is 2.98" with the 270 grain Hornady Spire-point and 2.86" with the 285 Speer Grand Slam. No bullet is seated deeper than the juncture of the neck and shoulder. The Grand Slam and round nosed bullets will cycle through the action with the Remington extractor, but the gun should have an M-16 extractor installed so you could remove the longer Spire-points without having to remove the bolt. Just remember that any prudent handloader will reduce published loads and carefully work up for his gun. If you will do that, this gun will give you no problems.

Now, let's see if we can tell where this cartridge ranks with some of the other true "Hands Cannons". The 285 Grand Slam started out at near 2,250 fps has about 3,100 foot pounds of energy at the muzzle, around 2,500 pounds at 100 yards and 2,000 pounds at 200 yards. If we start a 400 grain Speer out at 2,000 fps in the 458 American it has over 3,500 pounds at the muzzle, but at 100 yards it is down to about 2,400 pounds and at 200 yards it has dropped clear to 1,600 pounds and the bullet has dropped about four more inches more at 200 yards than the 375. I realize that I'm comparing Fords and Chevrolets, the larger diameter of the 458 is definitely in its favor and most of the game that really requires the power of the 458 American probably shouldn't be shot at more than 100 yards anyway. Let's just leave with the thought that this cartridge in a handgun spits out 300 grain bullets only about 300 fps slower than the

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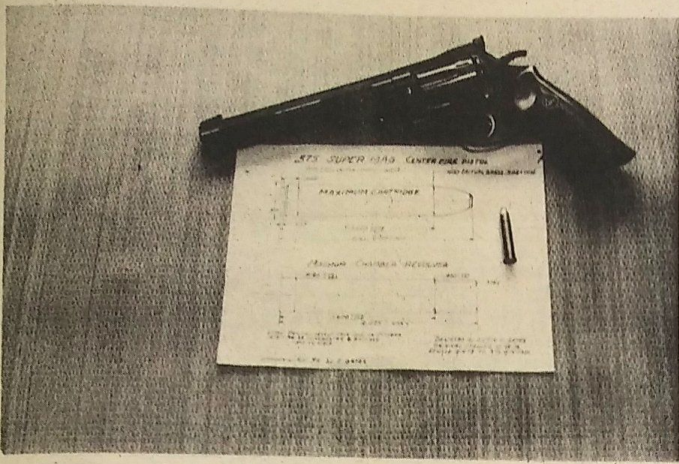
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375 DW with a copy of Elgin Gates 10/78 drawing of a 375 Super Mag. cartridge.

## SON OF THE SUPERMAG

By John Taffin

In spite of all of its detractors, the .375 SuperMag is a success: Three perfect scores were shot at the 1983 Internationals for Silhouettes with the Dan Wesson .375 SuperMag. That is three scores of 80x80 with a revolver! Although Ruger has not placed their Maximum back into production, the Dan Wesson continues to do well. Strangely enough my highest silhouette score with a revolver has been with a .375 Ruger Super Maximum. That was shot with cast bullets; I've been able to do better with the Ruger .375 Maximum than with any other revolver of any caliber using cast or jacketed bullets. I've tried them all!

I'm sure all of you know by now that the SuperMag or Maximum case is nothing more than the .375 Magnum case lengthened to 1.600". The case is a good one, the revolvers chambered for it are excellent, and the factory ammo is the problem. When loaded properly with 180-200 grain bullets at 1400-1500 fps it is a winner. My favorite loads are the 180 gr. Hornady FMJ over 19.0 gr. WW296 for around 1350-1400 fps; the RCBS No. 35-200FN-GC over 19.0 gr. WW296 for 1500 fps and Lyman's new 210 gr. Keith SWC-GC also over 19.0 gr. of WW296 for 1525 fps. All are very accurate both at short and long range targets.

It didn't take Elgin Gates long to expand on his .375 SuperMag as witness the availability now of the even newer .375 SuperMag. The new round is available in a Dan Wesson that is a dead ringer for the .375 SuperMag except for the caliber marking and the slightly larger diameter holes in the barrel and cylinder. The .375 case is the same length as the .375 Max. and although Federal will be supplying brass eventually, right now cases must be made. Cases are made from either .30-30 or .375 Winchester cases with very little effort. Using the Redding trim die, Winchester cases are run into the die, hacksawed off with a fine tooth blade, deburred and they are ready to load, going through the normal steps of resizing, neck expanding, and seating. Cases may also be manufactured from .30-30 cases, but an extra step is necessary to expand the neck. Unfortunately, the .375 cases have a slight taper so they cannot be resized with a carbide die, but must be oiled, sized and then wiped dry.

At the present time, only one

suitable bullet is available for the .375, that being a special run of Hornady 220 gr., .375 bullets with the cannellure moved up for proper crimping in the Dan Wesson cylinder. This bullet is an excellent one showing long range accuracy and expansion even at revolver velocities. The first time I shot the .375 in a match, I saw the bullet hit between the feet of the first ram, came up a couple of clicks and took the next nine rams handily.

The original .375 DW's came with a .300" high front sight that was too low causing the gun to shoot over both chickens and pigs shooting from Creedmore with the rear sight bottomed out. Elgin sent me a newer .325" front sight blade, but it is still too low, shooting over both chickens and pigs. In talking with Elgin, he tells me that he is trying to get DW to run a batch of higher front sight blades that will cure this problem.

While the 220 Hornady is the only jacketed bullet available, there are some cast bullets that work well. The best is the NEI No. 210 .375 SWC GC that weighs in at 205 from my batch of type metal. In correspondence with Ken Ramage of Lyman he informs me that they are contemplating a .375 bullet along the lines of their new .375 SWC-GC. Should be a good one also. I've also been using the Lyman No. 375449, a flat nose gas check that weighs in at 264 grains. Hopefully, Hornady will soon be out with a 250 gr. jacketed bullet also.

Shooting the .375 is a pleasant surprise, recoil being negligible, especially in the 4 lb. DW revolver. While recoil is mild, it is noisy and ear protection is essential. Also adequate leg protection is necessary from shooting Creedmore or it will bite-hard! Just like the .357 Maximum.

The powders to use for the .375 are the same as for the .375 SuperMag.; that is WW296, WW680, H4227, H110, and in some instances, No. 2400. When I started loading, there was no data available and my findings are pretty much the same as others who have been experimenting with the .375. Here is some data I have come up with: Dan Wesson .375 SuperMag., 8" barrel, Hornady 220 gr. bullets. WW .375 cases.

Load	Powder	Velocity
21.0 gr.	H110	1193 fps
22.0 gr.	H110	1259 fps

23.0 gr.	H110	1267 fps
20.0 gr.	WW296	1119 fps
21.0 gr.	WW296	1142 fps
22.0 gr.	WW296	1213 fps
23.0 gr.	WW296	1268 fps
24.0 gr.	WW296	1308 fps
24.0 gr.	WW680	1187 fps
25.0 gr.	WW680	1269 fps
26.0 gr.	WW680	1303 fps
27.0 gr.	WW680	1363 fps
21.0 gr.	H4227	1216 fps
22.0 gr.	H4227	1258 fps
23.0 gr.	H4227	1363 fps

All loads were assembled with CCI Mag. Pistol Primers; I tried rifle primers first, but ignition was inconsistent in the DW. Barrel cylinder gap set at .004". WW680 and H4227 showed the least variation per 5 shot string velocity wise.

Switching to cast bullets at 205 grains gave a significant gain in velocity as expected:

.375 SuperMag NEI No. 210.375 SWC-GC weighing in at 205 grains, sized, lubed, and gas-checked.

Load	Powder	Velocity
22.0 gr.	WW296	1582 fps <small>Sticky extraction</small>
22.0 gr.	WW680	1350 fps
23.0 gr.	WW680	1376 fps
24.0 gr.	WW680	1416 fps
20.0 gr.	H4227	1400 fps
21.0 gr.	H4227	1495 fps
22.0 gr.	H4227	1542 fps
17.5 gr.	No. 2400	1385 fps
18.5 gr.	No. 2400	1523 fps <small>Sticky extraction</small>

Loading the 264 grain Lyman No. 375449 over 19.0 grains of WW680 gave a surprising 1300 fps.

Why a .375? Why not? The .375 gives a little more knockdown power for rams than the silhouetters will find with the .375 SuperMag.; however, both are behind the .44 Magnum in muzzle energy at least. Basically, the .375 gives .41 Magnum energy with the flat trajectory of the .375 SuperMag.

The .375 is a good round and I like it, although Winchester brass seems a little on the thin side and I plan to try some Federal brass in the future as cartridge for cartridge, Federal brass is usually heavier and stronger. I would expect to attain the same velocities or higher with less pressure. Time will tell.

My sample .375 arrived in February along with dies, trim die, brass, and bullets. Dan Wessons are now available only from IHMSA headquarters and only to IHMSA members.

### H & R (Continued from Page 14)

The .32 Mag will also shoot .32 S & W ammo. I'm particularly anxious to try Federals new wadcutter ammo, but am not going to waste them until the

wind stops blowing. Alberts and Hornady make a variety of swaged lead bullets in .32 caliber. Incidentally, there was no visible lead in the H & R's bore after 250 rounds. I'll try to get around to handloading it after the HHI AFRICA hunt.

I'll predict the guys that try this combination for small game are going to be very happy with it. It will also be a good center fire inexpensively reloadable cartridge that the women and kids will enjoy shooting.

## CLEAN IS AS CLEAN DOES

By Chuck Richardson, Union, MI

If gun cleaning was as enjoyable as gun shooting we would all be a lot better off. Oh, I know, until the mystique of a new gun or barrel wears off most of us make a pretty good pass at cleaning after each use, but it doesn't take too long until we either just give it a lick and a promise or we just flat let it go. True, with modern propellants and priming compositions we no longer have the corrosion problems which were so prevalent not too many years ago; however, a build up of fouling, be it primer/powder residue or metal fouling will provide an ideal home for an accumulation of moisture to hide and slowly work havoc on your barrel. Before the advent of non-corrosive primers it could happen pretty dog-gone quick. Early in my military career I was the proud owner of a commercial Government Model Colt .45 ACP and my job as a bomb disposal technician afforded me untold amounts of un-servicable, yet still shootable ammo. I was still single then and one day I let my enthusiasm for shooting (with corrosive primed fodder) infringe upon the time I had to get ready for a hot date. The eagerness of my youth persuaded me to put the gun in the case and let it go without cleaning. This was springtime in the South with the humidity pushing 100 percent and by the time I got around to cleaning it the following evening the barrel was ruined. The irony of that little episode is that I vividly remember the sick feeling in the pit of my stomach when I saw that barrel, yet I remember nothing about the date.

The greatest benefit to be gained by thorough and timely cleaning though, is a significant increase in accuracy, particularly in those barrels with a skinny hole in them. I don't notice

(Continued on Page 16)

# BLACK BEAR HUNTS for the HANDGUNNER MAINE, 1984 SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER

Maine is a handgun hunter's paradise! No state handgun restrictions, your hunting license is your permit. Please call or write for free brochure and information. Foggy Mountain Guide Service — Wayne A. Bosowicz, Reg. Guide • RFD No. 2, Box 103 • Dover-Foxcroft, Maine 04426 • Tel: (207) 564-2630.

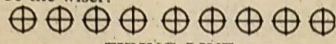


quite such an accuracy loss in my larger calibers, but the little ones, especially the 17's, really let me know quick. Nosler, in their fine reloading manual, lists the cleaning interval which can be expected to give best accuracy for most of the cartridges in their book. Their recommendations range from ten to twenty shots between sessions with the brush and they don't necessarily favor the larger calibers with the longer intervals; I think though, that most shooters will agree that the seventeens are much more critical than the larger calibers, all else being equal. (Maybe I'm lucky I can't find bullets for my 14 x 22). As a case in point, I hadn't shot my 17 Remington Contender barrel since last woodchuck season, so I ran a few patches through it before taking it out to sight in for an upcoming prairie dog hunt in South Dakota and it was spraying bullets all over the paper. That barrel has shot a 5/16" three-shot group at 100 yards and is always good for less than a minute of angle. A half hour of good hard scrubbing showed some improvement, but before I got that gun back where it should be, I made three more trips to the range and at least two more hours of serious cleaning.

Read enough articles in the gun magazines and you can get a couple hundred notions about the how-to's and what-with's of gun cleaning; but with a little common sense injected into the situation I think the how-to's are more important than the what-with's. I do prefer a one-piece stainless steel rod of a diameter fairly close to the caliber you are working with, and I believe I will stick with the old-fashioned phosphorous bronze brushes over stainless steel or synthetic bristles. It is said that stainless brushes can scuff a good bore enough to spoil cast bullet accuracy and since I can't disprove it I'll accept it, and even though the synthetic brushes hold their shape nicely, they just don't go through the bore hard enough to make my thick head believe that they can be getting all that nasty stuff out of there.

There is a new bore cleaner on the market now which has had some pretty good reviews. It's called "Marksman's Choice" and will set you back about six or seven bucks for a four ounce bottle. Haven't seen it in any of our local gun shops, but I found a bottle at a gun show in Ohio, (it's made in Chesterland, Ohio) and have been using it for a number of months now. It seems to do a good job, but you don't get all of the green stain on a patch like you would with Hoppe's No. 9, so it makes you wonder if it is doing as good a job. After a good cleaning with Marksman's Choice, Hoppe's doesn't turn the patch green either though, so the barrel must be clean. It's still hard to put the old bottle of Hoppe's on the back shelf after so many years of faithful service, there is just too much nostalgia involved and besides it smells like a powder solvent should smell. I also use a lot of J-B bore cleaner and like it, particularly on those extra tough jobs. But again, it isn't as important what you use, there are too many good products available to mention them all, the important thing is too not quit before you are done. Unless you can get a patch to come out perfectly clean, you aren't done and the barrel isn't clean, simple as that. Don't worry about wearing your barrel out, if you can push bullets down it at two or three thousand feet per second without materially harming it, you aren't going to do anything bad with a little judicious cleaning.

So, the next time your gun starts opening up the groups a little more than you feel it should, the first thing to look at might be your barrel cleaning; and if nothing else, on those days which we all get when we just don't hold as well as we are capable of, just blame it on a dirty bore and no one will be the wiser.



#### FIRING LINE

Nothing bothers me more than guns that are auctioned off to the highest bidder. Only the rich can buy such a gun. Why not raffle them? The same amount of money could come in and the working man would have a chance. Your mention of an Elmer Keith 44 Mag. at a reasonable price is the first good thing I have read in a long time. I'll bet it will also be sky high. . . . Cliff Thayer

**Editor's Note:** I'm preparing another gun for the Safari Club International fund raiser. If you will guarantee \$5000 or even \$4000 to the SCI Conservation Fund, you can raffle it off. Fact of the matter is that SCI raffles a lot of guns nationwide in their fund raising efforts. Another fact is that wealthy people pay a disproportionate share of the bill for conservation, education and other activities. I suggest you look up your local chapter of SCI and find out for yourself what goes on. I'm sure they will welcome you to their meetings. No word yet on the Keith gun. Sky high to you can be anything. When we had our last Antelope hunt, a \$75.00 trespassing fee to the rancher that entitled the individual to three antelope and all the jack-rabbits he could shoot brought numerous letters from members who thought that was an exorbitant fee. All I can say is, "If you want to play, you've got to pay!" **JDJ**

Enclosed is a tale I hope you'll enjoy enough to print. I could not find the kind of article in the SIXGUNNER I felt would appeal to the shooter using an "off the shelf" weapon, so wrote one. Most of your articles, dealing with exotic artillery and wildcat cartridges are out of my price range, aren't the kind of weapons or loads I would pick, and generally take place in exotic locations I'll never go to. They are a delight to read — they are especially valuable since I'll probably own such an exotic weapon or go to such an exotic area as most of your authors seem to concern themselves with — but I really prefer tales involving revolvers or auto pistols that are more readily available to me, and game and areas that are more likely for me to visit. Thanking you for your time and trouble, I remain . . . Linn Keller, The Plains, Ohio.

**Editor's Note:** The article is appreciated; but have we been reading the same publication? Living in Ohio, I know the problem in finding anything exotic to do or hunt and how anything else might seem exotic, but have you read Taffin? or any of the Shawnee Ridge or Hocking Valley articles? Generally I print what comes in from the members. They live all over the world. **JDJ**

First of all, I want to say how much I enjoy THE SIXGUNNER. It is just about my favorite periodical.

In the Feb. '84 SIXGUNNER, Paco Kelley has an article "An American Tradition — the 45-70". He writes: "I can safely push my 50 gr. S.E.I. bullet to 1600fps which equals 3129 foot pounds. WOW! Could you give me the specifics of this load?"

I asked you if there was an SSK barrel buyer living on the Cape close to me. I have discovered one — a Bruce McLane who bought a .430 JDJ and a 30-40 Krag barrel from you on the strength of an article several years ago. He is now my buddy and recently elected president of our Falmouth Rod & Gun Club. I am still going on a big game — and I mean BIG, handgun hunt. Thank you for expediting the above. . . Norman Davis.

**Editor's Note:** Sorry, just use DuPont 444 rifle data. The loads that do the best in rifles also do best in pistols. I don't now what Paco's load is, but know it's absolute maximum with a cast bullet and excessive with a 500 grain jacketed. Glad you and Bruce got together. **JDJ**

I have been working hard with my 375 JDJ and 45-70, two to four days per week. The last few weeks, I have been able to print 1" with the 375 at 100 yards from the bench rest. The 45-70 is shooting 2" to 2-1/2" groups with some 1" and under. Told you I was working hard! Both of them are so much fun I hate to put them down! Wish I could try them on some coyotes but in

Wisconsin, it's illegal. Hell, I can legally use my 458 Win. Mag. or any other rifle, but handguns, anything other than 22 rim fire, is a no-no. Well, everything is set for my bear hunt in September and is that going to be something! It's my first bear hunt with a handgun.

I'm looking forward to meeting you and other HHI members at the Handgunners Convention in May. . . Victor Rivera

Not long ago, I ordered a Dillon RL-450 Loader from Dillon Precision Products Inc. It arrived by UPS very quickly. I was very nervous about trying to set up a progressive re-loader as I had never been close to one before.

The instructions were very clear and took me through the process step by step. It was a breeze. Everything you need to re-load one caliber is included, if you own a set of dies. You also must furnish the four bolts to mount the press to your table (bench). I carefully adjusted each die and the powder measure (included). The powder measure also expands the case mouth.

With four pulls of the handle, I had a loaded round of .45 ACP in my hand. It was so easy I had to step back and really look at the whole operation.

There is no way I can approach the advertised 400 rounds per hour. As you develop a routine of feeding, handle pulling, powder bar pushing and loaded round extracting, you lose track of just how many rounds you have made.

At one point, I thought the primer feeder had jammed, upon taking it apart, I discovered I had loaded 100 rounds and it was empty. I loaded 900 rounds of .45 ACP in an afternoon and I was ready to do some more.

I had some minor problems with the primer feed but one it is adjusted just right, it works.

There is no comparison between single stage presses and this one. The price of \$185.00 seems very low for what I received and the speed at which I can now turn out handgun fodder. I don't mind practicing more now because I know it will not take long to re-supply my ammo. If you are like I was, tired of re-loading and more interested in shooting, this product is your salvation. The .45 ACP ammo I made is very consistent.

I sent for two conversion kits. One in 44 Mag. and the other 9MM. The kits cost \$21.00 plus \$4.00 S & H and consist of shell plate and expander plug that goes inside the powder funnel. Also included is a set of three brass pins for the shell plate, to hold each case in its slot.

The instruction manual has a trouble shooting section and the people at Dillon are ready to answer any questions you might have. It is impossible to say enough to praise this really great product. For the price, it can't be beat. . . Jim Yeoman

Thank you for the letter of congratulations for winning second place in the HHI Big Buck Contest. I am very proud to have won one of Glenn Risser's Custom Gun Boxes. I would prefer a box for a 12" Contender with Pachmayr grips, fore-end and 2X Leupold scope. The 30-40 Contender that anchored my trophy will have a permanent home in the Risser Box.

I would like to extend my congratulations to the first place winner in the Whitetail Contest, Doug Maple. His deer must really be outstanding. I am looking forward to reading about Doug's hunt. Congratulations are also due to Rich Winters for taking a Whitetail that missed second place by only 1/2 of a point. Good hunting to all of you next season!

While I am writing, I would like to take this opportunity to say two things to my fellow HHI members. First, writing a hunting story is like telling a joke at a party. Tell one story and you hear 10 good new ones. Write your story today. I'd much rather hear true life hunting stories from my peers rather than anything I've read lately in the leading gun/hunting magazines.

The second thing I would like to say concerns something that I read in one of these magazines. A popular magazine most of you probably read, THE AMERICAN HANDGUNNER, has a monthly column on Handgun Hunting, written by J. D. Jones. This is the first part of the magazine I

read when I receive a new issue. The magazine also has a "Speak Out" column where readers write in with their comments. The May/June issue has a letter in this column about J. D. Jones that burns me to the core. George J. Foster who claims to be a law enforcement officer in Hazlet, NJ writes, and I quote, "I'm getting tired of J. D. Jones killing big game for what appears to be 'sport hunting'. As a law enforcement officer, I carry a .357 and a .45 automatic for protection only. I feel every citizen should have this right, however, to kill for sport only is a real shame. I can understand if there are mitigating circumstances, such as disease. I would like to see Mr. Jones hung upside down and a lion holding a file by his teeth and claws." End quote.

This last sentence by Foster makes little sense, but it is clearly sadistic and totally out of line for a person to be making this statement who is sworn to uphold the law. God help the people in New Jersey that this man is supposed to be serving. I wonder what his superior officers think of his psychopathic attitude?

Big game hunting with a handgun is my recreation, and I'll hunt with pride as long as I can see the sights. . . Harris Hodges.

I am writing in regards to an article in your February issue of HHI SIXGUNNER. As you know, AMT is making a barrel-receiver unit which I would like to purchase, but doing this is not so easy. I have sent a letter to the address of J&G Sales Inc. with no reply from them. I have also sent a letter to AMT and again, no reply. I have been asking every dealer in this area and no one will try to get this for me. I would surely appreciate anything you could do for me to help in this matter. Any information would be greatly appreciated. . . Carl A. Cravens.

**Editor's Note:** This seems to be a common complaint about the above firms. All I can suggest is to try calling them and have the equipment sent C.O.D. **JDJ**

I would like to first thank you for your work and support you have given handgun hunters. I had a slight interest in handguns for about three years, but it hasn't been such an important thing to me until I read your experiences in hunting and especially until I joined Handgun Hunters International. Handgun hunting has become such a lifetime dream that I've quit my job & will soon be looking for a job in Alaska. You might ask why I'm moving from sunny Hawaii to Alaska? It's all because of THE SIXGUNNER and my now ambition to hunt with my handguns.

Here in Hawaii, it is not legal to hunt with handguns. I once did it though, on a friend's ranch on the island of Maui and stalked a goat and shot it from about 15 yards with my Ruger Single Six .22 Magnum. Since then, I joined IHMSA and have competed for about a year, hoping some day to hunt big game. I have just received my 375 JDJ. I love it and wouldn't think of trading it for anything. I have also just received a Dan Wesson 375 Super Mag to complete my hunting arms. I have sold everything else of my guns, reloading equipment, holsters and whatever else I could get money for, to move. These two guns, I made a promise to myself, will be my tools for my life's ambition.

Enclosed is my check for \$15.00 to get a friend I have just met into HHI. He has done some handgun hunting, but is not in HHI yet. He also has some friends that are interested in handgun hunting, so I hope he will help spread the word around about HHI as I do. Sorry to say that the hunting my friends do is not entirely legal in the eyes of the State of Hawaii YET, but is all done on private land with permission. The way handgun hunting is growing, it will soon be legal — I hope!

Well, in closing, I will be soon sending you a change of address and more members for HHI. I don't usually write letters, but I just had to thank you for your work and THE SIXGUNNER. . . Dennis Madriaga

**Editor's Note:** Heard from Dennis an hour ago — from Anchorage. Good luck, and good shootin! **JDJ**

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