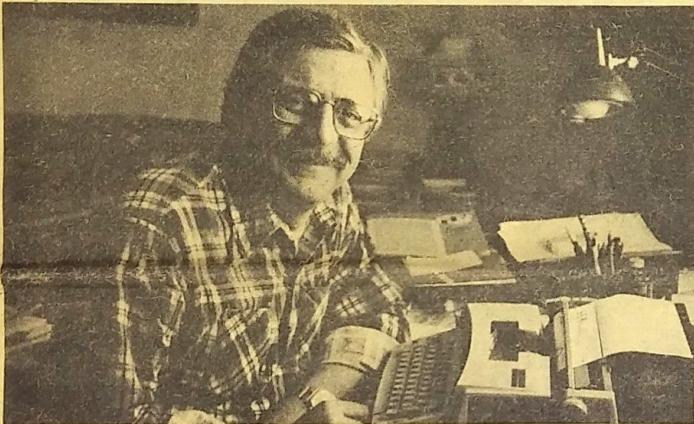




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

I sincerely hope your fall and winter have been as good for you as mine has been for me. Starting with the visit to T/C and the HHI Antelope Hunt in September, it's been fantastic. Deer hunting was excellent as were the Holidays and Texas hunt for Black-buck and Aoudad. Best of all was the companionship on these hunts.

Plan on getting out of the cold next January for a real deal on a hunt for exotics in Texas. I plan to offer both flatland and 600 to 1,000 foot canyon hunting in the same hunt. It will be a real dandy and the cost is unbelievably low. You'll get out of the cold, see more game than you've seen before and you won't go home without a trophy. More on this one later. . . .

The SHOT Show was held in Dallas in January. A couple short hunts after that is why this issue is a little late getting out. Actually, there wasn't a lot at the show in the way of handgun hunting related items that did much for me. It's a huge show for dealers covering about the same area as four football fields. The obvious hit of the show was T/C's new Jaguar rifle featuring interchangeable barrels.

If you have any interest at all in bullet swaging, the Corbin Technical Bulletins, Volume II is the best source

on the subject. It's available from Corbin, P. O. Box 758, Phoenix, OR 97535 for \$6.00 prepaid.

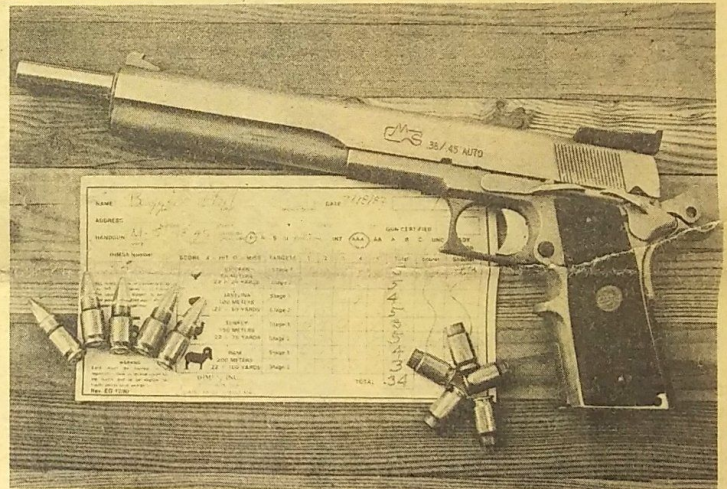
Winchester has a new rimfire round called the .22 Winchester American Magnum Special. It's designed for the American 180 machine gun. Where will it pop up next? Heavier bullet than a .22 LR, shorter than a .22 Magnum, in metal case or hollow point bullet, velocity is 1500+ F.P.S.



Here 'tis. Winchester's new rimfire for the American 180.

Hornady's high speed Pro-7 turret type five station progressive press was shown. It'll be available in good quantity and reasonably priced in a few months. For information, write: Hornady, P. O. Box 1848, Grand Island, NE 68802.

(Continued on Page 2)



The Silueta performs well on the silhouette range, too. This scorecard is from its maiden outing.

THE SAFARI ARMS SILUETA 38/45

By Philip C. Briggs

I've been intrigued with the 38/45 since 1963, when I read of the first tests of the cartridge in *Guns & Ammo* magazine. The cartridge is a stubby bottlenecked wildcat that had been intended as a simple way to convert a Colt .45 ACP to shoot .38 caliber (.358) bullets. At the time, NRA bulls-eye competitors were sure a Colt auto set up to fire the .38 Special was the hot set up in their centerfire matches, and some 'smiths were obliging. But the conversion was a pain, with feeding and functioning being tenuous.

Enter the 38/45. The bottleneck round would feed effortlessly into the funnel-shaped chamber, the .45 ACP frame needed no modification and the .45 ACP clip could be used. Fitting the new barrel to the slide and bushing was all that was required. Presto, instant target gun.

Only it didn't work out that way. Oh, sure, all those things worked as hoped, but the magnum mavens got hold of it first, and started hotrodding the round. And rightly so.

Although from the standard Colt 5" barrel, the round wouldn't deliver .357 mag. performance, it was close, and with light bullets, and the right powders, the conversion put some eye opening performance in the slab-sided Colt.

I had to have one — and did a couple or three years later. But after a brief fling, it ended up on the shelf as I went on to bigger and faster things.

A year or so back, in a conversation with Safari Arms' honcho, Don McNabb, he advised of his intent to build a production silhouette pistol one of these days. Safari's main business is in producing Colt look-alikes, most for more prosaic purposes. But Don does custom build target quality .45 ACP's. And he was experimenting with long slide versions. (M-S Safari Arms, P. O. Box 23370, Phoenix, AZ 85063. Phone 269-7283).

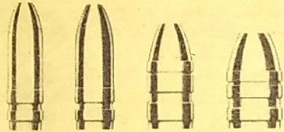
A light lit — why not build a long slide target-quality gun — in 38/45?

About a year later, Don had the first (Continued on Page 3)



Judith Sandra and Steve Hornbady with Pacific's new Progressive Loader.

Omark, (Speer-R.C.B.S.-CCI-Outers) has a new improved reloader special 2 press and four new cast bullet molds in 7MM, .30, .357 and .44. (Omark, P. O. Box 856, Lewiston, ID 83501).



R.C.B.S.'s new 7MM, .30, .357 and .44 cast bullet designs.

Millet Sights (16131 Gothard St., Huntington Beach, CA 92647) covers almost the entire market of high quality adjustable handgun sights. If you have a sight problem, I'd suggest looking into a Millet.

Serrifle, Inc. (210 E. Ave. L, Lancaster, CA 93535) has a unique Derringer that incorporates new safety, features and rotates the barrels for easy loading. .22 L.R. and .32 S & W Long are chambered in this stainless pocket-size gun. Their Bogun is simple, inexpensive, .22 L.R.-.44 Mag.-.410 shotgun that just has to be seen to be believed. Legally a rifle or shotgun, it folds, interchanges barrels and works.

American Derringer Corp. (P. O. Box 8983, Waco, TX 76714) makes what they claim is the world's most powerful pocket pistol — and I believe them. Their two shot Remington type Derringer is chambered for .45 Colt, .45 Winchester Magnum, .44 Magnum, .30-30 and .223 as well as many others of less blast and burn persuasion.

The Eagle .357 Magnum semi-autos shown looked a lot better than those I've previously seen. It's an interesting gun to me personally from the mechanical standpoint. (Magnum Research, 2825 Anthony Lane So., Minneapolis, MN 55418). It's supposed to be available in mid-summer with the .44 Magnum to follow in a year or so.

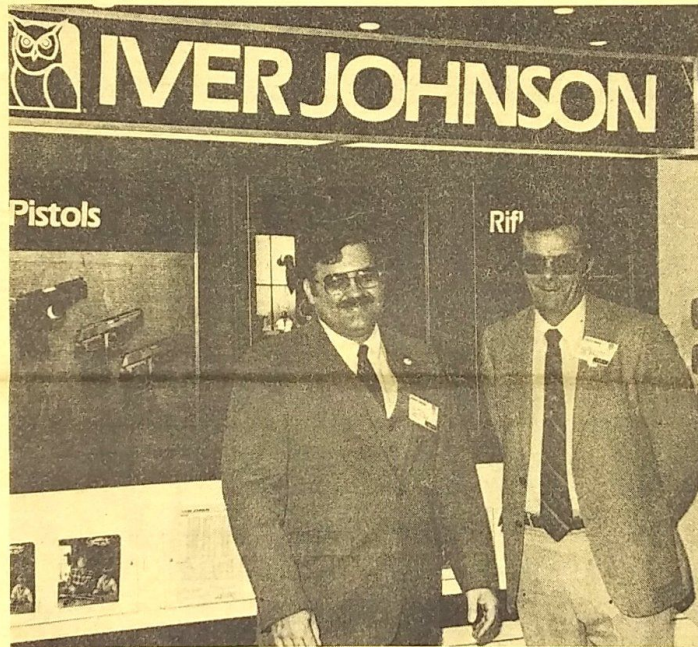
M-S Safari Arms (P. O. Box 23370, Phoenix, AZ 85063) displayed their l-o-o-o-o-n-g slide .38/.45 in addition to their regular line of 1911 type pistols.

The Randall stainless .45 Auto looked quite good. The ODI Viking is a stainless Seecamp double action .45 1911 type auto. The Arminex is another 1911 type. The Coonan 1911 type .375 Magnum auto was also displayed. The Steyr C.B. 19 shot DA 9MM is now available in quantity.

BRM Corp., 221 Interstate Dr.,



All HHI. Bob Good, President, American Sportsmans Club; Don Robertson, Bushnell Product Manager, with the new Bushnell 4X pistol scope; J. D. Jones, HHI Director.



Lew Sharp and Walt Gleason promise an innovative future from I.J.

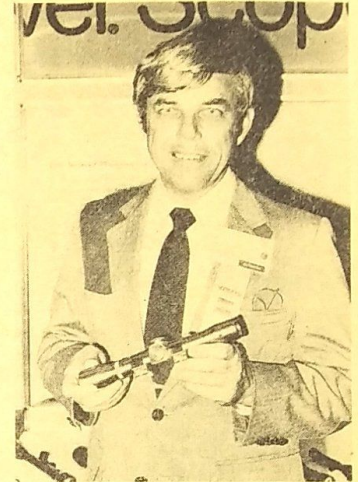


Ron Power displays the Redhawk Grand Master Limited Edition.

West Springfield, MA 01089 has a new Hardcap .45 Auto 1/2 ounce of # 6 or # 9 shotshell that works the action and feeds from the magazine. Looks just like a .45 ACP round.

John Adams, an old friend and first IHMSA honcho now owns SAECO (2207 Border Ave., Torrence, CA 90501) and has an excellent line of products for the bullet caster.

Interarms (10 Prince St., Alexandria, VA 22313) has a couple of new Mauser Parabellum (Luger design) guns. One is a "Cartridge Counter" — the other is a Karabiner. If you need to ask the price, you can't afford it. Still — the catalog is worthwhile.



Dan Flaherty of Weaver displays the new Weaver stainless steel 4X pistol scope.

Weaver's (El Paso, TX 79915) new 4X stainless steel pistol scope looks good. It's heavy, due to stainless construction. We'll find out how tough the new scopes are shortly.

Charter Arms (430 Sniffens Lane, Stratford, CT 06497) is going into stainless in a big way. I particularly like the Pathfinder .22 in the 3" with adjustable sights.

Dan Wesson stainless .22s, .41s and .44s are all being shipped. In a couple of months, the D. W. .357 Maximum on a modified and lightened .44 frame will arrive. This cartridge seems to be generating quite a bit of interest. In the 10" Ruger, the word I get is that the 158 Remington factory load rarely cracks 1600 F.P.S. Should pick up maybe 150 F.P.S. from a 10" T/C. This is a high pressure cartridge that will, in my opinion, give greater forcing cone-barrel erosion than any other revolver cartridge. It'll be interesting to check velocities when new, and 1,000 rounds later to check the loss. The D. W. barrel should be easy to re-throat and face off the rear of the barrel to maintain a nice, tight cylinder-barrel gap. How 'bout giving us another .100" barrel length to work with, guys?'

Freedom Arms says the .454 Casull will be in production this summer — again. The first 2,000 will be specials called the Dick Casull Signature Edition. Get your check for \$1950 in a hurry. It will be placed in a trust account and if 1,000 guns aren't sold by May 31, 1983, the bank will be instructed to return the money. Sounds sorta like the Bren 10 deal. The Bren was also there with what looked like the same gun I saw in New Orleans a few years back.

Gene De Santis (155 Jericho Turnpike, Mineola, NY 11501) has a new holster catalog that's well worth a

buck. I'm particularly fond of his "dual angle hunter" rig. For the toughest aluminum gun case I know of, try Kalispel Case Line Products (Box 267, Cusick, WA 99119).

Look out for Iver Johnson. Walt Gleason and Lew Sharp, formerly of Colt, are now President and Sales Manager of Iver Johnson. Both these guys are shooters, know guns inside and out, and will make the new Iver Johnson go. (Wilton Ave. off South Ave., Middlesex, NJ 08846).

Leupold has a new 7 x 30 hunting binocular. Bushnell's new 4X pistol scope is going to be available shortly. It promises to be a good one. (2828 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, CA 91107).

HHI member Ron Power (P. O. Box 1604, Independence, MO 64055) in addition to being one of the world's best innovators and pistolsmiths, is making up 200 Redhawk Grand Master Deluxe guns. The modifications are certainly too long to list here. Ask for information on all his services.

Maybe I shouldn't even mention this one, but since it was displayed, I'll do it anyway. It's a single shot falling block pistol that somewhat resembles a single action revolver in profile. Said to be strong enough for any center fire cartridge; they wouldn't let me photograph it. Maybe you'll see it and maybe not. It's called the Maximum by M.O.A. Corp. of Dayton, OH.

I've probably forgotten quite a few things I intended to cover and I'll apologize now to those I've left out.

SOAP BOX TIME:

Two things on my mind this time. . . . I'm interested in the future of this country and the future of guns. Really, it's the same future! The N.R.A. is the most powerful pro gun force today. I'm interested and concerned enough about what's going on in the N.R.A. to run for its Board of Directors. As a long term N.R.A. member, you may have the right to vote this year. I'd appreciate your vote so I can cast a "Don't give them up 'til after you're dead" vote from a director's seat.

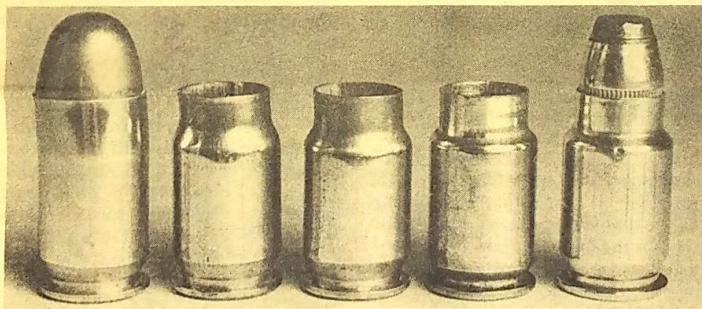
Secondly, I'm sure all IHMSA members are aware Elgin Gates is the real motivation behind the advent of the .357 Maximum cartridge and pistols. I believe I can prove that statement if called upon to do so. I say that without taking anything from Ruger's and Remington's developments at all. Recently, a major magazine credited the initiation of this cartridge to "some of the guys" at Remington. That's simply not true. If you want the basic story of the motivation behind the .357 Maximum, write IHMSA, Box 1609, Idaho Falls, ID 83401. As far as the mistake of printing the erroneous information, it can happen to anyone. Personally, if I profit from all my mistakes, I've got a great future. . . . JDJ

Siluetta . . . (Continued from Page 1)
prototype ready. Built by Derrick Martin, his custom 'smith, the pistol was an 8" long slide, with a 10" barrel. The match quality barrel had been carefully chambered, throated and fit to the slide and bushing. All of the latest Colt match gun prep tricks were lavished on the pistol. Topped with high quality target sights, it had all the credentials — but would it shoot? Would the cartridge deliver enough knockdown on the range?

Now, after six months, and 1700 rounds of testing, I can answer these questions.



Phil and fellow handgun hunter Dick Williams chanced upon this coyote while affield. The coyote was unable to answer as to the relative effectiveness of the .38/45 and .357 magnums used in bagging it.



The .45 ACP (Left) is the basic case from which to fashion the .38/45 (Right) in three steps: form die, file and trim die, full length size die. That's the 125 grain FP Hornady in the loaded .38/45 round.

Boy does it shoot!

To be competitive on bullseye targets a NRA-type match pistol has to hold 3" or under groups at 50 yards as the 10 ring for targets on that course is just slightly larger. The X-ring, the tie breaker, is smaller, and well set up, custom-built Colt .45 ACP's will hold 1½", and that level of accuracy is desirable.

Accuracy requirements are about the same on the silhouette range, the best single shot production guns will hold 1" to 1½" — good shooting revolvers will stay around 3" although some will shave that an inch or so. This level of accuracy was my goal in my testing.

The test program for this 38/45 included 14 bullets and 11 powders in various combinations and charges. After load development and velocity tests were done, I selected 25 loads — at least one with each bullet — for accuracy testing at 50 yards. Three 5-shot groups were fired from a Ransom rest with each load. Five of these loads, with bullets best suited for silhouette competition, were similarly tested for accuracy at 200 yards. (The accuracy testing alone took two days at the range.)

The results exceeded my expecta-

tions. Three of the loads — all silhouette material — shot groups that averaged at or under the inch and a half mark. Only five were over the 3" cut — most of the rest were 2" plus or minus a tad. Surprisingly, we shot a few 3" groups at 200 yards; group averages for two of the loads were around 6", and one was 8 and a fraction.

Yep — it shoots alright, and it is amazingly tolerant, as I got small groups with all sorts of bullets: all weights, from 125 grains to 180 grains; jacketed and cast; and all shapes — FMJ's, HP's, FP's, RN's, SP's.

As for power — well, the long barrel and closed breech give the stubby little case a real advantage over a revolver — even long barreled ones. •Using powders with slow burning rates (relatively) to take maximum advantage of the long tube I was able to equal or exceed .357 magnum velocities — revolver velocities that is — while holding pressures lower.

For example, I was able to drive the Speer 140 grain HP a little over 1500 fps — or about 60 fps faster than Speer shows as a top with the same bullet from a 6" Ruger revolver. With the Hornady 125 grain HP, I reached

about the same velocity — about 1550 fps — as Hornady did with an 8-3/8" S & W revolver. Both loads shot into 2" at 50 yards besides!

The pistol has an interesting potential for hunting. The 125's and 140's look to be good medicine for hunting as energy calculations put the cartridge/pistol on par or a little better than the usual .357 mag. revolver. That's nowhere near enough for 100% knock-um-dead on, say deer (that takes at least a .44 mag.) but it's good enough for small big game like our javelina, turkey and the little western whitetails. I've taken some rabbits and one coyote with it so far (with Hornady's 124 gr. FMJ — at 1650+ fps).

At the high velocities these lighter bullets have the added benefit of shooting very flat out to 100 yards. Zero the pistol at 50 yards with either of the above loads and you'll be but 2" low at 100 yards. That means the point black range on jack rabbits (no more than 2" high or low) would be 100 yards or more — just point and shoot!

Besides the ballistics, the pistol is attractive for field use — no embarrassing barrel/cylinder flash to burn you, target-grade accuracy, match pistol sights and trigger — and it carries well, being flatter and more compact than a big revolver. Although it looks awkward with the long slide, the muzzle heaviness actually improves its "hang" and I find I can shoot it better standing than my revolvers — good enough to pick up some stew fixin's anyhow.

The pistol delivers .357 magnum revolver ballistics with less bulk. If you're a fan of the big Colt auto, but want more reach and knockdown, this is the pistol for you. It's not cheap — but then this level of performance never was. Just tell Derrick to set yours up just like mine.

You won't be disappointed.



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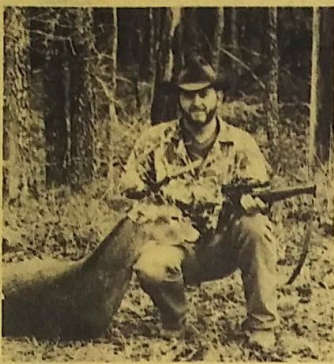
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Caution: all technical data presented herein reflects only the experience of the author using specific equipment under specific circumstances. Such information is intended only as a guide and should be used with caution. Other material may be totally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

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Bill with his '82' Buck. Note the Contender fore-end.

BUCKS BACK

By Bill Buckman
Bogota, TX

Another cold front has just passed through Red River County here in Northeast Texas and the thermometer continues to drop outside of our Oakridge Hunting Lodge.

As I sat warmly beside the old wood-burning stove here at the Lodge, I find myself alone as it's the thirteenth day of deer season '82 and the fourteenth of fifteen successful hunters has just driven off with his nice buck. Man, what a season! Of my eleven consecutive seasons here this is by far the most successful in kills. The quietness and warmth of the cabin causes me to reminisce about the past here. Perhaps you have read some of my experiences here in the past (Dec. '79, April & Oct. '80 and June '81) but, I would very much like to share 1981 and 1982 seasons with you.

My 1981 whitetail season with a handgun was a tough, but very noteworthy one here at Oakridge. The second morning I passed up a spike some fifty to fifty five yards off. Now, I knew better, but thought it was too early to have to down a spike, even with a handgun. Well, some long, boring, fifteen hunting days later, still sitting in the stand of the previous five seasons I was fortunate enough to get a second chance. This time though, the shot is at least some one hundred-twenty-five yards and I'm relatively sure at the same spike.

I had been glassing down a jeep road with my Ziess 8-20 B. Several doe were wanderly around when suddenly, just in the edge of my view I saw a head pop out of the dense thicket, with spikes just a shining. The 8-20 came down and up came my custom T/C 14" 44 mg. My 2x Leupold EER catches the buck with my thumb pulling back on Hammer. The buck is coming straight across the road as the duplex follows him with an easy squeeze. The squeeze is finalized as the Big 44 goes off just as the buck passes in front of a big pine. I hear the splat of the 240 Sierra (24-H110 1690 FPS) hit the pine. Even though the buck has now gone into the thicket I can see the spot on the pine that looks like the right height. I wait a few moments and then grab my "backup", a 6½-29 S&W (23.5 H110 240 Sierra JHC). I'm still unable to see the buck or any blood trail as I ease into the heavy brush, but it isn't far at all until I see the spike laying dead with a center shoulder hit. It's time now to be thankful for the luck and proud of my handgunning abilities. It's also time for photos and I was fortunate enough to have a wife who had just purchased me an Olympus XA for occasions such as

this. These pictures would be very important and vital to me as, even though this was only a spike, it was my tenth year on the lease and of the ten deer I have taken here, this one made the fifth in a row with a handgun, so a very proud moment indeed and the pictures would be treasured.

Only a little over a month passes and it is then into 1982. I'd been doing some quail hunting, but decided to saddle up my eight-year-old guiding. Socks, for some of my favorite recreation, Hog Hunting. We hunt locally and about seventy-five miles northeast of here in Southeast Oklahoma. After killing the big boar of '80 (Oct. issue) I've been mostly riding with some cowboy friends who are into capturing rather than killing. Good boars are quite often sold to game preserves and ranches from South Texas to Pennsylvania by these friends and acquaintances. We usually catch one to feed out for the freezer also. Mighty good eating. However, in February we did take a handgun hunter from the Dallas area for an all day capture and kill hunt. We went to Southeast Oklahoma for this hunt and since he is not a member of HHI I'll not mention his name. This hunt was in the "clear cuts" of a big paper company and along the Little River. By days end we would have well over one hundred hogs bayed with most of them being small and some in litters with sows. However, we did capture four good sellers and as a finale, late in the afternoon, our hunter and three more of us ride up on a nice solid black boar of the 325 lb. plus class being bayed by one single dog named Bingo. The other dogs were off chasing a busted up group of shoats and piggies. The hunter placed a shot very accurately behind the hog's ear dispelling him instantly with a broken neck from a distance of some twenty-five yards. He was using a M 27 S&W loaded with 158 Speer S.P. (17 gr. 296). After the normal picture taking session, the fun was over for the day as we had several dark hours to go, rounding up captured hogs left tied to trees and also dragging out the dead boar. Hog hunting ceased in a month or so, and as summer nears, I go back into the silhouette game. (This would become my best year ever at this particular sport).

Fall started out with an Elk hunt near Chama, New Mexico with Lobo Outfitters. I have to confess it was with my Custom King Fiberglass 30-338 Rifle though. My 5 x 6 at over 400 yards wouldn't have been for my pistols and besides, at my yearly income, the cost is too high for the gamble of no elk. A true confession is that I still enjoy a rifle hunt on occasion and under the proper circumstances.

Soon after returning from New Mexico, however, my '82 whitetail season started here at Oakridge. On the sixth day at 3:10 p.m., I became the seventh hunter to kill out. I was in the stand you should now be familiar with, taking an afternoon nap, as a nice buck stepped out into a small cut following a doe and two yearlings at about seventy yards. He turned rear end to me as I laid the duplex on him. The decision is instantly made . . . good shot or no shot. (A policy that has made me pass up several bucks in the past years). With that thought he turns broadside in a walk. Beautiful . . . and I'm with him. However, I'm not moving with him as I would like. Guess I'm still a little sleepy eyed, but the squeeze has started. The T/C rumbles and

again splat of a pine tree as the buck jumps high with a kick like a young colt hit solid in the flank with a spur. I knew he was hit as he ran into the thicket, but was I too far back even in the flank? As usual, I grab the backup, this time it being my 5¼ Magna-port SBH loaded with 22-2400 240 Sierra (1380 FPS) and go for a looksee. A few pieces of lung told me what I wanted to know as I pause about ten minutes before trailing. As I trail a short distance that seems so far, I get that momentary feeling of a possible runaway. Those moments are somewhat thrilling, but a bit sweaty and anxious. However, in about 60 yards laid my best yet with a handgun. An eight point whitetail that field dressed at 118 lbs. He was hit by the usual 240 Sierra from the T/C 44 about 3-4 inches behind the shoulder which is a common rifle shot, but not where I prefer with a handgun for fear of the guts. I was one happy handgun hunter though.

Well that about does it for 81-82. The wood heater needs another log. The weatherman says possible rain and sleet tonight. Sure hope the ducks are coming in on the slough in the morning. I'd like to carry a few home tomorrow. After all, it is Thanksgiving and I've got a lot to be thankful for. Happy Handgunning.

RANGING L/R 80

By Tom Shippy, Hudson, WY

I recently had an opportunity to play with a Ranging L/R 80 rangefinder. The company's address is: Ranging, 90 Lincoln Road, N., East Rochester, N.Y. 14445. This particular model is recommended for bow hunters, but can also be used to good advantage by pistol shooters. It'll measure distances from 19 to 400 yards with an accuracy potential of ± 1 yard, 75 yards. Simple to use, you merely sight in on a target through the viewfinder, focus the double image and then read the distance on the scale. It weighs 20 oz. and is approximately 11X2X1 3/4" in size. It's standard with a 3X eyepiece and has an optional carrying case that can be strapped on your belt. The current factory price is \$84.95 plus \$13.50 for the carrying case.

There weren't any instructions with the instrument, so I took it to the range where we have distances already accurately measured. Two screws had slots large enough for coins so I assumed these were the ones to fiddle with. Focusing on target stands at 200 yards gave a reading on the distance dial that correspond so I set the distance dial on 200. I had one image on top of the other so I turned what I assumed to be an image adjustment screw until I could see one image in sharp focus. As this screw turned real easy I taped it to keep it from vibrating loose. When conditions are just right you can make out a yellow image that upon rotation of the dial merges with another image to give a picture that is in focus. In actual use the yellowish image is usually hard to see, but it is easy to see a double image. I rotate the dial until the images come together and on past until I just see them separate. Then, by backing up slightly it's easy to pick out the sharpest picture.

I drove to Arlington (Cooper's Cove, actually) to help out with the HHI antelope hunt and was able to put the rangefinder to good use on several occasions. I wasn't hunting, but merely helping so it was an easy matter to zero

in on an antelope and relay the information to the hunter while they were getting into position for a shot. If a person does his homework and has a good idea of how high or low the bullet strike will be at various ranges, knowing the distance to the animal will allow the shooter to eliminate another variable. It all sounds too easy, doesn't it? A hunter still needs a steady hand and a good solid shooting position which isn't always available in the field. Most of the time using good hunting techniques, you can stalk antelope pretty successfully unless there's nothing, but flat ground around. I have never liked to see hunters drive up on a ridge, jump out and blast away at antelope already spooked by the sight of the vehicle. It's a lot easier to stop out of sight and crawl up to the ridge line and have a chance at glassing a herd of antelope than to shoot wildly at an animal that has been clocked at 60 miles an hour for short distances, 30 miles an hour for miles at a time. Most all of my hunting is done on foot, because I feel it allows a better hunt and certainly can't hurt my physical condition. With careful stalking you can easily find enough time to use a rangefinder, and on those occasions when you don't have enough time, previous practice with one will insure that your range estimation is more than a wild guess.

Using the L/R 80 for 1 deer kill and helping with 6 or 8 antelope kills this past season convinced me that it's a worthwhile addition for those of us without built-in radar. I checked its accuracy 2 ways: By focusing in on objects at known distances at the range and by stepping off distances after successful kills on game animals. The accuracy level is high enough to allow a user to believe what the scale says.

Ranging makes another model called the 1000 that sells for 99.95. Although I haven't had any experience with it, it would probably be the best choice. With a 6X eyepiece, which should allow faster focusing, it indicates distances from 50-1000 yards with 95% accuracy at 500 yards. This would indicate a plus or minus 25 yards at 500, surely close enough for most types of shooting. The eyepiece can be removed by sliding a button; as can the eyepiece on the L/R 80.

The L/R 80, and I would also assume the 1000, need a fair sized object to focus on. Trees, fence posts or antelope and deer sized game are easily used for range estimation. I had trouble focusing on a rock that we used for sighting in purposes, but I was able to focus on a fellow hunter when he stepped off the distance from the rock to my pickup. Those who hunt from a deer stand or sit in one place could zero in on objects all around and know the distance to the places deer might be apt to approach. That would leave only 12-15 other variables to overcome.

All things considered I feel that it is a useful instrument and has definitely helped to improve my own ability to make more accurate range estimations.

**YOUR
STORIES
WANTED**

WHAT IS A SUCCESSFUL HUNT?

By Dennis Kirkpatrick, Belmont, OH

If your first thought is to shoot a record book animal at some phenomenal distance with one shot after a great stalk, then both of us are wrong. I have realized there is a lot more to it than that.

After arriving at the ranch where we were going to stay and do our hunting, and seeing the small size and the speed the antelope has, along with the fact that if you can get within 200 yards of a buck, you're doing pretty good. The area we were hunting in was mostly flat with a few small rises. Now I wished I had brought a gun with a scope on it.

On the first day, Gary Geraud and I teamed up and went out to try our luck. Gary spotted a buck running up towards the mountain above us. It made the mistake of stopping to take a look around. Gary's first shot connected but didn't knock it down. The second shot got him in the chest and put it down him down for good. Great shot, Gary . . . not sure how far, but looked at least 200 yards. I believe he was using a 30-40 Ackley Imp. T.C. with a 5 Power Burris. We hadn't spotted any large bucks, and after we talked it over, we figured I had better try to get anything with at least a 10" horn. We finally spotted one which looked about 9" or 10", but it was between 240 and 250 yards away. I had sighted in my .338 CJMK XP100 in at about 5" high at 280 yards. The load was 389 grains of IMR 4198, 200 grain Hornady spt., with Winchester primers. At Hornady's plant, we found I should have been using a magnum primer. The load chronographed at 2250 fps.

I threw a sandbag down and tried to aim on him. He was moving around and surely made it tough! When he finally stopped, I brought the sight up to what I thought would be a shoulder shot and squeezed one off. To my surprise, he went down. We ran over to him and put a finishing shot through the heart. The first shot missed the shoulder. It was about 5" to the right and tore up one lung, turned the insides to Jell-O, and exited out the other side. The shot was a little off, but in this case, close did count.

Later, I went along with Tom Shippy and Ken Whitworth to watch Ken get one. Tom Shippy came down to the ranch to guide and help the rest of us. He also volunteered the use of his truck to get around in. Well, back to Ken . . . we finally spotted one. Ken waited until it walked behind a small rise before starting the stalk. It took a couple of shots to finally put it down. Those antelope are surely tough! And Ken was one happy hunter! While Ken was skinning his, Gary, Bob Hector and I went to watch Bob get his. We drove around a slight hill and located what was the largest antelope we had seen yet. Gary and Bob stalked it while I stayed at the truck with the spotting scope. After a long stalk, Bob got a shot off at him, but it seemed to miss. It took off for the next county in high gear. When it finally stopped about a half mile away, it just stood there, and never even moved its head. When Bob and Gary got back to the truck, Bob said he thought he missed. They both looked through the scope at the buck on the mountain side and said it looked like the same one.

We watched it for quite a while, but

it still hadn't moved. They both decided it would be worth a try at it again. We jumped in the truck to get a little closer. That's when we buried it in the swamp. While I started over to where J. D. and the others were hunting to get help, Bob and Gary started hoofing it towards the buck. About the time I got over and told them what Bob was doing and got them spotted in their scope, we heard the shot. The buck ran a few yards, and folded up. We drove up just as they finished gutting it. It was the same one . . . talk about luck! The first shot had just nicked its back. Now if we could get Bob's feet back on the ground, we'd head down off the mountain side with the 14 1/4" buck.

Now came what I think is the best part of the hunt. Jackrabbits! My first close up experience with one came while I was walking over to get the other four-wheel drive to pull us out. I was just walking along, kind of day-dreaming when out from under my feet leaped this long legged, big eared thing. I really figured my time had come. I thought I might survive this savage attack if I could choke it or something, maybe even cut its lips with my knife before it ate my leg. After a couple of seconds when I finally realized what it was, I felt kind of silly standing there ready to defend myself against a big bunny. It had to be an hallucination caused by J. D.'s and Blackie's coffee. We all had great fun shooting at them. I did manage to bag eight of them with my 10 1/2" Ruger. The best shot was a 75 yard one with the bunny in high gear and running broadside. This shot made up for the one that was so close to the truck J. D. had to back up so I wouldn't shoot a hole in the hood. It was just sitting there, didn't suspect a thing, not even when my first shot missed. Got him on the second one, though. It was at least eight feet away, I'm not used to those long shots.

Chuck Richardson made some interesting shots while hanging on to the side of the truck. One would jump up and while the rest of us were trying to get our sights on it, Chuck would just shoot from the hip. He did it twice just to show us the first wasn't luck. His sidekick, Max Knepple got quite a few with his 7 1/2" Ruger, but the really impressive ones were with his 35 Remington T.C. It literally tore them in half.

Blackie Sliva made some really great shots with his 10 1/2" Ruger. He seemed to be especially good at hitting them running. J. D. seemed to be able to hit them running, sitting, hiding, climbing. If he had seen one flying, he probably would have gotten it, too. In between this action, we would try to hit some of those baby groundhogs. They said they were full grown, but I didn't believe it. J. D. was wanting to try out his new 270 JRW. We spotted two at about 220 yards. He got the first one in the chest. He said the next one would be a head shot. Well, I guess you tend to get a little sloppy when you get older, because the next one was hit in the neck. He tried to save face on a 372-382 yard dog. When he shot, it disappeared. We walked up to the hole and found blood and guts everywhere. He must have driven that poor thing right down the hole. Well, you must

admit, it made up for the sloppy neck shot. He was using a modified 12 power converted to long eye relief. On the way back to the truck we spied one with its head and shoulders sticking out. J. D. and Max said to go ahead and try it. All I had with me was a 7 TCU 10" with open sights. Well, what the heck! I gave it my best shakey jake hold and squeezed it off. To my surprise, it got him. We stepped it off at 95 yards. Not too bad for a standing offhand shot. Later when we had Chuck with us, he shot at one around 30 yards away with his 45-70 TC. You would have had to see it to believe it. The gun was sighted in at 250 yards. He was able to get off quite a few shots at it. The poor thing was kind of wandering around in a daze. Chuck was aiming so low under it, it wasn't even visible in the scope. When one of those 400 grain slugs finally connected, it was like watching a slow motion movie. It picked it straight up out of the hole, lifted it about 15 feet in the air. At that point, pieces started leaving the body at a tremendous rate. It started going straight back about 15 yards. By the time it had quit rolling, Chuck was almost up to it. Talk about excited! All the other dogs we shot just kind of expired, but this was massacred. No follow up shot was necessary.

There are just a few of the highlights. I found out that a successful hunt isn't just the biggest buck. It's a combination of all the great shots that connect, the bad ones that miss a mile, the snow storm in back of the truck, the sore legs, all the early mornings, even Blackie's and J. D.'s coffee. One of the most important things was the companionship with great people from different walks of life but with a common interest. With the stories that I tell people about the hunt and type of guns that we used, if I can convince just two people that there is a good and sensible use for handguns, and that their only use is not for killing people, than that alone is reason enough to consider this a successful hunt.

The only two dark spots of the whole trip were when I found out there weren't any McDonalds nearby. How can a person survive without a Big Mac? The second was when J. D. and Blackie dropped me off at my house on the way home. We unloaded everything in front of my garage door and walked down over the bank to try his 45-70 on some steel chickens. When we got back to the house, my Norwegian Elkhound puppy got into my stuff and located the pack of beef jerky I brought home for my wife. He also ate my role of film with the pictures of the hunt. (The film was inside the camera).

I'd like to thank Tom, Gary and Chuck for the use of their vehicles to get around in. Gary's brother, John, for the use of the little house to stay in, and to J. D. for taking the time to help promote the sport of Handgunning.



**BACK ISSUES
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A HANDGUNNER'S FORMULA

By Mark Kowack, Conner, MT

If contemplating hunting with a handgun, I suggest you ask yourself "Why?" and then think about it.

Reasons for handgun hunting can include increased challenge, a simple change, tired of carrying a rifle, the novelty, interest and intrigue of handguns, wanting to be different, ego, image, and on and on. You shouldn't do it for the wrong reasons, and ego and image are two of those.

Consider what handgun hunting involves, especially when big game is your quarry. You've got a weapon that's harder to shoot accurately than a rifle, and of limited power. More skill and knowledge is required than with a rifle. For instance, black bear at 150 yards is duck soup with a .270 or '06 and any standard weight bullet should do a good job.

With a handgun, most hunters will want to shoot from under 100 yards.

Caliber? You may like a .357, but is it really powerful enough? Wouldn't a .41 or .44 Mag. be better? What bullet? Will yours penetrate well? Do you choose jacketed or cast bullets? Hollowpoint, soft point, or semi-wadcutter? Seem mind-boggling? It's not. But, you'll need to give it thought, time and experimentation, or you won't feel secure in your endeavor.

Once you've decided on a gun, you need to get a holster. I used a hip holster for a couple of years, but tried a shoulder holster and much prefer it to a belt holster carried on the hip. The gun is prone to being dragged through the brush, fallen on if you slip, and even cocked if a branch drags against it in some holsters. It's more exposed to weather than a shoulder holster. I like a shoulder holster that has not only a spring to hold the gun in place, but also a safety strap. In addition, I like it to be a breakpoint instead of a pouch type. I like a set-up that allows me to carry extra ammo easily accessible. I have 10 rounds hanging in a carrier on the holster harness.

Now that you've got the gear, what do you do? PRACTICE. That means almost daily dry-firing and regular live firing. Except during the winter, I shoot almost every week, and periodically during the winter, to keep my hand in. I use a .44 Mag. to hunt elk, deer and bear, and I now shoot about 1,000 rounds of .44's a year. I try to find one hunting load and stick to it although, as necessary or desired, I'll experiment. I do not shoot reduced loads for practice and full loads for hunting. I stick with one load, feeling that way, I'm conditioned to it mentally, physically, and know what it does, especially as related to its trajectory. Keeping in shape helps your shooting. Squeezing a rubber ball or using a wrist roller and following an overall conditioning program will help with your handgunning accuracy.

When practicing, use different positions and learn to shoot using natural rests. Shoot on the flat and on a side hill as well as up and down hill. Do slow fire and rapid fire, you may need to use both. Multiple targets help you learn to move the gun and get the sights aligned quickly. Try to create a situation that duplicates an advancing or retreating animal. Cans positioned at 10, 20, and 30 yards allow you to start with the far can and put one fast

(Continued on Page 7)



THE .357 MAGNUM THE ALL AROUND 6" DA

PART II

By John Taffin

1955 was a banner year for both car buffs and shooters. General Motors brought out the first Chevy V-8 and the two major firearms manufacturers introduced medium frame double action .357's. Young drivers especially took to the new '55 Chevy and made it an immediate hit, a present day classic. While the hot V-8 is very nearly a relic of the past, the two .357's are still going strong.

Colt was the first on the market with their top-of-the-line Colt Python, a 6" DA .357 on a ".41" frame, referring to the size of the frame of the Officers Model .38 Colt.

Strangely enough, the Python originated not as a .357, but was to be a heavy-barreled .38 Special which was the most popular six gun round in the early '50's. An Officers Model was made up with a welded up heavy top strap, using a piece of steel cut the same shape as the front of the frame to form the barrel. The first prototype came out, weighing around 55 ounces, readily acceptable now, but well over the desired 40-44 ounces of that era.

Weight had to be cut, so slots were cut into the barrel rib, later to become the ventilated rib trademark of the Python. The barrel was also slimmed down.

Although that first prototype had a 4-5/8" barrel, with a .38 Special cylinder, when the decision was made to go into production, the barrel length was standardized at 6" with a .357 Magnum cylinder, and the finish was dubbed Colt Royal Blue, a beautiful deluxe blue job. Had Colt gone ahead with the original idea of a .38 Special, the Python probably would have died long ago.

Since that first Python, a 4" model has been added to the line followed by a 2-1/2" aimed at the plainclothes market, and the newest, an 8" model for hunters and silhouetters. Just recently, 3" models have been made available and Colt has at last fallen in line and brought out the Python in a stainless version.

A few Pythons were made a couple of years ago in .38 Special, but at least one Python has been experimentally chambered for each of several other calibers.

In the early '60's, two hot new Centerfires came out with each

manufacturer announcing a sixgun for them. Those two were the .256 Winchester and the .22 Jet, both bottlenecks, bad news in revolvers. The .22 Jet had a short life in the K-Frame Smith, and although Colt chambered at least one Python in .256, and reported good results, the project was abandoned.

Colt also chambered the Python for at least three other calibers. When the new .41 Magnum came in '64, a Python was so chambered, but it was decided to stick with the .357. Colt also went the opposite direction and chambered a Python in .22 LR. I think this would have been a real winner, but management decided against it, later bringing out the scaled down Diamond-back in .22. For some strange reason, a Python was chambered in the bottlenecked .38/45. One shot was fired, the sixgun locked up because of set-back and that was the end of that.

The Python remains available only in .357 Magnum with Stainless, Royal Blue, Nickel, or "ColtGard" finishes, and standard stocks that are even worse than the factory stocks offered on large frame Smiths. Skinny at the top, fat at the bottom with deep checkering. . . Throw the stocks away and replace them with Pachmayrs and you have what is still probably the best looking DA sixgun available, and it shoots as good as it looks.

While Colt was experimenting with a heavy target .38 that turned into the .357 Python, S & W was going the opposite direction — trying to make a smaller .357 than their Model 27.

A little history is also in order here. The Model 27 was covered in Part I (December, SIXGUNNER). The standard .38 Special on what was later to be known as the K-Frame was introduced with the Military & Police Model in 1899. Those made during the 20's and 30's with the old long action were very slick DA's. By World War II, target revolvers were available in .22, .32 and .38 on the K-Frame. These were never popular with target shooters because they were too light, most choosing to stick with the heavier .38 Colts.

In January of 1950, a new K-Model was introduced — the Combat Masterpiece, basically a K-38 Target Revolver

but with a 4" barrel and Baughman Ramp Front Sight. By now, the K-38 had a heavy barrel, short action and was becoming the standard .38 target revolver. Smith described the Combat Masterpiece as "a short action, target grade, holster gun for law enforcement officers."

The gun was right, the caliber wasn't. Law enforcement personnel were beginning to see the inadequacies of the .38 Special and Bill Jordan, then with the U.S. Border Patrol, conferred with Carl Hellstrom of S & W, the result being a K-Frame .357, the Combat Magnum. The Combat Masterpiece received a longer .357 cylinder, a heavy barrel, enclosed ejector rod housing, and target stocks. Originally available only in a 4" Bright Blue or Nickel version, the Combat Magnum became an immediate best seller. A 6" model was added in 1963, with a few 3" models being made in '66, but these were cut back to 2-1/2" models also in '66.

The stainless version of the Combat Magnum, which became the "Model 19" in '58, came out as the Model 66 in 1971. Both the 19 and the 66 continue to be popular with shooters who want a lightweight, easy to pack .357.

Custom gunsmiths took a look at the Python and the 19 and urged on by shooters who liked the heavy barrel of the Python, but the grip frame and smooth action of the 19, brought out "Smolt's" (Smith plus Colt). These were made up by putting Python barrels on Model 19's, resulting in a super smooth, muzzle heavy .357. They proved to be only slightly ahead of their time.

S & W has now brought out what at first glance appears to be the offspring of a marriage between a Python and a 19. The newest Smith is dubbed the L-Frame or 586 (686 in Stainless). Smith engineers have taken the best features of .357's and tried to put them in one sixgun.

Complaints were coming in from 19 and 66 shooters, that the K-Frames were not holding up. When the K-Frame Magnum came out, .357 Magnum ammo was quite different than it is today, with 150-160 grain bullets over 14-15 grains of #2400 then being regarded as a standard load, with factory loads being pretty much the same. Super-Vel changed the .357, using 110-125 gr. jacketed bullets over maximum powder charges. Result: the first commercially marketed high performance handgun ammunition available to the public which has since

been adopted by the industry world-wide. Now, most police use duty ammo to qualify with, instead of wadcutter. The light frame of S & W guns don't hold up well with full charge ammo, and cops have trouble qualifying with lightweights.

Smith's answer to this problem is the L-Frame. The grip frame is the nearly perfect K-Frame size. The cylinder has been made 7% greater in diameter; the area around the forcing cone has been beefed up; and everything has been topped off by a heavy, ribbed barrel with a round underlug running clear out to the end of the muzzle.

The result is a very pleasing combination that addresses the problems encountered with the 19, without the oversize feeling of an N-Frame. A six inch 586 weighs 6 ounces more than a six inch 19, but feels much more compact than an N-Frame Model 28, even though it is only two ounces lighter. The only bad feature is the stocks; throw them away and buy Pachmayrs.

For testing purposes, I gathered three six-inch .357's; my old Model 19, while Colt supplied a new Python with Pachmayr's and ColtGard finish, with S & W contributing a new 586 for use in the project. For the average shooter who wants a handgun for target shooting, plinking, hunting varmints or small game, or who just likes the security afforded by owning a handgun, the first choice should always be a six-inch double action .357. Multitudes of factory loads in .38 and .357 are available; recoil is not usually a factor; reloading is easy, and cheaper than for big bores. The .357 is definitely the answer for the one gun man.

The comparison chart will give a quick bird's eye view of the three six-inch .357's.

A few things worth noting: The 586 has the cylinder with the greatest diameter, while the 19 still has the longest cylinder, the only DA that will handle .357 brass loaded with the Lyman-Keith #358429 bullet. The Python has a very tight .353" groove diameter barrel as did a Colt Trooper miked for comparison. Expecting pressures to rise with the Python and .358" bullets, I was surprised that they apparently didn't. Every load was handled with ease.

For testing purposes, loads were chosen for which the .357 was intended; 150-160 grain bullets over heavy doses of the magnum pistol powders: #2400, H110, WW296, and H4227. Only one

Description & Grain:	M19 — 6"		M586 — 6"		Python — 6"	
	25 Yds.	50 Yds.	25 Yds.	50 Yds.	25 Yds.	50 Yds.
358156GC 15 Gr. H110	1-1/2"	2-1/2"	1-1/4"	2-3/4"	1"	2-3/4"
358156GC 16 Gr. 296	1"	3"	1-3/8"	3"	1"	2-1/2"
358156GC 15 Gr. 2400	1"	2-3/4"	1-1/2"	*	1"	3-1/4"
358156GC 15 Gr. 4227	1-1/4"	2"	1-1/4"	2-1/2"	1-1/4"	2-1/2"
Speer 158 16 Gr. 296	1-1/4"	2-1/2"	1"	2-1/2"	1-1/2"	2-1/2"
Description	M19 — 6"		M586 — 6"		Python — 6"	
Groove Diameter:	.355"		.356"		.353"	
Weight:	36 Ounces		42 Ounces		44 Ounces	
Trigger Pull:	3#		4#		4#	
Cylinder Diameter:	1.454"		1.559"		1.552"	
Cylinder Length:	1.676"		1.623"		1.563"	
Barrel/Cylinder Gap:	.008"		.008"		.008"	
Cylinder Rotation:	CCW		CCW		CW	
Recessed Heads:	Yes		No		No	
Barrel Diameter: Breech	.700"		.715"		.740"	
Barrel Diameter: Muzzle	.675"		.715"		.740"	
Trigger:	Grooved Target		Smooth Standard		Grooved Standard	
Hammer:	Checked Target		Checked Standard		Grooved Target	
Front Sight:	RR		RR		RR	
Rear Sight:	WO		WO		WO	

cast bullet was chosen for these tests, the favorite bullet of .357 shooters for 30 years, the excellent Lyman Thompson gas checked #358156. Along with this, one jacketed bullet was tried, that being the Speer 158 grain JSP.

All loads showed easy extraction from all three sixguns with no excessive pressure signs shown with one exception. The 586 for some reason would not handle the #2400 loads. Primers were cratered, and about half of them pierced completely through. Excellent accuracy resulted from the Python from the first shots, while the 586 required some "shootin-in" before it settled down and started producing tight groups.

The accuracy received from all three .357's was far above my expectations. These were not target loads, but full house loads. Even so, 1-1/2" was the largest five shot group at 25 yards.

All groups were fired from a padded rest at 25 yards and 50 yards. Cases: Winchester Western with CCI Magnum Primers.

After testing at 25 yards, the #2400 load was abandoned in the 586 because of previously mentioned pressure problems. Each chamber throat was measured, proved to be concentric and miked out at .358"; the barrel groove diameter miked .356", but pressure was definitely too high. The first shot would tie up the gun as the primer flowed around the firing pin. Colt has a frame mouted firing pin, Smith still uses the pin on the hammer, but no problems were encountered with the 19. Curious?

Bringing my Bianchi 6" spring clip holster designed for the Model 19 into the picture, both the 586 and Python fit, making easy packing of each .357. What can I find wrong with them? Very little. The Python grip frame is a little large for the average size hand. And while the Python and 586 seem to go forever without cleaning, the 19 gums up at the gas seal area and starts to cause difficult cylinder rotation after 50 to 100 rounds. My old 19 is a real favorite, but I could survive if I had to replace it with either the Python or the 586. Interestingly enough, one can almost purchase a 19 and a 586 for the price of a Python.

While all three of these came with Red Ramp Front Sights, I would prefer Plain Flat Posts for precision shooting. The 586 can be ordered with a Square Post, while the 19 and Python so equipped would be a custom job. The Red Insert on the 19 done 15 years ago is slick; the Inserts on both the Python and 586 show less care in installation.

Since testing these three 6" .357's, both a 6" Stainless DW and a 6" Trooper have been made available to me. Both look good and are expected to shoot the same way. Another available 6" is the excellent Ruger Security Six in either Stainless or Blue finish. Gunsmiths have also fitted Python barrels to Security Sixes for extra weight out front, the result being a "Couger" (Colt plus Ruger). Many shooters, myself included, would like to see Ruger bring out a heavy barreled 6" Security-Six.

There are many high quality 6" DA's available for the .357 shooter. Choices in Blue finish are Smith Model 19 and 586, Colt Trooper and Python, Ruger Security-Six, and Dan Wesson Model 15. All models except the Trooper are now available in Stainless. Anyone who cannot find a .357 from this group is too choosy.



Behind that brush lies a grin. Stuemke and his first 1982 antelope.

A BUNCH OF FIRSTS

By Bud McDonald, Lakewood, CO

I was sitting in my favorite easy chair, cleaning some Herrett brass, when my phone rang. It was my old friend, HHI member Steve Hockman, calling from Saratoga, WY. He was all fired up about something. I had to calm him down a bit before figuring out what he was talking about. It so happened that Wyoming has deprecation hunts in portions of the state for game that is over its limits on areas of the range. Steve and Joe Stuemke (also an HHI member) had drawn 2 of the 10 permits to harvest an antelope a piece just outside of Saratoga. There is a herd of 400 to 500 antelope on one area that contains several hundred acres of alfalfa and hay. The owner was quite fed up with antelope damages, thereby requesting from the Wyoming Fish & Game Department that they thin the herd.

You all have probably heard of famous guide Joe Stuemke (P. O. Box 1347, Saratoga, WY 82331). On this hunt, he would be using his .30-40 Ackley Improved with a rare Burris 6X and custom mounting arrangement.

I'd been trying for years to turn Steve on to handguns. He was coming along nicely, too; but Joe pushed him over the edge in a little over two hours. It happened like this . . . Steve was

Formula . . . (Continued from Page 5) shot on each and being able to reverse the order simulates a retreating animal. If a safe location is available, try rolling a tire with a cardboard center down a hill and plug away. In the beginning, you might find accuracy hard to achieve but, as I was told, with practice, you can hit effectively at 100 yards.

Ideally, I think starting with a .22 is the way to go if you are not an experienced shooter. Then, to a medium caliber and finally a big bore. Reloading, for most calibers, is needed both financially and to allow enough experimentation with loads.

Hard work and a lot of it is required with a handgun in order to be a successful shooter. There will be times you'll think of going to a rifle and junking the whole handgun scene. But, handgun hunting is special and your successes will mean a great deal to you, more than if you'd used a rifle. Mastering a handgun involves mastering yourself both physically and mentally. If you work at it, I think you'll find you'll do better than you ever thought possible.

guiding an Easterner about a prairie dog town and Joe happened to come along. The Easterner was using a .25-06 with a 9X scope. Out to 200-300 yards, he was doing fair, hitting as many as he missed. Joe drags out his T/C .226 with a 12X scope, then proceeded to vaporize dogs at unbelievable distances! After one shot, Steve just had to step it off. He's a long, lanky westerner, but still came up with 397 steps! Steve was hooked. Joe then allowed Steve to shoot his .226, .30-40 Ackley, .375 JDJ and his custom 5" Ruger Redhawk at the local range. Steve, a fellow with very little large bore handgun experience, says that the .375 JDJ is a pussycat in the recoil department. He even noted that the Redhawk (which is Mag-na-Ported) has more recoil than the .375. My prediction of long ago has come true. There's a bunch of rifles for sale in a certain gun cabinet located in Saratoga.

I knew that Steve wanted to try a handgun mule deer hunt this fall. Knowing that, a few friends and I have a mule deer hunt lined up with Steve this fall. As part of our appreciation for his help in previous years and for this fall, we all kicked in and got him a T/C Super 14 in .30-30 with Pachmayr's fore and aft. He was sure tickled! We both poured through SIXGUNNERS, looking for a good load and ran across another article by Gary Geraud. Gary had experimented with 125s, 150s, and 168s, finally settling on the 168 match over 37.0 grains of 4895 using BR primers. Thanks, Gary! We worked up a load of 36.0 grains of 4895 under Nosler 168 gr. match. These loads are real tack drivers. However, Joe thought the Nosler had thick jackets so we switched to Hornady 165 BTSP over the same load. (Editor's Note: H O T — use at your own risk.)

Steve had asked me to bring a "backup" gun, so I threw my .357 Herrett in the truck along with 50 rounds of 180 gr. Speer soft points over 26.0 gr. of WW 296 and CCI 250 Mag. primers. These rounds were once fired, shiny, clean, trimmed to perfection, flashhole deburred and loaded with the utmost care. They'd print 1" groups all day, at 100 yards, if I did my part. I was sure we'd need no backup for Joe's .30-40 Ackley, and Steve was hot to initiate his new .30-30.

Friday finally arrived and the anticipation is seldom aftermath on hand-

gunning endeavors, as most of you well know. After work, that evening, the spectacular scenery of northern Colorado, up Route 125, was ignored for the most part. That is until I started seeing antelope on both sides of the road. The four hour drive seemed like minutes once I started seeing game. Spotting a very good mule deer, along the Platte River, made me wish it were September 30th, so our year long wait for deer season would be over. The further north you go, the more antelope you'll see. I've seen whole herds of antelope within the city limits of Saratoga at times! Pulling up to Steve's house, I found that he was out cutting a load of wood. I'm wondering if my Herrett is lined in so I head up to the range to find out. At 100 yards, with a 5 shot group, I'm in an inch and a half. Four rounds are in under an inch with one flyer that made 1-1/2". Not bad for a "back-up" gun.

Steve is home now, so we spend half the night catching monster trout, killing 40" mulies and dropping royal elk like flies, not to mention making Miller Brewing Company financially look much better than it did a few hours earlier. But finally the hard part of the hunt arrives . . . trying to get to sleep with an antelope hunt staring you in the face the next morning. I hit the sack, but at 4:30 a.m., Steve woke me up with a quart of coffee, along with bacon and eggs.

It's time to pick up Joe. On the way out the door, Steve glances back at his gun cabinet, shakes his head, looks at me . . . I shake my head and shove him out the door. No rifles on this hunt!

Steve's 400 CI F250 turns over and with its straight exhaust, it's enough to wake the dead. It rattles windows as we weave our way up to Joe's house. Joe is ready to go, so we head to the game warden's house at the appointed time of 6:00 a.m. Getting there, we find that three hunters are already there. We have a hell of a notion to deflate a few tires before going in, but being fine, upstanding members of HHI prevented us from getting to the hunt area first. We got the permits, the warden told us not to drive in the fields, or to leave a

(Continued on Page 10)

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ELK

By Jerry Kraft, Mt. Clemens, MI

Bud McDonald's comments have stirred me into action!

Actually, I've been in action all along, but the action has all been at the bench at Mag-Na-Port, customizing guns. Kelly keeps me busy while he's out hunting whatever he can think of hunting just about anywhere in the world. Actually, we like that. It's worth working seven days a week, 12 hours a day, just to keep him away from the place!

One morning last fall, his conscience must have been bothering him because he walked in and said, "I have to be in Chama, NM on October 7th for an elk hunt. Do you think you can make it?"

My reply, with no hesitation whatsoever was, "You're damn right I can make it!"

Kelly had a new Chevy pick-up that only made it 60 miles out of Detroit before it was running so rough we turned back and got my car. Kelly was upset about the truck — Chevy hasn't been able to get it fixed yet — but he kept bitching and saying, "How are we going to bring back two elk in this car?"

My reply, "I guess I'll only be able to bring one back."

On the evening of the 6th, we arrived at Ronnie Demasters' home in Chama. Four other Michigan hunters were already there.

After the introductions and handshaking, I knew what was coming next. "So you are the guys with the handguns" . . . saying it like we were the guys from Mars.

Later, the guides got into the conversation with the hunters, and Larry and I could tell they all thought we were nuts.

One guide said to the rifle hunters, "Look, now the biggest mistake a

hunter can make is shooting at the elk's shoulder. Always shoot behind the shoulder because that bullet can't get through that heavy shoulder."

Kelly said, "I took a nice 6x6 a couple of years ago and my bullet went through both shoulders and kept on going."

Everyone just kept on talking just as if he hadn't said a thing.

First day out, Kelly and I were on horseback in the early morning darkness, following Fritz, our guide. After daybreak, we began to see a few elk, but no shootable bulls. Throughout the day, we heard firing from the rifle hunters. Back at the corral that night, nobody had any elk. Nor did anyone have any by the third evening, although each had shots at at least two elk and had missed. Smartening them up for next year, I guess.

Neither Larry nor I had a shot. On the fourth day, we were down to three rifle hunters as one of the half-broken horses threw one of the hunters and broke his hip. This really upset Kelly since he is terrified of horses. He rides with both hands holding the saddle horn in a death grip.

That evening, I suggested that Fritz take Kelly and my horse to Beaver Lake and I would stay on top of Buzzard Ridge. I knew it would be cold up there, but you can see a long ways, and it's always a possibility something can be located at long range and stalked. It was windy as well as cold, so I laid down in some spruce for a wind-break and glassed everything I could see. The day passed slowly.

At about 4:30, 15 cows and a 5x5 bull came out in a clearing to my left. The bull started to panic for some reason and ran the cows back into the timber. I could only catch a glimpse of

them every so often through the timber as the bull herded them past me. They seemed to calm down and eventually started feeding into a clearing on my right. I watched the bull through my binoculars for a while and thought it over. I'd killed better bulls. The rifle hunters had scared the hell out of everything around. Tomorrow was the last day of the hunt. Elk is great eating. Who wants to go home empty handed?

I looked him over through the Leupold 2X mounted on the 12.5" Mag-Na-Ported .375 JDJ T/C. The 270 grain Hornady Spire Point resting above 46.5 grains of H-4895 and a Federal 215 primer would impact under the crosshair at 200 yards. I figured the bull at 225. From a steady rest atop my cowboy hat on a rock, the crosshair steadied on his shoulder, the .375 roared without me even feeling the trigger break. The bull back humped and staggered as the WHHOCKK of the 270 grainer into his shoulder reached me. I popped the T/C open and reloaded as the bull tried to stay on his feet. He did for about 40 feet and seemed to die in mid-stagger, dropping like a stone.

It took me 15 minutes to get almost to him when I heard hoofs coming down the other side of the mountain. There was Kelly's horse, galloping toward me. "Oh, no," I thought, remembering last year when Kelly and his horse rolled about 200 feet down a mountainside. Luckily, neither of them was hurt.

I caught the horse and headed in the direction it had come from. At dusk, I met Kelly and Fritz and found the horse had just broken loose. Both of them were pleased to know I got a bull, and I was glad that Kelly wasn't hurt.

When we got to the elk, Fritz said, "You're lucky the bullet got through his shoulder into his vitals at that distance." Kelly said, "You want to bet if that bullet didn't go all the way through him, I'll carry him back to camp!"

We rolled him over and sure enough, the .375 JDJ 270 grain Spire Point had gone completely through both shoulders.

That elk was the total score for six hunters. The rifle shooters got all kinds of shooting. Kelly didn't get a shot.

During the ride back to Michigan, I said to Kelly, "See, I told you no problem, we would only need to bring back one bull."

I won't tell you his reply

ANTELOPE HUNT HANDGUN STYLE

By Glenn K. Archer,
Council Bluffs, IA

Wyoming deer and antelope season opened Friday morning, but we could not make it til Monday morning. We arrived at the ranch in Eastern Wyoming at 8:00 a.m., met our Hosts, Dwayne McGee and Bob Debor. Everything was going great till we hauled out the handguns. Four of us made up the hunting party. Jim Crossley and I, the handgunners, Roger and Norm, rifle hunters. Our Host didn't know about the pistol shooters. He said there were deer in the meadows earlier that morning. I asked if we could check out our guns, make sure of zero. Bob said let's go check the deer and then we can zero in guns. Roger and I got in the pick-up with Bob. Jim and Norm went with Dwayne. We took the field road North toward the river. Bob dropped us off at edge of meadow and then started West along a tree line. He had gone about 150 yards, when two mule does walked into meadow about 50 yards ahead of him. I didn't really want a doe. I was looking through the 5 power Burris scope atop my T/C with 375 J.D.J. Barrel, when Roger's 25/06 boomed in my ear. One doe goes down and the other one takes off. Bob swung the pick-up around and came back to pick us up. We went down and field dressed the doe and the other guys came over. After loading up we headed across the meadow to the hills. We stopped at the fence line and the other truck went South along the line of hills. Roger and I headed up into the breaks. Roger is up high on the ridge when he motions for me to move ahead. So I run ahead around the base of hill and up on the ridge is the deer standing there. Right on top, I think what do I do now. Can't shoot her on top of ridge like that, don't know what is on other side, 140 maybe 150 yards away. While I'm debating what I should do, I hear a shot. The doe jumps high in the air and bales off my side of the ridge headed right for me. About 80 yards from me she piles up. Well, so far so good.

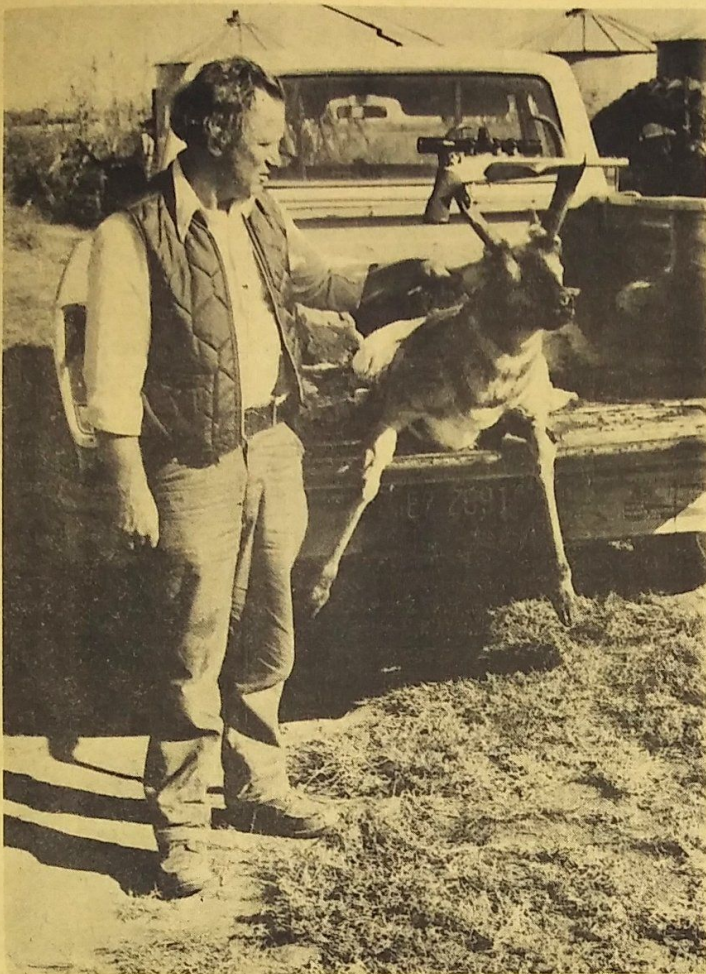
10:00 a.m. 2 deer down. Norm, the rifle shooter had scored. Took a little ribbin' from Norm and Roger. They ask if we wanted them to shoot our game for us. I said, "No Thanks". That afternoon we headed North, 15 miles to the Gray Ranch to look for antelope. Well, plenty of prairie dogs up here, so I decided to check out the hand cannon. Those 270 gr. Hornady Spire points just poke holes through the prairie dogs, zero is right on. There is a large herd of goats in upper end of pasture, will try to get closer. Bob dropped me off at the foot of a draw, so I can work up close. Bob and Roger head up around to work the goats down towards me, before I can get into position, here they come and coming fast. I try to pick out one nice buck, but no dice. You ever try tracking an antelope on a dead run at fifty yards through a five X scope on a handgun? Pert-near impossible. Well, so much for that little play. Later that afternoon Norm shot two small buck goats. More kidding. Tuesday morning we headed North again, Roger is going to shoot dogs all day. Jim and I are after antelope, Norm is helping Jim. Bob dropped me off by the creek so I can try to stalk some goats that are up on the hillside, across the creek. After 3

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hours of crawling, laying in cactus, up and down the creek bank I got in range, 100 yards. I'm ready. Lots of hard work is about ready to pay off. I pick out a nice buck, cock the T/C, set the cross hairs right on his chest. Got my finger on trigger, behind the buck I'm lined up on, is a bigger one, nicer horns. I carefully lower hammer, break the action and reclose it. I'm going to move over a little so I can get on the bigger one. As I move around to my left trying to get into a good spot, a doe that is off to the side of the rest sees me and spooks sending the whole bunch over the hill. Dang, should have shot. Well, I'll head back across to the prairie dogs, have some fun. Got some loads with 220 gr. Hornady flat points. Man, do they do a job on those dogs. Opens them right up and blow them 3 feet backwards. It's getting late so we head back to home ranch.

Wednesday morning we headed back up to Gray Ranch. Today is the day, I hope. Get off at the creek again. Norm and Jim headed for the North end of the ranch, Roger is after dogs again. I worked my way up the creek bed for a mile can't find a thing so I start back. Can hear Roger over on the hillside poppin' prairie dogs. Get back to the road and cut around the pond and up the hillside. I see a dog off to my right, I think I'll shoot that sucker. Quite a ways out, but big and fat. 200 yards long shot for my T/C 375 J.D.J. I pick a spot where I can get a good solid rest, put the scope on the dog. Man, that dog has got horns on it, an antelope and a nice one. He's down in a ditch and looking right at me. All I can see is his head. What do I do, shoot him right between the eyes? With a 375 J.D.J. I know I can hit him. My T/C is right on. But between the eyes with a 375, that 270 grainer will probably ruin his head. I lay there debating what to

do when Roger stands up and walks out to a dog he had shot. Roger is about 700 yards off to my left. When Roger got up, so did my goat, now he is in the open looking at Roger, broad side to me. I cock the cannon, put cross hairs right on top edge of his back, just in case he is a little further out and touch the trigger, Ka-Boom, I see my bullet hit the hillside directly behind him right at top edge of his back, right where the cross hairs were. What the hell did I do wrong. The antelope didn't stick around to tell me, he is flat truckin' it across the hillside. Now I'm mad, blew it twice. Step it off to where my trophy was, can't believe it. 110 yards, now I know why I missed. Bob heard me shoot so he comes down in the pick-up, I give him the bad news. Now he is convinced handguns are OK for dogs, but not for big game. He said he got a Ruger M-77 in 300 Win. Mag. I can use if I want. I say, "No Thanks". I got two more days left to score. Bob says let's go up to the North end. Norm and Jim are stalking some goats up there. Bob drops me off by the West fence, said he had seen some goats up over the ridge earlier. So I start up the hill along fence. I see some goats up ahead, glass them. A couple of nice bucks in the bunch, I run, crawl, walk, trying to get close. Half mile up the hill I'm getting closer, so far so good, they haven't seem me yet. Got wind in my favor, as soon as they top the ridge, I take off on a dead run. Finally make it to the top. Man, that's hard work for an old man. I crawl up to top of ridge and peek over, there they are 65 yards movin' to my right in no hurry. Can't see how many there are, just see top of their heads. Whoops, I see Jim and Norm on far hillside, they are watching the same bunch. The goats are directly between us, so I back down below the

ridge and take off to my right movin' fast, try to get out of line of fire and maybe get a head of the goats so I can get a shot. Go about 150 yards and I hear the shot. I keep movin' fast thinking they will cross ridge ahead of me. Don't see them again, hear another shot, crawl to top of ridge and look. Jim and Norm are walking down off of hill, I start down draw too. Jim got a 12" buck, 300 yards using T/C 6x47. Nice shot. Another day done, 3 down, just me to go. Thursday morning I head back to the Gray Ranch. Jim is looking for deer at the home ranch so I'm by myself. Bob drops me off at creek again and then he heads up to North end to check things out up there. I work my way up the creek, maybe 3/8 of mile when I spot some white rumps up ahead. Time to take it easy. I keep working my way up the creek trying to get closer. Another 1/4 mile I can see them pretty good. One big buck off to one side, good set of horns on him. Keep trying to get closer. Then I slip on the muddy bank and slide down into water. My one boot goes clear under, now my foot is wet nothing else though. Run back up creek bank and spook the cows up ahead, they all take off up out of creek bottom. I look over top of bank and the buck is moving off at a walk, stops and looks back my way. I don't think he knows I'm here, but he's spooky. About 165-175 yards quartering to my right. I pick a good spot to shoot from, resting gun on top edge of bank. When he stops, I'll nail him. He stops and turns to look back. I cock the hammer back, holding on his chest. I squeeze the trigger, he starts to walk again. The bullet hits him in the flank at lower part of his hip. I can see his leg fly up over his back, almost blew it off. He runs about 20 yards and stops. I reload, hold steady and shoot, he goes down. I'm up and running to him. As I get close, I can see he's a good one, big horns. Man, am I happy! I walk around him, looking at him, talking to myself, talking to him. Boy, is he big! Man, I couldn't be happier if I had good sense. Better start field dressing him. Pretty soon Bob comes driving up, heard the shot. He looks at my buck and grins. He says, "Hot-Damn, you did it." He's happy, too, shakes my hand. Heads for the truck to get tape.

15" he says, boy you got a real trophy here. Slaps me on the back. He's grinning like a kid. Well, I did it. Bob and I load him up and head back. Get down by road and see 2 does ahead. Bob slows down and I jump out and run along side of pick-up about 15-20' and drop on a prairie dog mound. Bob keeps driving. Passed by the two does about 100 yards, then stops. The does start moving away, going to cross road between us. Get a good rest and get ready. They move off about 80 yards and stop. I line up on the front one and pull trigger. Man, she goes down like she was hit by a Mack truck. I get over to her, I hit her square in the shoulders a little too far forward. I take my short barrel SBH and finish her. A good hunt.

BIG BUCK CONTEST

The HHI Big Buck Contest winners will be notified individually. The winners will be announced in the next issue. I've heard of several good bucks taken and not entered. It's kinda foolish not to enter any half decent buck since you never know what the competition will be. Many eight-point bucks will score better than some 10's or 12's. A heavy, large eight-point will score very well, and a small, thin 10-point won't score well at all in comparison. Right now, a West Texas whitetail and a Wyoming mulie are in the lead.

HHI AFRICA

Everything is progressing nicely. Don Price, who will be handling our hunt, will be in the States in April. Don's area has produced many record trophies in the last two years. His hunting area is very large and around 30 species of game are plentiful. I'm still planning on spending most of the hunt with a camera, photographing other hunts before I begin my hunt.

There will be accommodations for non-hunters at nominal cost if anyone wishes to take their wife. This is a first-class hunt; no sub-standard food or accommodations. Equipment, guides and game are all excellent. July is the time. HHI the way. Africa the place. Call today. 614-264-0176 — even if you have previously expressed interest in the hunt. At this point, there are still three openings left for this hunt.

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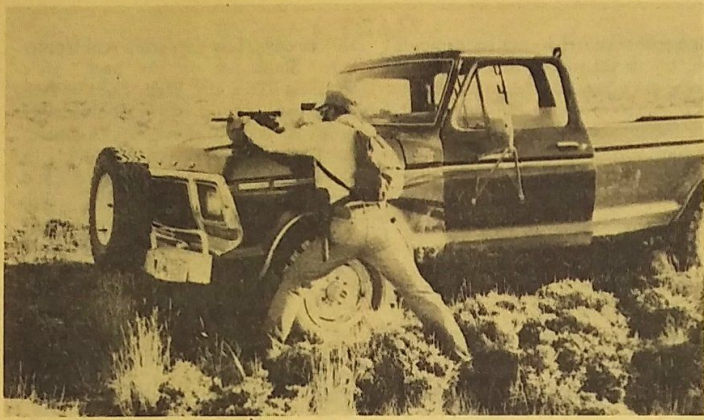
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Stuemke shootin' the .30-40 Ackley off Hockman's Wyoming bench. Formula . . . (Continued from Page 7) gut pile in the same. For ranchers, happiness is not a large gut pile in his alfalfa field!

On the way in, we pass several does and fawns in the barrow pit. We then start getting hyper. Turning into another road, across a cattle guard, there stands a big buck antelope. Steve throws the glass on him and quickly tells us he'll go 15" easy, possibly 16". Joe looks at 'em and agrees. We still are a mile from the legal area, so on we go, pushing jacks all the way. These jacks wouldn't be so close to the road if someone had gone in ahead of us. We know the other hunters headed out before us! Over on the other side of the field, we spot a vehicle. Real tough luck for them . . . they'd missed a turn-off and got on the wrong side of the field. This couldn't happen with the likes of Joe and Steve. They know this area too well. Entering into the legal area, we spotted a buck and five does. They moved out toward the center of the field. Previously, Steve and Joe had agreed they'd take anything 12" or larger. Joe exclaimed the buck would go 14". Steve hopped out of the truck with sandbags and T/C in hand. The buck is quartering away at 150 yards, but stops and turns broadside. I'm behind Steve, taking pictures, as he pulled the trigger. Click! He opens the action, throws that round on the ground, pops in another. Joe tells him to make sure the action is closed good and tight. The old rifle hunter flinched like a green trooper on that first attempt. I told him he flinched so bad he'd have missed anyway. Back down on the sandbags with a determined look on his face and his ears burning from my taunts, he steadies up and lets one fly. The big antelope peels off to the right — runs 50 yards and drops. Steve says, "I hit him in the heart" with confidence he'd not had up until now. Walking over to the kill, I tell Steve I believe he had a touch of buck fever. He agrees, saying he ain't been this excited about shooting an antelope in years. After a few pictures, Steve and Joe drag it out of the field, across a couple of irrigation ditches, before dressing it. We found that the 165 gr. BTSP hit a rib going in, took off the back part of the heart, hit a rib going out and is still going for all we know. No blood tainted meat here. A nice 30 caliber hole going in and a nicer 70 caliber hole on the other side. Steve has a grin from ear to ear. Measuring the horns, Joe finds 14" on one side, 13-7/8" on the other. How's that for estimating at 150 yards? We stepped it off at 175 yards. A great shot, not only for a first time handgun antelope, but for any handgun. Steve's antelope is on the truck and it's only 6:20 a.m. as we

head out to find one for Joe.

Near a bunch of haystacks, we spot a 12", but pass him up. With more hunters moving in, the 'lopes move out of the fields onto the sage. We circle back around up onto a small mesa, and it looks like all the antelope in the world are up there. Everywhere you look, there's antelope! We can't begin to count 'em, even if we'd want to, although Steve estimates there's over 400 head. One band is very interesting in that it contains 30-40 bucks with just a few does. Joe attaches his trophy Bushnell armored spotting scope to the window and checks them thoroughly. There are three good ones in the bunch, but the range is over 500 yards. Our movements, plus those of the other hunters, cause half of the herd to literally head for the hills while the other half move toward open sage, out of the legal area.

Joe scopes the whole area once more and spots a likely candidate. "He looks good," says Joe. "About 14". All the 'lopes are heading for open sage or milling about 400-600 yards away. Joe says he's gonna try the buck, he's spotted. It's over 400 yards minimum!! I can't locate the animal with my naked eye, due to there being so many antelope in that area. Steve gets on the spotting scope while Joe sets up the .30-40 Ackley. They have to wait 5 minutes or more until they are sure he won't hit another animal. Steve remarks that he's facing us, and Joe says, "That's good enough, I reckon." Not being able to see the 'lope clearly, I keep my eye on Joe. When he touches her off, that big T/C comes up off the sandbags over a foot, then sideways as Joe wrestles it back down. Whew! That sucker has the recoil! But Joe says it's not bad if you hang on to it tight!! Steve howls out, "Ya hit 'im and he's down!" The rest of the herd starts running to our left to the edge of the mesa and disappears over the edge. Joe's buck gets back up and starts trotting with them, although you can tell he's hit. Some other hunters come up on the mesa to watch the show, but they're right in line which prevents Joe from finishing him off. We hop in the



Hockman with his # 1 Handgun Antelope.

truck and drive closer and out of line with the other hunters. The 'lope is within 50 yards of going out of sight over the mesa edge when Joe hops out and gets set up. The antelope continues to trot toward the edge when I tell Joe he'd better try him on the move 'cause it looks like he isn't gonna stop. At over 200 yards, Joe drops that 'lope with a 165 gr. in the neck! It goes down quickly! I can't describe to you how fast that .30-40 puts a bullet down range. It's like right now! After field dressing it, we find that Joe's first shot had drifted right 2" and went in the lower shank portion of the hind leg, breaking the bone and on through. The wind is 10 to 15 mph and I think that has some bearing, but Joe says he may have pulled it slightly. The second shot was high on the neck and blew a hell of a hole going out.

I can't help but notice how well Steve and Joe work together. They remind me of two well trained German shorthairs. . . . Look sorta like 'em, too! Communicating with nods and gestures and grunts, they are like two well oiled machines. And speaking of coordination, the game warden checks Steve's 'lope 10 minutes after it's down. No sooner have we dressed Joe's when here comes another warden, up a very narrow trail, along side the butte, to check this kill. A word of caution to prospective Wyoming hunters . . . Don't go to Wyoming expecting to perform any illegal acts. I've been going to Wyoming for seven years now and have been checked at least once every other day for licenses and other Fish & Game permits. You don't get far enough out in the sticks for these guys. They know their territory, and will help you if you ask. They'll provide information you'll not get otherwise. They are professionals and are the main reason Wyoming has such fabulous hunting and fishing.

Joe has an uncanny ability for measuring antelope horns at long distances. His 'lope measures out at 14-1/4". He's only 1/4" off on his, and 1/4" off on Steve's!

Talk about firsts . . . we figure that Steve's 'lope is the first 1982 legal antelope of the season. This is Steve's first handgun hunt. His first antelope with a handgun. Joe's first 1982 antelope. My first hunt with Joe Stuemke. And last but not least, my first prearranged article for HHI.

If you want to go on a dream antelope, mule deer or elk hunt with guides who know their stuff, contact Joe Stuemke or Steve Hockman, both of Saratoga, Wyoming. They'll be glad to talk to other HHI members. For 1983, I've been talking to 'em about setting up one BIG HHI hunt. They could handle more than 50 hunters on over a million and a half acre hunting territory!! Maybe with more persuasion, we could talk 'em into it.

I Shot Deer

By R. D. Herring,
Tulsa, OK

To take the challenge of handgunning for deer another step along the way, I chose to hunt this season with my 4" Model 29.

I made a trade for the 4" blue Model 29 back in the spring. I wanted a work horse revolver that would not be too bulky to carry on fishing trips or a stroll through the woods. When fishing I carry the first two rounds as shot loads using the spear capsules and their loading data. The remaining loads are 250 gr. cast bullets with 8.5 grs. of Unique. This should be most adequate for northeast Oklahoma.

The 1982 Oklahoma deer (gunning) season allowed the taking of an antlerless deer on the final day. Having been out of town for the opening day, I was counting on some hard hunting on the final day.

My stand was in a narrow, wooded creek bottom in which I had seen deer tracks on various other occasions. I was up a tree, approximately seven feet above the ground when this mature doe strolled by 40 to 50 feet away. The 4" .44 slid smoothly from the holster, I cocked the hammer — sight picture, breath control and trigger squeeze. She was standing behind a tree so I chose the lung shot. At the shot, the doe ran straight ahead approximately forty feet, turned sharply to the right and collapsed. I could see a large patch of blood on the off side — total broadside penetration. She got up, stumbled around for twenty yards or so. At this time I fired a finishing shot — to end any suffering.

My first shot entered the left side, center of the lungs, blew a two inch hole in the right edge of the diaphragm and exited with a hole the size of my thumb. The lungs were both completely shattered — the finishing shot was out of courtesy rather than necessity.

My load: 180 gr. Sierra JHC, 26.0 gr. No. 2400, ww case and Alcan primer. I have had excellent accuracy with this bullet with 25.0, 26.0 and 27.0 gr. of No. 2400. The Sierra Book lists 27.0 gr. of No. 2400 as maximum.

Field dressed, my doe weighed 86 pounds at the check station. This appears to be a normal weight for an adult whitetail doe in this area. Many four to eight point bucks in at 100 to 110 pounds. With these figures in mind, I do not feel under gunned using the 180 grain Sierra rather than 240 grain bullets. With larger, heavier boned deer, the heavier bullet would be a better choice.

Do any of you have experiences with the 180 gr. Sierra? I would enjoy hearing from you. Also, is anyone using the .444 Marlin chambering on the Super 14 T/C?

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SIXGUN CONVERSIONS

By John Taffin, Boise, ID

The mark of a really dedicated sixgunner is a custom sixgun. This may be anything from discarding the factory stocks for better looking stocks of fancy wood, ivory, or stag; or better performance such as afforded by the excellent Pachmayr grips; to an extensive customizing job.

Every sixgunner who has done much shooting, very early decides he could do it better; he could design a better gun. Factory jobs are for the masses, custom pistolsmiths exist for the dreams of those who reach out for something better.

Having never been a real fan of the large frame .357, I've purchased a number of these for one purpose — conversion to a better, namely bigger, caliber. Ruger .357 SA's and Smith M28's are prime candidates for re-chambering and reboring or re-barreling with the number one choice being to .44 Special.

Not just any .357 can be given the conversion treatment. A lot of metal is removed when rechambering to .44 or .45 caliber, and trouble can result if the wrong sixgun is used to start with. The following may help.

Note that the old model Ruger .357 SA cylinder is too small in diameter to allow a safe conversion to anything but .44 Special. The locking bolt notches get dangerously close to the cylinder walls on the other calibers. However, the New Models will safely handle all calibers but there is not much point in going to .44 Special as the conversion will be as heavy as the already available .44 Magnum.

S & W cylinders are too short for .44 Magnums loaded with standard bullets and individual guns need to have the depth of the locking notches checked before attempting to convert to .44-40 or .45. The Colt SA is safe for all but the .44 Magnum.

The following conversions were recently gathered together with a variety of ammunition for one purpose: To answer the question, "How good are conversions?" This Chart shows at a quick glance the extent of each conversion:

The easiest conversion is to simply add an extra cylinder. Colt .45 SA's readily accept extra cylinders in .45ACP or .45 Auto Rim; the .44 Special SA's become complete with an auxiliary cylinder in .44-40. As far as I know, Christy Gun Works still supply cylinders for Colt SA's in all calibers, and there are a few original Colt .44-40 cylinders around.

For Rugers and Smiths, the addition

of an extra cylinder becomes a little more complicated as it usually requires rechambering of an existing cylinder.

The following SA's were tested with original cylinders and auxiliary cylinders. In all cases except the Abilene, the auxiliary cylinders were not fired to the original sixguns but were simply acquired over the years and found to fit these particular SA's. This is not always the case.

Is it profitable to add an extra cylinder? Accuracy of the test guns certainly did not suffer by adding a new chambering. In fact, in some cases, it actually improved.

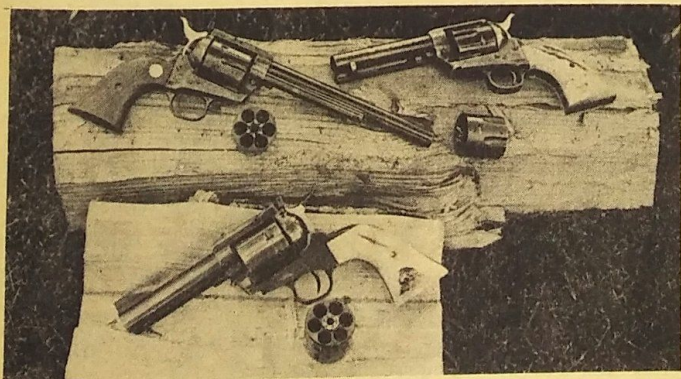
My favorite conversion is the .357 to .44 Special route. Of the following, the Ruger, the M28, and Bisley 4-3/4" were purchased as 357's; the 1950 5" was originally a Military .44 and has been rebarreled with a 5" target barrel and fitted with an S & W rear sight. The 7-1/2" Bisley was originally a .32-30 (shot-out) and has a Christy cylinder and Colt .44 Special barrel. The first two guns are the "control" guns.



Ivory stocked 1950 .44 Special original. Top is an M-28 converted to .45 A.C.P. Middle, a 1950 military to an adjustable sighted .44 Special. Third, an M-28 conversion to a .44 Special.

Of particular interest to me was the last sixgun listed. This M28 was converted to a .44 Special by rechambering and reboring the original barrel. Since I had problems in the past with rebored barrels, this conversion was a pleasant surprise. The 4-3/4" Bisley is nickel-plated with the old V-notch rear sight and fitted with a Douglas barrel. This old horse shoots as good as it looks.

A friend had a Ruger New Model .357 stainless converted to .44



Practical dual cylinder guns. .45 Colt with extra .45 A.C.P. cylinder. .44 Special New Frontier with extra .44-40 cylinder and an Abilene .44 Mag. with .44-40 conversion.

CHART I

	To .44 Special	To .44 Magnum	To .44-40	To .45 Colt
Ruger 3-Screw .357 SA	Yes	No	No	No
Ruger New Model .357 SA	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Smith Model 28 (or 27)	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Colt SA .357	Yes	No	Yes	Yes

CHART II

		Aux. Cylinder	Rechambered Cylinder	New Cylinder	New Barrel	Rebored Barrel
Colt SA .45	4 3/4"	×				
Colt SA .45	7 1/2"	×		×	×	
Colt NF .45	5 1/2"	×				
Colt NF .44 Special	7 1/2"	×				
Colt Bisley .44 Special	4 3/4"	×		×	×	
Colt Bisley .44 Special	7 1/2"			×	×	
S & W 1950 5"	.44 Special					×
S & W Highway Patrolman 5"	.44 Special		×			×
S & W Highway Patrolman 6 1/2"	.45ACP			×	×	
Abilene .44 Magnum	4-5/8"	×				
Ruger .44 Special	4-5/8"		×			×
Ruger .44 Magnum	6-1/2"		×			×

CHART III

Handgun	Group Size With Original Cylinder		Group Size With Auxiliary Cylinder		
	.45 Colt Lyman # 454424	.45 Colt Lyman # 454190	.45 ACP Remington 185 Gr. Targetmaster	.45 ACP Lyman # 452423 6.0 Unique	.45 Auto Rim Lyman # 452423 7.0 Unique
Colt SA .45 7-1/2"	9.0 Unique	9.0 Unique	1-1/2"	Cylinder wouldn't accept	2"
Colt SA .45 4-3/4"	1-1/2"	2"	2"	3"	2"
Colt SA New Frontier .45 5-1/2"	1-1/2"	1-1/2"	2"	Cylinder Would Not Accept	1-1/2"
Handgun	.44 Special 17.5 # 2400 # 429421	.44 Magnum 22.5 WW680 360 JDJ # 42798	.44-40 9.0 Unique # 42798	.44-40 10.0 Unique # 42798	.44-40 8.0 Unique # 429215
Colt New Frontier 7-1/2" .44 Special	1"		1-1/2"	7/8"	1-1/4"
Abilene .44 Magnum 4-5/8"		1-1/4"	1-1/4"		
Colt Bisley .44 Special 7-1/2"	1-1/2"			1-1/8"	1"

CHART IV

.44 Special	Group Size: 25 Yards		
	Lyman # 429421 7.5 Gr. Unique	Lee # 429214 8.3 Gr. Unique	Lyman # 429421 16 Gr. H110
S & W 1950 4"	2"	2"	2"
Colt NF 7-1/2"	1-1/2"	1-1/4"	1-1/2"
Ruger 4-5/8"	1-1/4"	1-1/2"	2-1/4"
Colt Bisley 4-3/4"	1-1/2"	1-3/8"	1-3/4"
Colt Bisley 7-1/2"	1-3/4"	2"	2"
S & W 1950 5"	2"	2"	2"
S & W M28 5"	1-3/4"	1-1/2"	2"

CHART V

Charge	Powder	Bullet	Weight	Ruger 6-1/2" Ruger 7-1/2"	
				.44 Mag. Conversion	.44 Mag. Flat-Top
				Group Size	Group Size
20 Gr.	# 2400	SAECO 240 GC	239	2-1/4"	1-1/2"
20 Gr.	# 2400	Hornady 240 FMJ	240	2-1/2"	1-1/2"
20 Gr.	# 2400	Speer 200 HP	200	1-1/2"	1-1/2"
20 Gr.	# 2400	NEI # 429200	187	2"	2"
20 Gr.	# 2400	Lee 429214 SWC	202	2-1/2"	1-3/4"
20 Gr.	# 2400	H & G #	200	2-1/2"	1-1/4"
18.5 Gr.	# 2400	H & G #	227	2-1/2"	2-1/2"
18.5 Gr.	# 2400	Hornady 265 FP	265	1-5/8"	1-3/8"
24.5 Gr.	H4227	Lyman # 42798	193	3"	1-1/2"
5.5 Gr.	Bullseye	NEW 429 185 WC	180	3"	1-1/4"

Magnum a few years back by rechambering and fitting with a 6-1/2" Douglas stainless barrel. This is a really excellent idea, yielding a stainless SA in the best of chamberings, and fitted with Pachmayr grips is very practical. The only drawback is the length of the cylinder that does not allow the use of Keith-style .44 bullets. I pitted this conversion against my old 7-1/2" Flat-Top for comparison purposes and since this was a borrowed sixgun, I used very careful judgement in the

selection of loads.

As can be seen by the table, it is not quite as good a shooter as the .44 Flat-Top, but it performs well enough that its owner has killed two elk with it, one of which had been shot in the wrong end by an inexperienced young hunter with a varmint rifle.

Another conversion borrowed for this test was a friend's Model 28 converted to .45 ACP/.45 Auto Rim by adding a new cylinder and an

(Continued on Page 14)

VARMINTS IN DEEP SOUTH TEXAS

By Don Desiderio, Leonardo, NJ

In 1978 I hunted Texas' hill country. Besides being impressed with the abundance of game, I was taken with Texas' private wide-open spaces. I've always wanted to hunt varmints seriously and not just as a side line to other hunts, and learned that Texas had its share of varmints. After checking out all the "where-to-go" places and guides, I decided to hunt the Tomas Ranch in deep south Texas. The hunt was for bobcat, coyote and if I got lucky, a mountain lion would present itself. I got my deposit money off about 10 months ahead of time and bought Braniff Airline tickets to San Antonio at the same time. Now the bad news! As we all know, Braniff went broke and I was stuck with tickets that other airlines would only accept as stand-by. In fact, after July, Eastern, Delta and others wouldn't even accept them as stand-by any longer — they were just no good. However, Continental Airlines continued to consider me a stand-by customer — no reservations, just stand by. I never cared for stand-by status especially when someone is waiting at the other end and I'm transporting a case full of handguns in luggage.

More bad news: in July I came down with a kidney infection that refused to clear up. I was feeling very uneasy all summer as the time for my long awaited hunt came closer. Finally, in September my illness cleared up and I was ready to go (if an airline would take me there). My luck kept changing for the better as I checked in at the Continental ticket counter in the Newark airport. The clerk checked his computer and I guess learned that there was room on the next flight going and also room on a flight back in five days. He accepted my Braniff tickets and printed out a brand new round trip Continental ticket fully reserved. What a break!

I brought three guns. I wanted to try out my newly worked on .357, 6½" Blackhawk with a 2X Leupold scope. My two basic main stays also went along — Super Blackhawk (3 screw) and a back-up Model 19, 4" barrel. All ammo was factory. I took 125 and 158 grain .357s and 240 grain .44s.

My guide, Charlie Simon, was awaiting at San Antonio airport and off we went for Freer, TX (a small town about 50 miles from Laredo). In late September it was still very hot (95-100°) in South Texas, and that worked against us a bit. Right up front Charlie warned me to be careful when we start walking in the desert — he said "If something doesn't bite you, it'll stick you". The camp was basically a deer hunting set-up with Texas Hunter deer stands erected throughout the flat 44,000 acre ranch. Exxon also had oil pumping stations spotted throughout the landscape. Accommodations were great (the most comfortable I've ever stayed in). We went out that first night and Charlie called in a coyote but not close or clear enough for a shot (we used both hand and cassette calls). Rabbits, both cottontail and blacktail jacks, were plentiful. I knew these little critters would be fun targets later on. Javalina were also very plentiful, but I took a javalina on my last trip to Texas. During that trip to Texas I also learned about rattlesnakes and this time I loaded the first round in my Model 19 with Speer shot shells

especially dedicated to an unwelcome rattler. I carry my Model 19 on my left side in a hi-rise holster while my Super Blackhawk is slung on my right hip.

The next morning we called very early and I got my first taste of the awesomeness of the desert. It's a spooky feeling calling alone in the desert seeing eyes darting about and hearing howls and yelps of coyote all around you, but I didn't get a shot. That morning we picked up (in a red lens spot light) the eyes of a Bobcat, but it was just too cautious and wouldn't quite come in. As it started to get light, one coyote charged to our call and I guess I got so rattled, that I missed a head-on shot with the .44. By then I knew this was going to be an exciting hunt.

Throughout the next couple of days, I missed a couple of shots at coyote as these varmints darted between mesquite bushes and prickly cactus. I scored on my third night. As we were coming back from calling, we spotted some movement. We stopped, saw the shape of a coyote, turned the light on him and before he could run off (as they usually do) I got off a shot. I must have pulled the shot because I hit him under the ear at 50 yards. Well, let me tell you a 240 gr. JHP under the ear certainly anchors a 35 pound coyote — he crumpled instantly. He was a good size male with a full coat. I really got lucky, because most animals don't have a full coat in late summer especially after all the cactus and rough brush take its toll on the hide. It then started to rain for about 15 minutes. We took some fast pictures and headed back.

The next day I tried the scoped .357 Blackhawk on some jacks. I missed a couple, but made a nice hit on an 80 yard jack and another closer one at 30 yards. A couple of cottontail fell to my Model 19. I find it very difficult to hold the scoped .357 steady. This was my first hunt with a scoped handgun. I do pretty well on a bench rest at the range, but it's tough shooting without a rest.

That night was spent calling, unsuccessfully. Time for some drastic action! Charlie knew of an "ol-boy" who ran cat hounds. He made arrangements and the next night we set out with a pack of cat hounds. Only 2 or 3 were released at first. If they got onto any fresh scent, the others would then be released from the truck. We were hoping the early (4:00 a.m.) morning dew would help the dogs pick up a scent. It was so dry that month that we could only hope the dew would be enough moisture for the scent to stick. Well it wasn't. The dogs only ran across some old scents. Soon after daybreak, we found the remains of a mountain lion. We took the skull and some claws for a momento. I was surprised to learn that there are quite a few mountain lions in the area. A couple more rabbits bit the dust that afternoon and I called it quits that night.

It was quite an enjoyable experience hunting that area of Texas and most especially hunting with Charlie Simon on the Tomas ranch. My coyote was dropped off at a local taxidermist to be turned into a rug, and as for a Bobcat — I'll just have to return another time for it.

THE DECISION TO HUNT WITH A HANDGUN

By Ken Armstrong, Minford, OH

As Summer draws to a close and the first September rains signal Autumn, hunting preparations are underway across the United States. Favorite loads are being duplicated in mass, guns are being cleaned, and equipment is being checked. In some cases, equipment is being searched for, so it can be checked.

One thing that is sometimes overlooked during this inspection is a careful evaluation of our reasons and goals.

The decision to hunt with a handgun is a very personal thing. Twenty years ago when I made the choice, handgunners hunted alone most of the time. We had to . . . hell, everyone else thought we were crazy!

That opinion has changed somewhat over the last two decades but probably not as much as you think. Certainly not as much as I would have liked. As more and more dedicated individuals join our ranks, opinions will change. Time and exposure will help promote handgun hunting.

Some aspects of handgunning will never change. Fortunately, they are things like the magnification of challenges, the frustration of mistakes, breathless moments of trying to stalk just 10 yards closer to your intended quarry, or the final second when the rhythm of your heart pounds so loud in your ears that the killing shot is barely heard. No matter how big or how small the game you hunt, whether it's close to home or half a world away, a victory over the odds is one that will be remembered and savored for the rest of your life. I still remember the first rabbit hunt over 20 years ago. The first fox that ever responded to my mouth-blown call is another experience. Coyote hunts in the Southwest desert, and bobcat and cougar hunts in California.

The most thrilling hunt of all, for me, was my first handgun hunt for the whitetail deer. The first four days of this December hunt saw the temperature hover around the zero mark. Snow and sleet had been the order of the day, every day. I already had 40 hours of hard hunting behind me when I bedded down Friday night. The weather was just plain cold and miserable. The morning of the fifth day started just like the other four. My hunting partner chose to go on stand for the final day, due to a problem with severe leg cramps. When we reached his chosen stand, good-bye and good-luck was said, and a plan of hunting was agreed upon that might provide one of us with a shot. Fifteen minutes later and 75 yards into a pine thicket, I spotted a spike buck. He was standing broadside, head down, and was 20 yards away.

One shot from the S & W Model 29 sent him to greener pastures. The 240 grain slug passed through both lungs and exited on the off side about two inches higher than its corresponding entry point. The buck made five leaps and the hunt was over. He collapsed in a thicket 20 yards away. I have his spikes mounted and still, to this day, that hunt gives me cold chills when I think about it. As years go by, time will not change this hunt. It is recorded in my heart and mind.

Making the decision to hunt with a handgun is a relatively minor thing. Accepting the responsibility that goes with it is quite another. Obviously, we have a responsibility to the game animals we hunt. These responsibilities are governed by the rules of fair chase and good taste. The latter in no way refers to the flavor of the meat.

But a tremendous responsibility lies just below the surface of the decision to hunt with a handgun. That responsibility is to all handgun owners whether they hunt or not, and to all hunters, whether they own a handgun or not. Since we are combining two things that some people are strongly against, we as handgun hunters have a responsibility which if not adhered to will adversely affect both the rights of hunters and handgun owners throughout the United States.

Let's try to be ambassadors of good-will and sportsmanship wherever we hunt. That's important to all of us and our reputations. Let's also try to be safe and certain at all times.

There is one subject of safety I would like to mention which accounts for most of the hunting accidents each year. It is a proven phenomenon called EARLY BLUR.

EARLY BLUR occurs quite often in low light situations and in thick cover hunting. During periods of intense concentration. If you have ever been hunting in the woods or a thicket and suddenly stopped and stared at an object that you thought was a deer, only to find out later that it was a bush, a limb, or a downed tree, you have been in an "early blur" situation. If you unholstered your weapon during this time, you were a prime candidate for this phenomenon because the wave of another hunter's arm, the act of moving on stand, or even bending over, at that point could have convinced you that another hunter was part of your deer. "Early blur" is a form of self-hypnosis in which you want to see something so badly, and you are trying to see it so hard, that you accept a substitute for the real thing.

This phenomenon can be demonstrated with a slide projector and a slide of any familiar object. Project the picture on a wall completely out of focus. Gradually, over a period of 10 minutes, adjust the focus a little at a time. After each adjustment, ask anyone who can identify the object to write what it is on a piece of paper and leave the room. Long after the picture is focused well enough for anyone just entering the room to recognize, there will still be a lot of people sitting there who have no idea what they are looking at. Why? "Early blur" is the answer. And the people who left early and guessed wrong should be wised up quickly to this phenomenon, because they were already fully convinced it was something else and ready to bet on it . . . NEED I SAY MORE?

As we load our weapons and take to the fields this year, let's remember a few things that will help lessen some of the resistance and bad publicity for next year.

Good hunting . . . and may one of the trophies you take home this year be a fond memory to last a lifetime.

PENNSYLVANIA DEER HUNT

By Dave Guthrie, Ripley, West Virginia

The idea of going to Pennsylvania to hunt whitetail deer with handguns came to me in August while returning home from the Ozark silhouette range with Al Fiok. We were discussing (and bad-mouthing) the repressive handgun regulations in our resident state of West Virginia. Al, being a former resident of Pennsylvania, informed me that deer hunting in Pennsylvania was with any type of gun, including handguns.

After discussing the idea with four of my hunting and shooting buddies, we obtained the proper licenses. The only problem now was where to hunt. Pennsylvania is a big state with plenty of public hunting land available to non-residents, as we found out through the Pennsylvania Game Commission.

One member of our party, "Duke" Holbert, was a resident of the Keystone State a while back, and had quite a few friends living in Somerset County. He called a few of them and one in particular was very cooperative. He agreed to meet us when we came to Pennsylvania in October to register our pistols. (This must be done in the county you plan to hunt in.)

We met Johnny Wollard at his place of business in Meyersdale. He took us to a village called Rockwood, about

half-way between Meyersdale and Somerset. There he showed us a strip mine he owned part interest in, called Soberdash Coal Company. The coal company owned 2,000 acres and was bordered by about 3400 acres of public hunting grounds. While scouting for a place to hunt, we met a landowner who gave us permission to hunt on his farm of a couple hundred acres. One thing was for sure . . . finding a place to hunt wasn't as hard as we figured. We registered our pistols at the Somerset County Treasurer's Office, reserved two hotel rooms in Somerset and headed back home to await the season opener.

We left Ripley about 1:30 in the afternoon on November 27th with high hopes. We arrived in Somerset just after dark that evening and moved into our new home for what was supposed to be the next week. Sunday, the 28th, we got out of bed to find it raining and cold. The rain was freezing on the ground, and it looked like we might have a nice snow on the opening day of season. After breakfast, we headed for the area we planned to hunt. Our party split up and headed out, looking for game trails and buck sign. After we returned to the trucks, everybody was very excited about what they had

found. Lots of sign with several scrapes and rubs in the area.

The place I had decided to hunt was located between an open meadow and a large cornfield. There were game trails coursing through the woods with an occasional rub on some smaller trees and a couple of scrapes that looked to be very active. Turkey scratchings was evident, so I figured if I didn't see a deer, I might get to see an old Tom turkey strut through.

That night back at the hotel, we got our guns out and checked them over. I was going to hunt with my Redhawk, Dave Rose with a Super Blackhawk, Ron Karst also carried Ruger's Big Red, and "Duke" decided on his 14" T/C 44. All were loaded with 24 gr. W/W 296 and a 240 gr. h.p. by either Hornady or Sierra. The only "pop-gun" among us was Danny Rose's Colt Trooper Mk. III, 357 mag. loaded with 14 gr. 2400 and a 146 gr. Speer h.p. (Boy, does he get a lot of flak about that sucker!) We put the guns up and sacked out early.

The alarm jarred me out of bed at 4:30. I looked out the window . . . no snow, and the sky was full of stars. We got dressed and went to breakfast. After a light meal, we took off for Rockwood. As we left the truck, it was agreed we would rendezvous at 11 a.m. I made my way to a pre-selected spot and quietly kicked the leaves out from around the base of a small oak tree, and sat down to wait for daylight.

The sun came up at 6:50, a beautiful clear morning, with little wind and the temperature was about 50°. Just as it was light enough to see, I heard leaves stirring in the early morning stillness. Turning slowly to my right to get a better view, I began to search the woods with my 8X30 Bushnell Binoculars. Then they appeared . . . three hunters, not more than 70 yards from my stand. They stood and talked aloud for about 10 minutes before moving along. False alarm, I thought, as I heard the noise coming from the opposite direction. This time, I didn't need the binoculars to find the source of the noise. A man and his son, decked out in fluorescent orange, passed by me without stopping. I was starting to wonder if this was a deer crossing or a people crossing!

I sat on the rock under that tree until about 8:30, not seeing anything. Suddenly, a flash of white caught my eye, off to the right. I began searching the woods for the source of the movement, and I saw my first Pennsylvania deer, a nice doe, browsing slowly through a thick patch of saplings and second growth. Watching through the Bushnell glasses, I could see she was totally at ease and not aware of my presence. A closer look revealed two more does behind her. Then I saw the end of an antler, a dandy 6-point buck was cautiously trailing them. The buck was only 65 to 70 yards away, but in that thick brush, a Howitzer wouldn't guarantee a good hit in the vitals. I tried to figure out the situation when I noticed a small clearing about 10 yards wide and approximately 50 yards in front of me. If the deer kept his present course, I would get a perfect broadside shot. I slowly drew the hammer back on the Redhawk while keeping an eye on the buck through the binoculars. It was his move now. Suddenly, the lead doe raised her head and began to smell the air for danger, the buck jumped in the air like he had landed astraddle of an electric fence. It was off to the races

for the deer as they disappeared in the direction they had come.

What had happened? The wind was in my face and I hadn't even breathed, let alone made a sound. I'll never know, but believe me, Hoss, I was one disappointed handgunner.

I just sat there in the morning stillness with my heart pounding like a jackhammer, wondering how my Pennsylvania whitetail had escaped the bite of "Big Red". To say I was disappointed would be the understatement of the year. But my spirits were lifted very quickly as I spotted another deer coming in my direction. I got the Redhawk ready, resting my elbows on my knees, preparing for a shot. It wasn't the buck, though. I sat and watched as five does slipped by at about 25 yards distance. Oh, well, you live and die by the luck of the draw, and this morning, I drew a deuce.

The wind picked up about 9:00 and the temperature dropped considerably. By 10:15, I had all the fun I could stand and decided to still hunt back to the truck. The ground was damp from the rain on Sunday, so slipping through the woods would be fairly easy. I progressed very slowly, taking three to five steps at a time, then stopping to search the woods with the 8X30 Bushnell Binoculars. I hunted this way to the edge of the cornfield, then turned on the afterburner to get to the warm truck.

When I got to the Bronco, Ron was already there. He had seen a couple of does, but no bucks. Later, when everybody had strayed back to camp, no luck was the story of the morning . . . A few does . . . no bucks! We couldn't believe that only one buck was seen by us, considering all the buck sign we found.

At 2:00, I decided to try it again and headed for the same spot I hunted this morning. Nothing moving, no deer, no hunters, nothing! Pretty let down, I decided to stalk back to the truck on an old woods road. I had just stepped out of the woods when I spotted four deer standing in the road, drinking from a water hole. I checked them over — no horns! Finally, one of them spotted me. She snorted once and they

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DEVELOPMENT OF A DEER LOAD

By Wayne Randall, Lake City, MN

With a Wyoming deer hunt coming up in November, I thought it was time to develop a deer load for my S&W .44 with a 6½ inch barrel. Since I experienced good results with Winchester 296 powder combined with Denver cast bullets, I obtained a good quantity of each for testing.

When I received the Denver bullets, I examined them closely. These bullets, like the ones I used in my .357 for a previous test, were well formed with no dents or wrinkles. I then weighed ten of them to determine the average weight. These ten bullets weighed from 255.1 to 256.3 grains with an average of 255.5 grains. Quite good for cast bullets.

Heeding the advice not to underload 296, I started out at 23 grains of 296. This load gave reasonable results with no signs of excess pressure. Adding a half grain at a time I went ahead with my velocity testing. The jump from 23 to 23.5 and on to 24.0 resulted in very little velocity gain. The big improvement came when I loaded 24.5 grains of 296. The velocity jumped to over 1400 fps., as can be seen by the table that accompanies this story. Still no signs of excess pressure. I then loaded 25 grains and fired those through the chronograph. This resulted in a loss of 10 fps! I still experienced no excess pressure signs at this point, but decided

to stop since velocity had decreased. I believe this is due to the peak efficiency being reached at 24.5 grains of 296.

Next I turned these loads on targets at 25 yards. I was willing to sacrifice some velocity if a significant amount of accuracy was obtained. Accuracy was reasonable with all loads. The best accuracy was obtained with 24.5 grains of 296. I didn't run any accuracy tests with the 25 grain load. It looked like the 24.5 grain load was the best.


Retiring to my backyard range, I tried my new load on my deer target. This target consists of an outline of a deer hung from a frame in front of a dirt bank. These targets are of the type used by bow hunters, and are available at most sporting goods stores. At fifty yards, 3.5 to 4.0 inch groups were attained. At 100 yards, with a solid back rest, I could consistently hold five shots inside 8 inches.

This load was indeed a shooter. Any deer within 100 yards, if I have a solid rest, is in trouble. I don't feel handicapped by using a cast bullet. I can't depend on expansion, but I feel complete penetration will be no problem for this bullet. It can also probably be depended on to punch through a shoulder bone and put down a deer for good. Denver bullets can be obtained from: Denver Bullets Inc., 1801 W. 13th Ave., Denver, CO 80204.

FEDERAL CASES — CCI MAG. PRIMERS — WW 296 POWDER
DENVER 255 GR. CAST BULLETS — 85 DEGREES

CHARGE	BULLET	AVERAGE GROUP SIZE	MUZZLE VELOCITY
23.0	255 gr.	1 7/8	1333
23.5	255 gr.	1 3/8	1350
24.0	255 gr.	1 1/2	1365
24.5	255 gr.	1 1/8	1407
25.0	255 gr.	—	1397

Muzzle velocities chronographed on Oehler Model 12, 10 feet from muzzle, screens 10 feet apart. Average of three, five shot groups at 25 yards.



ALBERTS
SWAGED LEAD
PISTOL BULLETS

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Deer Load (Continued from Page 13)
disappeared into the woods. I made it to the truck about dark. We loaded up and headed back to Somerset, shaking our heads.

That night after dinner, we decided to hunt a little farther down the road on the strip mine property. I would have liked to hunt the same area we were in this morning, but it was a long walk from the strip job, so I decided to go along and see what would happen.

Tuesday, the 30th, we awoke at 5:00 and went to the donut shop for breakfast. We talked to some local residents there about the apparent lack of hunting pressure. It was decided by them that the lack of snow and the unusually warm weather had discouraged many hunters. No matter, we finished our food and took off for the woods.

Dave Rose and I headed into a stand of hardwoods to take a stand while everyone else still hunted toward us, hopefully sending something back in our direction. Nothing came, so we split up again to still hunt back to the truck. The only deer seen by us were three does that crossed the road in front of "Duke" and myself. We met at the truck about 10:30. No luck again. Man, what was wrong? Too much sign for the number of deer seen. We decided to go back to the hotel until afternoon. That evening, we went back to the sight of yesterday's hunt. I took off to the patch of woods where I had seen the deer yesterday. I situated myself on a crossing near a line of scrapes and waited. Nothing stirred, so I took off for the truck. It was the same story as yesterday . . . nuthin!. The only excitement for any of us was Ron seeing a couple of turkeys.

That night on the local news, the weather prophet predicted rain, and lots of it, so we decided to stay in and get a new outlook on life. Sure enough, it rained like crazy the next day. Everyone was awfully let down by the weather, but the big reason for our disappointment was the small number of deer we had seen. It seemed that the majority of us wanted to go home and catch the last two days of West Virginia's buck season. Thursday morning was beautiful with sunshine and no wind. Too nice a day to be going home, I thought to myself as I loaded my bags in the Bronco, but that didn't matter. We were going home today, and our Pennsylvania deer hunt was over. Nobody had killed a deer, but I think everyone had a good time.

Now I know that reading a hunting tale about an unsuccessful hunt is kind of a drag, but I learned a few things that will help me when I go back, and I hope they will help you, too. [1] Pennsylvania has a tremendous amount of public and private land available to the non-resident hunter, but be SURE to get permission from the landowner before trespassing on his farm. [2] Be sure to carry a good set of binoculars. The extra weight you are carrying can make the difference in a successful hunt and a long ride back to the house. [3] Pennsylvania deer hunting is played up by some people as being easy. Any time you take a whitetail buck fairly and legally, you have done your homework (plus you've had a little luck!) Just go for the hunt and enjoy being in the woods with your best friends and a fine handgun.



Colt New Frontier compared to a Ruger .44 Flat Top cylinder on right.

S & W 1955 .45 barrel. With its 6-1/2" barrel, standard hammer and trigger, and standard stocks, this sixgun balances perfectly and with properly loaded .45 Auto Rims, would be as close to perfect as a duty weapon could be. Using three loads, this big bore shot very well with Remington Targetmasters, yielding 1-1/4" groups at 25 yards which doubled to 2-1/2" with handloads utilizing ACP cases and Lyman # 452423 over 6 Gr. Unique, and the same bullet in Auto Rim cases over 7 Gr. Unique.

One problem surfaced with this sixgun. Mating the front sight of the .45 barrel with the rear sight of the Model 28 gave a point of impact at 25 yards that was 8" high. This could be easily corrected with a higher front sight.

Of all the conversions, there is one I wish I "had back". My 5" 1950 Military .44 Special was converted to a 5" Target Model at the time I purchased it in mint condition for \$65. The same sixgun in original shape would now be worth around \$1200!

Being well pleased with my conversions, I certainly recommend them. A Colt .45 SA with an extra cylinder becomes three guns capable of firing .45 Colt, .45 ACP, or .45 Auto Rim, which certainly makes the investment in the extra cylinder very practical.

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All of my sixgun conversions are one of a kind. I like it that way.

Now if you really want an easy conversion, take a good look at that T/C barrel you have and contact SSK for a list of their rechambering jobs to convert to some really powerful cartridges.

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FOUR BOAR BEFORE 4:00

By Dennis A. Wood, No. 1328

How do you go about selecting a place to go boar hunting? You can take a chance and rely on the best place being where someone else has told you they got a good boar, or you can just make reservations where you think a good boar might be. But I thought I'd fine out where the Russian boars were originally stocked and then go from there.

In western North Carolina, a game preserve was established in 1912 by some wealthy gentlemen who could enjoy a "shoot" close to home. Among the animals stocked were Russian hogs, noted for their great size, nasty temper, and long sharp tusks. They were more dangerous than the domestic American hog gone wild. Russian hogs soon escaped the compound they were restricted to and began breeding with American feral hogs, or razorbacks and ever since, have provided some exciting hunting for packs of hounds in the Great Smokies of Tennessee and North Carolina. So that's where to look, right? I started with advertisements in one of the major hunting and fishing magazines. Then the three largest places in Tennessee were selected and brochures were sent for. After the information arrived, a choice had to be made. Caryonah Hunting Lodge has wild boar, they allow handguns, they have sleeping quarters and Tennessee home-style cooking. That did it. . . . It sounded good enough for me!

Caryonah Hunting Lodge is located in the Cumberland Mountains about 20 miles west of the city of Crossville. I do believe that when God retires, he's gonna rent out heaven and move to this area. A check among friends to see who wanted to go turned up about 15 guys who were all fired up, but when it came time to send in deposits, there were four of us: Roger Lochowitz, Dave Piro, Gary Isaacson and myself. The choice of weapons and handguns. Roger brought his S & W M29 6" .44 magnum. Dave chose his Ruger Old Army black powder gun. I was bringing my Ruger Super Blackhawk .44 magnum which was made with a 10 1/2" barrel but was recently cut to 6 1/2", received a trigger job, orange front sight insert and white outline rear blade. Gary was going to use a Ruger .44 magnum but wound up bringing a .30-30 instead.

After weeks of anxious waiting and many, many practice rounds of heavy .44 loads, off we went to Caryonah Hunting Lodge, arriving on September 25th. It just so happened that as we arrived about 11 a.m., there were no other hunters there, so we checked in and unpacked. Our hostess, Bobbi Jean Garrison, greeted us as we came into the Lodge and our reservation was confirmed and licenses were filled out. Bobbi Jean's daddy, Lawrence Carey, now retired, established Caryonah 42 years ago and the layout is really terrific. After checking our guns on the shooting range, we were ready. Standing around looking at the hunting dogs they use at Caryonah, a young man came by and told us he was going to be our guide for the hunt and introduced himself as Doug Atkinson. He has been guiding at Caryonah for four years, full time. The five of us then got into one of the four-wheel drive Land Rovers they use, and three

dogs were then loaded onto the back. That afternoon, we would be using "Stump", "Red" and "Gene". Ol' Gene had about three or four freshly stitched slashes on various parts of his hide but was still eager to get onto the truck and go out and tangle with a tusker. After a bone jarring, kidney squishing ride which was made mostly in second gear and necessary to get us out there, we were in some country that would make a flatland farmer sell his plow and take up drinkin'. But that's where the boar are and that's what we came here for. The dogs were untied and let off the truck, and after some leg-lifting and sniffin' around, they were soon on a scent and all three were off running and bawling after a boar.

Doug said we'd need to wait until the sounds of the dogs changed, and in a few minutes, it did. Now, I ain't no track star, but the excitement of finally getting a shot at what we drove 13 hours for made me very fleet-footed. The dogs had a boar bayed in the middle of a creek surrounded by some gosh-awful thick ivy. I could see there was one Hell of a fracas goin' on down in the water of that little creek. Now the problem was to get into the ivy and close enough to get a shot at the big black devil those three dogs were doing their best to keep up for me. Doug advised me to nail him behind the front shoulder and that should put him down. The boar looked to be 75 feet away, he was black as coal and had a nice set of teeth. By the way, the guides here do not carry firearms. As Doug told us, "If a boar charges, find your own tree. . . Stay out of mine!" I, for one, wouldn't want it any other way. I brought my Ruger .44 magnum out of its holster and lined up the sights on his front shoulder. I had to wait until Red quit trying to eat the boar's ears and when all the dogs were clear, squeezed off. As the 240 grain Speer magnum soft point hit home, all three dogs were on that boar like white

(Continued on Page 15)

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on rice. Doug got the dogs off my boar and I put another slug in him, though it really wasn't necessary.

As Doug began to field dress my boar, the dogs went looking for one for Roger. After quite an exhaustive chase and punching several 240 grain Speer .44 magnums through the armor plate that protects the front shoulders of those critters, Roger collected a nice "blue" boar, as Doug called it. The boar was mainly black, but had silver gray guard hairs that gave it a bluish hue. Again, the dogs were off and running, in search of Gary's boar which came to its end with one slug between the right ear and right eye.

Dave's boar was bayed shortly thereafter and took the first ball from his Ruger Old Army high in the back, apparently hitting his spine, because he started squealing and an ol' sow came to his aide from the thickets just behind the boar. As the sow charged, both Dave and Doug chose the same tree to get safe as the sow came through and into the brush on past them. The dogs were getting even on Dave's boar for some of the slashes they received from the wounded devil's cousins. Dave gave the wounded boar two more from the Ruger Old Army and we had four boar before 4:00 in the afternoon.

If you'd like to go on a quality boar hunt, check out Caryonah Lodge . . . you won't be disappointed! Tennessee hospitality lives and breathes there, and the food is spectacular. The full time guides are Doug and Darrell, Doug is the better lookin' of the two, but Darrell is just as good in the guide department. If you do wind up with Darrell as your guide, ask him about the time some lady ate his apple turnover in a nearby restaurant.

I'd welcome their company anytime I'm out hunting . . . they sure know their stuff about boar.

Caryonah's address is: Caryonah Hunting Lodge, Route 10, Crossville, TN 38555. Drop them a line . . . and . . . good handgunning! !!

MOONDOG

By Paco Kelly, Tucson, AZ

That's an improper translation of a Papago Indian word . . . it means the antithesis of Sungod. The relationship between Sun and Moon is easy . . . god spelled backwards is dog . . . so Moondog is the complete other side of a number one idea. Sungod means the first "something" everyone wants, the best to own, to keep. So, if the 44 caliber in our handgun history (44 Walker, 44 Henry, 44-40, 44 Russian, 44 Special, 44 Magnum), is the sungod of calibers, which is the moondog? Which caliber has been overshadowed by the 44's image, which has always taken second place or less, which has always been lower on the charts, graphs, lists, or comparisons? Only one is the moondog . . . the 45 Colt.

It didn't start out that way . . . in 1871-72, about 11 to 15 months before Colt announced to the World they had developed the truly most powerful handgun cartridge up to that time . . . it had been released to the U.S. Army in the new 1873 six shot revolver . . . that would become the Colt Single Action Army, or Colt SAA. The handgun was experimental until 1873 when Smith & Wesson's bored through cylinder patents ran out. Colt's SAA was a giant leap ahead of its competition. S & W tried to play

LONG-TERM NRA MEMBERS

YOU MAY HAVE THE RIGHT TO VOTE FOR NRA DIRECTORS

THE PROBLEMS WITHIN NRA CANNOT BE SOLVED UNTIL THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IS CHANGED

The NRA Board sets the policies of NRA, and establishes the budget to carry them out. Their role is crucial in the future of NRA.

Effective with the Board election of 1983, directors will be elected by ANNUAL NRA MEMBERS who have been continuous members for at least five years, as well as by Life Members. NRA will send ballots, inserted in the Official Journal section of the March 1983 *The American Rifleman* and *The American Hunter*, to all members who are qualified to vote according to NRA records.

This Bylaw change was made by the Board at the December 1982 meeting. It is a good change since it broadens the voice of NRA members in THEIR association.

But increased member control of NRA was NOT the reason the Old Guard majority of NRA proposed this change. They did it for the worst possible reason — to try to strengthen their own control of NRA.

Col. John Fell, one of the Old Guard directors standing for re-election in 1983, told the truth during the board meeting when he said, approximately: "Let's call a spade a spade. This (granting of the vote to annual members) is designed to prevent a small organized group of members from controlling the annual meeting and overturning the will of this board."

What he is talking about is the "small, organized group" — led by the Federation For NRA — which threw out the old officers at Cincinnati in 1977, gave members the exclusive right to change some bylaws, and gave the membership the right to elect the Executive Vice President of NRA.

That is the "small, organized group" which established the petition process that allows

members to nominate their own directors — eliminating the "Russian elections" where members could only vote on 25 names for 25 director seats.

That is the "small, organized group" which, at the Denver meetings in 1981, fought back the Old Guard board majority's efforts to overturn the member gains at Cincinnati. The Board pushed Bylaws changes to return the election of the Executive Vice President to themselves, to effectively return to the "Russian Election" of directors, and to "democratize" the Bylaw amendment process by requiring member Bylaws to be made only by mail ballot (assuring Board control of the Bylaws), since they control the information sent to NRA members through the Official Journal.

That is the "small, organized group" which has fought every effort of the Board of Directors to weaken the NRA Institute, to block aggressive ILA actions under Neal Knox to take back lost ground — to go on offense for the rights of America's gun owners.

Thanks to the Board's actions in giving the vote to more members, we of the Federation For NRA can promise them that no longer will they and their vision of NRA be opposed by a "small, organized group" — it will be a LARGE DETERMINED GROUP of dedicated long-term Annual and Life members voting together to preserve the gains made since Cincinnati, to restore the Knox style of offense in ILA — and to sweep out of the way any remnant of the Old Guard that objects.

Now this is REALLY your NRA. You will make the decisions. You will decide who will represent you.

If you were sitting on the Board of Directors of NRA, how would you have voted on the following issues?

Resolution to Fire Timmons & Co. (July 1982)

Incontrovertible evidence was presented that Timmons & Co., the Washington lobbying firm that Marion Carter hired when he was head of ILA, which is now paid more than \$172,500 per year, and which Carter refused to allow Neal Knox to dismiss, was lobbying on behalf of the American Association of Trial Lawyers in opposition to the interests of the NRA. An ATLA official collaborated with the National Coalition to Ban Handguns to bring the case in which the jury awarded a \$2 million judgement against NRA for "allowing a handgun to be stolen in a burglary, then used to commit a street murder." ATLA members are attempting to ban the manufacture, sale and ownership of firearms through product liability suits such as the one brought by Press Secretary James Brady against the maker of the gun used to critically wound him in the attempted assassination of President Reagan. Legislation to prevent such suits is supported by NRA, but according to the Congressional lobbying report filed by Timmons for ATLA Timmons was opposing it.

Would you have voted to dismiss Timmons?
 Yes No
 The NRA Board voted No. 44-15

Resolution to Support Self-Defense With Firearms (Dec. 1982)

A resolution by Constitutional scholar Dr. David Caplan and Judge Paul Tull, both directors, was approved without dissent by the Legislative Policy Committee only to be opposed at the Board meeting by a host of directors and Executive Director of ILA Warren Carrasco. The resolution called for ILA to work in state legislatures and the Congress to restore the eroding "common law right of self-defense." Dr. Caplan argued that unless the trend toward excessive limitations upon self-protection is reversed, self-protection will cease to be a valid reason for owning a firearm.

How would you have voted?
 Yes No
 Your directors voted overwhelmingly against it.

Resolution Directing Executive Vice President to Inform NRA Members of Firms Supporting Anti-gun Projects and Programs; and to Promote the Slogan "Be an Informed, Selective Buyer" (Dec. 1982)

The California Initiative and other anti-gun efforts, are financed through large grants and contributions made by companies and individuals who depend upon marketing their products and services to the public — of which the NRA's 2.5 million members are a significant part. Unless NRA members know what firms are supporting anti-gun efforts, they will continue to patronize and in effect subsidize the projects designed to take away their gun ownership rights. The Old Guard board majority dislikes the thought of using the NRA membership's tremendous economic muscle for they dislike the idea of boycotts. But some Board members, and former ILA Executive Director Neal Knox have argued, it is foolish to refuse to develop one of the most powerful potential weapons in the NRA arsenal.

How would you have voted?
 Yes No
 The Old Guard majority voted that the resolution be tabled (which was the same as a No vote).

Resolution Calling For Directors To Disclose Financial Dealings With NRA (Dec. 1982)

Since some Directors or firms in which they are principals engage in substantial business dealings with NRA, Dr. Caplan proposed that these directors be required to inform the NRA Secretary of such dealings, to avoid any appearance of impropriety.

How would you have voted?
 Yes No
 The Board of Directors voted 43-21 "No".

Resolution Prohibiting Any Endorsements in Board Nominee Biographical Summaries Accompanying Ballots To Members (Dec. 1982)

Since the Cincinnati reforms, when members began being offered a choice of director candidates, director nominees have listed the names of groups and organizations supporting their election, in accordance with guidelines issued by NRA, so voters will know who supports the candidate. Fearful that endorsements of candidates by the Federation For NRA and (as brought out in debate) by former ILA Executive Director Neal Knox would result in the defeat of incumbents, Director John Fell proposed prohibiting all endorsements. The proposed rule would apply to the current election, but the vote was taken one day after the deadline for submission of biographical statements by nominees.

Would you have voted to allow endorsements?
 Yes No
 The Board voted 44-22 to prohibit endorsements.

How did your votes compare to those cast by the Board? Did your directors vote as you did, or did you keep coming out on the losing side by a curiously similar vote — 43-16, 43-21, 43-22, and by substantially the same margin on non-record votes — on these and numerous other votes of direct concern to NRA membership rights.

About one-third of that clearly recognizable bloc — known or believed to have voted against each of the above questions, will be on the ballot which voting members will receive in their March magazines. Those who voted "No" on all of these issues, according to unofficial records,

include Mrs. Pat Auld, F.E. Eymann, John Fell, Alonzo Garcelon, Lawrence Katz, James Orth, Merrill Petoskey, Howard Pollock, Harry Reeves, Wayne Anthony Ross, Alan W. Sexton and William C. Wolf.

If these candidates voted as you believe they should have, by all means support them. But in any event, please keep this information available for guidance when you cast your ballot.

You, the voting members of the National Rifle Association, will determine the future course of NRA by how you vote in this election. We urge you to vote wisely.

The Federation For NRA, former ILA Executive Director Neal Knox, and a host of organizations which support the same goals as the Federation — a strong NRA and a strong ILA — have endorsed the following nominees for the NRA Board of Directors:

Sue Caplan, Weldon Clark, Attorney General (Ariz.) Robert Corbin, Congressman (Idaho) Larry Craig, Max Crunk, Congressman (Mich.) John Dingell, Marion Hammer, J.D. Jones, Lewis J. Kendrick, Neal Knox, Maurice Latimer, Merwin Lodge, Clarence Lovell, David Lyman, Richard Metcalf, Ted Pool, Dr. Charles Provan, Mayor (Kennesaw, Ga.) Darwin Purdy, Dr. Raymond Smith, Robert Tullis, Francis Winters and Michael Yacino.

FEDERATION FOR NRA

William F. Greif
National Coordinator

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catch with a beautiful upgrading of their break top handgun, bathed in Victorian style and a rather underpowered cartridge, also .45 caliber with 28 grains of BP. The S & W Schofield 45 sometimes referred to as the American.

But there was no stopping the Colt SAA. It was simple, attractive, and very strong. As well as powerful, and as all calibers adopted by our Army, it took on the mantle of super-powerful. As Hogg and Weeks state in their fine work, *Pistols of The World*, "The SAA became the symbol of America, as well known as the Stars and Stripes itself . . ." The Schofield cartridge could also be fired in the Colt, but Colt cartridge could not be fired in the S & W. Herein lies the reason for the tagname . . . 45 Long Colt, or just 45 Long.

But where the Colt SAA handgun was a fantastic success, soon other calibers overshadowed the 45 Colt round. That's overshadowed in popularity, not power. It would be 68 years before the 357 Magnum took that place from the big Colt cartridge.

With its new power, its acceptance as the official Army handgun and caliber by 1875, you would think this chambering would be the new sungod till 1935 when the 357 mag. hit the public mind like a bombshell. The reasons for that not happening seems to me to not be very valid. But one must keep in mind it was a time of horse travel, minimum carrying of supplies, and anything that helped was chosen first. The 44-40 was chambered in Winchester's handy rifle and in the Colt SAA, so were a number of other calibers, but not the 45 Colt round . . . no mass produced rifle for it. The 44's reputation for accuracy kept gaining . . . no one thought of the big Colt cartridge as a target load . . . the 44 Russian was for years, the "in" cartridge for serious target shooters. Also, everyone touted the 44's ability to be handloaded hot and powerful . . . the 45 Colt was considered thin walled. What I'm trying to say is our 110 year old cartridge deserves more than a reflection of popularity, it deserves more than second place . . . the moondog.

It is not underpowered, its brass today is as thick and well made as any other cartridge case. Modern steel revolvers like Colt, S & W, Ruger, and others will take safe and sane loads that give a great deal of raw power. The older Colt BP revolvers can't take warm loads . . . so what's new? No BP Colt in any large chambering 38-40, 44-40, or 45 Colt, can be hot loaded.

Gunzine writers like all people think in "boxes" for lack of a better word. A little cubbyhole in our minds, labeled 45 Colt gets all the information that comes in, and stored there . . . like: modern 45 Colt brass is 'thin' . . . I read it in almost every 45 Colt article I've seen. It was firmly planted in my cubbyhole as fact, truth, gospel . . . until I pulled it out and looked at it logically. Why would brass manufactures in this modern day manufacture 45 Colt brass different than 357 or 44 mag. brass? Why use different brass metal, different heat treatment, or have differences in hardness and stress strength? As a matter of fact, they don't. I had 357, 44 Magnum, and 45

Colt R-P cases manufactured this year, hardness tested. They are close enough to be called the same. The only difference was in nickled cases. They are stronger for stress. I cut a number of 357, 44 Mag. and 45 Colt cases in half. They were all practically the same thickness . . . If anything, the 45 Colt's faster decrease in the pressure curve, is a strength asset the others don't have.

"Don't load balloon headed cases . . ." is another admonishment I read often. It's carried on from one 45 Colt article to another, passed from one writer to another . . . cubbyholed as gospel again. I sent J. D. a balloon headed case made by Frankfort Arsenal in 1918 for the Army. It is soft! But it's so old it's a collectable, and I don't use them anymore . . . but the point is, I did for years, with loads for my 1917 45 Colt, S & W, and BP Colts with loads that reached 1000 fps/260SWC. These cases stand out, even in a group of mixed 45 Colt brass. I had no worries of slipping a warm load for a new Colt into an old gun. Now I use brass black on "old" loads. I also sent J. D. a case made in the 1930's that was a balloon head. They are nickel plated and strong. (Also collectables). I used six of them mixed in with my 45 Colt brass that is used in my Rugers. They are still going strong after many, many firings. As a matter of absolute fact, 45 Colt brass is thicker and stronger than today's manufactured 38-40 and 44-40 brass. As far as I'm concerned, it's equal to magnum brass in every way.

I was 15 when I got my first Colt SAA . . . It was in 45 Colt. I had a 44 Special barrel and cylinder installed, and the gun rebuilt. But I kept the 45 Colt tube and cylinder, and had a two caliber system. The flame of the "in thing" for the knowledgeable hand-loader in those days was the ability of the 44 Specials to take stout loads. Elmer Keith and the 44 Associates had turned on my thinking for power . . . and certainly it was all true. But the other half of the story was: just because the 44 Special was able to be loaded with warm loads did not diminish the 45 Colt's potential power.

It seemed so logical, more steel around the chambers of the 44 Specials gave a better margin of safety . . . but think BP handguns in any chambering, 44-40, 38-40, or any other can't take heavy and sudden pressures . . . it's the type of steel, not the amount that counts (Editor's Note: Only partially true). . . So the year the gun is built is more important than its caliber.

The original 45 Colt round is more powerful than today's 45 ACP round. And the 45 Auto has gone through several wars and has not been found lacking. When Ruger brought out their strong new 45 Colt chambering in the Blackhawk . . . I had a recent issue Colt SAA in 45 Colt for a number of years. My everyday load in this 1873 design handgun pushed a 260 grain SWC at just under 1200 fps. I had taken all kinds of game from black bears and big deer, to varmints and feral dogs, near our wilderness home. My friends to the man keep warning me the Colt's design couldn't take the strain. Just like the word is today, don't push the 44 Special or the 45 Colt, if you want a magnum, use a 44 Magnum handgun. Horseshit!

As lovely as the 44 Magnum is, its chambered in big guns, and they're getting bigger. I like a nice trim handgun. The SAA for me is as handy as a defense weapon as it is a hunting tool. And I find in modern guns like the Colt's SAA and New Frontier, Abilene, Cattleman (all trim and small), the big 45 Colt chambering kills as well as a warm loaded 44 Special or a commercial 44 Mag, with my loads.

And because the 45 Colt has a faster expansion ratio than the 44s, 41 Mag, and 357s, it loses less fps than those when the barrel is short for ease in carrying. Speer's reloading Manual #9, Page 419 states their tests show the 4-5/8ths inch Ruger barrel gave only 50 fps less than their 7-1/2 inch barrel. My article in the August 1982 SIX-GUNNER gave a number of loads and an in-depth study of the 45 Colt power potential with big heavy bullets, and today's handguns.

I've carried the big 45 on and off since I was 15 . . . though I've yielded to the siren song of other calibers, I always come back to the 45 Colt. It's handy, powerful, chambered in guns that are trim and compact. Sometimes at night in the many hunting camps I've been in, the Colt has a comforting effect . . . the smell of woodsmoke . . . the feel of the ivory stocks, and the knowledge that it has kept its owners safe for 110 years . . . all of it, suits me.

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CHUMMING FOR DEER?

By Dirty Harry Mayer, No. 195

It was back in nineteen ought seventy-nine while on a mulie hunt with a heretofore untried partner. We were supposedly still-hunting a section of the Sierras in California. Being only the second weekend of the season, hunting pressure was still on the heavy side.

As hinted at above, I didn't know too much about my new partner's knowledge and skills in this deer hunting business. However, in previous conversations on the subject, he had spoken of the numerous kills he had made at some difficult to believe distance. At last, I thought to myself, I had finally teamed up with a hunter I didn't have to baby-sit and spoon feed.

The early morning found us scouting several runs and it was not more than a half an hour before I began to view my new partner in a different light. He would point to tracks from at least ten feet away and declare that they were "fresh" — not more than about 20 minutes since impressed by a very large buck. Being the average city-dwelling part-time hunter, I was so awed at this authoritative conclusion that I was going to dig up a portion of the track-bearing turf for further study back at camp. As I hunkered down to do so, I thought about the state laws regarding removal of petrified artifacts from public lands. This new partner would bear closer attention from that point onward. I had that "funny" feeling in the pit of my stomach again. After we had covered at least 250 yards through the manzanita from where we were camped, my partner "hollered" that it was time for new tactics — like . . . have coffee and a snack. Still uncertain about this guru-of-the-woods, I agreed. During coffee, I noticed that he had also removed two large apples from his pack.

Almost 40 minutes later, I became a bit impatient and told my partner that I was going to head out in a slightly different direction from camp . . . on my own. He said that was fine, and if I was within hearing distance of his "shot", to come a-running and help him with his "buck". Seems that he had an old back injury and it was acting up again. With contrary thoughts in my head, I assured him that I would do so and headed for a point roughly 100 yards from camp into fairly heavy brush. I found a good observation post between two trees and adequate ground cover and glassed back to camp. I watched as my expert partner chomped an apple to the core and really got interested when he took off his cap and rubbed the rim with the apple core. He then proceeded to do

the same to his boot soles. Finally, he slung his rifle across his back and with knife and the other apple in hand, he proceeded up the same trail we had explored earlier. About 30 yards from camp, he began to cut up the apple into narrow strips and tossed them hither and yon across the trail while walking slowly away from camp. He got at least 60 more yards out of that apple before he reversed course back to camp. He made his way to his station wagon, carefully avoiding the apple slices, extracted a folding chair from it and sat down facing the "apple trail" with his gun across his lap.

Not more than a few minutes later, I noted the "expert's" head nodding and jerking upright with slow regularity. Feeling a surge of devilment within me, I carefully moved to a position roughly parallel to his apple-trail and threw a fist-sized rock into the brush. Old expert's head jerked erect, he stood up and shouldered his rifle and "scoped" the trail. Finally, he sat down again with the gun across his knees as before. I repeated my devilment off and on for almost an hour before he finally fired his rifle at "something".

I waited for at least another half an hour and then ran back towards camp all "out-of-breath" and asked him where his buck had dropped. Somewhat apologetically, he said that his shot had been deflected by a tree branch and that his "trophy-buck" was probably in the next county now. I sympathized — with a hidden grin — that those things do happen now and again.

Since he had to get back that evening and it was a long drive, I suggested that we pack it in and head for home. He readily agreed. As we were leaving the campsite, he backed into a reverse turn and I was able to cast a glance back along that apple trail. I couldn't believe my eyes! !! A couple of does crossed the trail and I then caught the movement of a fairly large "rack" moving carefully through the manzanita! !! A shout started deep in my throat as I glanced quickly at my partner, but something made me stifle the shout into a series of muffled coughs. I guess having witnessed my "expert" partner's antics to my laughter and disbelief, I really couldn't bring myself to tell him what I had just seen. I haven't told him to this day. I haven't hunted with him anymore and I don't see him too often, either.

Was his technique valid? Was it just a coincidence? I'm sure there weren't any apple orchards within a hundred miles . . . and yet?



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