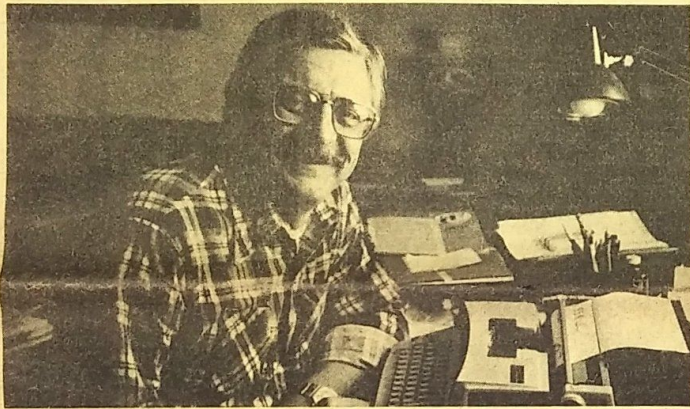




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

AFRICA — Who wants to go this year? Probably around the 15th - 30th of August. Plains game only. Sable-Eland-Kudu-Zebra-Waterbuck-Blue Wildebeeste-Bushbuck-Reedbuck-Impala-Warthog-Dukier-Baboon-Jackal-Birds . . . Takes a little over two weeks. Roughly 6500 bucks will cover air fare and a good hunt. Trophy processing and shipping, tips, personal items not included. If you are serious about going, let's do it! Call 614/264-0176. Space is limited.

HHI HUNT — Anyone interested in one this fall — two choices. A preserve — probably Telico Junction and/or a Texas ranch for exotics. I'm trying to arrange a hog hunt in Georgia for January '82. More details on that later. HHI intends an African hunt for summer '82.

OUTSTANDING AMERICAN HANDGUNNER AWARDS — May 1, Denver. HHI will have as many tables as needed. Call if you intend to go and haven't gotten confirmation.

NEW EQUIPMENT — Dan Wesson, .44 Mag. I'll try to have a complete rundown next issue. Have an early production gun with several barrels. I've put about 250 rounds through the six inch with power control. The gun is the best finished revolver I'm

aware of. With factory 180s or 240s it recoils more like a .357 than a .44. Double action rapid fire is a practical thing with it. It is definitely easier to shoot and more controllable than any other .44 Magnum revolver on the market.

Sights are click adjustable. SA trigger is excellent. DA is better than on any other .44 wheel gun I know of right out of the box. A good tune up will make it great. Accuracy? Well, cold, windy and wet conditions don't help. Tuesday I popped 4x4 pop cans off-hand at around 50 yards. Dropped six SuperVel 240s in it, handed it to Blackie and watched him go 6x6 off-hand. We got quite a few hits out past 100 without adjusting sights under poor to very poor conditions. So far, everyone that's shot it but one, simply turned around with a big smile and said, "That feels like a .357." The gun is built heavy, thick topstrap, heavy frame, no sideplate — action drops out the bottom, short hammer fall, heavy up front. This is a production gun not a prototype. There is a problem with condensation inside the barrel shroud with Power Control barrels under some conditions. I doubt if it will be a problem in others. Cast bullets will definitely gunk up the inside of the shroud. Another 300 rounds will tell a

Continued On Page 2



ALASKA — REFLECTIONS!

By Bob Robertson, No. 309

As I write this, it is -5° and blowing about 20 knots. Flight service is calling for moderate to severe turbulence near the mountains. Around here, everywhere we fly is "near the mountains"! I'm glad I'm not working today, but I guess I ought to think about going back to work soon, as I've been goofing off for almost two months now and the wife is probably going to get tired of supporting me before I get tired of being "kept"!

During the past two months, I got in a little hunting and traveling. In Alaska, the flying business is real slow in the winter compared to the rush in the summer and fall when fishing and hunting are in full swing.

As much as I'd like to skip the weather problems of winter flying, I would probably be crazy by spring if I didn't fly. Flying is like hunting in that if you love it, you have to do it regular.

J. D.'s experience in Alaska was not

unusual for "outside" hunters coming up here for the first time. For that matter, it's not unusual for Alaskans to have the same problems. Our hunting trips are largely dependent on weather and its affect on game movements. It varies so much from year to year it is impossible to predict. All a person can do is plan a hunt with as much information as is available and hope for the best.

I just returned from a moose hunt on the Alaska Peninsula. The area we wanted to hunt was devoid of snow so we couldn't even land our ski equipped Super Cub anywhere. Last year at the same time, conditions were ideal, with snow and moose in abundance. We ended up landing and camping on a high ridgetop, hoping the aircraft wouldn't blow away. The temperature was -10° and 25 to 30 knot winds (unbelievably cold due to the wind chill

Continued On Page 2

little more about it, at this point it looks very good.

Have been using a 629 as a "control" with the D.W. This 629 is mechanically better than anything I've seen for awhile. For several years it seems to me S & W quality was the pits. It started improving a couple years ago. SA trigger is sharper than the D.W.s. It's darn good. DA is the usual S & W — hard. Both these guns shoot like they have eyes. Holding six o'clock on cans laying flat at 50 yards, one click difference in elevation results in either hits or misses. I'm always disappointed in the finish of stainless guns, this 629 is no exception. Also included was an 8 3/8 SSK custom M29 scoped. Unless you have had a scoped high quality revolver you have little understanding what can be done with them. The SSK T'SOB base will stay on the gun unlike some other rigs and gives enough latitude in scope positioning to let you fool around with the balance of it.

6X Berris Pistol Scope — It just isn't a pistol scope in my opinion. I bought one, found it totally unusable at over 16 inches from my eye and much better at 12-14 inches from the eye. In my book that's eye relief for a muzzle loader or M-94 Winchester rifle, not a pistol. Appearance is odd at the front end. I didn't figure it worth using on a handgun and returned it for a 4X.

If you want a rig for accuracy testing or varminting, write Wally Siebert, 22720 S.E. 56th St., Issaquah, WA 98027 and ask him about his 12-20-24X conversions to pistol scopes. Have one here at about 12X that is fine at full arms length from the eye. We'll cover it later. Wally's work in optics is unsurpassed.

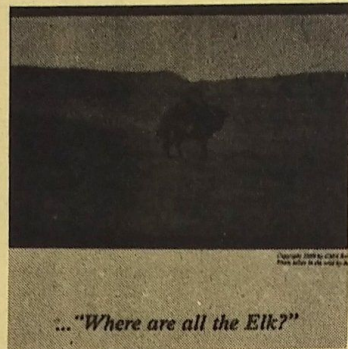
The Stoeger Luger is now all steel, made in the U.S. by Navy Arms. They are now coming through slowly. The Llama Super Commanche .44 Mag is also starting to dribble out of Stoegers warehouse in limited quantities. First reports are good.

Redhawks were priced at \$600.00 at the March Ohio Gun Collector's show at Columbus. I didn't see any fools buy any at that price. Retail is about \$325.00. Apparently they became available first on the west coast and availability moved eastward. Unless you like a five-six pound single action trigger pull, figure on a trigger job on this one. Several HHI members have them and will be writing about them in the future when they have been given a S.A. trigger pull they can live with. Quality seems to be improving.

Have a few rounds through the Wichita MK 40 aluminum receiver bolt gun in a 13 inch 7MM IHMSA. It's quite impressive.

Two peas in 7MM with different pods. That's the 7BR and 7TCU as far as ballistics are concerned. Doesn't seem to me there is a nickels worth of difference between them after the bullet moves out of the case. Felt recoil is definitely less with the 14" T/C vs. the 15" bolt gun. Height of the line of bore and balance seem to make a difference.

Hornady's new Bullet Board is now available at \$63.50. MTM has a bolt concealer box that will hold two rifle bolts at \$3.95. It's a worthwhile safety-security consideration. Five bucks to Bill Bigelow at P.O. Box 1208, Big Timber, MT 59011 will get you a large, color poster answering the question, "Where are all the Elk?" Alberts Corp. P.O. Box 157, Franklin Lakes, NJ 07828 manufactures a very com-



plete line of swaged lead bullets. New are a 32 cal. 100 grain hollow base wadcutter and a .45 215 gr. semi wadcutter. Write Jerry Alberts for load data for his bullets. Federal has a new 200 grain .44 special hollow point load.

Alaska Continued From Page 1

factor). It turned out to be an ordeal, as we couldn't even preheat the Cub's engine so it could be started with four camp stoves and sleeping bags wrapped around the cowling. We were stuck there for three days until the wind died down. We got one moose, but regretted that long before we got it out. Trips like this can happen to anyone. I guess that's what makes it all so interesting!

I would like to make some comments on J. D.'s recommendations. I know from personal experience that the Alaska Fish and Wildlife Protection Division does not deputize guides and does not hold infractions over their heads to get them to turn illegal hunters in. Their licenses can only be pulled by the Guide Board which is made up of fellow guides and this is done only after serious infractions.

However, it is everyone's responsibility to report violations and by legislative statute guides are required to report any violations known to them personally.

In recent years the Protection Division has used undercover "hunters" that book hunts with allegedly crooked guides. The "hunter" will make an arrest if the guide violates a regulation. This program was instituted because of the high incidence of violations such as: herding game (mostly brown bears on the Alaska peninsula) with aircraft, by a guide towards his hunter, and spotting game from the air and then landing and immediately shooting, etc. You cannot legally fly and shoot big game on the same day in Alaska.

I suggest that anyone who is considering booking a hunt should ask the outfitter for references and then converse with them. Also get a list of licensed guides from the Alaska Department of Public Safety, Fish and Wildlife Protection Division in Anchorage. Beware of unlicensed or assistant guides that are backing hunts. Only licensed registered or master guides can legally contract for hunts.

On the equipment recommendations J. D. covered it pretty well. Raingear: in our rainy areas (most of the state) only rubberized rain gear is worth a d - - - Gore-Tex is not waterproof, only water resistant. I'll gladly haul anyone that thinks differently through the brush for a half-day in Yakutat in September and then loan him a dry match to burn it. Footwear: L. L. Bean boots are ideal for most caribou-moose country. Supplement these with hip boots (that have been tested prior to the trip!!) Sleeping Bag: I highly recommend artificially insulated bags.

They are just as warm as down and I have never been on a trip yet anywhere in the state, anytime of the year that my bag didn't get at least damp. I prefer wool clothing exclusively with a polarguard vest and jacket. Lots of mosquito dope. Musk-oil is best. Forget the Vitamin B-12 and electronic repellants.

I could go on about equipment because I love to experiment with it and have some definite opinions on it. I'll gladly help anyone who is considering a trip up here.

Terry Crouch of Anchorage makes an interesting point in his letter about hunting big bears with a handgun without a backup.

His point is well taken and I generally agree with him. It is a good idea to have a backup with you when you are trying for the big bears. For that matter, it's not a bad idea if you are hunting with a rifle, either.

However, it can be done safely (as safe as anything can be considered, anyway) if a person goes about it very carefully. You cannot just pick any bear and then shoot if it gives you the chance like a rifle hunter would do. A rifle has a reserve of power; and penetration combined with expansion of a well designed bullet, and usually exact shot placement with rifles at the ranges most bears are shot is simple. A handgun hunter has to choose his shots according to the situation: how much time for the shot, angle of the shot, distance, type of terrain, and most important, how alert the bear is to what is going on. It's not a good idea to shoot if he is aware you are around. Bears are not nearly as aggressive as their reputation indicates, however, they are individuals, more so than any other animal I've ever been around. You must be prepared for the worst.

This October I killed a brown/grizzly with a handgun. I've been waiting for the perfect opportunity for years, although I haven't been devoting as much time to it as I would like.

I was floating a small river in a rubber Avon raft with a friend, who was armed with a rifle. We had observed several bears along the upper part of the river feeding on Coho salmon. It was very early morning and we had been floating for about an hour. This is a very effective way to get close to bears as it is almost noiseless. Sometimes you get too close!!

We were floating around a gently curving bend with a cut bank on the outside curve. I looked along the bank once and then into the brush. I looked back at the cut bank to see a bear coming out of the water. He looked like a big black ghost emerging from the river. He had been completely submerged while pursuing fish. He stepped out of the water onto a steep trail leading into the alders lining the riverbank. We were about 100 yards away when I first spotted him and now as I eased the raft onto a sandbar, we were about 50 to 60 yards from him. The bear had seen movement and was getting nervous. The wind was in our favor and he was still trying to get our scent. A bear is not blind like some would have us believe. He sees movement very well, but usually will not spook based solely on sighting someone that is stationary. He will try to determine what is near him by his sense of smell.

I slowly kneeled onto the sandbar and shot. I usually shoot for high lung shots as in this way, I don't have to worry about shoulder penetration. I

was using my 6.5" M-29 and 24.5 gr. H110 and the Sierra 240 gr. bullet for 1425 fps out of my Armoloyed M-29. I have never lost an animal hit thusly because any animal, regardless of size, will die quickly with both lungs punctured.

I like the Sierra because it will penetrate (lengthwise through mountain goat at 100 yards). I don't count on any expansion. In fact, I believe that the "secret" of the .44 for big game is complete penetration. A .44 hole through an animal, in the right spot, is a good killer! A .44 hole will dump a lot of blood out of each side. I know that a lighter, faster bullet, going fast enough to expand, will probably kill a deer sized animal quicker than a non-expanding bullet in most cases, but for this, you must trade off the ability to penetrate sufficiently on a bigger animal, or if you get a lengthwise shot on a deer.

I use my M-29 because I'm confident with it and any more velocity from .44 with this bullet would be detrimental to penetration.

Back to the bear . . . He was quartering towards me with his right shoulder pointing at me. My favorite broadside shot wasn't possible, so I held just below where his neck flared into his shoulders, hoping to miss his shoulder bones and hit his heart-lungs area.

At the shot, the bear let out a sharp "wulf" and ran into the brush.

At this moment, the M-29 felt fairly small and I was glad that I had brought someone along this time. My friend, Bob Boutang, however, was not particularly glad that it happened to be him. Bob is a dedicated rifle hunter (.375 H&H). Every time he witnesses me kill another animal with my .44, he says, "Maybe it can be done," but soon regains his senses!

Bob had visions of tracking a wounded bear and hand-to-claw combat in the alder brush! We secured the raft to a tree and started looking very carefully for blood signs. We moved back into the brush for 100 yards and didn't find anything. This is not unusual on a long haired animal, as it takes a while for the long hair to start losing blood, and a bear can cover 100 yards of alder patch very fast and very quietly. As we were backtracking towards the river, I found a large pool of blood about 50 yards from the spot where the bear was hit. I took a step towards a group of tall spruce trees and spotted the bear approximately 50 feet away. He had died running as was apparent by his position.

It took a few moments to point him out to Bob and another few to convince him that if he shot the bear with his rifle (for an unneeded finishing shot) I would probably pistol whip him. (Pachmayr grips work good for this as they don't leave unsightly marks!)

We waited a while and I broke a tree limb off and threw it at him. He didn't even let out a sigh as animals sometimes do if lung shot. Good thing, in this case, as I like Bob a lot, and want to remain friends! I don't think Bob was convinced that the bear was dead until we had loaded the hide into the raft and were halfway down the river!

The bullet entered the bear at the aiming point and penetrated lengthwise through him and lodged under the skin against the massive left-rear leg muscle. Both lungs, heart, and liver were damaged. The jacket was split by

contact with a shoulder bone so it expanded to .675 and weighed 220 grains. I would have traded the expansion for complete penetration, if given a choice; two holes through the skin are better than one for a blood trail.

I couldn't have been happier with the bear. He was big, approximately an eight-footer, and had a beautiful hide. He is colored like a glacier bear, with a bluish-grey tint to his guard hairs. His hair is very long clear down to his claws. I had his hide tanned for a couch throw. It would have cost a grand to have it made into a rug. Now I'm out of the brown/grizzly business for four years until I can start looking for that 'perfect' shot again.

RANDOM EXPERIENCES

By Dale Pettitt, No. 197

The following are some miscellaneous experiences that came to mind as I was reading Tom South's experience with his Virginia Dragoon. Reading all the rave reviews about the Dragoon when it was introduced, made me sure it was the gun for me. I already had a new model Super Blackhawk, but I liked the thought of a shorter six inch barrel, an all steel gun (including a steel rear sight and ejector rod housing), and a case-hardened frame, all features I prefer.

I couldn't find one locally, so I ordered one. When it arrived, I was impressed with the nice compartmented box it came in and the beautiful blueing on the gun. I was, however, extremely disappointed with the polishing of the frame before case-hardening, dulling the looks and overall impression.

After arriving home, I decided to give the gun a thorough going over. First I noted excessive "blue-sky" (gapisis) between barrel and ejector rod housing. Next, testing cylinder lock up, I found that the cylinder could be turned by hand, out of alignment with the barrel. The groove leading into the locking notch was too deep. Lastly, I checked the chamber barrel alignment. Imagine my surprise when I found that the chambers were substantially out of alignment and below the barrel.

Knowing that bullet distortion and lack of accuracy were inevitable, and that even shooting the gun could be dangerous, you can imagine how disappointed I was. I immediately called Interarms to express my concern. A pleasant lady on the other end said to return it and they would fix it.

About two weeks after sending it away, I received a brand new gun from them. Fortunately, none of the mechanical defects described above were present in the new gun. I can only assume that the first gun was an early one, but I don't think it should have passed inspection and been sold.

I was very pleased with the service I received. I didn't have to plead or threaten. Interarms volunteered to help. Unfortunately, the polishing and case-hardening of the frame of the replacement was as unimpressive as the

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first. I never did like the feel of the grip; it was too bulky, so I finally sold it. The fellow that bought it, loves it, but I've never missed it and will stick with a Super Blackhawk.

Another time, I bought a Ruger Security Six from a friend which would fail to fire about three rounds out of 50. I was hoping that perhaps only the mainspring was weak. I ordered a new mainspring, mentioning the symptoms plus the fact that the gun was a couple years old when I bought it. When I received the part, my check had been returned along with a note to return the gun for repairs if the new mainspring didn't solve the problem. Unfortunately, the misfires still occurred, so I boxed up the gun and sent it to Ruger.

Very shortly, I received it back with a work order indicating that it had excess head space and a new cylinder, barrel; and miscellaneous small parts had been replaced, then reblued, all at no charge, even on a two year old gun.

Those were two of my personal experiences that impressed me with Interarms and Ruger. Friends of mine have had similar positive experiences with Dan Wesson, too. I think that any reputable manufacturer will stand behind his product when the product was at fault, if you treat him fairly.

Swiggett: On North American Deer

By J.D. Jones

Hal Swiggett HHI, No. 8 is not only a good friend; he also happens to have been nominated for the Outstanding American Handgunner Award on several occasions which indicates he is a passable pistolero, is a gun writer of some repute (ill and otherwise), has made a 40 some-odd year occupation of chasing deer all over North America and has now taken the time to gather a few friends opinions as chapters and put together a book about deer hunting.

Swiggett wrote most of it himself and this is one book that does a dandy job of talking about deer and how to hunt them. It's profusely illustrated and shows all types of North American deer as well as the equipment to hunt them.

Of particular interest are illustrated chapters dealing with field dressing, capping for taxidermy, butchering and cooking deer.

I'm a little disappointed only one chapter is devoted to handgun hunting deer, but Hal boils it down in a hurry and I flat don't know anyone who has more actual experience to draw from than him. His opinions aren't to be taken lightly. He's probably killed more deer than I'll ever see.

The book is a soft cover, 267 actual pages plus references long and is available to all you HHI members in an autographed copy prepaid to your door for eleven bucks. If you hunt, you'll enjoy it immensely. If you don't, buy it anyway. He isn't even afraid to list his address: Hal Swiggett, 539 Roslyn, San Antonio, TX 78204.

YOUR ARTICLES NEEDED NOW

HEAD STAMP

By David Hoeltzle, No. 242

Fred Crump is a tall good natured farm boy who can shoot the fleas off a sleeping dog at a hundred yards without disturbing his rest, but he lacks a whole lot of common sense. Fred's initials F.C. earned him the nickname Head Stamp not only because they are the same as Federal Cartridge's but also because anybody who knew him would swear his head had been stomped on at an early age.

1:00 a.m. Alarm clock rings.
2:00 a.m. Hunting partner arrives, drags Head Stamp out of bed.
3:00 a.m. Leave for woods.
3:15 a.m. Drive back home to pick up gun.
3:30 a.m. Drive like hell to get to woods before daylight.
4:00 a.m. Set up camp — forgot damn tent — too dark to set up anyway.
4:30 a.m. Head into woods.
6:05 a.m. See eight deer, take aim, squeeze trigger.
6:06 a.m. CLICK!
6:07 a.m. Load gun while watching deer go over hill.
8:00 a.m. Head back to camp.
9:00 a.m. Still looking for camp.
10:00 a.m. Realize you don't know where camp is.

Noon Fire gun for help — eat wild berries.

12:15 p.m. Run out of bullets.
12:20 p.m. Deer come back.
12:25 p.m. Strange feeling in stomach.
12:30 p.m. Realize you've eaten poison berries.
12:45 p.m. RESCUED!!!!
12:55 p.m. Rushed to hospital to have stomach pumped.

3:00 p.m. Return to camp.
3:30 p.m. Leave camp to hunt deer.
4:00 p.m. Return to camp for bullets.
4:01 p.m. Load gun — leave camp again.

5:00 p.m. Squirrel is bothering you.
5:05 p.m. Empty gun at squirrel.
6:00 p.m. Arrive back at camp.
6:01 p.m. See eight deer grazing at camp.

6:02 p.m. Load gun.
6:03 p.m. Fire.
6:04 p.m. Deer out of sight.
6:05 p.m. Notice that you **did** hit the pickup.

6:10 p.m. Hunting partner returns, dragging deer.
6:11 p.m. Suppress strong urge to shoot hunting partner.
6:12 p.m. Fall into fire.

6:15 p.m. Change clothes, throw burnt ones into fire.
6:20 p.m. Take pickup — leave partner and deer in woods.

6:30 p.m. Pickup boils over — hole shot in block.
6:31 p.m. Start walking.
6:40 p.m. Stumble and fall — drop gun in mud.

6:45 p.m. Meet BEAR.
6:46 p.m. Take aim.
6:47 p.m. Fire — barrel blows up — plugged with mud.

6:48 p.m. Messed pants.
6:49 p.m. Climbed tree.
9:00 p.m. Bear departs — throw gun in nearby pond.

Midnight Home at last.
Sunday Watch football game on TV.



HORNADY HANDBOOK

By J. D. Jones

Loading manuals a few short years ago were basic nuts and bolts books. They gave precious little information of value other than: "Use so much of this under that . . ."

Today's better manuals aren't manuals — they are comprehensive dictionaries of "how to" information for the beginner and advanced handloader alike. The load data is still there for over a hundred Hornady bullets and 117 different cartridges — both run of the mill and wildcat.

Twenty cartridges are covered in the handgun section including the 7BR and 7X45 which may be used as a guide for loading the 7TCU. In the Magnums I think you'll find some maximum loads with slow burning powders that I don't believe have been published in a book such as this previously. Both the max charges and velocities match very closely with what some of us have been doing for years.

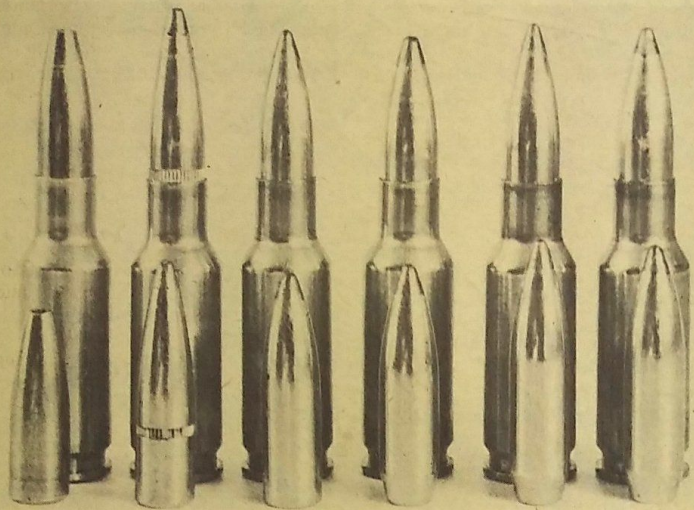
Quite a lot of space is given silhouette type loads as obviously the Hornady .357 — 160 FMJ and .44 240 FMJ are leading competitive bullets in the .357 and .44 Mag. The Hornady .45 — 230 FMJ flat point is rapidly gaining a reputation as 'the' .45 bullet in many competitive circles.

Separate sections of the book cover just about anything you might have an interest in and extensive ballistic tables are provided showing wind drift tables and remaining energies and trajectories to 1000 yards for many cartridges.

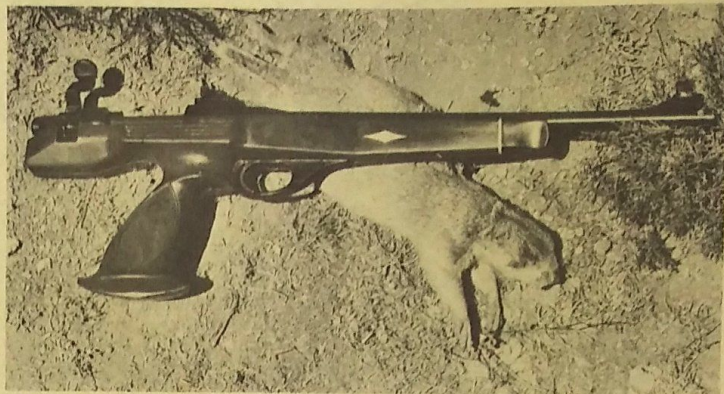
I'm a firm believer in owning every manufacturers handbook. They are all good and useful for cross-references and additional data. The Hornady book should be in every handloaders library. It's available now at your local store or direct from Jim Smith at Hornady (Box 1848, Grand Island, NE 68801) for \$9.95 plus a buck for postage.



CUSTOM SUPER BLACKHAWK crafted by a top-rated pistolsmith. Custom work includes SATIN NICKEL finish, 6" barrel, accuracy modifications, polished and tuned action and high-visibility sights. Gun is new, unfired and cylinder is unmarked. Priced to sell at \$350.00. Call from 6 to 10 p.m. EST. (603) 622-2258. Also available: Dan Wesson .22 V&R, new with case for \$195.00; and Ruger NM Blackhawk .45 convertible, 7½" in as-new condition for \$150.00. Jim Hart, No. 398.



The 7 BR and bullets for any occasion: 115 gr. Speer, 139 Hornady, 145 gr. Speer, 145 gr. Speer BT, 160 Speer BT, 160 Sierra BT. Some of the stoppers are almost as big as the bottle.



The 7 BR is capable of fine accuracy and is a highly efficient prairie dog gun.

SILHOUETTES OF THE REAL THING

By Philip C. Briggs
The Remington Silhouette

Long range handgunners have a lot to thank the silhouette sport for. A reason to shoot more, hordes of new-found compadres, and most importantly, a host of stunning new pistols. Fifteen to twenty years ago those of us who practiced the arcane act amused ourselves on rocks and varmints, sending 44 caliber slugs a long ways down range, believed in Elmer's feats, and read of Al Goerg's custom handguns on rifle actions, topped with modified rifle scopes, with pangs of jealousy. Now, anyone can venture into his friendly local dealers and trade small amounts of grickles for pistols that are better than anything we hoped for. Like the Remington 7 mm BR Silhouette.

Remington introduced the XP-100 pistol in 1963, and called this Buck Rogerish plastic and steel creation, a "Long Range Pistol". And it was — for varmints and small big game, like javelina and turkey. But bigger critters take more killing, and the diminutive 221 Fireball cartridge didn't have it. Still, the pistol sold well as the ugly, unconventional creation found a home with those that found its ability to put a bullet within an inch or so of where they looked at a 100 yards to be a useful and redeeming trait.

Then, in 1976, at El Pasco, a XP rebarreled for a shortened 308 won the second national championship handgun silhouette match. For the next four years converted XP's were the pistols to beat in unlimited, and Remington's limited annual production run of pistols disappeared into the new market.

With this demonstrated large, and growing market, the introduction of a factory version seemed to be just around the corner, but I guess things move slowly in large corporations, and it wasn't till the spring of 1980 that the long awaited pistol appeared on dealers shelves.

The pistol looks just like a low dollar XP-100 conversion, a long-barreled action set back into that uncomfortable nylon stock. A Remington rep, in reply to my printed bitchies about the stock (I don't like it — hurts my pencil-pushing hand), advised that they knew the stock wasn't right for everyone, but

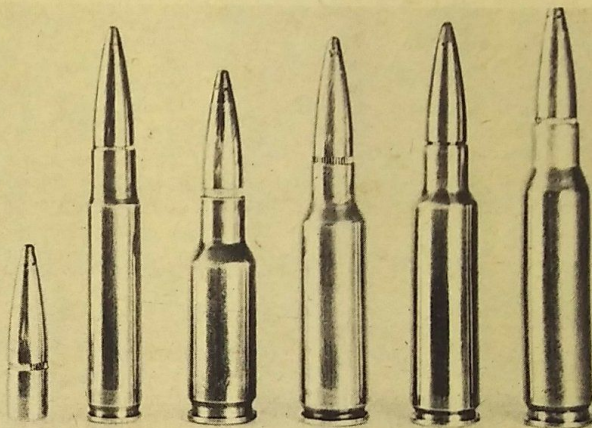
felt that using the existing stock would allow marketing the pistol at a reasonable price, and the shooter could replace the stock if that was his preference. Same logic for the sights (none — user installed to suit desires/needs.) I expect there are those that would change stocks just to be doing it, but as the existing stock violates just about every handgun stock design principle, the logic that the stock isn't right for everyone (anyone) sounds self serving. The cost of production would be the same for most any shape stock, so the only difference is the costs of molds (a lot I expect), but still, I'd guess most would gladly pay an extra five or ten skins to save paying a 100 later.

The use of the existing stock carries another drawback it fixes the diameter of the barrel too slim to fit the forend. The barrel starts out nice and fat, but it tapers rapidly to about .57 inches at the forend tip, and stays that diameter to the muzzle.

The receiver comes drilled and tapped for a scope, and for a receiver sight, and the barrel bears two sets of mounting holes to allow maintenance of legal sight radius with either a receiver or front ring rear sight location. I favor a Micro or a Bomar on the ring for competition, and a 4X Leupold (or Redfield) for field use.

I didn't take the time to scope up the 7 mm BR I had to see what it would do, as my plan at the time was to develop silhouette loads and get in some competition. Using open sights off the bench to chrono test loads I shot a lot of sub-inch groups at 25 yards. I've since been working with a gun rechambered to 7mm-08, and with a 2X Burris scope, I've been shooting inch or so groups at 50 yards from the bench. My 221 Fireball hunting rig, with the 4X Leupold will cut that in half at 50 yards though, so I'd expect a higher power scope on the 7 mm BR would yield better groups — more than good enough for big game. I did manage one straight with the 7 mm BR, and I've no doubt it would shoot straights all the time if you can. Accuracy then, out of the box, should be good enough for most uses.

I've included a table of test results



Some popular 7MM silhouette cartridges loaded with the 139 gr. Hornady — 7X47 (very similar to the 7 TCU), 7 BR, 7-308x1 3/4, 7 IHMSA, 7-08.

REMINGTON 7mm BR TEST LOADS

Bullet	Powder Type	Charge (grs.)	Velocity		Remarks
			Ave. (fps)	Variation (fps)	
Speer 115 gr. HP	RL-7	26.0	2326	26	
Sierra 120 gr. Sp	RL-7	26.0	2335	44	
		28.0	2466	15	Varmint load
		26.0	2160	66	
Hornady 139 gr. Sp	H322	30.0	2500	67	Near top load
		22.0	2000	10	
		25.0	2117	52	
		27.0	2239	82	Near top load
		29.0	2067	17	
Sierra 140 gr. Sp	H322	24.0	1974	48	
		28.0	2261	32	Near top load
		30.0	2086	31	
		34.0	2339	11	Near top load
		26.0	2022	27	
Speer 145 gr. Sp	H4895	29.0	2269	19	Competition load
		30.0	2360	28	Near top load
		24.0	2120	25	
		27.0	2064	79	
		27.0	2166	38	Top load
Speer 160 gr. BT	H335	27.0	2023	23	
		25.0	1977	56	
		27.0	2009	33	
Sierra 160 gr. BT	H335	29.0	2172	22	Near top load
		26.0	2039	13	Slightly compressed
		28.0	2179	13	Near top — competition load

Velocity data for one five-shot group, measured at 10 feet from muzzle with an Oehler M33 Chronotach and skyscreens. All loads used Federal's thick cup small rifle match primer (205M). Overall lengths: Speer 115 gr. HP — 2.22 inch; Sierra 120 gr. Sp — 2.27 inch; Hornady 139 gr. Sp — 2.34 inch; Sierra 140 gr. Sp — 2.27 inch; Speer 145 gr. Sp — 2.21 inch; Speer 160 gr. BT — 2.23 inch; Sierra 160 gr. BT — 2.26 inch. All loads shot in -110° F temperatures; more modest temps may allow higher charges, but start low, and approach top loads slow. You're on your own here.

for a variety of bullet weights and powders for the 7 mm BR. The cartridge is small, holding 30-32 grains of water, which puts it in the same category as the 7mm T/CU, 7X47 and 30 Herrett. Little cases in pistol length barrels are surprisingly efficient though, so the maximum velocities attained are out of proportion for the stubby little case.

I was able to drive 120's at 2500 fps, 140's at 2300 fps, and 160's at 2200 fps. Maximums, by the way, were determined using primer and case appearance, and functioning. Not entirely accurate, to be sure, but indicative.

Continued On Page 5



Remington's 7 BR with Micro rear and Burris front sight.

To put the hunting potential of this pistol and little cartridge in perspective I would note that the 120's get into 257 Roberts territory, the 140's into 6.5X55mm country, and the 160's nibble in 7X57 mm space — and that's comparing the pistol to rifle velocities! As all of these rifle rounds are respected medium size North American big game hunting cartridges, I expect the 7 mm BR has a place in the average deer or antelope hunter's hands.

Back to the long range part. If wary prairie dogs or jumping jacks are your target, the ability to take the long shots without guessing range and hold over can mean the difference between a successful afternoon or a frustrating day. A flat shooting pistol eliminates that need within its effective range. With Sierra's 120 at 2500 fps the point blank range for a strike within 2.5 inches plus or minus of the point of aim is — hold your hats — 240 yards (zero to 200 yards). Of course, the pistol's accuracy enters into the equation, but realistically that means that any jack you can see in a 4X pistol scope is within range. Imagine — point and shoot. Relaxing the deviation criteria to five inches, plus or minus, for big game, you'll find any antelope within 300 yards (zero to 250 yards) is within range. Out at that

range the bullet's energy is down to less than a thousand foot/pounds. So that I'd guess for clean kills one shouldn't try anything past 200 yards or so. Still, that's an incredible range for pistol hunting. Looking at the 140 Sierra at 2300 fps, the point blank range for a five inch spread is about 280 yards (240 yard zero) and the bullets energy at that range is about a thousand foot-pounds. A better choice for mulies, at 200 yards or thereabouts.

Now, if that's not good enough for you there's an easy way to put more oats in this budget blaster. A chambering reamer. I've just started to work with a 7mm-08 version and it appears that the larger case will add 150 to 200 fps to the above velocities, at a cost of 10-12 additional grains of powder, and recoil that gets into the serious category.

Thanks to the steel shooters, we've a reasonably priced handgun available that'll make the fur fly off the backside of everything from prairie dogs to mule deer at ranges that we could only dream of 20 years ago. Put a set of swivels (Michael's QD 115 NS) and a sling on it (their 48 or 72 inch utility version), a 4X Leupold scope, and head for the hills.

Just leave a few critters for me.

BUSTED BEAR HUNT

By Larry C. Rogers, M.D., F.A.A.F.P.

I've got the fever. I've had it for five years now. There's no cure for it. I know, I've read all the books, and I'm terminal. It's bear fever. You know the signs. You live for, think about, and read about nothing but bears. All the family savings go for bear hounds; you call the guy whose willing to trade a bear hound for the wife.

I got the fever when I moved to rural eastern West Virginia and became associated with a large group of bear hunters. The first year's hunt really fixed me. We had several chases each day in a large, five mile by two mile valley. The sound of hounds hot on the trail of a bear or barking treed is enough to drive any sane hunter crazy. I came close to several chases, but never close enough. My fate was cast, however, as on the first day of my second year I intercepted and shot a medium size blackie with a .30-06 (nobody's perfect).

I looked for new challenges hunting black bears the next few years. West Virginia has legalized .22 caliber handguns for hunting only small game, so I took up bow hunting bear. For two years I chased a blackie that was hooked on an old farm's apple orchard. I saw tracks and partially eaten dead meat, but never the bear. Many frustrating hours were spent chasing that bear. A gun hunter probably killed him this year. He dressed out 341 pounds, and West Virginia doesn't have any big bears!

Frustrated, not content with arrows, and now totally involved in Handgun Hunters, I decided to hunt bears in Maine. My schedule only permitted a late spring hunt over bait. I would have preferred to go with the dogs, but c'est la vie. A lot of writing, phone calls and general nosiness produced the name of Wayne Bosowicz in central Maine. He is a bowhunting guide that accepts gun hunters. He was given the highest recommendations by everyone I wrote.

I anxiously practiced with my Mag-Na-Ported five inch Ruger Superblackhawk and 8-3/8 inch Mag-Na-Ported Smith Model 29. Both would take out pop cans regularly out to 75 yards with 23 gr. WW296 and a 236 gr. Norma steel jacketed bullet (they're not for sale). I never could decide which one to use so I took both.

The trip finally came off in June. My father and I, and three West Virginia bowhunters safely arrived at Foggy Mountain Guide Camps. Everything I was told about Wayne and his set up was true. We were boarded in a lakeside moosehunting lodge. It was beautiful, spacious, and just a little piece of paradise. The entire staff was personable, friendly, and obviously knowledgeable about their quarry.

The next day we were shown the bait sites. The first three sites for the bowhunters were sensational. The woods were wild and thick. Thirty yards was the absolute maximum range. You could just "see" the bears

coming to the bait. Then Dad and I were shown our stands. Wait a minute! What's this? Our stands were close to main roads. I could see the traffic go by mine. I also had the bonus of being on the edge of a swamp. The first few hours in my stand were typical of the next three days. I heard lots of traffic, watched flies eat the bait, was driven crazy by the mosquitoes' buzzing, and cursed those damn black flies with every breath.

Most all the bowhunters saw bears and a few connected. The gun hunters struck out. After three days of skunked out and screwed up, Dad and I were shown new stands in the high country of Maine. They were much better being in wilder woods. I could sense the presence of bears. All was quiet and buggy until thirty minutes before dark. Four days of sitting and not seeing anything was taking its toll. I was bored, day dreaming and reliving many former hunts. I finally realized I was hearing a new noise. Chomp, chomp, chomp. It still didn't register. Wait a minute! That's a bear chewing!

My entire body went into high gear. My heart was thumping and I got a little shaky. Immediately my eyes were trying to see the entire forest at once. "No, he's not on the bait. But where? Wait a minute, dunce, you've got binoculars! Where the hell. Whoa, there's black fur ten yards past the bait." I couldn't tell what part I was seeing. I had to wait it out. Finally, ten minutes before dark I could see the bear. It was this years cub. He couldn't have weighed more than 15 pounds. Then another cub appeared. My Smith was ready, but the orange and white sights were getting dark. (I've since found fluorescent yellow and pink that are fantastic in the dark.) I could barely see the cubs when I heard chewing off to my left, directly ahead, and behind me. There were at least five bears around me and it was dark. I carefully climbed out of the tree. Mr. Smith lead the way just in case my friends got nosey.

At least I had seen something now. My spirits were better. I couldn't wait for the next afternoon to come. I even went to the stand early. After quickly and quietly getting in my stand, I got my 29 ready and settled in for a six hour wait. About three minutes later I noticed a blur of black on a knob above the bait. Bear, already! Then another blur and then another. Three bears. That's too much! There went the adrenalin in overdrive. Just as quickly my heart sank. All three bears appeared at once and all three were cubs. One by one they approached the bait, tore off large chunks of bait, and returned to the bushes. I sat there and listened to the cubs chew for five hours — going stark raving mad the entire time. Those crazy sow bears had seemingly trained the cubs to take the bait back to the safety of the bushes. No other bears ever appeared.

That ended one busted bear hunt. It taught me a lesson. Handgun hunters and bowhunting guides don't mix. The bowhunters saw and shot at over five times the bears the gun hunters saw. My first stand had graffiti carved all over it — a certain sign of boredom and lack of action. All the gun hunters had the impression they had less than active stands. You must consider the guides view, though. It's his living. A lot of bowhunters can see a lot of bears, but usually kill only a few. The success of gun hunters would be much higher and the source of income would become scarce quickly in a given area.

So there's the action guys. We handgun hunters had better stick to guides who share our common philosophy. Our success rate will probably be higher, but more importantly, the trips will probably be more enjoyable.

.358 JDJ

By Jancy Riche, No. 993

If you're looking for a pistol cartridge that has rifle power and accuracy, then look at the .358 JDJ. After having a T/C Super 14 in 35 Remington a while, I wanted something with more power. So I sent my T/C barrel to SSK Industries for the rechambering job. After waiting three short weeks, I got my barrel back. Also with my barrel was my .358 JDJ dies, that are needed for the forming and reloading of the .358 JDJ cartridge. The .358 JDJ is based on the 444 Marlin brass. To form the cartridge, all you have to do is run a 444 Marlin case through the .358 JDJ sizing die and the case is formed and ready to be loaded. I found one load out of a few, that I like the most. It's 44.0 grain of H 322 and a 250 grain Speer Spitzer bullet. This load gives me the accuracy and power that I wanted. The ballistic of this load will amaze you. At the muzzle, the bullet is traveling at a velocity of about 1920 feet per second and has 2045 foot pounds of energy, at 100 yards it's traveling 1750 F.P.S. and has 1700 F.P.E. At 200 yards, it's traveling 1600 F.P.S. and has 1420 F.P.E., and at the 300 yard mark, that 250 grain bullet is still traveling 1460 F.P.S. and still has 1183 F.P.E. left. As you can see by the ballistics, it has power. But I want to tell you by my experience how much power it really has.

The first shooting session I had with the .358 JDJ, I was really amazed by the power that it had! After shooting a few trees with the .358 JDJ, I saw that those trees didn't even slow down that 250 grain slug. Then I decided to shoot at some empty cans. Whenever that 250 grain slug hit a can, it just blew up. I also shot up some old bowling pins, and with every hit, they practically turned into dust. With the kind of power that the .358 JDJ puts out, it would be an excellent choice for any North American big game. Now for accuracy . . . Well, right now, I'm using open sights. Even with open sights, the accuracy is excellent. At 50 yards I get a 5 shot group into 4" and at 100 yards, I get a 6 1/2" group, which is not bad for me. I will have a scope mounted before the next hunting season. If you would like any information about the .358 JDJ and a few other JDJ cartridges, write to SSK Industries, Route 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910. If you're a person who wants power, then you will love the JDJ cartridges.

WANTED!!

**YOUR
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A LETTER FROM BRITAIN — THE LAND WITHOUT GUNS

By Anthony Carlyle

Now all you HHI'ers may well be wondering what the Hell an Englishman's doing writing in the *Sixgunner*. Well, put those guns back in the rack boys, the answer's quite innocent, and besides, I'm not wearing red!

I began writing to J. D. about two years ago. It all started over an SSK trigger spring for my Ruger Super Blackhawk. ("What's this?" you say, bucking your ears up, "An Englishman with a pistol; I didn't think they had any guns in England." — more of this later.) This started a swapping of letters, led to magazines being exchanged, and by now, we generally know what each of us is about when it comes to handguns and shooting, and a few other things besides.

From time to time, I read references to "outlawed" firearms in the U.K. in the U.S. shooting mags, usually just before I'm about to head for the range. After I've kicked myself a few times to make sure I'm not dreaming, that I do exist, and that my guns aren't a figment of my imagination, I usually write and moan at J. D. about the misrepresentation of British shooters. The last time I did this, he told me to get off my arse and write something about British handgunning for the *Sixgunner*. So here goes . . .

I suppose I'd better start by telling you about the Law relating to firearms (shotgun law is slightly less restrictive) in the mainland U.K. Before you can get a gun in the U.K., you have to get a Firearms Certificate (FAC). To get an FAC, you have to be "a fit and proper person to hold a firearm", i.e. not a nutter, junkie, drunk, ex-con, etc., and also have a "good reason for holding each firearm you wish to acquire". You have to fill a long form in to this end, and part with about sixty bucks, which what a three-year FAC costs. Each time you want to acquire a new gun, you have to say why you want it, and part with another fifty bucks. The firearms licencing is dealt with by the local police force, who will generally require that you keep your guns and ammo in a secure place, and will make sure that you are in a local shooting club, or have access to safe hunting ground before they will issue the FAC. To join a shooting club, you generally have to serve a "probationary membership" of between three to six months. Some shooters get trouble from the law who are sometimes over-enthusiastic in enforcing conditions on shooters, but to be fair to them, my local police have always been courteous, co-operative and prompt in their dealings with me.

Having told you about the legal hurdles, I'll tell you the sort of uses that handguns get put to in Britain. I could tell you about rifles, but being HHI'ers, you'll want to hear about pistols.

The majority of handgunners over here probably shoot "Bullseye" or targets. This is what most of the clubs are set up for, which is why so many people shoot it. A lot of handgunners probably only shoot Bullseye, and many of them only in the .22 category. Again, this is due to lack of ranges where full-bore weapons can be used, although full-bore shooting is becoming more popular, and more ranges are opening. The S & W 41 and

High-Standard pistols are favoured by most shooters, with the richer handgunners using Hammerlis, Walthers, Britarms, Unique and Ziegenhahns for .22 shooting. In full-bore Bullseye shooting, Smith and Wesson pistols predominate, and are generally favoured over Colts or Rugers, although owners of the latter-named makes wouldn't be parted from them. As in the .22 shooting, better and richer shooters will often use the European target pistols like SIG-Hammerlis and Walthers, usually in .32 calibre.

I have noticed that "Bullseye" shooting tends to get run down a lot these days. I suppose if you have the opportunity to do a lot of shooting, it could be said to be boring, but I can't say I've noticed anyone asleep on the firing line of my clubs lately. I'd even go so far as to say that formal target shooting is one of the best ways to train handgunners. Although good results won't come quickly, I believe it emphasizes the importance of a good sight picture and trigger control. Targets, like Grizzlies, are pretty unforgiving when it comes to showing up bad shots, although I hasten to add that I'd rather have an upset target on my hands than a disgruntled bear! I certainly wouldn't want you to think I was advocating an offhand, one-hand target stance for hunting. Pigs and bears probably don't understand the Code Duello, and even if they did, they couldn't be relied upon to follow the rules of gentlemanly behaviour!

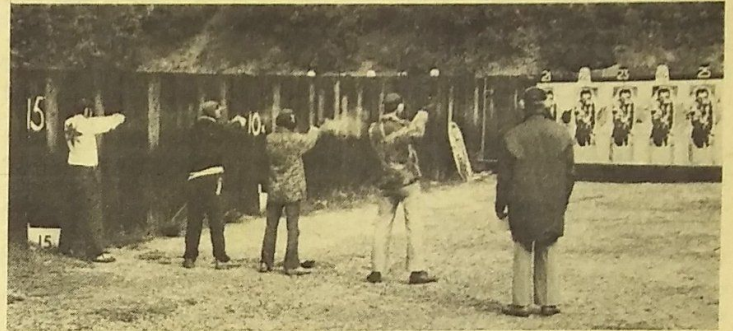
Practical pistol shooting has caught on in a big way here, and like pistol shooting in general, is a growing sport. It now accounts for the largest single entry for any competition at our annual pistol shooting jamboree held every year in May. Just goes to show how many people get interested when you live things up, I suppose, and the practical shooters have probably stimulated the current growth in pistol shooting considerably. Some of our guys are pretty good now, and can hold their heads up high on the international scene. As in the U.S., the .45 ACP is favoured by a lot of competitors, but a lot of shooters use 9 MMP pistols — and win with them! The 9 MMP is popular in the U.K. and Europe as it has been our military cartridge for some time. The only trouble is that nearly all the military ammo is Berdan primed, which makes for really tiresome reloading. Most pistolers who reload military 9 MMP Berdan cases de-cap hydraulically, and everything, but everything, gets wet! There's a new die that has come onto the market here which decaps Berdan cases and converts them to Boxer primer cases. If it works well, it should be really handy!

One type of shooting that might interest HHI'ers is our Long Range Pistol competition. The three major events in this are Long Range Pocket Pistol, Long Range Allcomers and Long Range Free Pistol. Although there are also competitions for .45 ACP and Black Powder pistols.

Pocket pistols must have open sights and barrels of no longer than 3.55 inches ahead of the cartridge case. As in all LR competitions, the butt may be rested, and most of the guys shoot



The "Kengil" .30-30. A handmade competition rig for long range pistol competition.



"Charging tourists" will never best English shooters!



Gary Clark's .357/44 converted Martini rifle. Perfectly legal in England, it's a no-no in the U.S. Cartridges for comparison.



Typical rig for British long range competition. Only the butt of the pistol may be rested. (This induces vertical dispersion in most guns.)

from a sitting position. The course of fire is shot at 100 yards at a silhouette (human sized) target, two strings of five in ten seconds. The maximum scoring area measures two inches wide by four inches high so it ain't easy! It's bloody good fun, though! The variety of guns used for the pocket pistol competition is enormous. As allowed calibres range from .30 to .455, just about every small pistol gets used, and the competition generates a great sense

of fun! Some of the guys who get serious about it have used chopped Ruger Security Sixes with good effect.

The "Allcomers" competition allows any pistol with open sights, calibre .30 to .455, maximum barrel length 9.5 inches ahead of the cartridge case. The first round is identical to the Pocket Pistol comp, so single shots are out. The second and third rounds are shot at 200 and 300 yards, ten shots in

Continued On Page 7

Britain *Continued From Page 6*
ten minutes for each course. The "bull" is 12 inches at 200 yards. The .357 Magnum is used by most shooters, with S & W's and Rugers (often modified with bull barrels, as there's no weight limit) being most popular. I've tried this with .44 Mag., which is O.K. to 200 yards, but at 300, there's so much drop, I have to aim right off the target. I could fit special sights, but I don't want to mess the pistol about too much!

Free pistol, again .30 to .445 cal., with class A for rifle cartridges, B for pistol cartridges is shot on the 200 and 300 yard course that is shot in the "All-comers". Some revolvers are used, but Merrills and chopped Super 14's are coming on strong. Again maximum barrel length is 9.5 inches ahead of the chambered case but optics are allowed. This competition has really brought out the talent of British gun designers. "Gilly" Howe, the father of Long Range builds his "Kengil" pistol in .30/30 — a super pistol. "Pip" Watts' "Dalesman" pistols are bolt action with electronic trigger usually in .308 W, although he has turned out a bolt action with a five round mag., and my friend, Gary Clark, has turned out a Martini-action pistol in .357/44. We aren't hampered by not being able to use rifle parts to build pistols in the U.K., so many shooters build their own Free pistols around a rifle action.

There are other sundry pistol competitions in the U.K., our Police Pistol competitions being very close, but not identical to your PPC courses. I gather that U.S. P.P.C. shooters use an I.S.U. silhouette, our target has the same scoring rings, but is a picture in black and white of a "felon" with sunglasses and revolver. It's known affectionately to competitors as the "Charging Tourist" — a play on the name of the military Fig. 11 "Charging Man" target. The Fig. 11 target is used for service pistol competitions, and the Advancing Man competition. The latter is great fun, as the target trundles towards you on rails, with you shooting as he comes, I guess you might rig up a similar competition using a big photo of old Ursus Horribilis — could call it the "Charging Grizzly". Those of you who've faced the real thing might not find it so funny, though! Good practice, nonetheless.

If any of you guys ever fancy coming over in May to try and show us how it's done, you'll be right welcome. J. D. has details of Pistol '81 in May, but by the time you read this, it'll be too late to enter. You could come for Pistol '82 in May of 1982, though; I'll send J. D. the details as soon as I get them. Other U.S. shooters come, so let's see some HHIPers on the Long Range! I know you can't eat a target, but you could tell the wife you're taking her for her European holiday, and then spend a few days at Bisley, shooting. It's close to London, and the annual event is truly international. Temporary FAC's can be issued, so you could bring your guns.

I've strayed from the point, though — let's get back to British handgunning. "What about hunting?" I hear you shouting. Well, I'm sorry, if there is any handgun hunting here, I haven't heard of it. I'm sure handguns have been used on game here — but if so, it's probably unofficial in the strictest sense of the word! Like six months as a guest of Her Majesty — unofficial! I'd like to try my hand at it though — ONE DAY I'll cross the pond and go

after that Hog . . . it's one shoot I've promised myself. Whilst I'm on the subject of hunting, I'd like to say a big "Hello" to Larry Kelly. Any man who can take a pistol to an elephant has got bigger balls than I have! There's an old song here, Larry, about parachute jumping — ". . . they scraped me off the tarmac like a lump of strawberry jam . . . and put me in a jam jar and took me home to Mom". I guess you could modify that suitably for handgun elephant hunting!

The use of handguns for personal and home defense purposes doesn't really arise in Britain, so I won't discuss it further, although I could write reams on the subject if I had to.

I'd better close with a few words about the "typical" British handgunner. Due to the fact that shooting is a fairly specialist sport here, it generally only attracts real enthusiasts. Because of this, I would say that the British handgunner is more familiar with his pistols, how they work and their capabilities than many pistolers in other countries where handgunning can be what I'd call a "part-time" sport. A lot of this education can be traced back to the necessity to handload if you shoot a full-bore pistol. To give you some idea of prices here, a box of fifty .44 Magnum cartridges costs between thirty and thirty-five dollars. A box of one hundred primers costs about three dollars, a pound of powder, about twenty dollars, and a hundred jacketed .44 bullets, about eighteen dollars. Many handgunners also cast their own bullets to keep costs as low as possible, and finding a tyre depot which doesn't have a "contract" with a local shooter can be quite a problem sometimes. Until recently, when Hercules Powders became available, we were a bit limited in our selection of powders, so there isn't too much experimentation with handloads although some of my friends and I play about with loads.

Anyway, I'd better sign off now, the "short piece" on British handgunning's got longer and longer as it went on. I just hope you guys appreciate the freedom you have when it comes to acquiring and using handguns, but also appreciate that the U.K. isn't the handgun desert it's made out to be.

If any of you would like to correspond with an English handgunner, drop a line to J. D. and ask him to send them on the next time he writes to me, and I'll see what I can do about finding co-correspondents among my shooting friends.

.357 X 6

By Bob Cline, No. 572

After carrying my DW .357 for two seasons, I still had not used it and figured if I didn't quit carrying the Winchester Model 88 .308 completely, I never would use the DW.

I was just getting into the silhouette game and felt this practice would improve my chances of getting a deer with a pistol. A lot has been said pro and con on using the .357 for big game. I feel if the .357 is used within the limitations of both the gun and the hunter, it will be adequate for deer. I spent a lot of time on the range, shooting both 1/2 and full sized silhouettes in anticipation of the upcoming antlered season here in Pennsylvania. Then I made a trade for

an 8" VH barrel with a 4X LEUPOLD Scope in Buehler mounts.

The W-W recommended load of 16.6 grains of 296, with CCI Mag primers and the 158 JHP Hornady shot well. Shooting from a bench at 50 yards, I could group about 1 1/2" to 1 3/4". I was satisfied as I know some people who can't do that with a rifle. There was only one fly in the ointment — ever look through a 4X and see the field of view? Just isn't much there. If I had not obtained the outfit used, I would have opted for a lower power scope as we hunt a pretty thick area and a wide field of view would be an advantage.

On November 26, I was ready! I took the Model 88 but planned on leaving it in the truck. My father-in-law (Red) didn't know I intended to hunt with only a scoped handgun till we were ready to leave my dad's truck for our stands. Talk about harassment! First it was Red with this "Maybe for antlerless — but bucks are hard to come by as it is." Then my dad started, "Here, you may need these in case you want to get your 308." In his hand was the extra set of truck keys. Well, that did it! I was determined not to leave the woods till I had a "buck" or it got dark . . . whichever came first!

Darkness slowly vanished as I sat on the stand. I took a three point from last year from here. About 7:30, I saw movement up the hill to my left front. Six deer popped out of the laurel about 125 yards away — too far for the .357 as I had arbitrarily settled on 75 yard maximum shot. When I put them in the scope, it was hard to pick them up as the light level was still too low. They quietly moved on out of sight.

Around 8:50 I heard a couple of shots from the top of the hill where the six deer had gone. Well, I thought, at least someone is getting in some shooting. About 10 minutes later, movement to my left in a laurel patch caught my eye. As I slowly turned my head, a single deer appeared about 15 yards to my left. Not just any deer . . . A BUCK!! With his head down, he was heading over the bench behind me and down to the creek. I slowly raised the DW and thumbed the hammer back. What a surprise! All I could see was hair at that distance! The 4X was about to do me in. Figuring where the shoulder was, I let one rip. The buck hunched up and I heard JHP hit deer. He took off and I got off three more on the run (one just over back and one took a nice "oak".) After going about 60 yards, he appeared to stumble as he broke over the bench behind me.

Knowing he was hit, I reloaded and went to check for blood. Everywhere the buck had leaped there was blood. Like throwing a cup of coffee on the ground! He was hit hard! As I approached the edge of the bench, I carefully peeked over. Looking downhill about 25 yards, he lay dead. As I reached my buck and lifted his head, I found what I thought was a spike or forkhorn was actually a scroungy shaped 6 point! It wasn't a nice rack but it was my first with a handgun and that is what it's all about, right? Was I fired up!!! The Hornady JHP went completely through and put a decent hole through the lungs effecting a quick kill.

After a friend from work helped me get it up to my dad's truck, my dad came in for lunch. Seeing George's rifle propped against the tree, he said, "I see you came back and got the rifle after all." Needless to say, I straightened him out while producing four

empty .357 cases. For me, the season was over, but I won't forget the thrill of taking my first deer with a handgun. AND THAT IS WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

THE LONG WAIT

By Mike Mitchell, No. 711

The 1980 Pennsylvania Antlered Deer Season opened on a promising note as far as the weather was concerned. By daybreak all five of us; Bob, Rege, Bill, Frank and myself were in our tree stands on the ridge behind our Crawford County camp. In addition to the weather being fine for stand hunting, that is to say mild and a few inches of snow on the ground, we certainly had to be optimistic. The 1979 season saw all five of us filling our tags with a buck, the first time we had accomplished this feat.

I am the only member of the group who uses a pistol. I converted from a rifle in 1979. The stand I use and most of the others are similar, does not give me a very large area to cover. The longest shot I would possibly have is about 75 yards to my far right. To my left is the heaviest cover and here a 30 yard shot would be maximum.

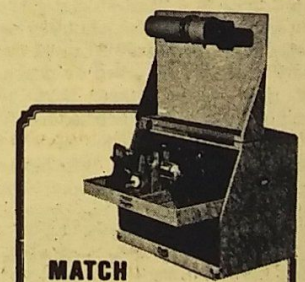
As day broke on opening Monday I could see a hunter about 50 yards to my left. The only reason I would see him was the total fluorescent orange outfit he wore. As I watched him, he alternated between kneeling and standing frequently and I felt he would leave soon and after about 30 minutes he did.

I saw plenty of hunters that day, including my fluorescent friend, a number of times. It was easy to spot him as he had a pack on his back, a rifle and a pistol. He appeared to be ready for anything, but at the speed he was walking and the noise he made I doubt he saw a deer all season.

During the day, 12 does passed me in small groups or singles, but not a buck. As I left my stand at the end of the day to return to camp I saw the rest of our party on the trail in front of me. Incredibly none had a buck and only Bob had seen one, but he was unable to get a shot.

Tuesday found me back in the tree. The warm weather had turned to rain and when I hadn't seen anything by noon I called it a day. The snow and cold returned on Tuesday evening. Wednesday proved uneventful, more

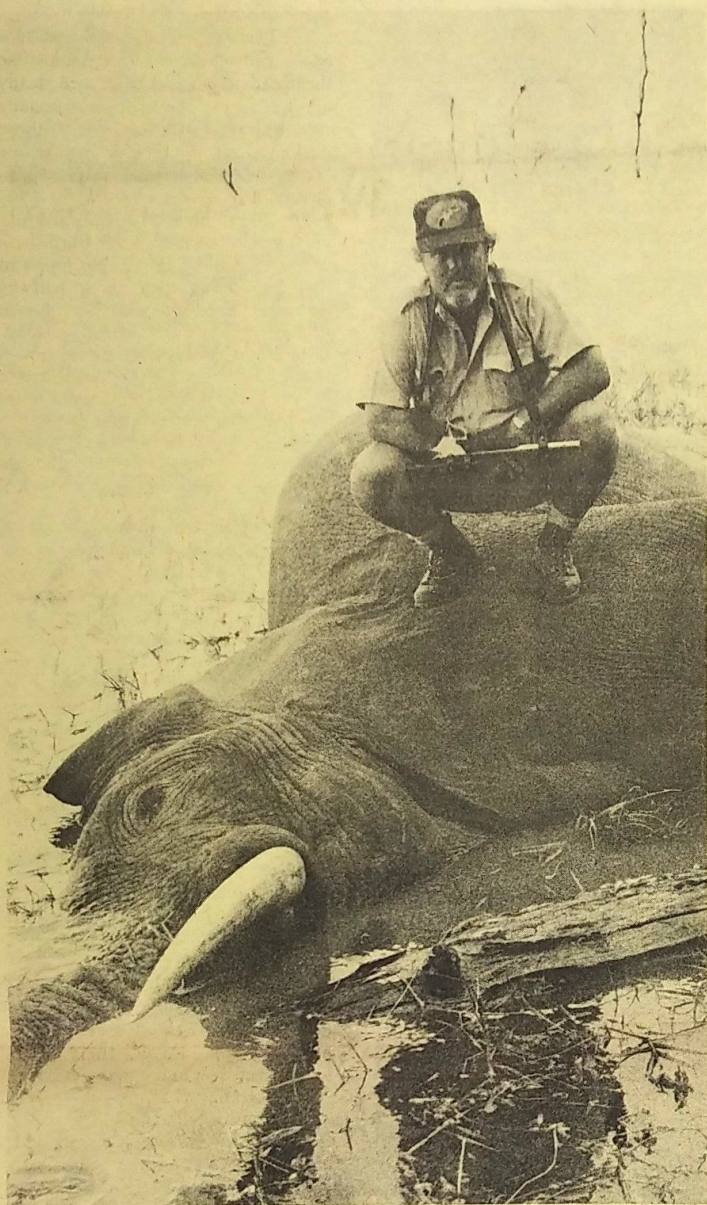
Continued On Page 10



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“I SAY LARRY, DON'T DROP HIM IN THE WATER!”

By Larry Kelly

Elephant hunting is like no other sport on earth. Forget all that garbage you see on TV. Elephant hunting is the most exhilarating sport on earth. Sure, some elephants are killed by poachers for their ivory. Others have been machine gunned and rocketed from the air and ground. Others have been killed by mines. But, this has not happened all over Africa which happens to be a pretty big place. Countries like Kenya and Zaire have stopped all hunting due to their past mismanagement of the situation. That means no sportsmans bucks to finance game management. Without proper management, over-browse occurs. Without proper enforcement, poaching runs rampant. In countries realistic enough and able enough to handle the problem, elephants are abundant.

Zimbabwe has been torn with internal strife for years; yet has managed its game better than anyplace else on the Dark Continent. That's why they have the most elephants in the world. In fact, in some areas, cropping is necessary to control their numbers.

In Zimbabwe, hunting of all animals with the single exception of the Rhino is permitted. Personally, I've spent a fair amount of money for tags, licenses and other fees. Many other hunters do, too. That's why there is still hunting in the U. S. and Africa. I wonder how much the anti-hunting do-gooders have contributed to preserving and increasing game herds by financially supporting any game department?

OK, now that you know there is more than one elephant left in the world, let me tell you a little about hunting them. Usually, unless they are breeding, large bulls are either loners or run with other bulls. Elephants have a fantastic sense of smell and hearing. The best way to shoot an elephant is to approach to within 20 to 30 yards and take a brain shot from the side. An elephant's brain is about the size of a small loaf of bread. It's easy to miss or to have a bullet deflected by the honey-comb type skull. If you miss the brain at best you can only stun the animal. At worst, he gets P.O.ed. Many a hunter has dropped an elephant and too late found he was only stunned. An

insurance shot after he is down is not an unheard of act by professionals who want to remain professionals and not become a statistic.

Your tracker can look at a track and tell if a large bull made it. You might take 30 minutes, six hours, or never catch up with him. When you do catch up, the bull may be shootable or he may not be. You might walk into a bunch of bulls and not realize it until they are all around you. If they smell you, they may all take off into the bush, screaming. Or they may immediately charge at you; ears spread, trunk held high and screaming like a 12 noon siren. Most of the time when they get within 10 to 15 yards, they stop . . . stand with one front leg swinging, screaming and fanning their ears. Then they back off and run away. Sometimes they don't stop. When they do, it's a false charge. When they don't, it's for real. Either way, there is nothing else in the world like it. When it's for real, everything is the same except at 10 to 15 yards, he puts his head down and comes in for the kill. Then you have to shoot. But not until the head is down, so you can get the bullet in through the four to six inch space between the tusks to reach the brain. It's the only shot you have, and it's a hell of an exciting situation! Two years ago, I shot a bull with a .458 Ruger that way and I'll never forget a second of it. I can still sit back, close my eyes and replay every second of it. And the thrill is still there.

In July of 1980 I was the guest of the Zimbabwe Game Department, hunting with Oliver Coltman, Game Warden of the Zambezi Valley. The object of the hunt was to reduce the elephant and Cape buffalo in the area in an effort to try to prevent the spread of the tsetse fly into farm land.

Oliver is a real hunter and gun nut. He had previously killed elephant with his 6.5 inch 29, now a 5 inch. When I told him I would like to shoot an elephant with a handgun, he was interested . . . not sold on the idea, but interested.

Just in case, J.D. had made me 25 rounds of the SSK-KTW Super Penetrator for the .44 Magnum. I had my custom 6 inch Super Blackhawk and some 300 grain solids for the .375 JDJ T/C. I never did know exactly what the .44 Super Penetrator was except that it was a modified KTW that about doubled penetration over the standard bullet. The .375 JDJ is a custom T/C by SSK. The cartridge is a necked down .444 Marlin. The 300 grain Hornady FMJ was backed by 44.0 grains of H-322 and leaves the muzzle at around 1900 F.P.S.

Ollie said, "Let's see what those bullets will do." The first test was to shoot at a piece of boiler plate a little over a quarter inch thick at a slight angle from 30 yards. Nothing much seemed to have happened, so we walked up to take a look. To our amazement, the plate had a clean half inch wide hole through it. The next step was to see how far it would penetrate the cellular bone structure of an elephant's head. I shot three bulls with a .375 H & H Remington 700 and then shot their heads from various angles with the .44 funny looking green bullets. Each shot penetrated 22-24 inches. That's plenty deep to scramble an elephant's brain. Finally, Ollie was satisfied with the .44's ability. He insisted everything had to be just right to try the handgun. That meant a stalk to within about 20 yards and the

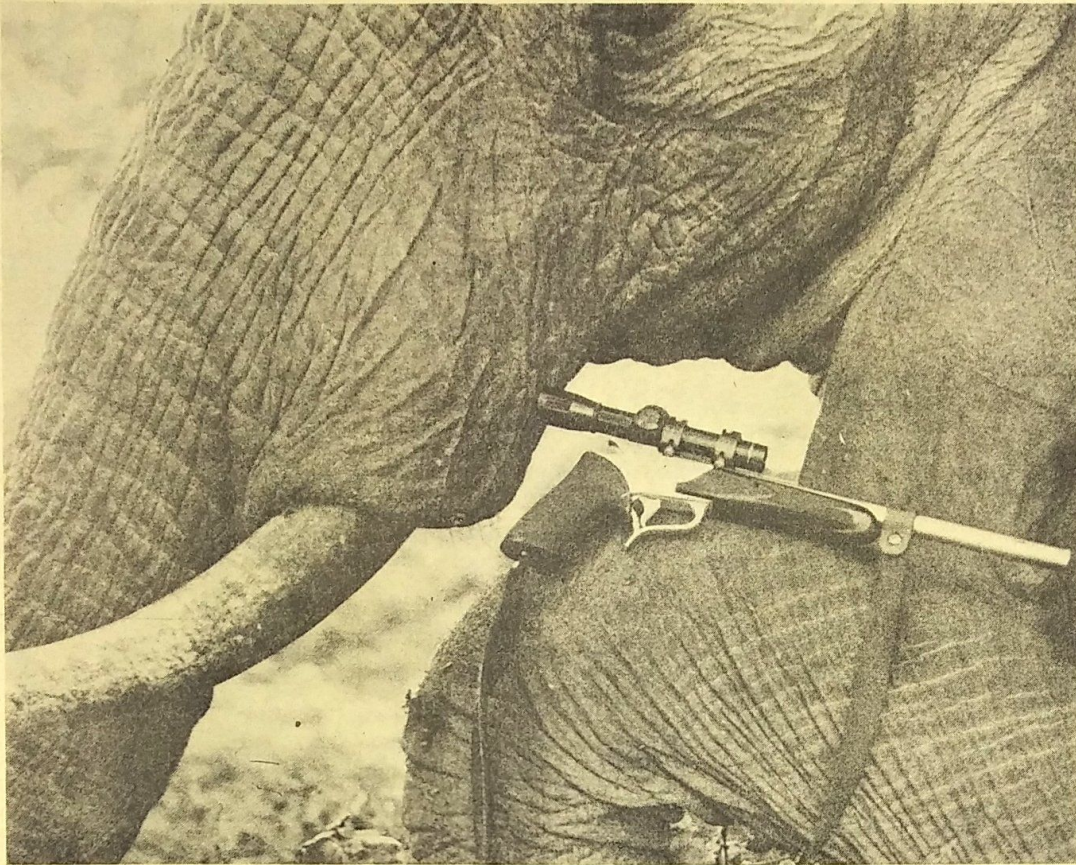
opportunity for a precision side brain shot. I wasn't worried as Ollie was backing me up with his .470 Nitro. We decided to try the .375 JDJ first. After a slow successful stalk, I was in position 25 yards from a bull that had 35 to 40 pound tusks. He was feeding. Undisturbed. Conditions were perfect . . . until I raised the scoped T/C and everything fell apart. A slight change in position and the sun glared into the scope. All I could see was glare and elephant head. I couldn't see well enough, but had to do something, so I guessed where the brain was and fired. Right on top of the shot, there was a tremendous scream. I knew I missed the brain and grabbed the .44 out of the Rybka cross draw rig. The elephant was frozen in position when I interrupted his scream with a shot from the hastily aligned .44. He dropped in his tracks with the scream instantly stopped. I stood there in awe with the hammer back, heart trying to beat its way out of my chest. The elephant was instantly dead.

In checking the elephant, we found the .300 grain FMJ from the .375 had completely penetrated the elephant's head but had missed the brain. He appeared to have been momentarily stunned by its impact, but as only a few seconds elapsed from the shot to his death, it is really hard to say.

A week later while hunting in the Lake Kariba area, we trailed seven large bulls for four hours. As beat as I was, I had absolutely no realization this was going to turn into my most exciting hunt. When we finally caught up to them, they were at the water's edge, getting ready to drink. Ollie's last words were, "I say, Larry, don't drop one in the water." We moved closer and could hear them in the water's edge, but couldn't see them through the brush. They were only 30 yards away and we couldn't see them. We waited. I thought when they finished drinking they would come back and I would have a shot through a small opening. They must have caught our scent because without warning, all holy hell broke loose. Seven bulls started screaming and running to get out of the water and up an embankment. The first went by us in the brush. The second appeared above the brush. I lined up and fired the .375 JDJ. He dropped. The other five bulls ran to about 15 yards and screamed and made false charges. We didn't really want to shoot any more as we couldn't handle any more downed elephants, and they would have wasted. Anyone looking at it from afar would have thought we were all crazy. Elephants screaming, flapping their ears, running back and forth. Two guys yelling, jumping up and down, waving guns. It was a very hairy situation for a little while. I guess the elephants were smarter than we were, because they left, leaving us to handle a dead elephant that fell in the water. He was a pretty good bull, having 58 and 60 pound tusks. That's nothing compared to what they used to kill in some parts of Africa, but as far as I'm concerned, it's a handgun record. The .300 grain Hornady solid went all the way through that one's head, too.

Well, Ollie . . . I promise, I'll never ever shoot another elephant that can fall into the water if you'll let me come back to Zimbabwe. If that isn't enough, just tell me what you want . . . only please, let me come back.

Continued On Page 9



This one dropped straight down . . . didn't even roll on his side. The SSK .375 gives an idea of tusk diameter.

P.S.: I probably couldn't have killed those elephants without those guns being Mag-Na-Ported. I have all my guns Mag-Na-Ported 'cause I can get a discount.

P.P.S.S.: Please, Ollie? ? ?

.45/70 BUCK

By Bob Campbell, No. 832

As the first week of Pennsylvania buck season came around this year, I began my usual "hunting trip" packing. I'm sure everyone is familiar with this type of packing, something is always forgotten, you always take too much or too little, or clothes too warm or not warm enough, and so on. This year, however, my equipment included something more than usual. On this trip, my long time friend and hunting partner, V. H. "Skip" Davidson and I were taking along a T/C Contender each, his a .45/70 and mine, a .338 JDJ. Both of these were SSK custom barrels and equipped with SSK custom scope bases to keep the scopes on the guns rather than on the ground as can happen with lesser mounts in the heavy recoil calibers.

We arrived at our hunting area near Bradford, Pa. a couple of days before the season opened. We generally try to do this whenever our work schedules permit, as it gives us time to scout around, do some final sighting in and generally get prepared for opening day. The T/Cs caused quite a stir in camp as such big bore handguns were an uncommon sight there. The fact that we intended to carry them instead of rifles to hunt deer was also uncommon.

After Skip and I fired each of them at 100 yard targets from a rest and found both to be grouping within 2" to



This would be a typical 8 point PA rack. The 45-70 is a 12 inch. Thongs around the scope are to attach the carrying strap to.

2 1/2" of the aiming point, we let some of the others shoot them, as several of them were quite anxious to do so. After a couple of them sent coffee cans spinning at 50 yards or so, I could see we were about to pick up some new HHI members and some more handgun hunting friends, both of which we can all use.

Monday morning came with its usual anticipation, but for Skip and I, slightly more so, since this was the first time for either of us to hunt deer with a handgun. I began working my way to my previously picked stand about an hour before daylight. My stand consisted of a small platform on top of a long-abandoned oil well pump station building. This stand was an ideal location with a good view in all

directions and several crossings nearby. Three hours later, though, I had changed my opinion about this ideal location, since I hadn't seen one thing to even draw my attention. Not a deer, not a fox, not a squirrel . . . nothing!

I left my stand about 10:30 a.m., as we had to meet back at camp at 11:00 to begin some organized drives. After everyone had made it back, we found that the eight of us had all had the same kind of luck . . . bad! Later in the afternoon, our luck improved somewhat as Skip's son, Dwaine, was able to down a buck. It was a 3-point in the 150 to 170 pound range, about what is considered an "average" Pennsylvania buck. For my part, I saw a number of does on our drives, but

none with horns.

On Tuesday morning, we woke to a steady rain which had started sometime during the night and continued steady all day. It was one of those especially cold and miserable days, one of those during which we have to keep telling ourselves, "I'm having fun . . . I'm having fun!"

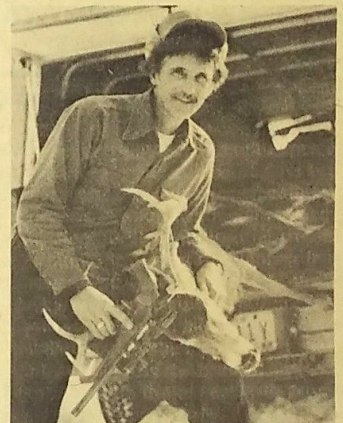
For Skip, however, it turned out very well. We were on our third drive of the day and had seen no horns to that point. We were about halfway through the drive when, as I was wading through the wettest, coldest, shoulder-high weeds I had ever seen, I heard a single shot which I knew had to be just about where Skip should be on the hill above me. After listening a minute and hearing or seeing nothing more, we continued on and finished the drive. It is our custom to operate this way, if one of the drivers scores during a drive, the remaining drivers finish the drive and retrieve him later. This makes much more sense than ending the drive right there when it may well produce another buck.

I came out to the lower watcher who told me he had seen some does, but nothing more. We waited a few minutes there for Skip to show up, just in case it had not been him who had shot, or if, heaven forbid, he had missed. When he did not show, we walked to the truck and drove up to the area where the shot had been heard. There beside the road was Skip with a smile and a beautiful 8-point buck. The deer had come into the drive from higher on the hill and had been moving at a slow run when spotted by Skip and was about 75 yards away when he fired. The deer had been hit at the base of the neck with the Federal 300-grain HP from the .45/70 and collapsed instantly and stayed there. After loading the deer and hanging it back in camp, we continued hunting, but had no more success that day.

On Wednesday, we produced nothing on the morning drives, so we decided to pass the rest of the day still hunting, each of us on our own. This proved to be successful for another member of our party, Fred Stegner, as he was able to down a nice 5-point buck early in the afternoon. Later that same afternoon, another of our hunting companions, Bill Rau of Olean, New York bagged a nice spike buck by the same method.

Thursday and Friday were our last two days to hunt as we had to leave to return home Saturday morning. Both days consisted of the same things . . . a lot of work, a lot of deer seen, but no horns.

For the group, we had finished the
Continued On Page 10



Skip with his .45-70 eight pointer.

does, and when I started to get saddle sore I decided I would walk around on Thursday. This proved to be a good idea since it was our coldest morning. Two does came out of a cornfield which had not been picked, as I entered the woods. I saw nothing for the next two hours until I stepped out into a partly grown over field and found six deer crossing in front of me. I could make out three or four as being does and although I had little hope of a buck in the group I decided to follow them. As I neared the woods they had entered I saw them coming toward me. Unfortunately, they saw me too and turned around. At this point a hunter approached me who had also seen them. We agreed to walk back along the field in opposite directions for a hundred yards, enter the woods and hope one might push them toward the other.

I was just entering the woods when I heard two shots from his direction. I went to investigate and found a small four point had walked right up to him. It appeared from the tracks, he was not a part of the group of six, but had simply wandered by, perhaps moved by them.

When I arrived back at camp Thursday I learned Bob had shot a three point that morning, our first buck. Friday found me back in the tree and seeing 12 does pass by.

Needless to say, hope was beginning to dwindle on Saturday morning. A light rain fell for about 30 minutes, which did not help matters. The deer were moving however and by 10:30 a.m. I had seen eight does. Shortly after 11:00 a.m. a deer came running from the left and passed about 25 yards in front of me. Glancing at it and seeing no horns I watched for any additional deer behind it. Not seeing any, I glanced back at the running deer and decided I had better glass it just in case. The instant I saw its head I realized there was a legal antler on it. By now the buck had slowed to a trot and was 50 yards away passing behind a couple of trees blown over by the wind. My old model Super Blackhawk was in my hands and I knew I wasn't going to have much of a shot. As I cocked it the buck heard the noise and stopped. I now had a broadside shot with a small tree at the front of the chest and another at the middle of the buck. I aimed at the chest between the trees, but for some reason held high. At the shot the buck collapsed.

When I reached him he was still alive but his spine broken. I placed a finisher in him. Once again my handload of 16 grains of blue dot behind Lyman's cast (20 to 1 lead to tin) 245 grain gas check had worked. I had also proved to myself once again that using a pistol during the regular buck season in Pennsylvania is not that much of a handicap.

**YOUR
EXPERIENCES
MAY HELP
SOMEONE
ELSE
WRITE TODAY!**

.45/70 Buck *Continued From Page 9*
week four for eight, the 50% ratio's better than some years and worse than some others. For my part, although I did not ever get a shot at a buck, I thoroughly enjoyed the week, as I always do. Besides myself, Dick Rau of Duke Center, Pa. and his 13 year old son, Jeff, along with Jim Frey, another good friend of mine from Steubenville, Ohio, were just going to have to look forward to next year. One thing you can be sure of is that next year, I'll be packing the handgun again, waiting for my chance to be at the right place at the right time.

One other item I should point out is that, while it is legal to hunt with handguns in Pennsylvania, you must obtain a permit from any County Treasurer, showing the serial number, caliber and other information on the gun you will be using. You must have a hunting license to obtain this permit and it is good statewide for the license year in which it was obtained.

ICE FOLLIES

By Dave Kline, No. 545

Heavy rains, along with melting snow, have caused some high waters in the northeast during the late part of winter washing large pieces of ice up along some creek banks. Some of these hunks of ice are up to twenty feet long and two feet thick.

It's fun to throw fist-sized pieces of ice into fast water and shoot them. Also blasting into two or three shoebox sized pieces stacked end for end and watching them crumble and disintegrate into a snow-cone like texture is fun, but shooting glasses should be utilized for this, as you and your handgun get a stimulating shower of ice, if you are within twenty feet of your target — sometimes further.

This ice shooting is an annual event for me that started a few years back. Late winter usually is an off time for hunting. Most game seasons have been closed for a couple of weeks and if you get itchy to shoot and have the ice this provides an interesting means of killing a few afternoons.

Naturally, one thing leads to another and I start trying to recover some of my bullets to see how much they might mushroom and penetrate. I have done this with just about all my weapons, at one time or another, from .22 LR through 45 Colt, .270 Win. and .50 cal. muzzle loader, but for this instance, I worked with three different .41 Mag. bullets, seven different .30 caliber bullets (30-30 Win.) and Remingtons 30-30 Accelerator round. All rounds were fired from a ten inch T/C Contender at a range of about twenty feet.

Shooting ice won't tell you what your bullet will do when it hits an animal, but you can make some general conclusions among a group of bullets when you use a common test media.

With Contender, extra barrel, assorted ammo, ear muffs and a hatchet, I walked down to the creek that flows through my father-in-law's farm. There used to be an old grist mill on the farm and two concrete capped dams diverted the water into the mill for powering the water wheel. The first dam is three quarters washed out and the stream flows around to the side of the second dam. There is an ice jam at the second dam about eight feet high across the creek so I walked over to the dam to do my shooting.

I figured that I would have less

chance of losing my bullets on a flat concrete surface than in the pasture along the stream if they should drop from the ice when I'd dig them out. First, I tried stacking two or three pieces of ice end for end, but this didn't work out too well, as the bullets would usually shoot out between the hunks of ice if they weren't stacked perfectly parallel and flush.

Also it was hard work chopping pieces of ice with the little hatchet and dragging them around, so I decided trying to shoot lengthwise into a piece of ice about a foot and a half thick and seven feet square that was laying on top of the dam. This worked fine as after each shot I could dig out my bullet, clean away the crushed ice easily, chip a new perpendicular surface on the ice and continue with the shot.

The day before, my son Eric and I were down here playing around when a large block of ice fell onto his foot, breaking his three smallest toes. I forgot my shooting glasses, so taking careful aim and holding steady, I'd close my eyes just before the shot. After some shots you would think it was all clear, then find baseball sized pieces of ice would fall from the sky a couple of feet in front of you.

All bullets used penetrated close to the same depth, all being within four inches of each other, except the Accelerator. Average penetration was the length of my hatchet handle — about 11 inches.

In 41 Mag. I used Remington 210 gr. SWC lead and 8.5 gr./Unique, Speer 200 gr. SWCHP and 18.5 gr./2400 and Speer 220 gr. SWC and 17.5 gr./2400. To my dismay, I was fresh out of Sierra 210 HP's.

The 210 gr. Rem. penetrated the deepest of the three. It's nose was pushed back and expanded to about 41 cal. The Speer 200 gr. and 220 gr. lost all of the exposed lead, with a shallow dome of smooth shiny lead being right at the junction of the jacket, leaving piston-like slugs, weighing 151 grs. and 187 grs. respectively. Expansion was almost non-existent with the 200 gr. at .415" and 220 gr. .437".

The above 200 gr. load has killed a deer at about fifty yards and penetrated the doe completely, long ways! The bullet broke two ribs just behind the right shoulder, penetrated a lung and the liver crossing over to exit two inches left of the tail. The deer took about three leaps and piled up. There was massive bleeding in the snow.

The bullet punched clean cut hole clear through as if a giant six foot long 41 cal. cookie cutter had been used. I think this is due to the sharp shoulder on the piston-like bullet after it lost all its lead nose on the first two ribs.

Changing over to the 30-30 Win. barrel, I put the following bullets through it: Speer 110 gr. RN, 150 gr. FN, 170 gr. FN, Rem. factory 170 gr. SPCL, W-W factory 150 gr. OPE, Sierra 125 gr. spitzer, 165 gr. BT spitzer and Remington's Accelerator. Again, I was fresh out of 130 gr. Speer FN.

The above 30-30 handloads used W-W brass, W-W 8½-120 primers and max loads of 748, as found in Speer's No. 10 Reloading Manual. The 110 gr. RN mushroomed nicely and weighed 108 grs. and expanded to .478".

Sierra's 125 gr. and 165 gr. wiped the lead off their noses, but had no expansion whatsoever.

Speer's 170 gr. FN had the best penetration of the 30 cal. bullets to my surprise, being just over the entire

length of the hatchet (about 14"). I figured the 165 gr. BT would penetrate the most, especially since it didn't expand. Again the 170 gr. Speer had a nice mushroom and weighed 165 grs.

Remington's 170 gr. mushroomed larger than Speer's 170 gr. .607" to .508" respectively. The Rem. weighed 164 grs. and the jacket material that shredded back behind the mushroom is thicker and in larger proportions than the Speer.

In the 150 grainers, the Speer weighed in at 139 grs. with the W-W at 94 grains and both had nice mushrooms with the W-W the larger of the two. Speer was .425" and W-W was .531". Overall fired size of the Speer 110 gr. RN and W-W 150 gr. OPE was almost identical.

W-W 150 gr. jacket material was heavier than Speer's and peeled back into three large pieces, while the Speer had ten thinner ribbon-like sections. The 150 gr. OPE opens up real quick and yielded one-third its total weight in the process.

Some of the above 30-30 loads proved pretty accurate. At fifty yards the W-W factory 150 gr. OPE shot three rounds in 3/8 inch, center to center, with open sights.

The above groups were fired from prone position over a sandbag. I feel groups might be improved slightly if fired from a bench, since the prone position is difficult for me to hold as the head and neck are under much strain.

The Remington Accelerator penetrated the least, as expected, at around eight inches. This round employs a .22 caliber 55 gr. Soft Point bullet enclosed in a nylon sabot and muzzle blast and flash is severe. The bullets held together and presented the classic mushroom shape.

When I dug out the first shot at about twenty feet, the sabot was still attached to the bullet and weighed 51 grs. and expanded to .462 inch. When I tried to pick the sabot from the bullet, the lead core fell out of the jacket, but the sabot wouldn't come off.

The next round weighed 49 grs. expanded to .528" and the sabot didn't hang on. In fact, I couldn't even find it.

Draw what conclusions you may, from the above material in regard to your intended purpose.

In closing, I'd like to tell you something that my wife said the other day that made me laugh at the time. I was shooting my 30-30 T/C behind my house at some steel plates at one hundred yards and my wife was at her mothers house one half mile away. When I went down to pick her up, I asked her if she could hear me shooting, and she said yes. She knows about all I shoot is handguns and asked me if I was shooting "that pistol that's supposed to be a rifle?" I laughed, nodded and said, "Yeah, the one that's supposed to be a rifle."



OHIO SHOOTERS SUPPLY

Winner of the O.S.S. Award of 1000 bullets is Delbert Roberts for his story in the February issue — 'California Sheep'. Selection is made by O.S.S. and everyone who contributes an article has a chance of winning.

1981 SHOT SHOW

By J.D. Jones

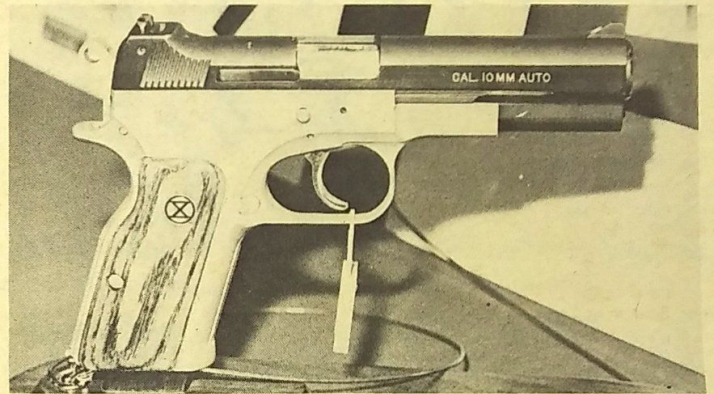
There is a lot of news for hand-gunners this year. H & R has a little three inch adjustable sighted .32 Long that will be a dandy inexpensive plinker-trail gun. The Sterling one shooter prototype looks good. There is even what's called a .25 Magnum — a hot loaded .25 ACP case, and a stack barrel Derringer chambered for .223 and .30-30 among other almost equally useful calibers. The Bren 10 is a .40 caliber CZ-75 copy and may or may not ever see production. The Wildey will make it into production — probably by summertime. Safari Arms has a couple of bolt guns in addition to their .45 Autos. H & R has a dandy commemorative revolver. Write them direct for information: The Bushnell Centurion is now readily available. I have one a .375 JDJ and haven't broken it. Don't care much about the power booster. I just leave it at 2.5X. Scope works fine. Al Ljutic has promised a copy of his space pistol for test. Don't laugh, it just may have some real advantages. Dave Ecker, President of Charter Arms and his "Right to Keep and Bear Arms" van drew a lot of attention. The Charter "Broomhandle Mauser" .22 Auto look alike with extra barrels is being shipped. This looks like a real fun gun.

It's based on the Armalite .22.

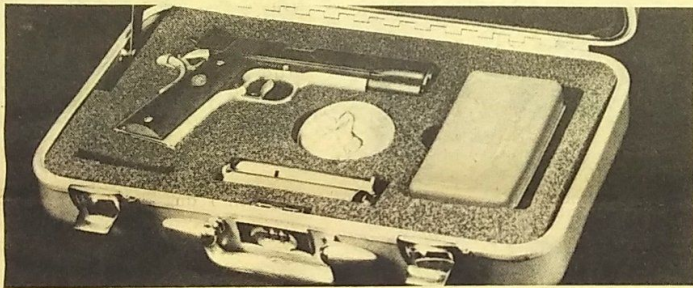
Joe Bowman was seen hanging around the Ruger display looking for one or more of his guns on occasion. Joe frequently misplaces his guns and cards! Millett Industries has a fantastic new line of fixed and adjustable sights as well as scope mounts. (John Williams, Millett Ind. 16131 Gothard St., Huntington Beach, CA 92647. Seldene Leathersmiths has a holster to enable you to carry a .45 or High Power with an empty chamber and enable you to chamber a round during the draw. Looked well-made and very fast. (222 Ramona Place, Camarillo, CA 93010) Dillon's done it — maybe. Come up with a loading tool for \$335.00 that will actually load 300 or more rounds — rifle or pistol — per hour. Dillon machines for really high production are fast becoming the standard for custom loaders. The tool looked excellent. Check 7775 E. Gelding Dr., Scottsdale, AZ 85260 for brochure. Tekna, 3549 Haven Ave., Menlo Park, CA 94025 has a line of flashlights and emergency strobes extremely well suited for hunters. Compact, tough, lightweight and powerful is the name of the game. Colt has a limited edition .45 IPSC gun. Ambidexterous safety, engraved, electroless nickel and blue finish, Zero case, extra mags, belt buckle. Check Tom Thornber at Colt Firearms for availability.



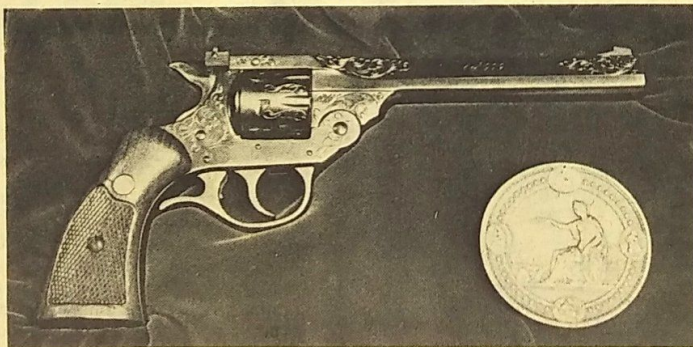
Dave Ecker and The Charter Arms "Right to Keep and Bear Arms" van.



Bren 10 prototype. .40 caliber round may be the "compromise cartridge" to settle the 9 vs 45 dispute. There is another .40 caliber that has a good chance of being available by early '81'. The Bren is still in the capitalization stage.



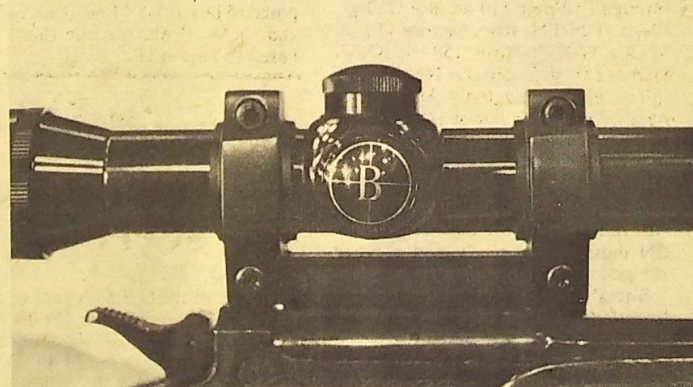
Colt's IPSC Limited Edition.



H & R's one of 999 commemorative guns.



Ken Waters, still smiling, holding the Wildey and dozing, while Wildey Moore, also while asleep, tells why the Wildey isn't yet available.

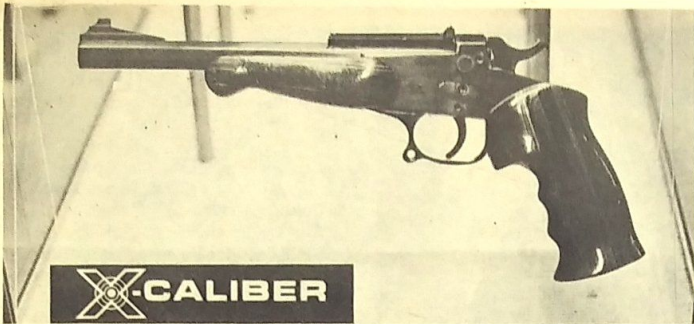


Bushnell's new scope base for one inch scopes.



5 and 10 inch Wildeys.

Continued On Page 12



X-CALIBER

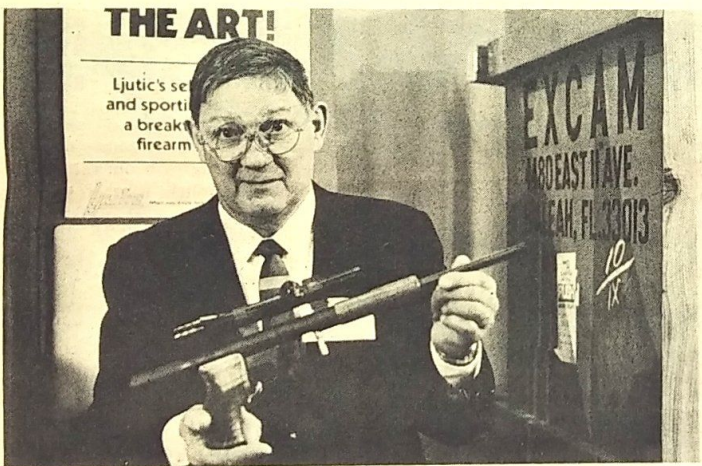
The Sterling X prototype.



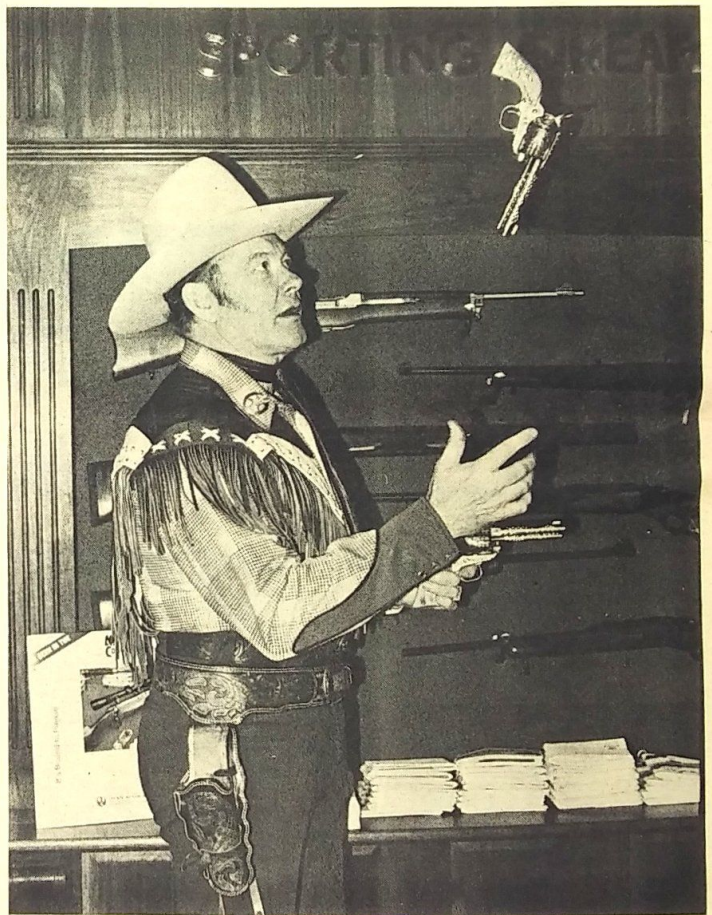
John Leak, President of Sterling and Tommy Lee, designer of the X gun.



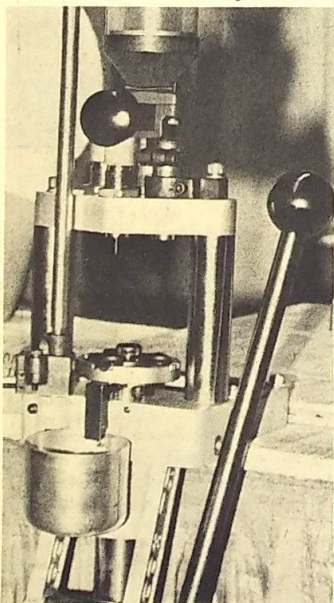
Miz SSK demonstrating the new SSK T'SOB scope base full length ventilated rib on a .375. Installed, the base-rib-rings set is \$110.00



Al Ljusic and one of his space pistols.



Joe Bowman looking for his gun.



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THE GREAT COLORADO — TEXAS SHOOT OUT AND THE PHANTOM BUCK OF PASTURE 16

By Bob Good, No. 621

For the past ten years our group of avid whitetail hunters has descended upon The Edwards Plateau country north of Del Rio, Texas the week before Christmas. My family lives in Denver and are the only Colorado hunters on this annual chili-eat'n, beer drinkin' pre-Christmas deer hunt and jack rabbit chase. The other families are from Dallas and San Antonio which lends itself to a good bit of geographic rivalry and good natured competition.

Texas has a very liberal season and bag limit, allowing three whitetails per hunter as long as no more than two are antlered. For the past several years, our annual hunt has been on the Wardlaw-White Ranch near Loma Alta, north of the Dry Devil River, as guests of the owner, Martin Wardlaw.

Some of the hunters, including myself, are handgunners and do most of our hunting each season with wheel-guns. This has led to the "Great Colorado-Texas Shoot Out" each annual get-together, with points awarded for whitetails, jack rabbits, and miscellaneous varmints. The rules are rather flexible and subject to wide interpretation. In 1979, Colorado won big when I dropped three does and the Texas team finished with one. All three of my deer were taken with my S & W Model 57 .41 Magnum. It is a standard 8 3/8" model, iron-sighted with no modification other than custom grips designed for my hand by Steve Herrett. By the way, if other members haven't discovered the super shoulder holster rig made by Alessi Brothers of New York, (2465 Niagara Falls Boulevard, Tonawanda, New York 14150), they are missing a good bet. It is by far the most comfortable, most reliable holster I've found for carrying a heavy handgun.

Since Colorado had won big in '79, I expected strong interest this year and I wasn't disappointed. A pair of new Rugers and a Colt were evidence that the interest level had escalated considerably over the intervening months.

At the close of the first day, no deer had been taken, but several jack rabbits were tallied by both sides. Late evening the second day, my ten year old son, Robert, and I were easing back in the direction of camp when we spotted three does lurking in the cedars. It had already been a great day since Robert had decked his first buck ever, a high-horned 8-point, with his .243. The does were only about 60 yards away but didn't move since they felt they were well hidden. The largest

was rear end on, looking back over her shoulder, and standing at a slight angle. Resting over a stump, I put the red insert between the white outline of the rear sight, settled it in the middle of the left rump and squeezed. In the resulting confusion in the cedars, I saw a glimpse of a deer dash to the left and plunged in after her. I stopped on the trail she was running and looked for blood. Nothing. Then I heard Robert call out, "Dad, what are you looking for over there? Your doe is lying here where you shot!"

And right he was! The 210 grain slug had broken the left rear joint, passed through the liver, lungs, and broke the right front shoulder, exiting into the Texas countryside. One up for Colorado!

The third morning, I blew a neck shot on a spike standing close in heavy cover. Everything looked right . . . I just plain missed. Then Louis Reininger of San Antonio aced a big spike in the neck with an almost identical set up. He was using a Ruger Blackhawk, also in .41 Mag. The Texas team was feeling pretty cocky at lunch time, also having added a bunch of bunnies to the score.

All day long, I kept re-thinking about the miss I had earlier. I had known it was a chancy shot, but due to circumstances, it was going to be the only shot I was going to get. I was still thinking what I could have done differently when two of the other hunters picked me up for the ride to camp. Just at dark, a mile from camp, a six-point jumped the jeep trail and trotted off almost broadside to me. I can't remember ever reacting quite so quickly. In one fluid motion, I jumped out, swung the Smith out and up, thumbing the hammer back as I went. I had landed in a widefooted two-handed combat stance and the sights flowed fluidly with the trotting buck. As the red insert passed the buck, I squeezed and the whitetail flipped in the air and disappeared in the scrub. I ran hard to the thrashing buck because light was fading fast. I almost stumbled over him where he had dropped into a dry stream bed. He was laying belly down, so I fired a second round point blank between the shoulders. As it turned out, the second shot was unnecessary. The first had broken both front legs just chest high, and had smashed the heart. When my two companions reached me, they were as excited as I was to have seen a trotting six-point whitetail dropped in his tracks with a handgun. I've taken



Bob Good and his six-pointer taken during the Great Colorado-Texas Shootout.

elephants, lion, kodiak bear and several hundred head of assorted big game, but I can't remember the last time I was as excited by a trophy. This handgun hunting adds an incredible dimension to big-game hunting.

The Texas team was now well ahead on rabbits, but would be hard pressed to catch up on deer. The next morning I really put the press on them when my wife spotted a spike buck sneaking off 140 yards away. She was rifle hunting and holding out for an eight-point. I whistled softly at the buck and he stopped. He hadn't detected us because we had just rounded a turn in the trail and were screened by thin brush. I plopped my hat on the top of a cedar post, giving myself an almost dead rest. At our Denver range, we have a 150 yard deer target, so I knew the hold. In the morning light, the spike posed broadside, just like our range target. For years I hunted with a .357, and killed a number of deer with it. But here is a shot I would never consider with a .357. With the .41, I KNEW the buck was mine before I pulled the trigger. At the shot, the buck jumped straight into the air and raced off. The deer's reaction and a loud 'thunk!' said we had a solid hit. I ran hard to a low ridge where I could watch the buck's escape route. From my vantage point, I could see the buck as he ran about 150 yards, slowed to a walk and started weaving. In the binoculars I could see the buck as he finally stopped, just standing in the brush. By his actions, I knew he was hit hard, but rather than wait, I decided on a quick stalk and another shot. By putting a large cedar clump between us, I was able to cut the distance rapidly. When I had closed to about 80 yards, I shifted to my right, using a convenient log as a rest. The buck's shoulders showed through the brush and I touched one off. A branch flew and I heard the distinctive whine of a careening bullet. The spike never moved. The next shot lifted him off his feet and he hit the deck, both shoulders broken. The first shot had hit an inch too far back, but had disrupted the liver badly and the buck would probably have not lasted for another minute. He had been too weak to run at my second shot.

That night, the Colorado team had

lots to celebrate about. I had filled my tags with two bucks and a doe and my ten year old dropped another good eight-point with his custom .243, but the best was yet to come.

Martin Wardlaw, the ranch owner, had been following this contest with some interest and announced that he would see to it that the Texas team had a chance to close the gap. He would take Louis Reininger into pasture 16 and let him try for the Old Phantom. Now the Old Phantom was almost a legend in these parts and had taken up residence in pasture 16, a 2,000 acre area that Martin had kept closed to hunting for several years because it housed the home place, barns, and loading chutes.

Several of us had seen the Old Phantom and had envied that phenomenal rack as we would drive through the area, but none of us would ever violate the no-shooting rule of pasture 16. We just hoped to catch him over the fence some day in hot pursuit of a romantic doe.

Now, at the announcement that Louis would have a chance at the Old Phantom, everyone in the place was green with envy, and Louis was so excited he could hardly maintain his composure as Martin made arrangements to pick him up at first light for the ride to the cedar grove in pasture 16 where the legendary buck made his base.

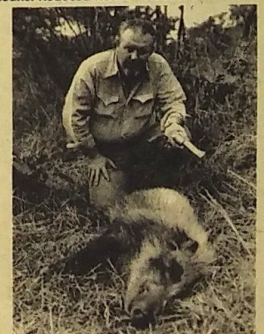
Now Martin Wardlaw is a dynamic young rancher and runs a good operation. He is so well thought of in the area that he is president of the Texas Sheep and Goat Raiser's Association. Generally a very serious hard driving individual, he is also known for having a great sense of humor, and as he went out the bunkhouse door, I thought I detected a low chuckle. But then, I was imagining things, or was I?

Well, at the crack of dawn, the ranch pick-up arrived with Martin at the wheel, and Louis, bleary eyed from a restless night of wrestling the Old Phantom through his dreams, crawled into the passenger side, his faithful Ruger .41 snuggled in its holster under his arm. As they prepared to leave, I

Continued On Page 14

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Shoot Out *Continued From Page 13*
 registered a last minute, half-hearted protest on behalf of the Colorado team, while underneath I was green with envy. As they pulled away, Martin leaned out the window and said, "Of course, he has to hit him . . . doesn't he? And I have to stand witness that he killed him fair and square, right?" With that, the gears meshed, Martin gave me a sly wink, and the truck disappeared in a cloud of dust.

Since the hang-out of the big buck was so close at hand, we all stood around, waiting to hear the shots and maybe see the truck return with the buck of a lifetime. It didn't take long. It had just gotten good full light when the sound of a shot filled the valley. Even from where we were, you could hear the "thwunk!" of a solid hit. It sounded like the Texas team had just pulled ahead. But wait . . . a second shot . . . then a third . . . rapidly followed by four, five and six! Louis is a damned good shot and something obviously had gone wrong.

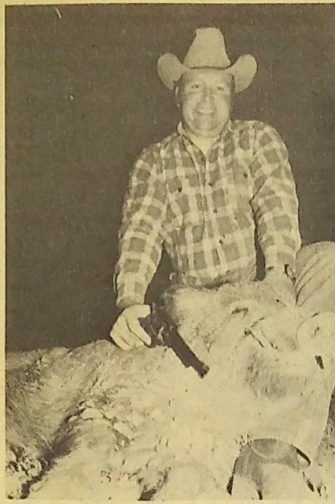
Minutes later, the truck roared into camp in a cloud of dust and we all ran to the bed of the pick-up to see the Old Phantom up close. The bed was empty and Louis came roaring out of the pick-up, obviously in a real fluster and accusing Martin of all sorts of evil doings. Meanwhile, Martin was rolling around the cab of the truck, laughing so hard he had trouble catching his breath. In bits and pieces, the story came out. Martin and Louis had driven to the edge of the cedar grove and quietly slipped into the area just at good shooting light. At a turn in the trail, Martin had hesitated, then excitedly pointed to a spot in the heavy brush and said, "There he is! The big one . . . shoot quick!" Partially concealed in the cedars, a tremendous buck lurked, neck low in sneak position, head turned to suspiciously view the hunters through the heavy cedars. Quickly bringing the sights into line on the enormous buck, Louis fired. The buck never moved.

"You hit high right," Martin hissed. Quickly, Louis fired again. Still the buck stayed locked up in concealment.

"Still high and right," Martin whispered.

Another shot. The buck never moved. By now, Louis was in a panic. Here was the biggest whitetail of his life, staring at him through the brush, and so insolent he never moved as he stared at the hunters. Just imagine yourself in this situation. Louis said he just threw the last three shots into the brush, he was so shook. Still the Old Phantom never moved.

When the last round was expended, Martin fell to his knees in laughter. Louis had been had, but good! A day earlier, Martin's ranch manager had found a big buck caught in the fence, a sad occurrence that happens many times in this country. The buck was cut loose, but when he fell to the ground, it was obvious he couldn't make it and was quickly put out of his misery. When Martin heard the story, he felt it would be a shame to let such a good buck go to waste, so he devised this elaborate scheme to take advantage of Louis' eagerness. Together with some of his employees, they had transported the buck to the cedar grove and carefully wired him into position. Later, we all went to see the set up, and the ruse was perfect. The buck was so natural and lifelike wired in position that it was impossible to detect the scheme.



Our hero, Lou Reininger, who refused to pose with "Old Phantom" proudly posed with a boar taken on a happier day.

So that's how I went on to win the Great Colorado-Texas Shoot Out; and the Old Phantom of pasture 16? Legend has it that he'll just stare you down as you take shot after shot until you fall to your knees under his ghostly stare. And they say you'll never be quite the same again.

* * *

The address of Alessi Concealment Holsters is: 2465 Niagara Falls Blvd., Tonawanda, New York 14150.

MAXIMUM MAGNUM EFFICIENCY

By Blackie Sliva, No. 252

What load are you using? What is your favorite .44 Magnum load? These seem to be the questions that big bore shooters are always asking each other. The best bullet, powder, and primer combination will always be argued. As far as I'm concerned, I don't think there ever will be a secret load divulged that will allow a handgunner to become an instant expert.

I will tell you what loads work for me, but that doesn't mean they will work for you. It may be the basis of your start to better shooting. I'm no expert; just an ordinary guy that likes to handload and shoot handguns, whether it is at steel or fur.

Any handgunner that takes his time loading, and has a reasonable amount of time to practice can become good enough to hold his own. The method of handloading, and practice, to me, are far more important than some sought after secret load. There are many good bullets and powders on the market, and any of them will work, if you do your part loading them.

Let's take things one at a time and see if we can't get some good .44 Magnum shooters out there.

For openers, I don't like to shoot new brass. It may be a figment of my imagination, but brass always seems to shoot more accurately after four or five loadings. Case preparation is the key point to good handloads. I spend as much time getting my brass in perfect condition as I do on the practice range. Make sure your brass is clean, inside and out, including the primer pocket. Make sure your brass is

all the same length! If it isn't, your bullets will string out high and low due to erratic crimps. A pair of calipers for checking case length are a necessity at the loading bench, and I wouldn't think of trying to load accurate ammo without them. A good case trimmer is essential to accuracy.

Primers all seated to the bottom of the primer pockets, and a uniform crimp are of utmost importance.

If you follow the instructions in loading manuals you can't go wrong. They were written by experts. The load you use and the way you load your ammunition is about 25% of the accuracy problems you will encounter.

Make sure your gun is in good condition. I shoot a 10½" Ruger Super Blackhawk, and the more I shoot it the better it gets. I have a 7½" SBH that shot its best after I put over 10,000 jacketed rounds through it. I'm not going to say that one gun is better than another. The main thing is to get one gun and shoot that one gun only. There are plenty of excellent .44 Magnums being sold, and expensive doesn't necessarily mean best or better. Every gun will shoot fair right out of the box, to some extent. But if you want it to shoot good, have a professional action job done. I do my own trigger jobs on my guns, and with a little practice, you could probably do your own also. The more you know about your gun, the better you will shoot.

Clean your gun regularly. The bore and cylinder should be cleaned after every 100 to 200 rounds. (Ed. — Benchresters clean after 10, Nosler says accuracy falls off after 20-30 rounds in most rifles.) Completely dismantle and clean the gun after about 500 to 1,000 rounds.

Make sure your gun is tight. Loctite all the take down screws. If they come loose, take the gun apart, thoroughly clean the gun and screws, retighten and loctite. Loose grip-frame screws result in vertical dispersion of shots.

They way to become good at anything is to practice. This doesn't mean shooting a lot of bullets and spending a lot of money. If you can practice twice a week and fire 20 rounds a session, that should be enough to make you proficient.

Load five rounds in the cylinder and spin it so you don't know which chamber is empty. This will show you whether or not you flinch. If you flinch, it's probably because of sensitivity to noise. I use foam rubber ear plugs, and muffs over top of the plugs. You've got to eliminate that flinch by eliminating the noise. No one is really afraid of .44 Mag recoil, now are they?

Your mental attitude can be an accuracy problem. You must have faith in your loads and gun. You should have the attitude that you are the best damn shooter at the range or hunting.

Anything that makes you nervous will affect your shooting. I don't drink or eat anything that contains caffeine the day of the hunt or shoot. Alcohol will also dull your senses — even after one drink. So the best think to do is lay off until the shoot or hunt is over. Remember, alcohol will stay in your system one or two days if you are an occasional drinker, longer if you drink consistently or excessively.

I'll tell you something else that helps me to be a better big bore shooter. I shoot a lot of 22's. Now here is where a man or woman can get good. You don't have to load your own, and can devote more time to practice. Everybody shoots the same loads, so you don't have anything to blame for

the misses but yourself. I love to squirrel and rabbit hunt with a 22. I don't get as much game as the shotgunners, but I enjoy myself and it is good practice. When you shoot 22's there is no magical load that is going to make you a good shot. Here is where the practice, concentration, and self discipline come in.

Shooting sports are supposed to be fun and intended for everyone to have a good time. You aren't going to have a good time if you blame your load for a missed shot. You can't blame the load if you miss a .22, so why blame your .44 handload?

The loading manuals are full of good loads. Find one that you are comfortable with and like to shoot. Shooting reduced loads in a .44 Mag. doesn't mean that you are a sissy. Don't be afraid to experiment with loads. I have a lot of fun shooting squib loads with single and double lead ball loads; but that's another story.

Before you blame your load for a missed buck or steel ram, check your own human error. Too much to drink the day before? Too many cigarettes, coffee, tea, or chocolate? Am I trying too hard? When you shoot, relax! I guarantee that you will hit more game and steel targets if you are relaxed and confident. Accuracy goes to hell when you are nervous, tense, and have a negative attitude.

Remember, your attitude, uniformity of loads, a well made and cared for piece are the answers. A .44 Magnum revolver is a tough gun to shoot well. You do your part and it will do its part.

Here are the loads that I have been using in silhouette matches and for hunting.

Ruger 10½" SBH
 CCI — 350 Primers
 240 Gr. Sierra JHC
 21.5 Gr. 2400 Hercules

CCI — 350 Primers
 265 Gr. Hornady JFP
 21.5 Gr. 2400 Hercules

CCI — 350 Primers
 220 Gr. Sierra Silhouette
 23.0 Gr. 2400 Hercules

Ruger 7½" SBH
 CCI — 350 Primers
 180 Gr. Sierra JHC
 26.5 Gr. 2400 Hercules

CCI — 350 Primers
 240 Gr. Sierra JHC
 22.5 Gr. 2400 Hercules

Editor: I've seen Blackie tie the silhouette revolver record three times and each time he lost a ram that should have gone down. He really deserves the revolver record. He has won about everything he has entered in Big Bore and .22 Silhouette. He is very emphatic on case length, many times fired cases and uniform crimp for maximum accuracy. If I had to pick someone to shoot a revolver against — it damn sure wouldn't be Blackie.

JDJ

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THOMPSON/CENTER CONTENDER

By John Taffin, No. 76

In 1967 Thompson/Center arms was formed under the Parent Co., K.W. Thompson Tool Company to produce the new Warren Center single shot handgun, the Contender. The serial numbers started with number 1001 with this one being chambered in .357 Magnum even though the first five calibers offered were .22 LR, .22 WRM, .22 Hornet, .22 Jet, and .38 Special. T/C originally intended to make a handgun for plinking and small game hunting. They did not fully realize what an extremely strong action capable of chambering many rifle cartridges, that would someday be in great demand. When they discovered this, sales grew tremendously. With T/C being willing to chamber for any reasonable cartridge for which there was a demand plus a tremendous upsurge in handgun hunting, the success of the contender was assured. Silhouette increased the T/C's usage dramatically.

By being willing to chamber not only factory rounds, but "factory" wildcats as well, T/C has produced more different calibers for one handgun than any other manufacturer. The Colt Single Action was considered very versatile being produced in 36 calibers from .22 to .476. The Contender has already beaten this record. Not only has the Contender been factory produced from .17 to .45 caliber, it has further been enhanced by wildcat chambering by such firms as SSK (Rt. 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910)

SSK has really made the Contender into a power house with such chamber-

ings as .430 JDJ, .358 JDJ, .375 JDJ, all based on the .444 Marlin case and even custom barrels chambered for the .45-70 and .50-70. Warren Center should feel very good about the fact that he has designed a single shot pistol that can handle so many chamberings and do it so well.

Contenders basic design hasn't been changed. The stock has been changed through the years as the original stock was punishing in .44 Magnum and would be uncontrollable in the .430 JDJ for example. The present stock is acceptable with a Herrett designed finger-groove stock, but a better solution is the rubber grip being produced by Pachmayr, which provides a recoil shoulder to cushion the power of the big bores and also provide a secure non-slip grip. T/C has also had to change their forearm from a clip-on to a screw on as recoil often separated the Contender from the fore-arm. Many shooters who add Pachmayr grips also use the Pachmayr forearm.

The Contender has also been improved by numerous sight changes, some have been improvements, some have not. I like the positive click adjustments of the presently supplied sights on the 10" T/C, but the old style presented a better sight picture for me. Unfortunately the blades are not interchangeable. The 14" T/C's are provided with a narrow blade front a Williams type adjustable rear that give an excellent sight picture especially when a hood is added to the front sight. (Ed: — Probably be phased out and replaced with the 10" sight.)

No change has been made in the T/C's metal make-up since the original with a 4140 Chrome Molybdenum steel being used for the basic parts. In purchasing a T/C one must realize that frames and barrels are produced and sold separately and not hand fitted. This results in an occasional extra tight or loose mating of barrel and frame. There are gunsmith's specializing in accurizing the T/C. Verne Jueake, 25 Bitterbrush Road, Reno, NV 89523 is probably the best.

One of the selling points of the T/C is one action plus as many barrels as you care to acquire gives you that many different pistols. Constantly

changing barrels however will loosen the hinge pin. (Ed: I have three frames that have each had hundreds of barrel changes that will still shoot minute of angle with any number of scoped barrels. JDJ) For this reason I plan to add new actions, as I had new barrels.

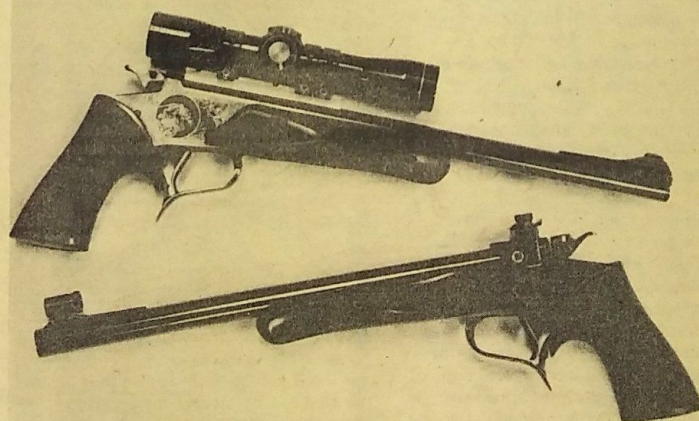
There is only one way to describe the T/C to those who like the pleasing lines of Colt and Smith & Wesson revolvers — it is ugly, at least at first glance; but there is something about the addition of Pachmayr grip and forearm, plus possibly a scope that give the Contender a business like appearance and beauty of its own.

I don't know if the Contender has allowed the art of silhouette shooting to expand rapidly or if the presence of silhouette shooting has been responsible for the great popularity of the Contender. I do know it has been a perfect marriage. The T/C is the gun for silhouette shooting, giving accuracy and necessary power and when scoped the T/C makes an excellent long range hunting handgun.

If you really want to experiment with long range shooting, purchase a Contender in one of the rifle type cartridges, put on a quality scope with a rugged base (SSK puts out the best!) and you are in business. If you want to really see the accuracy and power potential of cartridges such as the .357 and .44 Magnums, again the answer is the Contender. If you really want to have a blast both literally and figuratively, pick up a T/C barrel in a big bore wildcat chambering and have at it.

Our shooting circle of three has five actions plus barrels in .221, .357 Magnum, .44 Magnum, .30-30 in both 10" and 14" lengths, and .430 JDJ's in 10", 12" and 14" lengths. This allows us a lot of room for experimenting and we will soon be adding barrels in .223 and .358 JDJ.

The T/C is the only production gun which has scored a perfect 40 in silhouette competition. (Ed: I believe the Merrill also has.) I myself resisted Contenders for years, until my wife gave me a Super 14 .30-30 for Christmas in 1979. Since then my main shooting time has been spent on Contenders. Revolvers are great, but if you really want accuracy, power, experimentation, and just plain shooting fun, get a Contender.



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FIRING LINE

My experience with the .17 Rem. is limited to the rifle, but the case forming basics Ken Hooper asks about are identical. First, obtain a suitable quantity of 5.56 G. I. cases all the same year — same arsenal. Inspect them for breaks, cracks, etc. Clean or polish them — this will get rid of dirt, grime, etc.

Full length size to .223 Rem., next using a Forster or similar case trimmer, inside neck ream to .224. RCBS makes excellent case forming dies. The old number for .17 Rem. from .223 is No. 40038. Next, in the press, run the case into the form die, next the reamer die and inside neck ream with the .17 reamer. Now you are ready to full length size to .17 Rem.

After all the cases have been loaded and fired — anneal them to help prevent neck splitting. Then run them into the reamer die again and ream if necessary. This helps keep the inside of the necks uniform and helps prevent excessive pressure.

I hope this will be of help.

R.D. Herring, No. 773

I received my membership material the other day and sure did enjoy reading the copy of **The Sixgunner** that you sent along. It's great to read a gun publication devoted entirely to the handgun.

Handgun shooting and hunting started for me back in 1955, a High Standard .22 being the very first. From there I moved up to the .357 Mag. and finally to the old flat-top Ruger .44 Mag. (Wish I still had that one). There's been a few .45 Autos and so on mixed in, but by and large the .44 Mag. has pretty well dominated my shooting interest.

Rifle hunting was replaced by the bow and finally the handgun became my thing. In a lot of respects the bow was a lot tougher to score with on game animals, but the handgun has its own personality and it became a long love affair which is still going strong.

**Robert Newton
No. 1144**

I got my knife a short time ago. It is

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a beauty. I don't know who is more proud of it, my family or myself. The wood box is also a work of art. I am very pleased with the set. I have a few questions though: 1) On the knife is some numbers: 11/100. Does this mean number 11 of the first 100 made? 2) Also on the sheath is the number 11. Does this also mean the eleventh one made?

Duane A. Uttke
No. 068

ED: Only 100 of the knives will be made. The knife and sheath are both numbered. Your No. 11 is the eleventh knife made and the sheath was made to fit No. 11. I agree, they aren't just knives, they are art.

JDJ

I am looking for a genuine Colt brass grip frame and steel backstrap for an 1860 Army Colt and if possible, I'd like to get the back issues of our magazine please.

Thomas M. Black
No. 1067

General Delivery
Hampton, KY 42047

ED: All back issues are available postpaid at \$2.00 each.

Just received the February **Sixgunner** (good issue) and I can't resist the HHI Mag-Na-Port Custom Sixgun. If No. 92 hasn't been taken, it would match my Safari. Second choice would be No. 177 to match my Tomahawk. If both of these are gone, just give me the lowest number still available.

Enclosed is my check for the deposit. I will send my FFL copy and check for the balance when I'm notified that the gun is ready to ship.

This is certainly a good deal for collectors and shooters for that matter, and you and Larry Kelly are to be congratulated for putting the limited issue together and keeping the price down. Keep up the good work.

Russ Gaertner
No. 895

Thanks for those kind words. I'm happy to confirm your order for No. 177.

JDJ

Over the last few months I have been using some new cast bullets from Ohio Shooters Supply, 7532 Tyler Blvd., Mentor, OH 44060.

I first heard about these in an article by John Taffin, in the August 1980 issue of **The Sixgunner**. I have been using their .44 cal. 240 gr. SWC and trying various loads in my Ruger Super Blackhawk. Two good loads with this bullet are 9 gr. Unique and 19.0 gr. H2400. The H2400 load will shoot into 1.5 inches at 25 yards, doesn't lead the barrel, is easy on the gun and on the shooter. This load is also good for long range shooting and plinking, as they will stay in a six to eight inch circle at 100 yards. After spending the last few years trying to find a good hard commercially cast bullet and having no luck, I was happy to find these bullets from OSS. I think they are the best I have seen, without casting my own.

Mitchell Wigand
No. 504

I am a new member of HHI and just received my first issue which featured your article on Alaska hunting with your 45/70 Contender. I have been handgun hunting for four years with a Contender in .44 and SBH .44 Mag. I have taken three whitetails with my 44s but wanted to elk hunt and felt the .44 would be shy of knockdown power.

I am intrigued by your 45/70. What loads are safe in the Contender? Are factory loads safe? Where did you get your barrel? Which scope, base and

mounts did you choose to withstand the recoil? I had to use a three ring Conetrol base and mounts with a Leupold on my .44. I'd appreciate your answers so I can gear up for elk.

Moses Herrera
No. 1089

ED: I own SSK Industries and make the .45/70, many standard caliber and my JDJ series of cartridges for the T/C.

I can only recommend '73' Springfield handloads or any factory load in the .45/70 Contender. Many do load heavier loads than those listed for the '73' Springfield. Pistol powders in the .45/70 or any other rifle or rifle type case are strictly **not** recommended.

After bending, breaking, shearing screws, etc. on relatively mild recoiling handguns such as .30 Herrett, .30-30, .357 Herrett and .44 Magnum; I developed a base that attaches to Contenders with six screws and will allow a minimum of three Bushnell rings on even the 4X Leupold. Any ring that will fit a Weaver base will fit the SSK base. No SSK base has ever failed; even under test conditions that shattered lenses, broke grips and destroyed rings.

The .44 Mag., in either a revolver or T/C in my opinion is adequate for elk, with conventional ammunition, assuming a broadside chest shot is possible. This does limit your opportunities of a shot as "quartering" shots are likely to be chancey. A .44 loaded with the 315 grain JDJ cast bullet has adequate penetration for elk from any direction. I put one through a moose's head and about 18 inches of gravelly dirt behind it. It drills a hole through meat like a half inch drill through a board. Obviously though, the .358, .375, .411 and .430 JDJ wildcats, based on the .444 Marlin case or the .45/70 combined with the T/C action provide much greater power than possible in any conventional handgun.

JDJ

Thanks for a fine publication, the best of all magazines I get. Here's my renewal for **The Sixgunner**. I am mainly a hunter, but not above a bit of target shooting every chance I get. My favorite caliber is the .44 Mag., but I love all calibers from .357 through .45 Long Colt. Thanks again for a fine magazine.

D.T. Reynolds
No. 740

As for my .44 Mag. load: 24 gr. WW296, CCI Mag Primer, 240 gr. Speer. It is the most accurate load I have ever shot in my Ruger SBH.

David Chester
No. 1012

I've seen the unusual license plates shown in the "Firing Line" and thought there might be some interest in an unusual serial number. My brother Tom, HHI No. 23, bought a Ruger Super Blackhawk a couple of weeks before my charter membership came in. He did a "tune up" on it and was going to show it to me on his next visit. My HHI charter membership came in just before he came over, No. 799.

I always wanted a .44 Mag. but didn't have one as yet, and wanted to look at his latest one, with thoughts of borrowing it for a hunting trip we were talking about. I mentioned my charter number to him then we started to check out the Super. He soon had the "fat cat" look on his face that made me suspicious, something was up, and he turned over the Ruger for me to look over. The .44 was unfired and the action wasn't bad at all. Then he said to check out the serial number. It was

xx-44799! What a coincidence! My application was sent in before he picked up the Super and Pop's number came in at 798, so I know it wasn't rigged. Needless to say I didn't hand it back and he hasn't touched it since. It cost me a good long gun but there was NO WAY he was getting the Ruger back!

Ted Frick
No. 799

I am very seriously considering having my Super 14" T/C in .44 Magnum re-chambered to the full length .444 Marlin. My T/C is Mag-Na-Ported and also has the new two piece bolt. Is there anything additional that I should have done to my gun to make it withstand the blast/recoil of the .444 Marlin? I'm worried about the rear sight (Williams Co. style) and the entire gun itself staying together.

Also, could you or any other member of the HHI furnish me with reloading information in terms of the correct powder and primers to use for light loads, moderate loads and full house loads? I prefer to use the Lyman/Keith No. 429421 250 gr. SWC, but any bullet weight and style will certainly be considered. I would greatly appreciate any help that you or any HHI member could give me.

R. Lane Meinert
No. 1038

8075 Remington Dr.
Pittsburgh, PA 15237

ED: There is really nothing you can do to your T/C to strengthen it. The S-14 rear sight is a dog and should be replaced. (New 10" T/C or Micro) On hard kickers it bends and can cut you severely in recoil. I do not at this time consider the .444 a good conversion as I feel some .444 ammunition could be excessive for the gun. The correct loads would be .444 loads reduced by about 15%. Re-chambering to .444 and using a 250 Keith is a step backward. The 265 and heavier bullets are much more suitable. 4227 is about the fastest burning powder with lightweight (265 gr.) bullet that is suitable for the cartridge. Loads with a lot of airspace are to be strictly avoided. No Bullseye, Unique, 2400, etc.

JDJ

I received my HHI Commemorative Knife a week ago and it sure is one fine knife. The scrimshaw work is excellent and I was extremely pleased to have such a low knife number, 10/100. This knife will not be kept cased, but will accompany me on my hunting trips. I'm sure it will see plenty of action. My thanks to R.W. Wilson for a fine job.

Al Zink
No. 063

My two favorite .41 Mag. loads use CCI Magnum Primers in WW cases with 18.5 grains of 2400 under the 200 Speer or 210 Sierra. I use the Remington lead semi-wadcutter over 8.5 Unique for a mild load.

David A. Kline
No. 545

The Sixgunner is the very best source of articles and information that I know

of for handgun hunters.

I have had good results with 2400 powder in my .44 Ruger 3 screw — but not in my 10 1/2" .44 Ruger. After trying many different loads I settled on 23.7 gr. of 296 Ball with 240 gr. Speer bullets.

Have received my HHI "Sixgun" keeper — a beautiful handgun in a beautiful walnut box that those who can, should get — and I am impatiently waiting my Charter No. 50 "Sixgun" as I will shoot that one. Have already received two beautiful, well made, reasonably priced custom holsters from John Taffin, No. 076 of Boise, ID. Plan to shoot JD's 320 gr. slugs in my "Sixgun" next fall — nowif I can just get something big and hairy over those sights!

Dan Harper
No. 50

Having gone through a number of handguns ranging from 22's to 357's and liking all of them, I still hadn't reached the ultimate big bore.

With the price being right and the time right, I purchased my first 44 Mag., a Ruger Super Blackhawk. After doing a few changes like sights, grips and a trigger job, I was ready to go. Doing my own reloading for the 38's and 357's made things a little easier when I started to reload for the 44.

After putting about 1500 rounds through the Super without problems I was very happy with it. The Super went through two deer seasons with me in addition to some small game hunting.

Well like everyone else who has that "44 fever", I still wanted a 'Model 29', even though I knew I had just about the strongest 44 on the market. After a lot of wishing and hoping the time arrived.

My gun dealer had just gotten in a six inch nickled 29. My birthday was only a week away so I began to talk things over with the wife. Now I say, what would be more appropriate for a birthday on which you'll be 29? You got it — a nickel 29!

I've now put about 300 rounds through the 29 and couldn't be happier. I've settled on a couple of loads which are very comfortable and accurate. For so-called plinking, I'm shooting the Hornady swaged 240 gr. SWC over 7.8 grs. of Unique with CCI 300's and W/W brass. When I need something a littler heavier I use a Sierra 240 gr. JHC over 23.4 grs. of H110 with CCI 350's and W/W brass.

Jon Palisin
No. 569

Just got a Redhawk and find it an excellent revolver. Fit, finish and handling qualities are super and highly recommend it for all shooters, especially .44 Mag. enthusiasts. I have started out using Sierra 180 grain bullets behind 27 grains of 110 powder. I plan to experiment with different types of bullets and loads to get an overall combination of power and accuracy.

Howard S. Schulman
No. 912

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