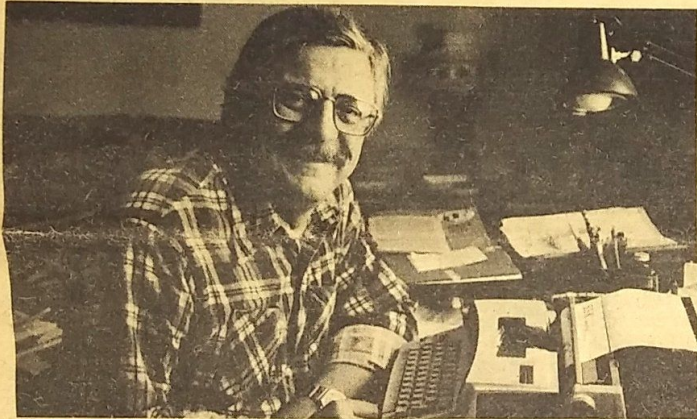




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

First, I'd like to introduce Bob Good, our new Field Editor. Bob is President of the American Sportsman Club and probably does more hunting than Kelly. He knows what he's talking about when it comes to handguns and big game. His experience is extensive. He can even write a little bit. Now if he had a sense of humor and didn't have to have his kid do his shooting (and baiting fish hooks) for him, he would be OK.

We'll also tell you a bit about the American Sportsman's Club this issue which I think is the best thing going for hunters. Consider in many places a whitetail buck now costs 1500 bucks. The A.S.C. provides a lot of hunting opportunity and service for what I consider a modest price.

As far as word of new goodies for handgunners, the word is pretty slim.

The Dan Wesson .357 Maximum is going to have a very long cylinder to allow seating of long bullets without reducing powder capacity. Sounds like a good move to me.

I've had several reports of the Ruger .357 Max 10" shooting too high to sight in. Also some early reports of gas cutting the topstrap and occasional cylinder rotation problems.

Frankly, although SSK has re-

chambered a lot of 10" T/Cs to the Maximum, it appears the .357 Maximum has generated much more interest in a long case .44. I'm aware of numerous individuals who have experimented with long case .44s in the D.W., Ruger and T/C. Several others are planning to rechamber and rebarrel the maximum .357 revolvers which is an expensive proposition as it takes three different reamers to open a chamber in a cylinder from .357 to .44 the right way. Cylinders also eat expensive reamers at an alarming rate. I would guess such a conversion if done right would cost around \$400. I doubt if there is much of a market for that type conversion, but a factory long case .44 at a reasonable price would definitely get some attention from the gun buying public.

Hornady is redesigning their FMJ .357 and .44 Silhouette bullets. In the near future, the jacket will be reversed and the core changed from 1% to 3% antimony. It will essentially be a tough soft point bullet. The new design is reputed to give increased accuracy and versatility with an eye cast toward .357, .44 and .444 rifle market also.

The Leupold '83' catalog has an excellent explanation of the forces

(Continued on Page 2)



John and his record book class European Fallow Deer.

INDIAN CREEK RANCH

By John E. Chance II, Lafayette, LA

The atmosphere was tense as our small low flying aircraft maneuvered through the dense clouds that obscured our vision. The airstrip beacon was on the blink, making it impossible for us to home in on the airport with our instruments. We would have to make another pass. For the second time, we made our approach, and low and behold, there it was! We banked hard and our pilot, Buddy Achee, made a picture-perfect landing.

Where were we? Were we in the dark jungles of Africa, or the dense rain forests of South America? Or could it have possibly been some form of paradise, beautiful and rich, that was hidden beneath this blanket of clouds?

It was neither Africa nor South America, but it was indeed a form of paradise. And incredibly enough, it was only a 10 minute ride from the airport at Kerrville, Texas. We were on our way to Indian Creek Ranch, an exotic game ranch owned and operated

by a young man by the name of Greg Meyer.

We were escorted directly to our lodge, a clean, roomy house with central heating and cooling, and a well equipped kitchen. There my brother-in-law, Tom Ortego (pronounced Arr-tee-go), his wife, Laurie, and I unpacked our belongings and readied ourselves for an afternoon of scouting. For those not well acquainted with exotics, Greg had thoughtfully hung several trophy mounts in the lodge.

The terrain was ideally suited for a game ranch: open hilltops and thickly wooded ravines and valleys. As we bounced along the rocky road in the Blazer, Greg pointed out European Fallow Deer, Japanese Sika Deer, Axis Deer, Blackbuck Antelope, Corsican and Mouflon Rams, Aoudad, and a host of other wildlife. On the other side of his 2,000 acre tract is 'Little Africa, which supports Zebra, Gemsbuck,

(Continued on Page 3)

effecting a scope when it's fired on a heavy handgun with rifle comparisons given. It's well worth writing for. (Leupold, P.O. Box 6885, Beaverton, OR 97075).

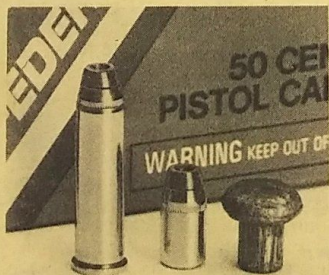
Mag-Na-Port has a new front sight replacement set-up for Ruger and Colt revolvers with pinned in front sights. Ramp and Patridge sights cast in five different easy-to-see non-reflective colors are available. All you need to install them yourself will be a punch and maybe 1/16" drill. Cost will be about \$15.00. Colors are yellow, green, blue, orange and hot pink. I have samples and they are very well made and tough. I don't know what the material is, but it is tough!

The January '84' HHI hunt should be finalized by next issue. The Y. O. Ranch will be the kick-off spot for non-trophy sheep and goats. Trophy animals will also be available. Figure two days there, a day in transit and a trophy Corsican hunt in country you wouldn't believe existed in Texas, for the next two days. Other trophy hunting is also available. Frankly, the prices are so low I'm not going to give them in THE SIXGUNNER for fear of causing our friends problems. For basic information, either call (614) 264-0176 or write, and when everything is finalized, you will be notified.

Wives-girl friends would enjoy the Y. O. and if enough come along, we'll plan something for them (probably San Antonio River Walk) while the canyon country hunt is on. Space will be limited. First come, first served. No fall hunt scheduled as yet.



Federal, as usual, is introducing a lot of new ammo for handgunners. First, a 33 grain hyper-velocity (1500 FPS-rifle) hollow point. No samples yet, so we don't know what it will do in pistols. It's called Spitfire!



Next is a new .357 Mag 180 grain H.P. load. Velocity figures are 1450 FPS from a 10" T/C and 1550 from an 18" rifle barrel. No velocity figures are given from revolvers.

Federal's release on the .357 Maximum reads in part, "This instantly popular cartridge owes its heritage to Elgin Gates and handgun silhouette shooting." That's that. Federal's load used the 180 grain H.P. bullet at an advertised velocity said to be taken from a 10.5" barreled revolver of 1550 F.P.S. Looks to me like the 10" .357 Mag T/C will equal or better a 10.5" revolver in .357 Max

caliber with a lot less gun weight and size.



Next, Federal purchased S & W's Nyclad ammo rights when S & W's ammo division went belly up. After extensive testing, changes and improvements, Federal Nyclad ammo is in production. The first four loads will all be .38 Special — a 148 grain wadcutter @ 710 FPS, 158 grain RN @ 755 FPS, 158 grain SWHP @ 915 FPS and a 125 grain SWHP @ 825 FPS.

Nyclad nylon-jacketed bullets eliminate a lot of problems associated with lead bullets. Gun fouling, leading and lube smoking are nearly eliminated completely and the airborne lead particles in indoor ranges are significantly reduced. They also expand well in HP version at quite low velocities.

Winchester has announced the addition of a 200 grain Silvertip .44 Special round generating 900 F.P.S. from a 6 1/2" test barrel. Expansion characteristics of the Silvertip handgun bullets are excellent. These new .44 Special loads are available now.

NRA-ILA "Reports from Washington" carries useful information. In their analysis of the 1981 FBI Uniform Crime Reports, the following facts were given. "According to the National Safety Council, there were 1900 accidental firearms fatalities in 1981. The only estimate of NSC on handgun involvement was in 1974 when it was estimated 50% shotgun, 40% rifle, and 10% handgun involvement." That's still 200 deaths per year too many.

"Overall, there are approximately 23,000 handgun and 11,000 long gun related deaths annually. Of these, about 11,250 involve handgun homicides and 2800 long gun homicides, 11,000 are handgun related suicides, and 6,000 are long gun related suicides; 200 are handgun related accidents and 1700 are long gun accidents. About 1,500 to 2,000 involve justifiable self-defense killings by law enforcement officers or civilians over 70% of which involve handguns."

The rest of the analysis is interesting as are most of the "Reports". Subscription fee is \$6.00 per year. Checks should be made to NRA/ILA. (Subscription Services, Box 2019, Washington, D.C. 20013).

Indian Creek . . . Continued from Page 1
Grants Gazelle and many other large African species.

Tom and I were up before dawn the next morning, readying ourselves for the hunt. Tom used his Marlin 30-30 topped with a Bushnell 3-9x scope and some hand loaded ammo. I packed my 10.5" Ruger Super Blackhawk topped with a Leupold 2x pistol scope. My ammo consisted of Federal Cases, CCI 350 primers, 22 grains of 2400 powder, and a Hornady 240 grain Hollow Point.

I could see the Blackbuck feeding about 150 yards from my small out-house shaped stand. It was 8:30 and Greg was to pick me up at 9:00. I

would have to leave my stand in order to get a closer shot. I cautiously edged out of my cover and onto the damp rock strewn earth. Talk about no cover! There were two small trees about 35 yards from the buck, and if I could get there, the buck was mine. My brown and tan camouflage must have been effective, for it allowed me to crawl right up to the trees without being seen. But when I attempted to bring the revolver into position, a rock slipped from under my elbow, making an audible 'clack' sound. The Blackbuck looked up for a moment and then bounded off in the direction of my stand. I rolled onto my back and into the creedmore position. I watched as the buck ran within a few feet of my stand and into some low cedar bushes. The buck's body was obscured by the brush, but his neck and head were plainly visible. Since I knew where my big Ruger shot out to 200 yards, and my position was steady, I took the shot. The .44 slug connected with the buck's neck and removed 3" of vertebra. The distance was stepped off at 139 paces. All those silhouette shots were not wasted!

Tom had not seen anything worth shooting that morning, so we returned to the lodge. After taking a few pictures with my blackbuck, we went in to rest. Meanwhile, Greg skinned the blackbuck and hung it in his walk-in cooler.

That afternoon, Laurie decided to accompany Tom on his hunt. After several hours of waiting, she decided to return to the lodge. Even though she was well clothed, the strong winds and 20° temperatures forced her to retreat to the fireplace at the lodge.

Tom continued on and found a nice fallow buck. When the situation presented itself, he made a fine one-shot kill. The buck was a handsome dark brown color, and would produce many tasty steaks.

The next morning found the hunters back in their stands, but it was all in vain. And so, we returned empty handed to the lodge. That afternoon, Greg, Tom, Laurie and I moved out in search of axis does. There was no trophy here, but the does would provide lots of meat. I watched the does through my 7x compact binoculars as Tom took aim. The shot was about 100 yards over a thinly wooded hillside. She was plainly hit, we both agreed on that, but Tom saw her bound up a hill to the left while I saw her trot down into a ravine. We each went to where we thought the deer was, but not a trace could be found. After a thorough 15 minute search, we returned to the hillside to enlist Greg's help. Greg was perched up on the hillside where Tom had shot at the doe. We thought he was waving just to be friendly, not because he had seen the deer drop in its tracks and was standing over it! We hefted the fat doe onto the hood of Greg's truck and headed towards the skinning room. On the way back, they dropped me off on a promising hillside to see if I could collect a doe.

After only 20 minutes, a herd of does trotted about 150 yards behind me and into a shallow depression that led to a wooded ravine to the left of me.

They were obviously aware of my presence and therefore made a dash for the woods. Because the ground cover made a prone or sitting shot impossible, I stood up and carefully cocked my revolver. They came down the depression in a quick trot. One of

the does was lagging behind the others, so I elected to take her. The crosshairs settled right behind her shoulder and the Ruger roared. She stumbled and a bright red spot appeared dead in the center of her chest cavity. She continued on another 15 feet or so into the woods. I figured that I would just walk down and pick up my doe, so I took the time to step off the distance. At 60 paces, there was an enormous spot of blood on the ground. That must have been where I hit her. I followed the blood trail into the woods where it abruptly disappeared. I assumed that she had stayed with the rest of the does, so I followed their tracks down into the ravine. No doe. I began to get worried. Letting a wounded animal die a slow, lingering death was not in my book. Soon Tom arrived with one of the guides. I told them what happened and showed them the blood. We then fanned out to search the ravine. I had gone about 500 yards into the thickly wooded ravine when I heard the guide blowing the horn on the jeep. I returned to find a beautiful Axis doe tied down on the hood of our vehicle. Tom had found it right inside the woods, not 10 feet from the end of the blood trail. The 240 grain slug had entered the chest cavity on the right side, destroyed the lungs and sent fragments of rib through the heart, and exited the other side.

That night our whole hunting party went to Kerrville for dinner. We all deserved a rest, especially Laurie, who had cooked up a wonderful chili for the previous night. After dinner, we went back to the lodge to watch an important football game. Damn! LSU lost!

Tom and I had both killed an Axis doe. I had shot a blackbuck and he had downed a nice fallow buck. We could both shoot one more animal before the time (and money) ran out. I was concentrating on a beautiful fallow buck I had seen at the beginning of the trip. Tom wanted an Axis buck but we had not seen any real nice ones.

The next morning, Tom hunted out
(Continued on Page 3)

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of the out-house shaped stand near where I shot my blackbuck. I hunted out of a well-built department-store size stand. I had seen some Spanish goats and a blackbuck in the distance when I heard Tom shoot. Since I was only after a particular fallow buck, I took the elevator down so I could find out what Tom had shot. (You must understand, I am used to sitting in the crotch of a thorn tree or in a drainpipe under a road to hunt, and I am not used to such luxuries as seats in blinds). I had not gone 50 feet before Greg came rumbling down the road in his Blazer. When we got to Tom, he had a blackbuck, and a grin from ear to ear. Not just any blackbuck, but a real nice blackbuck. In fact, it was nicer than mine. How do you like that for a hunting partner? I loaded some ammo for him, arranged the trip, and was real nice to top it off, and what does he do? He shoots a bigger blackbuck than I did! What gratitude!

He told me how it happened. He had spotted the blackbuck early but it was pretty far away. He got out of the stand and crept up to the unsuspecting blackbuck. When he got about 150 yards away, the blackbuck started getting suspicious. The critter was partially hidden by cedar bushes but was not seriously considering staying there all day, so Tom took the shot. The blackbuck, which was hit low in the front leg, took off in a hurry. Twenty-five yards later, Tom put one in his heart.

Now it was all up to me. I had to get that beautiful fallow buck I had seen earlier. Greg knew which one I was talking about. He seemed to make himself visible to many hunters until they decided to hunt him. Several hunters had tried to get him, but each time, he vanished into the thickly wooded ravines. Now it was my turn. We climbed into Greg's Blazer and commenced our search. We glassed the open hilltops and the edges of the ravines without success. I smelled a skunk for sure. We glassed from morning till night that day and never saw a sign of him. We were leaving for home the next day at noon.

The next morning, I got up at 6:00 and Greg drove me around in search of my monster fallow. At 9:30 we took a break for breakfast. I was really beginning to sweat it out now. I had packed my clothes the night before, so that I would have more time to hunt today. Just after breakfast, one of the guides said that he had seen the buck on the far end of the ranch. I hopped into his jeep and off we went.

As we topped the hill, I spotted a fallow about 500 yards away. My heart pounded as I focused my binoculars. It was not the fallow I was looking for. I knew now that I was just another statistic. I was one that didn't get him. Just then, I saw something move just inside the woodline. I couldn't tell what it was, so we drove over the hill and parked. It seemed like hours before it came out of the woods, but when it did, I could have died. Two hundred and fifty yards down the woodline from us was my buck. I had to get closer. I got down on my belly and crawled. I knew that if the buck even suspected something was up, I would lose my chance. When I got to what I considered to be about 150 yards away from him, I took out my 35mm camera and shot a picture of him. Then I slowly rolled onto my back and crossed my legs. I knew the tough part was over, I had made the stalk. I

was in a steady position. I knew exactly where my gun shot at 150 yards. I knew that my gun had enough power for a clean, one shot kill at 200 yards. I had done my homework and now I was ready.

As he turned broadside to me, I centered the crosshairs on top of his back and just behind the shoulder. I held my breath and squeezed the trigger. The big Ruger .44 roared and twisted. Although I hit him low in the chest, he trotted towards the woods. I led him and corrected my elevation. The bullet entered his chest, smashed through his far shoulder, and continued on through. I got up and ran towards my trophy.

We loaded him onto the hood of the jeep. I still could not understand why my shot had gone so low. I had practiced till I could break four out of five clay pigeons at 150 yards, yet I had hit substantially lower than I should have. In all the excitement, I had left my hat on the hill from which I shot. I stepped it off. It measured 174 paces. Could this explain my low shot?

We drove back to the cleaning room and Greg skinned and quartered the buck. It was truly magnificent: the horns were wider than my shoulders and had 18 points. He qualified for a Gold Medal in the Records of Exotics. We left Indian Creek Ranch with three big ice chests of meat and the experience of a lifetime.

Hunting on an exotic game ranch can be whatever you want it to be. If you want to shoot fish in a barrel, it can be arranged, but this is frowned upon by game ranch owners and sportsmen. (Notice I didn't say OTHER sportsmen). Not only are easy hunts unsportsman like, but they are not nearly as satisfying as fair chase hunts. Game ranches have been given a bad name by people who have no idea what they're talking about.

I learned a few things from my experience at Indian Creek Ranch. Here are some of them:

1. Bring a camera — It's not worth it if you can't share it.
2. Bring camouflage clothes — You can't count on shooting everything out of your blind.
3. Bring a back-up gun — It's silly to travel hundreds of miles and not be able to hunt.
4. Shop around — Don't get locked into a two-bit outfit that makes you pay through the nose.
5. Know your gun — Know where your gun shoots and practice. You will only get frustrated if you can't hit the broad side of the barn from the inside.

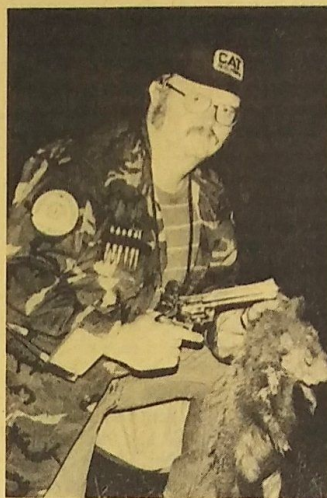
THE HIT MAN

Part II

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

1981 had been a great year — 150 'hogs, 14% with my handguns. I figured 1982 would be a bad year. Surely the word had spread around the locals about the maniac with the smokin' iron. Wrong! 1982 surpassed my wildest dreams. My 1981 contracts must have reset the propagation cycle in full swing. I have never seen so many groundhogs as I did in 1982.

The work load was enormous. Contracts needed to be filled. The final tally — an unbelievable 203. The handgun total was 33, or 16% of the total. The 'hogs had become more wary. Handgun kills were more



Doc Rogers and one of his patients.

difficult to come by. The stalks were harder and the ranges were longer. The average shot this year was more like 50 yards instead of 35 yards for 1981. My number of rifle kills was high, but I'm the first to admit my limitations beyond 150 yards with open sights on any game. All of my kills were without any rests other than my knees or the side of a tree. Now my wife has sewn together some jeans in the shape of sandbags and I filled them with styrofoam peanuts. It's a lightweight, practical, portable rest.

My ratio of kills per gun was uneven as usual, reflecting my preference for several of my guns. Let's review the hit list and see how loads performed.

.38 Special: My only gun in this caliber is still my 2" S & W Combat Masterpiece. My lone kill with this piece this year was a real dandy. The family and I were visiting friends at a country store. When walking outside, the owner said, "Get your rifle and shoot that groundhog," pointing to one about 50 yards away on a river bank. All right! Time for another 'hog to bite the dust. Wait a minute! My rifle was at home. Ah! But there's the belly buster in the trunk. I loaded the .38 and sneaked around a block building, trying to cut down the range. Once my cover was gone, the distance still looked a little long. I took one step from the building and Mr. Hog looked at me. It was now or never. So I went into my two-handed crouch and squeezed the trigger. He disappeared over the bank at the shot. I walked to the edge of the bank, and low and behold, there was one dead groundhog. It was 29 paces to the 'hog. A post mortem showed the 148 grain hollow based wad cutter (hollow point in front, naturally) over 6.0 grains of Unique blew a two-thumb size hole through his chest. As I stated last year, this is a very socially acceptable load. It's more accurate and deadly than logically so.

.357 Magnum: I must admit that I shied away from my 4" and 6" Pythons this year. They've always shot well, but I've become more partial to my .44's. They did account for several kills. The nicest kill was a 65-yarder at a walking, feeding 'hog with the 6" Python. He never knew I was there. There's much less mess when a contract is filled this way. My loads are unchanged — 150 grains Sierra JHC with 16.5 grains WW 296 for my 6" Python, and a 125 grain Sierra JHC with 18.2 grains WW 296 for my 4" Python. Both loads shoot better than I do. The heavier load took a nice 8-point at 78 yards. See, J. D., .357's

ARE too light for deer. Actually, I agree with you.

.44 Magnum: 1982 was the year of the .44 for me. I found a Redhawk for much less than retail, so this gave me .44s in barrel lengths of 4", 5", 6", 7", and 8". All took 'hogs except for the 6" HHI gun. I'm still fondling the sealed action. My mouth waters, but I've resisted temptation so far. (Editor's Note: There will be only 25 more HHI sixguns made. Call (614) 264-0176 if you want one.)

The Redhawk is a nice gun. Even though it's only a few ounces heavier than my Model 29 8", it feels much heavier to me. Pachmayr grips are a definite must despite what some of the gun writers say about the factory grips. The local gunsmith smoothed up the action and cut one coil from the main-spring, but the single action pull is still 4½ pounds. I guess I'll have to get a spring kit. Its accuracy for me has only been so-so. I'm sure it's because of the trigger. I did manage to burn five 'hogs with my old faithful load of a 250 grain hard cast SWC over 24.0 grains WW 296. None of the shots were fancy. All were from 25 to 50 yards. I missed a few shots offhand, probably because of the trigger. The gun will probably be O.K. after a lighter spring and Mag-Na-Porting. It's not my favorite now.

My Model 29s (8" and 4") returned to more use this year. My 8" is my magic gun. It seems to hit everything in its sights. I made a nice 60 yard shot resting on a fence post. After the shot, I noticed another 'hog 90° to my left. I pivoted and took him offhand at 45 yards. A very dependable gun — made that way by Pachmayr grips, Mag-Na-Porting, and a 2# trigger pull. The 4" is more difficult to shoot, but it will do its part when patience is used.

My 5" customized SuperBlackhawk continues to be a close second as my favorite wheelgun. It's easy to carry, deadly accurate, beautiful to look at, and a good companion. It accounted for four 'hogs this year out to 60 yards. I hate to think what the HHI gun would do compared to this one, but I'll keep thinking a while.

Overall, my .44s are so accurate and dependable with the 250 grain cast bullets I use that I could do without my other guns. These bullets and my 270 grain .375 bullets are cast by a retired telephone lineman. Their quality is unsurpassed by any other bullet I've seen.

.375 JDJ: This gun continues to be my fun gun. It accounted for 13 kills this year, and a total of 30 'hogs in two years. The locals still seem to be in awe of it. No one has shot it more than once. To me, though, it is a mild shooting, accurate little piece with its 14" barrel, 3X Recoil Proof Scope, sling, and artillery type shells. But, then again, I'm the kind of guy that gets a kick out of sewing up people without anesthesia.

My .375 JDJ continues to perform beyond my wildest dreams. I've come close to dusting several 'hogs at 250 to 300 yards. I know I cut hairs. I did manage one at 105 yards using my knees as a rest. The 270 grain gas checked bullet ripped a Tootsie Roll size hole from his chest to his groin. It probably hit a rock in front of him and tumbled, but it was an impressive wound.

Off-hand shots have been fairly easy due to the T/C's exceptional trigger pull. I shot a couple of 'hogs at 50 to 55

(Continued on Page 4)

CARIBOU!

By Jonathan C. Saxton
Elmendorf AFB, AK

We were hunting in an area about 18 miles off the Denali highway in central Alaska. Mike Meyer and Les Ludwin drove their Land Cruisers in and Bill Hicks and I rode along and helped winch out of some of the worst mudholes I have ever seen. I was the only one planning to use a handgun, and that only on caribou. I wasn't about to use my 7 TC/U on anything larger. This area has a permit drawing for caribou, and I was the only one who got lucky.

We arrived at our camp on the 29th of August to give us plenty of time to glass the area before opening day of moose and bear season, the 1st of September. I passed up two very nice caribou bulls, one just before dark the night before moose season opened, and another on opening morning. Caribou season had started about 15 days earlier, but I did not want to jeopardize the party's chance at a moose. Besides, we saw large caribou every day. Preparation paid off as we had our moose field dressed by 7:30 on opening morning. That was when we stopped seeing bull caribou. For the next three days, we saw only cows, calves, and young bulls.

The next morning, Mike and I spotted a bear and grabbed our packs and rifles and headed after him. Three miles later, (about halfway to him), he headed over the next mountain out of the sight. We decided that it wasn't worth climbing that mountain, and **Hit Man . . . Continued from Page 3** your much problems. My most memorable kill of the year came when I saw a 'hog sitting in a pile of dead trees. He was frozen in place. He must have sensed me. That sucker wouldn't move and all I could see was his head. The rest of his body was behind a large limb. I became impatient, put a 270 grain Hornady spire point in my T/C, and shot right at the limb. Wood flew in all directions and match sticks fell from the air. I figured I'd at least given him a good scare. Sixty-eight paces later, I was surprised to see the 'hog dead with a perfect broadside shot. I guess everybody deserves a little luck. The limb was 4 1/2" thick.

As with last year, the 270 grain cast bullets and the 270 grain Hornadys shoot at the same point of aim over 42.0 grains of IMR 3031. Both perform equally on groundhogs, but the spire point seems to do better on deer. But that's another story.

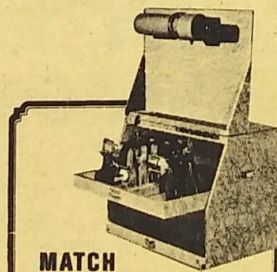
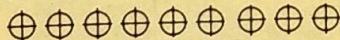
It was also interesting to notice this year that one of the big name gun writers in one of the biggie journals started using a .375 JDJ. I remember an article by him two years ago saying how crazy guys are that want to shoot hand cannons. Too much gun for any man, I think he said. Sure, ol' boy. I see what you're shootin' now, TURKEY.

1982 was indeed a banner year. The 'hogs propagated faster than I could shoot them, but that's O.K. with me. I'm going to increase my pistol hunting time in 1983 and see if I can get 50 with my handguns. It's a very obtainable goal considering the population here. I just hope the 'hogs don't put a contract out on me! By the way, Bud McDonald, ain't playin' no damn golf. I've been too busy making stories to write them.

hoping that he was near by, so we found a good ridge and started glassing again. About an hour later, I spotted two fairly good bulls back near the Land Cruiser. I headed straight for them to keep them in sight while Mike headed for the vehicle. I was waiting by the "road" when Mike drove up. I had my rifle sights on a small bull about 50 yards away. He had apparently never seen people before and couldn't decide what we were. He hung around for about 15 minutes while we had a snack, planned our route, and I traded my rifle for my pistol. Mike still carried his .35 Brown & Whelen in case we found another grizzly.

The bulls were about a mile away, on top of a ridge. We spent the next hour circling to get uphill and downwind. When we finally got to the top, they weren't there. We eventually gave up and headed back, making noise and planning the rest of the day. We apparently spooked them out of a draw they had bedded down in, because when we saw them, they were crossing at a run about 30 yards behind us. I managed something as close to a quick draw as is possible with a Super 14 and got a shot off as they ran past. Mike said that I had hit him hard, but the caribou seemed unaffected as he ran over a ridge about 100 yards away. But as soon as he was out of sight, he laid down. He tried to get up as we cleared the ridge, but could not. I put another shot in his neck to finish him. While it isn't a trophy rack by most standards, I find it most acceptable for the first big game animal I've ever taken.

I was using 120 grain Hornady SPs in front of 26.5 grains of H322 in G.I. brass with CCI 450 primers. With a 2X Leupold scope mounted, I have gotten consistent inch and a half groups with this load. I was afraid that the heavier 7MM bullets would not expand at TC/U velocities. After skinning, I found that the first bullet had entered between two ribs, passed through both lungs, and exited between two ribs. I found a piece of jacket at the exit wound. It had peeled all the way back to the heel of the bullet. The second bullet disintegrated itself and the vertebra it hit, no exit wound and no identifiable pieces of bullet. I feel that I was quite lucky that I missed the ribs going in. I think maybe a 130 or 140 grain bullet would give more reliable performance.



MATCH SHOOTERS HANDGUN CASES

WHEN ONLY THE VERY BEST WILL DO

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

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1220 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE - LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90015

THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S CLUB

"Serving The Outdoor Family Since 1968"

By Bob Good, Denver, CO

In July of 1968, a group of ardent Colorado sportsmen formed an organization to combat what they envisioned as a serious threat to the future of hunting and fishing as they had known it in the past. With people beginning to have more leisure time available, families were flocking to the outdoors in a magnitude never before seen in this country. This wave of activity was invading the countryside at the very time when developers and corporations were buying up ranch and farmland at an ever increasing rate. The result was that fields and streams that previously had held the promise of fish and game and a relaxed day with rod or gun now held only frustration as waves of people invaded shrinking amounts of available land.

Remember now, this was way back in 1968! You are aware of how drastically the problem has continued to multiply with each passing season with no apparent let up in sight.

The philosophy of that original group of Colorado sportsmen has even more meaning, more value, today than it did in that July so long ago. Their philosophy? . . . that true sportsmen were enough concerned about the future of hunting and fishing in this country that they would eagerly join an organization that would, through professional management, lease and manage the best hunting and fishing lands in this country in order to insure that at least their families would be able to enjoy good hunting and fishing into the foreseeable future. They were right. The response has been overwhelming, and as more and more members join, the Club is able to grow and lease ever increasing amounts of land. By 1982, the American Sportsman's Club was leasing almost two million acres of prime hunting and fishing land. That's more than most people could see and use in a lifetime, a success story in itself.

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Each year, ASC's management staff sits down with their leasing personnel, wildlife and fisheries biologists, range management personnel and their services staff. They pour over mountains of data collected from the previous year's usage. They analyze statistics regarding property use, success ratios, trophy statistics, biological data and other data available relative to property utilization and success. Then computations are made regarding needs for the following year including existing membership levels and anticipated additional new members to be accepted the coming year. Based on these computations, the leasing and membership program for the year is planned with meticulous care.

HOW DO YOU

UTILIZE FACILITIES?

As a new member, you will receive an ASC Member Information Packet. Contained therein will be a map packet with individual property maps and comprehensive instructions for using each property. You will find information recorded on each map which will assist you in maximum ease of use plus give you an understanding of individual property boundaries, available game and fish, and directions

from major highways. The map instruction also provides emergency numbers and locations of medical aid sources and law enforcement agencies in the event of a problem in the field.

Also in the information packet, you will find directions for making reservations on individual properties through your ASC Regional Office personnel.

Reservations are handled either by telephone or mail, depending on the anticipated volume of requests for a particular season. Big game reservations, as an example are usually handled by mail to give members the best service without unnecessarily delaying individuals for long periods on the telephone.

Each property has an established reservation limit to insure each member ample opportunity for maximum enjoyment by his family and to insure their safety. If you request a property that is already booked, you will be referred to a similar property, or different dates as openings permit. Requests are always handled on a first come, first served basis, except in the cases of some individual seasons where openings are limited or controlled by special state permits, such as Colorado's female elk seasons. In those specialized cases, special instructions for reservations are issued by the local Regional Office.

HOW DO I RECEIVE

CURRENT INFORMATION?

The ASC has its own magazine, "The Sporting World", which is mailed to members every other month. Each issue contains a national section which covers material of interest for members of all regions. The center section of each edition contains information regarding specific events, seasons, properties, etc., of an individual ASC state or local region. Also included each month are maps of new properties acquired during the previous two month period. The maps are designed to be removed and added to your original ASC map pocket.

Also listed will be a calendar of events for activities at the local office such as seminars, clinics and social events. Many times you will also find test reports included on the latest developments in outdoor equipment and tips to save you time, effort and expense.

WHAT DOES IT COST?

Price varies by state of residence. National memberships are \$450 annually and members may use any state's properties.

HOW DO I JOIN?

Memberships in the American Sportsman's Club are available through the local Regional Office that services your area. Each region has a specific number of memberships available each year based on our acquisition of properties and anticipated usage. We refer to these as membership blocks. Each block has a specified annual dues rate base to which you are permanently assigned. Any dues increases are always related to your permanent base. This is why the earlier you join, the more money you save in years to come. Your

(Continued on Page 5)

membership representative will be happy to explain this to you in greater detail.

To apply for membership, you would get in contact with your nearest ASC office. A membership representative assigned to that office will answer all your questions in detail and explain all the properties available to you and procedures for using the facilities. You will be assisted in completing an application which then requires about three days to process.

Applications are processed and reviewed by the Regional and National Screening Committees which review prospective applicants for game and fish violations and for any other available information regarding their previous conduct and reputation as sportsmen. In the event of a negative review, the applicant may request a review hearing and be given the opportunity to explain and appeal any derogatory information received by the Committee.

HOW LARGE IS THE AMERICAN SPORTSMAN'S CLUB?

We are certain you have probably read articles about the ASC in several national outdoor magazines. By the early 1980's, the Club had grown to land holdings of almost TWO MILLION ACRES and had a membership of over 16,000 member families. The Club is literally growing by leaps and bounds. Its maturity, size and growth assures members of continued success, stability, and continued expansion of hunting and fishing lands. Based on the success of the ASC, other clubs have sprung up in various states in an effort to duplicate our success. Most of these have fallen by the wayside as they begin to encounter the complexities and realities of running a successful business, and to be a success as a club, it must be successful as a business. The staff of the ASC are all professional management personnel with average company tenure approaching 10 years with the Club. Regional personnel include staff with degrees in Range Management, Wildlife Biology, and Fisheries. When you are contemplating joining an organization, be sure to check the credentials of the staff. The ASC is run professionally for members benefits, by professionals.

WHAT ABOUT GUESTS, AND HOW ABOUT MY FAMILY?

The ASC is a family oriented organization. We believe strongly in family participation in the great outdoors. Children that grow up active in the outdoors have a whole different perspective on life and their responsibilities. The ASC actively encourages participation by families and provides an atmosphere at our camping areas that lets them know they are welcome.

Members receive five guest passes a year, but guests' usage is subject to available slots not used by members. Our Club's first obligation is to its membership. Guest regulations are established by each region and will be explained by your membership representative.

Hunting Opportunities In The ASC Available By State

Colorado: Outstanding success ratios on mule deer, elk, black bear and waterfowl.

Texas: Almost one million acres of the best whitetail hunting in the U.S. Bag limit of three per season, plus three turkeys and javelinas. Also free roaming wild boar and lots of coyotes and bobcats.



Old Lucky — Ken Kelly with the winningest whitetail! One shot with a .375 JDJ did the job.

HHI BIG BUCK

Alan Jaeger harvested the #1 Mule in Wyoming, and Ken Kelly took the #1 Whitetail on American Sportsman's Club property north of Del Rio.

Tom Shippy came in second in the Mule Division as did Larry DeBreto in the Whitetail Division. Congratulations all!

Bob Gustafson, President of Thompson/Center is the man responsible for T/C's participation in the HHI Big Buck Contest. Bob contributed a T/C of the winner's choice to the #1 winners. Jaeger selected a 14" .35 Remington, and Kelly chose a 10" 7 TCU.

To add a little spice to the winner's T/Cs, Bob issued one of a kind serial numbers on the winners' guns — HHIM 1982 and HHIW 1982. Those are prizes that in my book are really special. One of a kind serial numbered guns by T/C are rare and obviously valuable.

Louisiana:

Probably the best duck and goose hunting outside of Mexico.

California:

Very high success on blacktail deer and free roaming wild boar. Excellent waterfowl and upland game hunting.

Plus:

Additional lands in Nevada and Utah.

To receive additional information or to inquire about membership, write or call:

The American Sportsman's Club, Inc. NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS 8000 East Girard, Suite 219 Denver, Colorado 80231

Telephone: (303) 755-7096

YOUR FUTURE IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS The American Sportsman's Club, Inc.

"Serving The Outdoor Family Since 1968"



Jaeger's .35 Remington bears SN HHIM 1982. Kelly's SN is HHIW 1982. Too good to be true to win a prize like this!

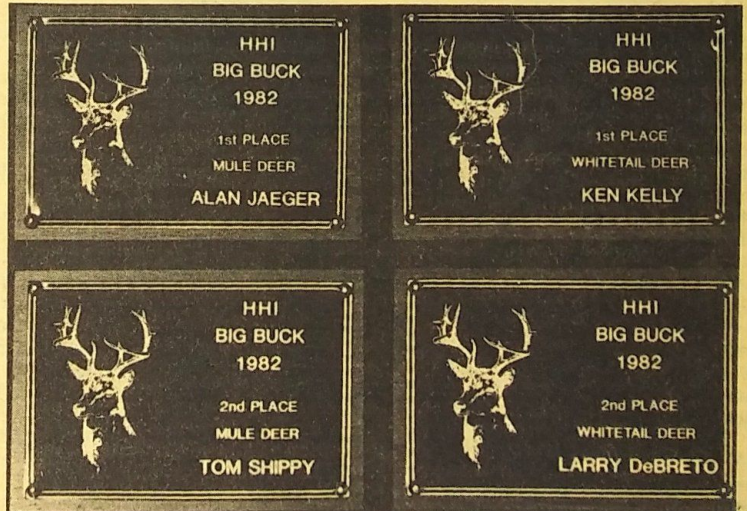
I'd like to express my personal thanks as well as that of the entire membership to you, Bob, for your personal support and the support of T/C over the years to the handgun hunter.

All of the winners will receive a plaque signifying their win. The second place winners will receive a custom Glen Risser case which we will show in the next issue.

There was a lot of interest in the contest and entries were not received from numerous members who harvested big bucks that they either called or wrote about. I strongly urge you to enter any decent buck as "Aw, someone will beat me out," may not happen.

In addition, there were numerous attempts by non-members to enter bucks in the contest. Some were by individuals who were honest about not being a member and some weren't. Non-members are simply not eligible for any HHI members benefits. I would not have mentioned this except for the members involved.

I expect there will be many more entries next year, and you all had better watch out for 13-year-old kids!





First animal harvested with the .41 Avenger was an instant kill.

.41 AVENGER™

By J. D. Jones

The .41 Avenger is an easily formed cartridge designed to give the 1911 Colt a punch superior to that of either the 9MM, .38 Super or .45 ACP.

The .41 Avenger combines a flatter trajectory than the 9MM and a 30+ % energy increase over the .45 ACP while retaining adequate cross sectional area to inflict major wounds. Adequate bullet weight assures excellent penetration.

Two basic conversion units to convert the 1911 .45 ACP to the .41 Avenger are available. One is a drop-in unit that simply replaces the barrel, link and bushing in a .45. The other barrel unit is oversized for gunsmith fitting. Each barrel comes with a fitted solid match-type bushing. Barrels are match grade. No modifications to the gun are required and the switch back and forth from .45 to .41 is accomplished by simply changing the barrel and bushing. The .45 magazine is used with both cartridges.

The .41 Avenger conversion kit consists of:

- A) Match grade barrel with link, pin and fitted bushing.
- B) Three die loading die set with reamer pilot in F.L. sizing die and reamer.
- C) 26 lb. hammer spring, 22 lb. recoil spring and heavy duty firing pin spring.

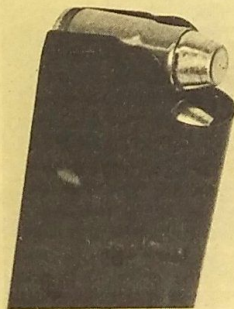
Target ammunition is made by simply running .45 ACP cases through the F.L. sizing die to neck them to .41. No further case preparation is necessary and velocities of 1000 to 1100 F.P.S. are permissible with several loads in .45 ACP cases with bullets in the 170 to 185 grain weight range. No case loss is encountered nor are forming dies necessary. Increasing velocities in excess of 1200 F.P.S. with the same weight bullets is possible with .451 Detonics, .45 Winchester Mag. and .308 head size brass. .451 brass is formed by sizing only. .45 Winchester Mag. brass must be trimmed and sized. .308 type brass must be trimmed, sized and inside neck reamed. .308 type brass is the strongest, but case capacity is reduced greatly. Powder charges must be reduced considerably and dense powders give highest velocities.

.45 ACP cases are not strong enough for heavy loads. Loading .45 ACP brass too heavily will cause it to pierce where it is not supported by the barrel,

This is unpleasant at best — at worst, can lead to detonation of the cartridges in the magazine. I personally feel the steel insert in the Pachmayr grips are very worthwhile.

It's also possible to pierce stronger brass with too heavy loads. Any swelling of the case in the unsupported area tells you to back off. Any load that produces swelling in the unsupported area is developing excessive pressures for that case.

Most .41 caliber jacketed and cast bullets are useful in the Avenger. A 165 grain semi-wadcutter target bullet, (Umberger design) a 185 grain RN and a 185 grain modified truncated cone (JDJ design) designed for the Avenger are available in two and four cavity moulds. The 170 grain Sierra gives particularly good performance and meets IPSC major caliber requirements at 1000 F.P.S. At this velocity, controllability is excellent. Feeding seems enhanced by the bottleneck case and malfunctions with decent magazines are rare.



185 grain .41 Avenger round in .45 ACP magazine.

When I designed the .41 Avenger, I didn't intend to try to turn the 1911 into a magnum. I think a 170 jacketed or 185 cast at around 1200 will give adequate power, good accuracy and long gun life.

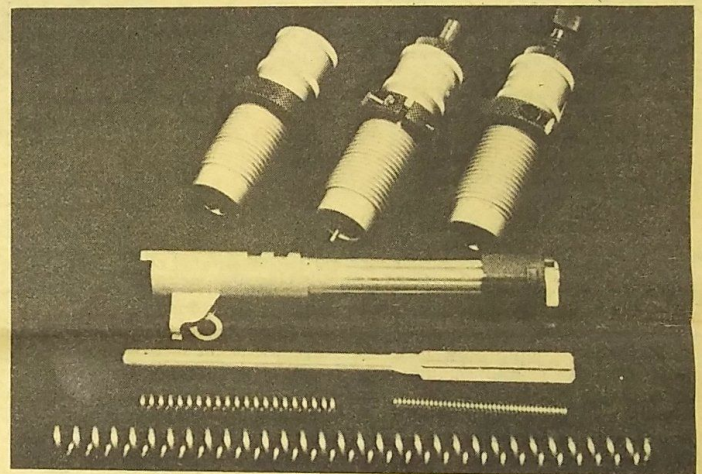
Several users report excellent performance with the 170 grain Sierra at around 1400 F.P.S. in guns set up for very heavy loads. Numerous users have reported 25 yard groups of 3/4" or less with cast bullets as well as jacketed in oversize units that have been fitted to their gun.

SAMPLE LOADS — .41 AVENGER — .45 ACP CASES

Grains	Powder	Bullet	Primer	Case	Velocity	Var.	S.D.
5.0	Bullseye	185 Cast	350	SV	801	8	4
6.0	WW 231	185 Cast	350	Federal	938	6	3
6.5	WW 231	170 S	350	Federal	958	32	15
6.5	WW 231	185 Cast	350	SV	1015	16	6
7.0	WW 231	185 Cast	250	SV	1072	18	7
7.0	Unique	170 S	350	Federal	944	49	27
7.0	Unique	185 Cast	350	Federal	1015	40	20
10.0	Blue Dot	185	350	Speer	978	11	5
10.0	Blue Dot	210	350	Speer	963	16	8

SAMPLE LOADS — .41 AVENGER — .45 WINCHESTER MAG. CASES

Grains	Powder	Bullet	Primer	Velocity	Var.	S.D.
8.0	WW 231	170 S	350	1154	17	8
8.0	WW 231	185 Cast	250	1183	16	8
6.0	Bullseye	185 Cast	200	1056	3	1
7.0	Bullseye	170 S	350	1112	24	12
7.0	Bullseye	185 Cast	200	1171	12	6
7.0	Unique	210 S	350	939	46	24
8.0	Unique	185 Cast	200	1133	16	8
9.0	Unique	170 S	200	1204	4	2
11.0	Blue Dot	185 Cast	350	1077	8	4
12.0	Blue Dot	185 Cast	200	1184	48	24
13.0	Blue Dot	170 S	200	1228	60	31



Complete .41 Avenger Kit.

210 to 220 grain bullets seem to be the heaviest practical weights useable in this cartridge.

In January of '82, I harvested the first animal with the .41 Avenger. It was a small boar at Telico Junction Hunting Preserve. The shot was a classic "quartering" shot. The hog was running at about 30 to 35 yards. The 170 Sierra went in behind his last rib, exited the front of the chest, re-entered the front leg, breaking it, and stopped under the skin. He rolled, slid in the snow downhill, kicked a couple of times, and that was that!

At this point, all of my chronograph shooting has been with prototype barrels. It appears that production barrels are running about 50 to 100 F.P.S. faster than the prototypes with the same loads.

The 26 lb. hammer spring is necessary to properly light the fire with rifle primers and control primer extrusion into the firing pin hole with pistol primers. This is necessary due to the relatively large diameter firing pin in the 1911 combined with a relatively light hammer fall.

In essence, the .41 Avenger combines the best features of the 9MM and .45 ACP calibers. It is capable of surpassing 9MM velocities with adequate (185 grain) bullet weight and diameter (.411"). It achieves superior controllability with IPSC competition loads



.45 ACP and .41 Avenger utilizing .45 ACP case. Trim length for .45 Mag. cases allows same O.A.L. and crimping in the crimp groove.

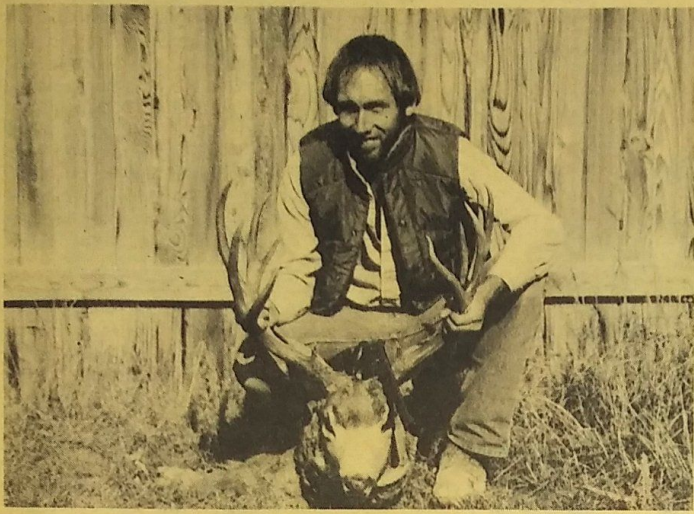
while retaining the ability to be a serious combat round utilizing almost any readily available .41 Magnum bullet. At this point, it is the best center fire auto pistol hunting round.

Barrels in Commander, 5" and 6" for 5" slides are available.

In general, I've found the .41 to be a highly satisfactory cartridge. Ballistically, it's superior in every respect to the 9MM and .45. The difference in the field is noticeable. You certainly don't need a chronograph to be able to tell the difference.

In the Auto Mags, I found the in-between .41 to be the best of the .357-.41-.44 combination in reliability and

(Continued on Page 7)



Alan and the HHI #1 Mulie for 1982.

HANDGUN JAEGER

By Alan Jaeger, Mountain View, WY

This was my third season for hunting deer with a handgun. The first year, I hunted whitetails in Minnesota with some college buddies and didn't even see a buck. Last year, I lucked out and bagged a forkhorn on the last day of the season at about 80 yards. It helped my confidence and attitude a lot.

By the time October came around, I was shooting 50 rounds every weekend. A cast iron sink at 200 yards was the most frequent target. The loud clang it made when it hit was the next best thing to a silhouette range I had available. I was much more confident of my shooting ability now than in previous years. I was also shooting my second Model 29. I ruined the cylinder on the first one by firing an overload of Unique through it. At least I'm still here to tell about it! And believe me, it can happen to you.

We took off work Thursday at noon and headed out to Mike's house to load up the trucks. Mike's wife had done all our shopping that morning, so as soon as we had the coolers packed, we started the 2.5 hour drive north to LaBarge Creek Road.

Four of us had never been in the area we were going to hunt, but Ken had scouted it out earlier in the season and

power. The same thing seems true in the 1911.

A .41 Avenger Commander or 5" kit costs \$230.00 with the 6" kit adding \$10.00 to the cost. However, anyone with a 1911 can get into the Avenger quickly without going to a new \$600.00 gun.

Some tout 10MM as the ideal combat caliber and they may well be right. I could have made the .41 a 10MM just as easily as a .410, but when was the last time you saw any .394" diameter bullets? Any difference between the effectiveness of the two bore diameters falls into the category of nit-pickin'.

I don't consider the .41 Avenger to be the "auto-pistol answer" to everything. It's simply an effective, affordable, ballistically superior tool to turn the 1911 into the most effective auto pistol available.

By the way, unlike some of the others that have been advertised for years, it is available now from either your dealer or direct from SSK Industries.

said it looked like good elk territory. We decided elk was our first priority, but a four-point or better mulie would be fair game. We had all hunted together before, but I was the only handgun hunter in the gang, not counting the .22's and .357's the other guys carried for jackrabbits and finishing shots. I had my 8-3/8" Model 29 and carried it in a Safariland shoulder rig. I had loaded 240 grain Speer bullets ahead of 23.5 grains of 296. I shot my antelope with this load earlier in the year, and was confident it would do the job if I was lucky enough to get a shot and then did my job right.

We all hit the sack early that night and after an anxious night, left camp in pairs in the morning. Ken and I figured it would take us about an hour to reach the top of the ridge above camp, and then we would split up from there. Somehow, we got separated on the way up. The walk was longer than we figured, and I stirred up several animals along the way. The cover was too thick to see anything though, but I was stepping on a lot of fresh sign — deer, elk, moose and bear. Some of it looked to be smokin'. When I got up on top, there was six to eight inches of snow on the ground. I decided to rest for a while after the climb. While taking in the scenery, I heard shooting in the distance. It's very hard to tell where it's coming from, and how far away it is in this country.

The far side of the ridge I was on looked like good elk territory, alright! There were open meadows scattered through the timber as far as I could see. I started to ease down the far side of the ridge and in a short time, had spotted five or six does. After walking another 45 minutes, I came to the top of another small ridge. "How would I ever get a big mulie or elk back to camp from here?" I thought to myself. It was about 10:30 now, and the air was crisp and cool. I was in need of a little rest and sat down on a big stump and leaned back just for a quick rest. I kinda peered out from under three-quarter closed eyelids and let the sun warm me. The ridge was bare for about 100 yards on each side of me. All of a sudden, I caught a movement out of the corner of my eye. I slowly turned my head and saw this big mulie trotting up the side of the meadow. I knew right away that he was a nice buck. My

pistol was holstered, so I drew it and stood up in the same motion. At that point, the buck hadn't seen me, but as I was turning toward him, he saw me, slowed down to a slow trot and angled away from me. He was about 50 yards away when I squeezed off the first shot. All four legs went out from under him and he hit the ground, chest first. I knew he had to be hit good after a fall like that. He got right back up, but I could see right away that he was staggering badly. He ran another 30 yards and crashed into a big stump like he was running blind and stacked up. I couldn't believe it! There he was! 80 yards away, not moving a stitch. I walked over to him slowly with the Model 29 ready. He was done for, and I counted five points on each side — not including the eyeguards.

Boy, did I wish my buddies could have seen this! As it turned out, the shot put a hole through his heart about the size of a quarter. I caped him out, took care of the carcass and started back to camp with the head and horns. I came back the next day with my pack and brought the meat out.

Needless to say, my buddies heard this story half a dozen times that night at camp.

I don't own a hand cannon yet, but plan on getting one in the near future. I have been seeing a lot about them in the gun magazines lately, and hope they shoot as good as they look. I would also like to see more issues of THE SIXGUNNER.

By the way "Jaeger" (pronounced Yäger) is a German name and translates to "hunter" in English.

(Editor's Note: This is the winner of the HHI Big Buck Contest.)

GOOD TIMES

By Jeffrey A. Rossi
North Tonawanda, NY

As I sit here and look back, last deer season was a good time. Bob Fetterhoff, my foreman and handgun hunting partner and I were really looking forward to the opening of the season. Bob had his Super 14 .44 Mag Contender topped with a 4X Leupold scope. My gun was a Super 14 .41 Mag with open sights. We both had practiced a lot and felt we were ready.

Opening day finally arrived and we were up rather early, kind of excited and had to wait for the first signs of light. We went to our previously located stands and sat as long as we could stand it, probably an hour and a half at the most. Then we started to walk very slowly, stopping frequently to watch. We walked along the creek for a while and crossed to climb up the other side. Just as we neared the top, I looked at Bob, and he had his gun up. I waited and quickly he fired, and said, "I hit it! It's coming your way!", but it never made it. The deer was a small button buck, but it was Bob's first with a handgun. Boy, was he excited! It had gone only 35 to 40 yards before dropping with a 240 grain slug through both lungs. Nice job, Bob!

After dragging it back to camp, we had some lunch and went out again. We followed the same creek, but crossed sooner than in the morning. On the way up to the ridge, just before reaching the top, I spotted a deer, but couldn't tell if it was a buck or a doe. I waited to see if it would move into the clear with no luck, so I tried to sidestep a little to see better. When I moved, the


deer moved down to my left, and I couldn't see it any more. Bob was to my left, so I stood there, waiting and hoping Bob would see it. Soon I knew, as the .44 roared, but no word from Bob. Soon there was another shot, and "I got him!" came my way. I hurried over and saw a nice five-point, and Bob grinning from ear to ear. All he could say was, "I love it, I love it!" After he calmed down, I asked about his two shots. He said he saw the deer approach and put the scope on him, squeezed off, and missed completely. The deer just turned around and stood broadside, looking the other way. After fumbling in his pocket and coming up with an "empty", Bob got his gun reloaded and didn't miss the second time. Almost the exact same shot on this one, just behind the shoulder, taking out both lungs.

That was it for Bob, with his buck and doe permits both filled. Off to PA to visit relatives for Thanksgiving, and me — back to work. Since Thanksgiving is in opening week, I could get back on Friday to hunt again, and that's what I did.

On Friday, I went almost the same way Bob and I did on opening day. Up the hill, and after a short distance, there was my deer about 40 yards up, standing almost broadside, a medium-sized doe. I brought up the gun and squeezed off. The deer didn't even flinch; I began to wonder, did I miss? I didn't think so, the shot felt too good. The deer walked about 10 steps and dropped like a rock. When I gutted her, I had gotten a piece of the liver, heart and lungs. I was pleased, but now I had to find a buck.

I hunted the rest of the season unsuccessfully. I had a good time and was satisfied with the season. I proved that I could get a deer with a handgun, and so did Bob. Good times hunting with good friends . . . very satisfying! I learned a lot from Bob — I had a tendency to "run" through the woods instead of taking my time. Bob straightened that out. Next year, I'll get that buck!





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The Alberts offering consists of TWENTY designs from .32 to .45 PLUS a pair of belted conicals for black powder shooters. The depth of the Alberts line demonstrates our genuine interest in providing exactly the bullet you want. Pre- lubed for fast, clean reloading, and constantly checked against stringent manufacturing standards, you can be confident when buying Alberts.

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Cost? Absolutely competitive — and Alberts prices have remained constant since 1979!

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12-B Commerce Road • Fairfield, NJ 07006



Kelly and his white rhino which tied the #1 S.C.I. record.

RHINO!

By Larry Kelly, Mt. Clemens, MI

A number of years ago, I set a goal of taking Africa's Big Five — elephant, lion, cape buffalo, leopard and rhino — with a handgun.

The rhino proved to be the most elusive of the five. Big, looking like an ugly, pre-historic monster, bad tempered and having only rudimentary eyesight, his numbers have dwindled in most areas due to his horns having a peculiar attraction in the eastern part of the world where it is reputed that a little ground-up rhino horn (hair, actually) in his tea will turn a wizened up little old man into a macho bastard looking for a virgin — or the next best thing, to ravish.

Since a lot of these old guys will pay big bucks for a rhino horn, the rhino

has had a rough time of it in many areas.

The game departments in Zimbabwe and South Africa have provided the conditions for rhinos to make a real comeback and in many areas, have reached shootable numbers.

The rhino is generally reputed to be bad tempered, and I can assure you that many are. They are also big and tough, although not exceptionally hard to hunt. Taking one with a handgun is a real challenge and not quite the thing to try to do for an inexperienced handgun hunter. As with most truly large animals, penetration is the name of the game, and after having shot completely through elephant heads with the 300 grain Hornady Full Metal Jacketed

Bullet from the .375 JDJ, I had no doubt about its ability to penetrate enough to kill a rhino.

There are two types of rhino — the black and the white. On just about every hunt I had in the Zambezi Valley (which is in Zimbabwe), I had encounters with the black rhinos. They were complicated and dangerous because they are protected, and I mean PROTECTED! I was always hunting with Oliver Coltman, the man largely responsible for the black rhino comeback in Zimbabwe. It was our responsibility to get out of the rhino's way. Sometimes, that was easier said than done. Ollie is tall, lean, has very long legs and can run like an impala. Me? I'm not quite that graceful. One time,

we had a bull elephant make three false charges while working himself into a rage. The elephant created such a racket that a rhino standing in a jess 100 yards away started snorting and charged full bore. Ollie yelled for me and the tracker to run. I took off down an elephant path, but the tracker panicked and ran right through all the thorn brush, losing most of his hide. When I finally stopped running, I stood there, panting, wondering what had happened to Ollie. After a few minutes, Ollie came walking down the path with a grin on his face. I asked him what happened. He laughed and said that the rhino's charge scared the elephant away. I actually was frightened of rhinos. If you could shoot one when it charged, it wouldn't be so bad, but to have to turn your back and run, not knowing where he was, was frightening.

Luckily, Ollie left his position as Game Warden of the Zambezi Valley in Zimbabwe and took the new job as Game Warden in Bophuthatswana, Southern Africa. He wrote me a letter saying, "Larry, come on over. We have too many white rhinos, and you will have a chance to take a record book rhino." I was very interested as everything I had read about white rhino was how tame they were compared to the black. I heard of hunters hunting them on ranches in South Africa, and I just could see myself stalking a rhino calmly standing by a fence. "Not here," said Ollie. "The white rhino have been re-introduced to its natural and original habitat. They are wild and not fenced in."

In August of '82, my wife, Barb, and I left Zimbabwe after hunting leopard and headed for Bophuthatswana and rhino.

Ollie and I stalked and photographed rhinos for four days and picked out one hell of a bull, but couldn't shoot because we didn't have enough manpower to cut him up. In two more days, we had enough labor to handle the job.

Ollie, the trackers and I headed for the area where the big bull hung out. Three days later, we still couldn't find him. Ollie said, "Larry, I'm sorry, but we are running out of time. I think we should look for a different rhino." I had to agree with him, but was very disappointed because I had stalked to within 30 yards of this gigantic bull before we had enough help to take care of him.

Early the next morning, we arrived at a different area. After finding some spoor, Ollie said, "Let's follow it, it looks like a big bull." Within a half an hour, we spooked the bull. We saw him run into a large jess; all thorn bushes. We made a large circle, so the wind was in our favor as we approached the jess. We didn't fool the bull as he was in a rage . . . swinging his head back and forth, trying to get our scent.

"We'll get down and crawl on our hands and knees to that shady spot over there. Whatever you do, don't stand up until we reach it," said Ollie. I knew that Ollie was using the sun to our best advantage. Rhino can't see very well, and the sun in his eyes would work for us. We had discussed many times how I should shoot the rhino. One way was behind the shoulder which should let him run till he died on his feet, and the other was a brain shot, which would drop him immediately. When we reached the shade, we both stood up. Ollie was backing me with his .470 double rifle. The rhino was



facing us, snorting, roaring, swinging his head from one side to the other, and pawing the ground with his feet. From that time on, I did everything wrong. I got excited. My breathing was almost uncontrollable and the .375 JDJ T/C was weaving all over. When the rhino's head appeared in the Leupold 2X, I squeezed, actually, I jerked the trigger and the gun roared. The bull charged out of the bush not 15 yards away. I remember thinking if he had come at us, I wouldn't have had time to get out of his way. Within seconds, I had a second round in the .375 and fired behind his shoulders. Then he was gone. I stood there with two empties at my feet, one good one in the chamber, nothing to shoot, and listened to him crashing through the brush.

"What do you think?" asked Ollie. "I don't know, but that first shot sure as hell wasn't a brain shot," I said while standing there trembling. We started following the trail and it was easy because the bull had the ground all torn up with bushes and small trees trampled down. There was very little

blood. Only drops here and there. After following a few hundred yards, we came to a large clearing and saw the bull on the other side of it. Apparently he had made it almost to the other side, turned to look back and fell over dead.

When we reached the bull, I was in awe at its enormous size. The second bullet had gone through the lungs and ended up in the off shoulder.

"Look," Ollie said. "Your first shot hit him in the eye. It's gone!" A closer inspection showed that my first bullet had hit him in the jaw, missing the brain completely. Sometime during his death run, the rhino had run into a tree and poked his eye out.

My first shot was so bad that it took a lot of the enjoyment out of it for me. But that's what happens when you lose your cool . . . you screw up almost every time.

The bull scored 88 points which tied for first place in the '82 S.C.I. record book. Since then, much larger rhinos have been taken, but not with a handgun. It was surely an experience I'll never forget.



Don't ever trust this kid. Robert Good and his first handgun whitetail. He's also somewhat of a womanizer. Ranchers daughters, take note!



Robert took time out from deer harvesting to take these two old tomcats that had been eating the ranchers' goats. J. D. could have warned those bobcats, "Never trust anyone under 13!"



Where In Hell Is Texas, Anyway?

(Or, what's a nice Colorado boy like you doing here with such a gang of ruffians, misfits, and malcontents?)

By Bob Good, Denver, CO

When any group of American Sportsman's Club members get together for a hunt, it's always exciting, but when the "rules" are "handguns only" and the quarry is the elusive whitetail, you have all the ingredients for either a memorable experience, or a pending disaster. (Editor's Note: The latter is more likely than the former!)

Now, when you sift through all the personalities you would want to take on an adventure like this, probably the last group you would ever invite would be such an unlikely crew as:

Larry (B'wana) Kelly

Kenny (Lil B'wana) Kelly

J. D. (something suspicious about a guy who has no first name) Jones

Steve (Pennsylvania Kid) Walters

Now, I should have been just a little wary of anybody who would be suspect enough to belong not only to HHI but also to ASC, but since I was between hunts anyway, I accepted an invitation from Texans Louis Reininger and Frank Russell to bring along a crew of five for a "genuine, honest-to-gawd, tobacco chewin', chili eatin', deer

killin', whitetail roundup" on an American Sportsman's Club lease in Texas.

Everybody I called to tag along was already booked up for the season, or else gave me the flimsy excuse that their wife really would rather have them at home over Christmas. After making two phone calls and getting two successive "No's", I had about exhausted my extensive list of friends, when I thought about Larry. Now I knew he had only killed 487 big game animals with his handguns already in 1982 and would be desperate to meet his annual quota before the year's end.

Fortunately, I reached Larry before he had unpacked his gear from his latest trip to Zululand, Constantinople, Madrin, The Pyrenees, and Dismal Swamp.

"Whitetail deer? Hell, yes. All I need is two weeks to reload enough cartridges. Count me in. And, oh, by the way, can I bring my son, Kenny? When I left home on the last hunting trip, he was a wee lad of 4, now he's a strapping young man of 32. There's some things his mother wants me to

talk to him about before he discovers girls, plus this could be a great chance to get reacquainted. By the way, where the hell is Texas?"

That meant two slots filled.

About that time, my secretary interrupted me. "There's some character on the phone wants to chat with you. He won't give me his real name, claims he's a "J. D. Jones". It's probably another creditor. Shall I give him the usual 'You're with Cheryl Tiegs and

don't wish to be disturbed'?"

Seems J. D. had forgotten to get Jane a Christmas present and was desperate to find a place to hide for the holidays.

"A whitetail deer hunt? Sounds fine, and can I bring along an old buddy, Steve Walters, from Pennsylvania? Great! See you there. By the way, where in hell is Texas?"

That left just one slot to fill. About

(Continued on Page 10)



This running buck made it a good 10 yards before collapsing. Bob points to the reason he prefers the .375 JDJ over all those "kid's toys".



Steve Walters put a 120 grain 6.5 JDJ right through the heart of this dandy 8-point. Casey Tibbs couldn't have stayed on this buck the next 90 seconds.



Talk about a trophy! Forty-five pound javelina are considered giants, but this old boy pushed the scales to an honest 60 pounds. To top it off, it was the first javelina Steve had ever seen. He thought they all came that size.

then I heard a whimper from the far corner of my office where Robert, my 12-year-old son was chained by the left ankle to his desk where he was busy ghosting articles under the pen name of "J. D. Jones" for Blood & Bullet magazine.

"Robert, you're going to Texas over Christmas."

"Gee, Dad, that's great, but can I just go to the bathroom instead? And where the hell is Texas?"

And so it was with great anticipation that in late December, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and eighty two, our hand-picked crew arrived at a predesignated cactus patch by the side of what would have passed readily for the main highway between Mbegele, Botswana and Kurtz in the Sahara.

The trip had been long but very uneventful to reach this garden spot of the "Kalahari." (Un)eventful that is, unless you count burning up a loaner



Bob Good with a heavy long-tined buck. The whitetail had 8 main points and 7 "fliers" off the main beams. The handgun is Bob's pet .375 JDJ spitting out 225 Hornady flat noses at 2115 F.P.S.

truck from Hal Swiggert as being much of an event. It is degrading to watch a grown man like Hal leaning over the smoking ruins of his favorite hunting rig, bawling like a baby right out on a public highway, so we slipped away as quickly and quietly as possible.)

Frank and Louie explained the rules of the ranch. "Bucks of eight points or better, or spikes and does only. The rest we leave for seed."

J. D., Kenny, Larry, Steve, and Robert just stared at them, uncomprehendingly. Then I realized the problem. "Bucks of eight points or better, or spikes and does only. The rest we leave for seed," I repeated, translating from the Texas dialect into English.

With the gear stowed away and instructions out of the way, jeeps roared off in pursuit of the wiley white-tail.

Within an hour, J. D., Robert, and I were lying on a ridge about 100 yards above a waterhole, watching a pair of fat does. One had all the earmarks of a great venison stew. Being polite, J. D. offered Robert the shot, assuming, of course, he would turn it down in deference to the adults present. Before the sound of J. D.'s whispered offer died away, Robert grabbed the 6.5 J.D.J., poked it out in front of him and dropped the lead doe like a stone. It kicked once and expired quietly.

J. D. looked at Robert in astonishment, said "Damn — you just can't trust anyone under 13!"

Since it was the first time I had seen the 6.5 used on deer, I was impressed, too.

The following day, I was impressed by it again when Steve punched a nice eight point right through the heart. The buck jumped straight into the air again and again, finally doing a dramatic somersault at least eight feet off the ground, landing within a foot of take-off. We paced off an even 148 yards to the buck. I'm a .375 man myself, but that 6.5 surely does kill deer!

On the way back to camp, a dandy nine point ran across the trail and up the hill. I dove out the door and took off in hot pursuit, which proved rather interesting since I had been driving at the time. Somewhere behind me, I had the vague recollection of hearing the jeep bouncing off through the cactus and mesquite with Robert and Steve screaming in the back seat. No respect for a man trying to stalk a good buck!

Well, I hit the top of the rim just as the buck went zigging and zagging up the other side. Somehow, cactus, buck, and cedar all blended into a blur in the Bushnell, but the swing seemed right, and the Lord never built the prickly pear that would stop a .375 J.D.J., so I torched her off. The hand cannon boomed, needles flew, and the buck disappeared.

"OK, you wiley bugger, I know you're in there. Come out for another one!"

Being smarter than your average buck, I had eased over to the last place I had seen him, knowing he would burst into view at any minute.

I was still waiting with the cunning and patience of the skilled hunter when Robert arrived. I motioned with fingers against my lips for absolute silence. The drama of hunter and hunted was spiraling to a fever pitch. Any moment now, the quarry would burst from his cover, out-foxed by my vast experience and cunning.

"Dad! You dummy, you're standing in blood up to your ankles. That buck

couldn't have made it 10 yards!"

I glanced down. The kid was right. A bright crimson trail six inches across led a staggered path into a clump of cactus a few yards away. J. D. was right. You can't trust anyone under 13!

The score the week was impressive, with something like three does, five nine points, three spikes, and two eights. Larry also took a javelina, and Steve dumped the trophy of the week, a huge javelina boar that weighed 60 pounds, on the bunkhouse scales.

We also ate enough venison and chili to last a lifetime, and found out that when HHI visits ASC, it's bound to be a winner, even when it's in some obscure part of the world called Texas.

(Editor's Note: I get to tell my side someday.)

.375 HERRETT PERFORMANCE

By Frank A. Rinker
Middletown, VA

The day was November 16th, the second day of the 1982 Virginia deer season. I was climbing the same mountain before daylight as I did the day before, and finally got to the top at first light. Since I had seen several deer the day before, I was hoping they were still near. I got settled between a tree and one of the big rocks on top with my T/C .375 Herrett with a 2X Leupold scope laying on my lap. Everything was fairly quiet until about eight o'clock when I heard something walking toward me from the left and out from behind the brush stepped a spike buck at about 50 yards. Easing the gun up and getting the crosshairs settled behind the shoulder and cocking the hammer, and gently squeezing the trigger . . . Upon the crack of the gun, we both stood there, dumbfounded, looking at each other. I reloaded and the deer trotted off through the brush while I caught glimpses as he went down the mountain.

The more I thought about missing such an easy shot, the more disgusted I became. Even being a little cold and a lot of buck fever seemed to be a poor excuse, and after sitting there about an hour, I decided if I couldn't shoot any better than that, I was going to call it a day. Starting across the top, I heard something walking up the side, easing over to a large flat rock and lying down and resting the T/C on my gloves, I saw a deer with a fair sized rack walking up the side, picking an opening. When the deer stepped into it, the gun cracked and the deer hunched up and then collapsed. I stepped the distance off to 113 paces to where the 10-point lay. The Speer 158 grain soft-point backed by 24 grains of 2400 entered the center of the shoulder. Upon field dressing, I was disappointed with the bullet performance, for all the internal organs were undamaged. Skinning and quartering showed the bullet's path. It entered the center of the left shoulder, traveled up to the spine and stopped under the right shoulder. The recovered bullet was a perfect mushroom, measuring .753 and weighing 132.6 grains. I believe a new load is in order, consisting of one of the 35 caliber rifle bullets in the 180 to 200 grains range for deeper penetration and less violent expansion.

THE .357 MAGNUM

Part III

By John Taffin, Boise, ID

The original Magnum is the Smith & Wesson .357 known since 1957 as the Model 27, 8-3/8". That original .357 had an 8-3/4" barrel and the old long action. Except for the modernized action, the Model 27 is basically the same fine six gun that it was 48 years ago. And although now rapidly approaching the half-century mark, the Smith .357 is the standard by which all other .357's are measured.

Built on the same frame as the Smith & Wesson .41, and .44 Magnums, the .357 differs in three major areas: (1) the cylinder is shorter by about 3/16", this is one major change I would like to see made in the .357 Smith, a full length cylinder for handling the longer, heavier bullets now desired by silhouette shooters. (2) The barrel is slimmer, more streamlined than its big brother Magnums. (3) A special identification feature of the Model 27, is the checkering of the top strap, and barrel rib. A nice touch.

I've always owned at least one .357, but have never really been a great admirer of the medium-bore magnum. To be perfectly honest, I've never been willing to place enough faith in it to carry it for hunting, or possible self-defense. Suddenly, I find myself starting to look at the .357 in a new light.

What has changed my mind is the Smith & Wesson .357 Model 27 I've been shooting for the past five months. I just plain like this six gun. It looks good, it feels good, and it shoots good. For the time being at least, my normal silhouette revolver, a .44 Magnum, has been replaced by the Model 27. I make no claim for it being the best silhouette sixgun, I just like shooting it.

With the .357, the answer for silhouette is not speed but weight. Both are not possible. The choice is 150 grain bullets at 1500 F.P.S., or 200 grains at 1100 F.P.S. The 150 won't do the job; the heavy, slow bullets will sometimes. Hopefully, the new .357 Maximum will combine speed and weight.

As will be seen in the accompanying chart, the Model 27 performs well with a variety of loads. I prefer to shoot it as a .38 using 200 grain bullets in .38 special cases over 12.4 grains WW 296. The shorter case allows crimping over the shoulder of the RCBS 200 grain flat point gas check cast bullet.

I have one great criticism of the 27 as a silhouette revolver and that is the rear sight. The front sight, a post, is perfect, but the rear sight while precise and adjustable for all ranges, simply does not have distinct enough clicks. I have a hard time counting or feeling the clicks which makes setting the sights somewhat of a problem. When the rear sight is bottomed out, the 27 shoots 150 grain bullets 1-1/2" low, 180's shoot 2" high, and 200 grains shoot 3" high at 50 yards. This works fine. But I would like to see this sight up-dated with positive click settings. I will probably set the sights for 50 yards using the Thompson gas check cast bullet and use it exclusively for varmint shooting. For this, it should be superb.

In 1935, the advertising for the .357 read: "1510 foot-seconds muzzle velocity! Greater bullet speed by far than ever before achieved in handguns . . . And with this speed and power,

accuracy."

I cannot argue with this statement. Though I was surprised, I did achieve over 1500 F.P.S., and the Model 27 is accurate. All in all, the 27 should satisfy any .357 shooter.

The Model 27, of just plain .357 Magnum as it was known in those days, was the only .357 available for 15 years except for a few Single Actions and New Service Colts. Sometime in the early 1950's, Colt brought out the Colt .357 (remember Dick Tracy carrying the powerful Colt .357?) The name was later changed to the Trooper to be followed by the MK III Trooper around 1968, and now the Mark V Trooper with improved action and grip.

The original Colt .357 was available with a 4" or 6" bull barrel with an unprotected ejector rod. I often planned to have a custom Colt .357 built in those days with an 8-10" barrel, but never accomplished it. When the Trooper was updated in the late '60's, protection was added for the ejector rod, a transfer bar was added, and best of all, an 8" barrel was to be added later. While the original Smith was set up to enclose cartridge heads, and the new Smith has dropped this feature, the Mark III has a rim around the rear of the cylinder to hide but not enclose the heads.

The Mark III has a wide, smooth trigger, wide checkered hammer, and the rear sight, while not perfect, is more positive in clicks than the Smith. The optional Elliason rear sight is better. The factory stocks fit my hands much better than either the N-Frame Smith or Python's factory stocks, but even in shooting the relatively low recoil .357 round, the checkering on the Mark III stocks is painful.

The Mark III is the sleeper of the long-barrelled DA's. This is an excellent DA .357 and since it has now been replaced by the Mark V, it is possible to pick up Mark III's in the \$200 range.

The replacement Mark V is simply an upgraded Mark III. The lock time has been shortened by about 15%, the mainspring has been made longer resulting in a lighter DA pull, and the grip frame has been made smaller which allows for the easier addition of custom stocks. The factory Mark V stocks just don't angle right for my hand. The Mark V has also been "Pythonized" with a vent rib barrel. The Mark V is also a great bargain in the .357 Market with Colt announcing a retail price of under \$300 for 1983.

The most progressive arms-maker today is Dan Wesson Arms. In less than five years, Dan Wesson has gone from a basic .357 revolver, and added .22 and .44 models, and now offers stainless models in .22, .357, .41, and .44 Magnum. Plus Dan Wesson has continued to upgrade by listening to shooters and giving six-gunners what they needed and desired. The result being the Dan Wesson is the winningest revolver on the silhouette scene today. Now Dan Wesson is working on a DA .357 Maximum on the .44 frame.

Dan Wesson himself retreated from the Smith & Wesson company after the Bangor Punta takeover and established

(Continued on Page 12)

.357 Mag. . . . Continued from Page 11
his own company, bringing out his .357 in 1970. Those early Dan Wesson's were noticeable for two things: the ugliest sixgun ever made, but they would shoot, plus, the price was reasonable.

Dan Wesson offered what no other manufacturer had, or has offered: interchangeable barrels, and a stud rather than a grip frame, allowing an unlimited choice of stock shapes. The ugly barrel nut has been eliminated without sacrificing accuracy, and the Dan Wesson has been made into a very good looking sixgun. The 8", and now the 10" model are the #1 silhouette revolvers.

My test 8" DW has a wide smooth trigger, checkered hammer, short action and the older clickless rear sight has been replaced by an excellent flat faced rear sight with very positive clicks. With the vent heavy barrel and stocks, recoil is minimal.

Eleven different loads with seven bullets and six powders were tried in these three 8"ers. All loads were fired for accuracy at 25 yards with one exception, the SSK 200 grain GC load was too long for the Mark III cylinder. The chart is marked NA for not-acceptable.

In addition, the Model 27 was fired at 50 yards for accuracy and also chronographed. This sixgun has been used in a number of silhouette matches with excellent results. I've also fired various DW's in silhouette matches, the first time I was impressed with its accuracy, but lost five hogs and five rams because the full house 158 grain bullet would not put the targets down.

The muzzle velocity chronographed with the #358156 GC load over 15 grains #2400 was a real surprise. It was checked and re-checked, and even loads pulled and re-weighed — the results stayed the same. I consistently get higher velocities in both .357 and .44 Magnum than expected, using #2400. This same load goes 1390 F.P.S. from a 6" revolver. I would suspect a fast chronograph except for the fact that all other loads were chronographed at the same time. The 15 grain #2400 load also was the most

consistent.

Some conclusions drawn from these far from exhaustive tests show #2400 and #4227 to be the best for the #358156 GC Bullet, while 296 performs well with the heavy 200 grain bullets. Many of my fellow shooters like the 200 grain Hornady over H110.

Bullets used in these tests are the Lyman Thompson #358156 GC which is probably the most popular, and best, standard weight .357 cast bullet. The RCBS #35-200 FN is an excellent heavy long range gas check bullet, as is the SSK 200 grain GC which fits most .357 sixguns when crimped in the crimping groove. Both the Speer and Hornady 180 FMJ's are brand new and look very promising.

Regular readers of THE SIX-GUNNER know I am a confirmed Big Bore Single Action addict. But I find myself having very good feelings about these long barreled .357's. Both the heavy barreled Dan Wesson and Colt Mark III with its bull barrel have a definite muzzle heavy feel, while the Model 27 balances more in the hand. Choosing of the three would strictly be a matter of personal preference. They are all excellent silhouette sixguns and perfect varminters. I like them all.

The long barreled .357's are necessary to get the expected velocities from the .357. All three test sixguns are excellent, well made sixguns that should give years of service. Next, we look at the T/C .357.

(Editor's Note: I have owned a lot of 8-3/8" .357 and only found one that gave an appreciable velocity increase over a tight 6". . . . JDJ.

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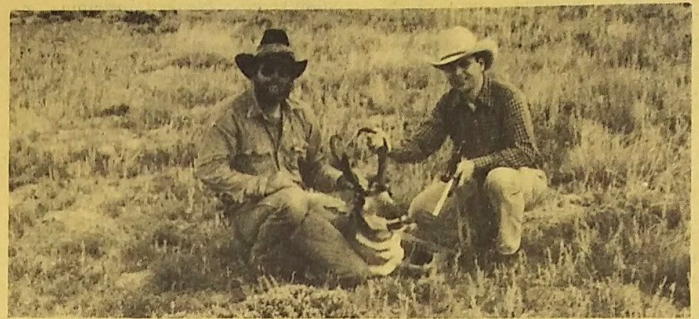
SS Industries

Route 1, Della Drive
Bloomington, Ohio 43910
(614) 264-0176

Description:	Model 27 8-3/8"	Dan Wesson 8"	Colt Mark III 8"
Finish	Blue	Stainless	Blue
Weight	50-1/2 Oz.	52 Oz.	47 Oz.
Trigger Pull	3#	4#	4#
Cylinder Diameter	1.700"	1.470"	1.550"
Cylinder Length	1.610"	1.625"	1.590"
Barrel/Cylinder Gap	.006"	.003"	.006"
Recessed Heads	No	Yes	No
Barrel Diameter: Breech	.765"	.755"	.745"
Barrel Diameter: Muzzle	.600"	.755"	.745"
Trigger	Grooved Target	Smooth	Smooth Target
Hammer	Checkered	Checkered	Checkered
Front Sight	Plain Post	Red Ramp	Ramp
Rear Sight	Standard S & W	White Outline	Standard Colt
Clicks Per Revolution	6	12	6

Load:	Bullet	25 Yds.	25 Yds.	25 Yds.	50 Yds.	MV
		M27 8-3/8"	DW 8"	Colt Mark III	M27 8-3/8"	M27 8-3/8"
1. 8.0 Gr. Unique	358156 GC	1"	1-1/2"	2"	2-1/2"	1312
2. 15.0 Gr. H110	358156 GC	2"	1"	7/8"	2"	1256
3. 15.0 Gr. H4227	358156 GC	1-3/8"	2"	1-1/2"	1-1/2"	1274
4. 16.0 Gr. WW296	358156 GC	1"	1-1/8"	2"	2-1/2"	1260
5. 15.0 Gr. #2400	358156 GC	1-1/2"	1-5/8"	1-1/2"	1-1/2"	1552
6. 12.4 Gr. WW296	RCBS 200 FN	1-1/8"	1-3/4"	1-3/8"	1-5/8"	1090
7. 15.5 Gr. WW680	Speer 180 FMJ	1-3/4"	7/8"	2"	2"	1070
8. 15.5 Gr. WW680	Hornady 180 FMJ	1-3/8"	1-1/4"	2"	2"	1076
9. 12.5 Gr. H110	SSK 200 GC	1-1/2"	2"	NA	1-7/8"	1168
10. 16.0 Gr. WW296	Speer 158 SP	1-3/8"	2"	1-5/8"	1-3/4"	1252
11. 16.0 Gr. WW296	Sierra 158 SP	1-1/2"	2"	1-1/2"	1-3/4"	1240

All loads assembled with WW Cases and CCI Magnum Primers. Five-shot groups fired from a padded rest. Muzzle velocity measured with Oehler Model 12. Load #6 loaded in .38 Special cases.



Boyce's antelope is one of the better ones taken by HHI members.

SHOWDOWN IN SARATOGA

By W. R. Boyce, Norwich, CT

Word of the Great Antelope Shoot-out was passed, and the challenge was accepted by only a few; those few, however, were the best of the East and West. The test was to be held in Saratoga, Wyoming — handgunners vs. riflemen — not only for 1982, but for all time. The true episode related here will reveal what was for the experienced a task of unparalleled fulfillment, and for the novice, details of how two faced seemingly insurmountable odds, only to walk away victorious.

Realists know that victories, like records, will sooner or later be bettered or broken. But my question is when, and by whom? Anyone can be victorious — anyone who is ready and willing to accept the challenge.

We arrived in Saratoga on the afternoon of September 24, 1982. The "we" mentioned are Charles E. Roode, Sr., and W. R. Boyce, both of Connecticut. We checked into our temporary living quarters and found a note from our guide and outfitter, Joe Stuemke, owner and operator of Diamond J Outfitters of Saratoga, an outfit purported to have the most respectable reputation of filling tags for their clients with record heads. This claim would have to be proven to us, as we didn't travel 2,000 miles to settle for second best. We called Joe's home and were informed that he was meeting some other hunters, and we were advised to have dinner at the Inn, where Joe would meet us.

Upon arrival at the Inn, I informed the hostess that we might be joined by Joe Stuemke and asked if she perhaps knew of him. She said she not only knew of him, but she knew him personally, and with that, she directed Charlie and me to our table. Our meal consisted of a huge steak, broiled to perfection (rare, of course) with all the trimmings, and washed down with a frosty mug of "Colorado Kool-Aid". In the middle of this meal-fit-for-a-king, a man dressed in Western garb, sporting a beard and metal rimmed glasses approached the hostess and started talking to her. Well, Charlie looked at me, and I looked at him, and Charlie said, "Is that who I think it is?" Even though the light was low, we both recognized this person as Hank Williams Jr. Since this was the first night of antelope hunting and there was an exclusive country club in Saratoga that caters to notables, what would be more reasonable than Hank taking a few days from his hectic schedule to do a little hunting?

The hostess pointed out our table and Hank started walking toward us. I asked myself, "What could he want with us? Could he have heard that we

were in town and maybe wanted Charlie to give him a few pointers on sight pictures or some of our favorite handloads?" As I asked myself these questions, he sauntered up to our table and said, "Hi, fellas. Mind if I join you? My name is Joe Stuemke." Well, you could have knocked me over with an antelope eyelash. I just couldn't believe my eyes — it was truly remarkable how much Hank Williams Jr. looks like Joe Stuemke!

After introductions all around, Joe ordered a drink and briefed us on our first day of hunting, which was just a few hours away. He would meet us at 5:45 the next morning so that we could be at a particular spot just at daybreak. We would have to forego breakfast, as the restaurants don't open up that early. After an hour of enthused conversation with Joe, we decided to call it a night, and left for the motel and hopefully, a good night's rest.

At precisely 5:45 a.m., there was a knock at our door. "What a strange hour for someone to come visiting," I said in my semi-conscious stupor. I opened the door to find Joe leaning against the jamb. He smiled broadly and said, "Are you boys ready to go hunting?"

Charlie elected for the back seat just behind Joe, so I was relegated to the co-pilot's position. With our handguns, ammo, cameras and spotting scopes aboard, we headed for the prairie and our first day of antelope hunting with all the enthusiasm of a couple of kids on Christmas morning. I could claim that we were totally relaxed and aloof, but hell, this was our first antelope hunt, and we had a right to be excited! Those of you who have already had the privilege of this experience will appreciate our emotions.

After riding over gravel roads for what seemed like 20 miles, seeing nothing but a void beyond the range of our headlights, we left the "main" road in favor of a rarely-used road that looked more like a covered wagon trail, but was actually a road made by ranchers to deliver hay to their cattle in the winter when the land is covered by snow.

We finally came to a stop about a couple of miles later, and Joe broke out some doughnuts and coffee that he had thoughtfully brought. The steaming hot coffee hit the spot, as there was a chill in this early morning air. As we enjoyed our breakfast, Joe discussed the various types of antelope's horns. For instance, the "typical" is a buck with straight-up antlers with the forks, or paddles, pointing forward and the back curl

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curving back and down towards the buck's back. The "non-typical" buck could have no back curl, an unusually wide-spread rack with the horns rising straight up or pointing forward, or many other specifics that differ from a normal, or typical, buck. Both types of animals are prized to the hunter, however, as every hunter has his own preference as to the type of head he is after. Unlike deer, antelope bed down and don't start moving until the sun is fairly high in the sky, unless they are alarmed for some reason. But as a rule, they are casual arisers and seem to enjoy lying in the sagebrush and being warmed by the early morning sun.

Antelope can be seen traveling alone or in groups of three or four animals, with the does leading and the bucks (especially the older and wiser ones) hanging behind a band of 20 to 30. "It's not unusual to see 150 to 200 antelope a day," Joe said.

After the lesson, Joe answered a myriad of questions ranging from intelligent to downright dumb, with the understanding of a professor regarding his first-semester students.

Joe said he knew where to find a non-typical buck with a wide rack, and a typical but really tall buck, and that he had indeed been watching both of them yesterday. He was sure we'd get a chance to see them today.

"Sure," I said to myself. "This guy just told us that these animals roam this vast land like clouds traverse the sky. And not only did he spot two unusual bucks, but he knows just where they will be today. Come on, Joe, give us a break!" We were admittedly greenhorns at antelope hunting, and we were impressed with his expertise, but we would believe only so much.

The Eastern sky was now dimly lighting the prairie through a layer of lingering clouds which blocked out the sun for most of the day. As soon as we could see well enough to drive without the use of the headlights, Joe secured the spotting scope onto his window and off we bounced along the wagon trail, in search of that trophy antelope. Joe explained that hunting that early in the morning is unusual, but since this was opening day, he wanted to be the first vehicle in this area. Antelope spook very easily, and hunting pressure could turn that normal 200 to 300 yard shot into a 400 to 600 yard shot.

"Out here, a 13" to a 14" buck is not uncommon, but there are some 15" to 16" bucks here, too. While a 15" to a 15½" buck is considered a trophy, anything above that is virtually a once-in-a-lifetime head," Joe said. "And a guy fortunate enough to get one could virtually hunt for the rest of his life and not do better. If a hunter is not experienced in judging antelope, he may as well forget it. The only reference point one has is the ears, and while anything over the ears may look good, it's impossible to tell just how long the horns are, especially when it comes to the back curl. A 14" buck could look like a trophy to the novice. Unfortunately, the horns can be measured only one way, and when he's down, it's too late for a second chance this season."

Suddenly, Joe swung the vehicle perpendicular to the trail, turned off the ignition, and aimed his spotting scope into the prairie in one smooth motion, not unlike the maneuver a tank commander might make.

"There's a couple out there," Joe said, "but nothing to get excited about."

"Where?" I asked, straining my eyes, searching the desolate land only to see more desolate land.

"These antelope will be a bit difficult to spot today unless we're fairly close, due to the overcast skies. But once you get used to looking for them, it won't be too hard to spot them out to 500 yards without the use of a scope. When the sun shines, the white rump and sides stand out over the dull silver green like a white bikini on a beautifully tanned body."

While Joe was driving and talking, his eyes were constantly searching the vast, rolling plains ahead, seemingly void of life. All we could see was sagebrush and more sagebrush. After countless maneuvers off the trail and glassing the distant antelope, which Charlie and I were beginning to be able to pick out, Joe said, "There's the old boy with the real wide spread — seems to be 18" to 20", but it's real hard to tell, because he's so damned wide." By this time, Charlie had his spotting scope on the same animal and confirmed that the rack was unusually wide. "Want to get a look at him?" Joe asked me.

"Sure," I said. Until this point, I had not seen an antelope in a spotting scope. I got out of the vehicle, went around to Joe's door and aimed the scope at several dots in the distance. After finding one or two bucks that seemed to be of the typical nature discussed earlier, the scope settled on a buck that amazed me. His horns actually did bow out over his ears. This characteristic truly set this buck apart from the rest.

"That's a real trophy if a guy is looking for a non-typical buck," Joe said. "He's about 800 yards away — maybe we could get a little closer." Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the band started to gallop off, rapidly increasing the distance between us. Well, so much for that!

In the next couple hours of bouncing over the sagebrush, we sighted many antelope bucks, a lot of which were in what Charlie and I felt was our range. We couldn't conceive why Joe wouldn't let us shoot these 14" and 15" bucks. Why was he passing up so many? Back East, when we go hunting for whitetails, we shoot the first legal buck we see. Joe explained that we shouldn't be too anxious. He understood our feelings, and said that back East, only about one hunter out of 8 or 10 gets a chance to see or shoot at a legal animal, so he naturally shoots the first one he sees. Out here, there are so many that we can afford to take our time and virtually glass hundreds of heads, looking for that once-in-a-lifetime trophy.

"Hell," he said with a smile, "if all I wanted to do was let you boys get an antelope, we could have been back in town three hours ago. We can get a buck anytime we want, but what I want to do is let you boys get a crack at a 15" buck or better."

Another one of his routine off-the-trail maneuvers resulted in Joe saying, "There he is, boys — we finally spotted him, the tall buck. He's way up on that ridge to our left, with four does. Can you see him, Charlie?" Charlie followed Joe's point and said, "Yup! I have him, and he surely is a tall one, all right."

"I'll bet that old boy is 16" tall," reported Joe, while intently studying the buck through his scope. By now, I had picked out the same buck, and even with my naked, inexperienced eye

could tell he stood out above the other heads we had seen. I now had a new respect for this quiet-talking outfitter with the easy smile. He had called two out of two, and I regretted my thoughts of earlier that morning, casting doubt on his ability. He observed two unusual animals out of the thousands that roam those vast lands, and was able to find them again. It just seemed too incredible to be true.

I was brought back to consciousness by Joe saying, "We'll try to get a little closer, but he's chasing those does around, and we may not be able to do it. If they go over the ridge, it'll be difficult to pick them up again. But they'll stay within a mile or so of here."

"A mile or so from where?" I thought to myself. All you could see for 360° was sagebrush — not even a rock sticking out of the ground for a landmark. But I wasn't about to question Joe's statement. The band of antelope seemed oblivious to us, but each time we narrowed the gap, they would open it up again as they frolicked together, chasing each other from one ridge to another, only stopping to look around and graze on the sagebrush that is their main staple, but which no other animal will eat. As we neared the crest of a ridge, Joe said that we should get out and creep over the top, as he thought the band might be just on the other side. As the vehicle came to a halt, we climbed out and Joe grabbed his daypack from the back. We carefully made our way to the crest of the ridge and peered over it to discover the band was, indeed, on the other side about 500 yards away. It was decided that we would try to crawl about 200 yards closer, hoping not to spook the animals, and attempt a shot at the tall buck.

Charlie elected to wait at the crest and observe. Joe and I cut the distance to the antelope to about 400 yards. The does seemed to be a bit uneasy, as if aware of our presence, but not unduly threatened. The buck was only interested in the does, as this was their rutting season.

"Well, he's about 400 yards away and I don't think we can get any closer. Do you want a shot at him?" asked Joe.

"Do I want a shot at him? Yes! At 400 yards? No!" I had never shot anything over 100 yards in my life, but if I didn't try, he'd be gone anyway. Joe propped up his daypack to act as a rest. I slipped around into the chamber of my .30-.40 Ackley Improved, locked it up and rested the forearm on the pack.

"Hold just a bit high," said Joe. "He's very calm, so don't feel rushed." I settled the crosshairs right on his back and just behind his shoulder. I was amazed at how small he looked in the 4X scope. There was a lot of ground around him. He was completely broadside to me and browsing on some sage. I squeezed the trigger and a puff of dust appeared on the slope behind the buck and just in front of his chest. Missed! With that, the buck looked around and trotted along with the does over the top of the ridge.

"That was a longshot," Joe said, sensing my anxiety. "Don't feel badly about missing."

"Thanks," I said. But that didn't help my feeling of inadequacy for having missed. "I'll never get that chance again," I thought to myself. "A 16" buck, and I missed! I should have let Charlie go for this buck. I'll

bet he wouldn't have missed."

When we got back to where Charlie was waiting, Joe said, "Bill didn't want to get the buck this early and end his hunt on the first day. He just wanted to see how close he could come and still miss."

"Yes," Charlie chided. "He surely would have been mad if he had misjudged and killed the buck, I'll bet."

"You guys are both right," I said. "It's a real pleasure being with a couple of guys who try to make you feel good after missing a shot and knowing how down you feel. This type of reaction comes from good sportsmen and real friends."

We searched in vain for the band, but gave up the chase in favor of lunch. "We'll give this area a rest for today. They'll stay around. They weren't really spooked," Joe promised.

At this point, I was sitting in our vehicle with the cool wind, lightly scented with the ever-present sagebrush, blowing in my face, with five more days to hunt with people who enjoy the thrill of the chase and who are also your friends. Somehow, the sandwiches we had just eaten for lunch tasted like food intended for royalty. Ah, yes, it is truly great to be an American in America!

With the afternoon ahead of us, we headed for another hunting area known as Bolton Rim. This area differed slightly from the gentle, rolling plains of this morning. There were steep ridges and deep valleys in which were nestled meadows with knee-high grass and clusters of aspen. It was an area that would seem to harbor mule deer or maybe an elk that was still in the lowlands. A cold Northwestern wind was picking up and driving in the intermittent showers was a bit unpleasant. But we were still sighting antelope, so the rain was overlooked. Near one of the mountain meadows, Joe spotted an antelope that seemed to deserve more scrutiny than the rest. "That old buck down there has an unusually thick set of paddles and he's at least 15". I think he would make a good mount. It's the paddles that makes him stand out. What do you boys think?"

Charlie was studying the buck in his spotting scope and agreed it was a nice buck. He decided to try for it. By the time I put the sandbags on the hood of the vehicle, Charlie was standing there, ready to shoot. The buck was 300 yards away and downhill, making for a difficult shot. The wind and the rain added to the difficulty of the task.

"Hold a bit high, Charlie," said Joe, who was still observing the buck through his scope. Charlie squeezed off a shot and a puff of dirt erupted just over the buck's back and off trotted the buck and the three does up the 40° slope, just as easily as though it was flat ground, over the top, and out of sight. Thirty minutes later, we crested the same ridge, having left two ruts behind us from the churning of all four wheels into the loose dirt of the steep slope. Joe spotted the buck off to our left. This guy always spotted things first.

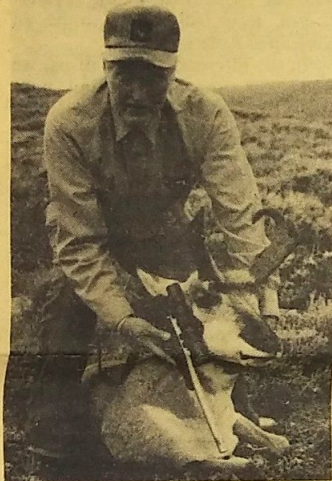
"He appears to have been bedded down and now I'll bet he's going to go right around the top of the other slope and bed down again. I think we can outsmart him."

Joe veered off to the right and proceeded to climb the other slope, not pressing the buck, who was watching us drive away. We went down the other side of the ridge to the bottom, turned

left and headed back in the direction of the buck with the wide paddles. As we rounded the slope, high up near the crest was the buck, bedded down. Damn! Joe was right again. The buck watched us very intently as we came to a stop. Charlie slowly got out of the vehicle, made his way around to my side, and loaded his .30-40 Krag, resting the handgun on the sandbags that were still on the hood. The buck was now standing, and still looking us over, but apparently felt no real threat from us.

"He's about 160 yards from us, Charlie. (And with that angle, the buck had turned his body to face Charlie, but only one-third of his body was visible). It's going to be either a hit or a miss," said Joe.

Boom! A 165-grain Hornady Boat-tail bullet slammed into the buck just in front of the hind quarter and devastated the backbone. The buck dropped just as though a bolt of lightning had been delivered out of the rainclouds above. The same instant the buck hit the ground, I was out of the vehicle, slapping Charlie on the back.



Charles Roode with his '82 antelope.

"Good shot, Charlie!" I cried. "You virtually knocked the stuffing right out of him!" shouted Joe. I don't think Charlie fully realized that he had a trophy antelope lying up on the slope, because all he said was, "I don't want to lose my damn brass." Now if that isn't the reaction of a true hand-loader, I'll eat my Stetson. When Charlie had his brass safely in his pocket, he said, "Now let's go up and have a look at him," with a broad smile on his face.

Joe drove up to where the buck lay, jumped out of his vehicle and put a tape on the antlers. "Yup! A 15'er all right, and just look at those paddles." Pictures were taken, raingear was donned, and the buck was field-dressed and loaded into the vehicle and we headed for town. Just outside of town, we were stopped by the local game warden. After finding the license and tag on the antelope in order, he looked at the teeth and determined that the buck was three years old.

On Sunday, Joe picked us up at 6:15 a.m. and took us for a man-sized breakfast. After leisurely eating and just plain chewing the rag, we headed out to see if we could get another look at the tall buck that I had missed the day before. As we rode out to the hunting area, I commented on how easy it was to hunt antelope. You just ride around, looking for them, as opposed to hunting deer back East, where you would probably walk eight

to ten miles a day, just hoping to see a legal buck.

"It almost makes one feel guilty to hunt so casually," said Charlie.

"Well, like you said, Charlie — back East, you cover eight miles in a day, and out here, we can cover 50 miles. And we're still on the point of a pin, when you consider this state covers about 100,000 square miles. And if you'd feel any better, you can run along behind us. After all, I wouldn't want you boys to come 2,000 miles just to develop a complex," replied Joe.

We were now off the road and bouncing along at five miles an hour over the endless prairie. This prairie is very deceptive, in that it appears to be relatively flat, but hides gullies that can stretch for a half a mile, and dry washes that can literally swallow a vehicle and makes it nearly impossible for an Eastern hunter to gauge distances accurately. I can personally attest to this fact. Let me describe briefly the only kind of vehicle that can survive this kind of terrain successfully. Joe has a 9-passenger carry-all equipped with a 454-cubic inch engine, with the rear seat removed to allow more space for cargo. The floor is 24" off the ground, thanks to a heavy-duty lift kit and four deep-lugged, superwide tires which receive power at the flick of a lever, a 12,000-pound winch with 500 feet of cable, a roof-mounted quartz spotlight, and a CB used strictly for emergencies. Most importantly, there are two 25-gallon gas tanks.

I asked if all of this heavy-duty equipment was really necessary, and the answer was astoundingly obvious. "The country I have to cover when I hunt in the mountains mandates this kind of a vehicle, and if I should ever get hung up, I'd have to walk 20 miles for help. Even a CB is not of any real use back up in the hills; and unlike you boys, I don't feel guilty if I don't walk 10 miles a day to hunt, or otherwise," Joe said with a wide grin.

It was now apparent that today was going to be cloudy, making it harder to spot antelope. Several bands had been glassed in hardly more than a half-hour, but the tall buck was not to be seen. I knew I would not get another chance at him, and I was perfectly satisfied to get a 15" buck. While routinely glassing an area, Joe said, "Well, boys, I do believe we have found Mr. Big. He's about 1,000 yards away down in that draw. Do you want to look at him, Bill?"

"No, thanks!" I said. "I'll just get sick."

"That certainly appears to be a very respectable head," Charlie said, as he had his spotting scope on the buck. I gave in and looked for myself.

"He's just to the right of the young buck," Joe said, as I tried to pick up the animals in the scope. "I don't know if he's the one we saw yesterday, but he surely looks like a fine buck to me. Just watch him when he turns his head and get a good look at the back curl. I think we should try for him again. That is, if you think you want him," Joe said to me.

"If you think he's good enough, that's good enough for me," was my reply.

"We'd better leave the vehicle here and stalk him. They know we're here, but are not at all nervous due to the distance between us, and that is a definite plus," Joe said.

"I'm just going to sit here and watch through the scope while you guys try to

get him," Charlie said, "and good luck!" With that, I shoved six bullets into my pocket, grabbed my custom T/C, fell in behind Joe and started the stalk. The antelope was hardly more than spots in the distance. We went about 100 yards and stopped to glass the band again.

"There's nothing between us and them but a little ridge about 400 yards away. If we can make it there, we can take a little break and decide what to do next," Joe said. We crouched along the prairie, trying to keep as low a profile as possible. We made it to the crest of the ridge without spooking the antelope and laid down to look the situation over.

"They're grazing and occasionally looking this way," Joe said, as he was glassing the buck. I could now see the tall buck quite plainly, as well as the others with him. One of the little bucks appeared fidgety, and this was of concern to me, because if he spooked, they'd all spook.

"We're still about 500 yards from them, and there's nothing to cover us except that little drywash to our left," Joe said quietly. "We can possibly get a couple of hundred yards closer, but we'll have to crawl on our hands and knees to stay low enough. It's going to be really tough and it may be in vain. Do you want to give it a try?"

"Sure," I said. Having gone this far, I didn't want to give up now. After all, how tough can it be to crawl a couple of hundred yards? Fortunately, I had a sling for my handgun and put my right arm through it, enabling me to carry it across my back. From the second we started crawling, the little buck riveted his eyes on us. We crawled very slowly at a slight angle away from the antelope, but stopped after about 150 feet. I had covered barely one-quarter the distance we had to go, and already my knees were getting sore from the little stones lining the drywash. I had managed to put my hands into several of the cactus-like plants that were like ground cover. The needles looked like hairs, but felt like firesticks, and they broke off when you tried to pull them out.

"I don't believe it," said Joe, as the tall buck, for some unknown reason, decided to lie down. These animals have terrific eyesight and can spot an object the size of a pie plate a mile away, and if it moves, they can see it for a mile and a half. It may be that they don't recognize us as humans because we were crawling. Antelope have a very curious nature. Joe had just gotten the words out of his mouth when the little buck, deciding that his curiosity had been satisfied, started to lope off. The tall buck stood up and looked at us, still on our hands and knees.

"Oh, no," I said very quietly, "all this for nothing." The tall buck was not alarmed, and was now the only one of the band left. After looking at us and at the band that was going away from him, he decided to graze on some sagebrush.

"Good," whispered Joe. "He's very calm. We'll wait here and not press him. He might lay down again, and that will give us a chance to get a little closer. It's still a long shot from here." The buck continued to graze for about 15 minutes, continually working his way toward the ridge in front of us. If he reached the far side of the ridge, we could get to the crest, undetected. Ten more minutes went by and the tall buck disappeared from our sight.

"Let's give him five minutes, then we'll crawl to the ridge and try to get a shot at him," whispered Joe. After what seemed like an hour, but in reality, probably eight minutes, Joe eased up to his knees and glassed the area to verify that both antelope had vanished from sight, living up to their reputation of being ghosts of the prairie. We got up to a crouching position (actually, more like a duck walk). This way, we could cover ground a little faster, and still keep a low profile. We kept up this muscle-stretching torture for nearly a quarter of a mile, spotting three young does to our south in the process. As we topped one of the countless ridges, Joe froze in his tracks, and since I was only two yards behind him, did the same. I quietly hoped that I still had two legs under me, as I surely couldn't feel them! This kind of treatment is rough if you're not used to it, and I wasn't. I slowly crawled up to where Joe was intently glassing a band of antelope about 500 yards below us. I didn't need a scope to spot those antenna sticking out of the head of one of the band — that was the tall buck, all right! He was lying down, watching his harem of three does feeding quietly to his right.

My enthusiasm was instantly at its peak. One small obstacle was still present, however: a stretch of open ground for about 300 yards between us and the antelope.

"You can take a shot from here if you want to, Bill," whispered Joe. "It's a little longer than you're probably used to shooting, though."

"Yes," I said, "about 400 yards. I still haven't forgotten yesterday's fiasco. I'd still like to get a little closer, if you think we can." As I was talking, Joe studied the tall buck through his spotting scope and answered me in the affirmative. "That buck will go about 16" to 16 1/4" or I don't know what an antelope looks like," Joe continued. "Now there's a buck of a lifetime, Bill. If you can get him, you could hunt the rest of your life and not get a more perfect example of a trophy antelope."

"Well, let's try to work our way down to that drywash. If we can do it without spooking the band, we'll be in good shape; then we'll have that tall grass for some sort of cover," Joe said. We backed off the crest of the ridge and worked our way around the far side of the slope. By taking our time and keeping low to the ground, we made it to the tall grass that shielded us from the still-content antelope. The wash was nearly three feet deep, which was terrific for cover, but by crawling in the wash, we lost sight of the antelope completely. Leading the way, Joe stopped every 15 to 20 feet to peer through the tall grass that lined the top edge of the wash.

"The buck is standing up now," Joe whispered to me. "He's about 200 yards in front of us and the does are still feeding quietly." I peeked through the grass and decided to shoot from that spot. It was now or never. I stealthily pushed Joe's daypack in front of me through the grass. The grass brushing along it seemed like thunder, and I was sure the antelope would bound away any second.

"Make sure your barrel is through the grass," Joe whispered as I rested the forearm on the pack. I was sure that I had a clear shot, so I loaded the Ackley, took another resting position on the pack, and put the tall buck in the crosshairs.

"Take your time," Joe whispered

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again. "They don't know we're here, so don't rush a shot. Remember to hold a little low — you're sighted in for 300 plus yards." To be truthful, I didn't start to feel any anxiety until I had the crosshairs on the front shoulder of the tall buck, and then I started to breathe really hard. The crosshairs were dancing on the shoulder of the tall buck like a droplet of water on a hot griddle.

"Get a hold of yourself," I thought. "If you blow this shot, there will be no valid excuse." I took a deep breath and aligned the crosshairs just a bit forward of the right shoulder and nearly level with the brisket, cocked the hammer, waited for one second and started a slow squeeze on the 2 1/4 pound trigger. The hammer fell — BLAM — and the 165-grain boat-tail rocketed down the barrel — FWAP! was the sound of a projectile making solid contact with an object nearly 5300 times larger than its size at a speed of 2000 F.P.S., while delivering a punch of 12 times the body weight of the antelope in foot-pounds of energy. The tall buck hit the ground as though he had been smitten by the hammer of Thor. I reloaded as quickly as possible, put the spent case in my shirt pocket, and had the Ackley resting on the daypack in a flash. But the antelope didn't even quiver. Well, maybe he quivered just for a second, but that was all.

"Good shot! Damned good shot!" Joe said, as he shook my hand. "It's only because you got me in closer than a mile," I said. I was grinning so hard that I was afraid my ears would fall off my head. During all this commotion, the does were still standing, looking at the downed buck as though they expected him to get up. The does finally moved off at a gallop when they saw us climb out of the ditch. We approached the buck from behind and Joe paced the distance off at 196 yards. Now that's calling it pretty close in my book. I poked the buck with the Ackley but it was very obvious that he wasn't about to move. Besides, if he had jumped up, I'm sure I would have been so startled that I wouldn't have been able to hit him anyway. By the time I unloaded the pistol, Joe had his tape on the antelope's horns.

"Damn," was Joe's statement. "Look at this tape. Both sides are a perfect 16-5/8". Just look at that beautiful back curl! I'll bet that animal will score 78 to 80 points." Now I thought Joe's ears would fall off his head, because he was grinning so hard, and if Joe's ears had fallen off, he would have been in real trouble because his glasses wouldn't have any hooks to hang onto.

Joe suggested that I stay with the antelope while he went back for his vehicle and Charlie. Joe ascended the steep slope with a stride that a person would normally use on level ground and disappeared over the top. About 30 minutes later, the vehicle was silhouetted against the vast Wyoming sky, and five minutes later, it stopped at the side of the buck.

"I knew you would get him," said Charlie. "I watched the whole scene until the band disappeared, and then about 30 minutes later, I heard you shoot and I knew you had him. But Joe told me you shot the wrong one!" We took several pictures, then Joe started to field-dress the buck. Charlie handed him the knife he uses on mako shark back home and said, "Here, Joe, use this. It's never dressed an antelope before."

"O.K.," said Joe. "We'll christen it right now with the blood of a buck that will nearly make the book." On the way back to Joe's, we were stopped by a local game warden, who was parked along the road, making routine spot checks. He examined the antelope's teeth and determined that the buck was over four years old, and scored 82-5/8 points. That was the biggest antelope he had seen so far this year, he told us, and he would be surprised if he saw a bigger one.

"That will surely make a nice mount," he said. "Are you going to have it mounted?"

"Do antelope eat sagebrush?" I asked him with a smile. Joe should have studied forensic medicine, for he performed an autopsy on the antelope that would have made 'Quincy' proud. The wound channel was truly impressive and the hydrostatic shock was not too shabby, either, for there was a bloodshot area about 12" in diameter around the entrance hole. The bullet entered just above the brisket, took out the lungs, cut right through three ribs, and shattered the left shoulder bone on the exit. We looked very closely for any trace of the bullet, but couldn't find a piece of the jacket, so it must have stayed intact.

Joe asked if we wanted to fill out our doe permits that afternoon, and we naturally said "Yes!" Charlie and I both got our does between 225 and 250 yards, and by dark, we were back at Joe's, skinning them out.

In summary, if you want to get a trophy antelope and not be concerned about getting taken instantly, Charlie and I cannot endorse DIAMOND J OUTFITTERS of Saratoga, Wyoming too highly. We will always use this hunt as a measure to compare to all others.

For the results of the Great Antelope Shootout, you will have to call Joe Stuemke at (307) 326-8259. And while you're at it, book an antelope hunt for 1983. You'll be glad you did.



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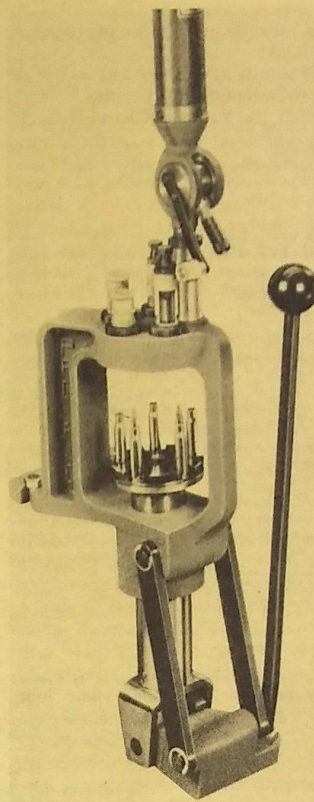
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Hornady's new progressive loader. Look for it to arrive on dealer's shelves in mid-May. Note five stations that allow seating and crimping in separate operations. Five stations vs. less than that is important to any pistol shooter.

HUNTING TIP

Take your bore-lite along; remove the plastic elbow but leave the black rubber cup on. Makes just a spot big enough to see with to get out to your stand before dawn without spooking game. Stores in your shirt pocket . . . Tom Frick

GO HUNTING

I recently picked up some worthwhile hunting info from Safariworld Travel Inc. (8918 Tesoro Drive, Suite 108, San Antonio, Texas 78217).

Their literature is quite entertaining, informative and I highly recommend it.

I doubt if they mind if I quote the following from Spring '82 International Hunt report. . . .

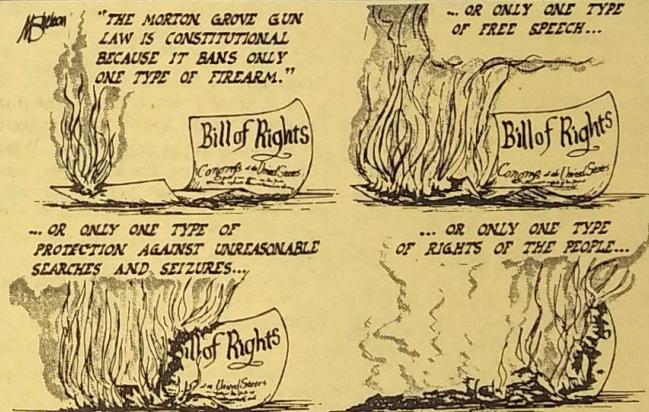
"Do not burn yourselves out. Be as I am — a reluctant enthusiast, a part-time crusader, a half-hearted fanatic. Save the other half of yourselves and your lives for pleasure and adventure. It is not enough to fight for the West; it is even more important to enjoy it. While you can. While it's still there. So get out there and hunt and fish and mess around with your friends, ramble out yonder and explore the forests, encounter the Griz, climb the mountains, bag the peaks, run the rivers, breathe deep of that yet sweet and lucid air, sit quietly for a while and contemplate the precious stillness, that lovely, mysterious awesome space."

"Enjoy yourselves, keep your brain in your head and your head firmly attached to the body, the body active and alive, and I promise you this much: I promise you this one sweet victory over our enemies, over those desk-bound men with hearts in a safe deposit box and their eyes hypnotized by desk calculators. I promise you this: you will outlive the bastards."

Write Your Story Today!

KNIFE CASE

Wayne Randall selected Jerry Kraft as the winner of his Custom Knife Case for Jerry's "ELK" story in the last issue of THE SIXGUNNER. Congratulations, Jerry!



THE Shooters' Accessory Box from MTM

At last, an equipment box designed to hold all of the gear you normally take to the range: gun cleaning accessories, reloading equipment, tools, ammo and components, spotting scope, hearing protectors, shooting glasses . . . and just about anything else you may need.

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For complete data on THE Shooters' Equipment Box, see your local MTM Dealer, or send for Free catalog.

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At long last! Just what you've been asking for! One size fits all. HHI logo in color on white background. Caps in four basic colors: red, yellow, green or black. \$8.00 Prepaid. (Price includes \$2.00+ for shipping costs). Please give second color choice. Quite a few in stock for immediate shipment. HHI, P.O. Box .357 MAG, Bloomingdale, OH 43910.

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FIRING LINE

Have you given any more thought to Life Memberships to HHI? I would be willing to go \$200 to \$300... Handgun Jaeger, Mountain View, WY.

(Editor's Note: I'm working on it!)

WANTED: Information concerning Maine Guides that will accept handgun hunters for black bear hunting. Anyone with personal knowledge of the above, please contact: Joe Picariello, 23 Albert Street, Waltham, MA 02154. Would also like to hear from other HHI members from the New England area.

(Editor's Note: Will the guys that had rip-off type hunts also please let him know?)

Please list the names and addresses of the anti-gunners in your articles. It does little good to get us all stirred up and then leave us hanging with no address to write and voice our views. I believe this would encourage more people to take an active part, and would show the anti-gunners what they are up against... Larry Bodin, Cambridge, IL.

I have noticed a conspicuous absence of any blackpowder handgun articles, when I know that I am not the only BP handgun shooter and hunter in our ranks of members. I'd surely like to hear the experiences and methods of molding bullets for BP handguns of other members. Might gain some ideas and tips that way.

I'm enclosing my article on hunting deer with the Ruger .44 caliber Old Army blackpowder revolver. I would have sent one on this gun sooner, but I wanted to wait until I had actually tried it out on deer and that took me nearly four years to get done. It seems that them that deer only come in close when I am packing a long range rifle, and only stay out a hundred yards and beyond when I'm sitting out in the woods with my Ruger BP, trying to prove it can be done.

I'll tell you one sure thing... After taking a deer with the Old Army this year, and examining the results of this gun and bullets, I sure as hell ain't going after Alaskan Brown with it!... Tom Atkinson, Honesdale, PA.

Have just received my membership in HHI. I am just writing to tell you how proud I am to belong to such a fine organization.

I have hunted with handguns for about 10 years now. But it hasn't been until the last three years that I have mothballed all my rifles and all except one shotgun. (Too bad ducks and geese weren't legal for handguns — would mothball that, too!)

I hunt rabbits, ruffed grouse, deer and black bear with my handguns. Maybe one of these days I'll be able to join you on one of your scheduled hunts. Surely would be nice to meet some other guys with like interests.

Maybe I'll write later and fill you in more on how I got started with handguns and my successes so far in this great sport... Gregory Smith, Ontonagon, MI.

I surely enjoy your magazine! I really enjoy stories about .44-5/8" Rugers. The story Paco Kelly did on the .45 Colt was outstanding. In fact, I almost went out and bought a 4-5/8" Ruger in .45 Colt.

The story John Taffin wrote on the .44-40 (August '82) was great, I really like his detail on his loading charts. John's story on .44 SP (October '82) was good, too. Note: 9.5 grains of Unique with a 232 grain cast bullet in .44 SP cases, #150 primers, WW brass, was very accurate! This is a MAX load in MY 4-5/8" Super Blackhawk, case mikes out at .459. I also use Bullet Master Lube and have no loading.

My first issue of THE SIXGUNNER was August, 1982. That issue was outstanding, by the way. Please send me any back issues that have .44 Mag. 4-5/8" loading data or stories about tests on accuracy or velocities or an index on all your back issues available... Danny Murphy.

(Editor's Note: Sorry — we don't have an index of back issues that enables us to pull certain articles or subjects... JDJ)

I would like to try a Precision Reflex pistol sight for its small overall size compared to a scope. I thought maybe you or an HHI member may have field tested one of these sights. Maybe someone would write an article or a letter in a future SIXGUNNER issue and give their opinion on this sight... Jim Smith.

(Editor's Note: That particular sight varies extremely in reticle clarity and sight durability. I replaced one for a customer four times on a T/C .44 and finally refunded his money. "Nuff said"... JDJ)

I read HHI with great pleasure. It is absolutely the best handgun magazine ever! Read the article on the .357 Max Ruger. How about extensive tests w/reloads and lighter bullets for some super maximum velocity. This is a most exciting revolver and really stirs my interest. Since shooting a S & W .22 Jet, I've been investigating the possibility of customizing a large frame REVOLVER to some cartridge like the .256. However, their problem w/backing out cases stifled the experiment.

One other question: Will the Max be available in the future in stainless? And can you suggest someone reputable to cut recrown barrel to 5 1/2" and remount sight on my Redhawk?... Earl Ritter, Soudertown, PA.

(Editor's Note: I do not have a .357 Maximum revolver and from what I hear, there are plenty of problems with various bullets and loads. Apparently many of the guns shoot too high to be useful with the rear sight bottomed out and must be gunsmithed or returned to the factory. I've already heard reports of gas cutting on the topstrap. I'd definitely recommend waiting on a revolver. The T/C doesn't seem to have any problems. I solved the case set back problem in the .256 revolver years ago. In my opinion, the market for a \$500 minimum conversion to .256 is very, very limited.)

I have a problem and figured I would go to the most knowledgeable pistolero I knew for an answer.

My major hunting pistol is my "ported" 7 1/2" SBH with Weaver's tapless mount and Leupold M8 2X scope. My problem is with the Weaver rings. The tapless base works fine, but I'm unable to get the rings tight enough to keep the scope from slipping after 4 or 5 shots. I stripped

threads in the first set of rings in my attempt.

The scope, rings and screw holes are all well degreased and the ring screws Lok-Tited down as tight as I can go. The screws are tapped with a plastic hammer for that last one-fourth turn tightness. I even took medium emery cloth to the inside of the rings and still I get 1-2 mm slip every six rounds.

The availability of good pistolsmiths in my area is minimal. Are there any other tricks I may try? I would like to keep the system removable yet, if possible, so the use of epoxy for now is ruled out. If there is no other way, could your shop either do the work for me, or perhaps I'll have to break down and have you drill and tap my gun for your T'SOB base... Dr. G. J. Peterson, Moose Lake, MN.

(Editor's Note: Your problem is quite common. Roughing the inside of the rings and outside of the scope tube and applying Loc-Tite 271 which is available at most industrial supply houses usually will do the job. My last bottle was \$24.00. Any machine shop should have it and would probably furnish a few drops. Keep checking the base for tightness. The SSK bases utilize three rings which also stabilize the scope tube and keep it from flexing as badly in recoil. Most hardware store adhesives are low strength grade.)

I am sending you my check to renew my membership in HHI. By the time you receive this letter, I hope to have my deer for this year. I am really looking forward to this season because I am hunting exclusively with my T/C Contender in .358 JDJ.

The sucker shoots like a dream. I get 1 1/4" groups at 100 yards (5 shot) regularly and sometimes I get 3/4" to 1" groups when I do it right. I am using your load of 47.5 grains 4064 behind the 250 grain Speer... Fredrick Hall, Plains, PA.

In December of '82, I joined HHI. Reading over the back issues of SIXGUNNER has brought me many hours of pleasure. I do wish they were longer. In the state of Iowa, handguns are limited to squirrels and rabbits, fox and coyote. I would like to try some out-of-state big game with a hand cannon.

I am writing to get the information which will help me decide which one to purchase. Could you send me all the information on price, loading and shooting the hand cannons?

Thank you for the information on the NRA. I stand with you. You have my vote!... Byron Bohnen, Peosta, IA.

Thanks to three recent snowstorms, one a blizzard dumping 20" of snow on northern Connecticut, I've got a pile of cash earmarked for a new handgun. My problem is choosing a gun.

For a long time now, I've had my mind set on a Ruger Redhawk, but the more I read about hand cannons, the more exciting they sound.

I've just re-read John Wootters article in the December '82 issue of "GUNS & AMMO" and have decided to check into this hand cannon madness.

There is only one question I have for now. Of all the calibers and barrels you manufacture now, which, in your opinion, could be used on 'chucks out to 150 yards on up to antelope and even elk out to 200 yards? Is there one particular cartridge or several that provide a broad enough selection of bullet weights and construction to fly flat at one end of the scale and smash bones at the other end? I'm really looking forward to getting the scoop... Rick Luczai, Enfield, CT.

(Editor's Note: The .358 JDJ is the least I would recommend. The .375 JDJ is probably the best. The .411 will do fine. The .45-70 also will, in capable hands. A .375 sighted in with 270 Hornady Round Nose ammo 3" high at 100 yards is 5" to 6" low at 200. Spire points fly flatter. The 220 Hornady is the best deer bullet. I don't know of any handgun cartridge that has taken a greater variety of game since its conception than the .375 JDJ has. Set up right, anyone can shoot it. It gives prairie dog accuracy and elephant killing penetration... JDJ)

In the February '83 issue of THE SIX-GUNNER, there is reference to a converted 12X scope used with your 226 cartridge. May I have information concerning this conversion, i.e., who, cost, address, etc... Rich Storms.

(Editor's Note: Wally Siebert does a terrific job of converting 12X or 24X Leupold scopes to adjustable long eye relief rigs. Shot several under one-half inch 200 yard groups from a T/C with them. For general hunting, the 12X is best. Power is reduced by about 50%. The scopes should be mounted in a custom mount that will support the tube on anything that recoils much. SSK usually has them — can make the mounts. The 12X costs \$250 and the 24X costs \$300.)

A product HHI'ers may not be aware of is Frostline Kits, Frostline Circle, Denver, CO 80241.

As you now have several Wyoming hunts under your belt, you know that this area is rough on equipment. Not to mention clothing. Between hunting seasons, my wife and I spent lots of time putting together these kits. Since 1974, everything I've gotten from Frostline is still in use, from down coats, vests and gaiters to sleeping bag, tents and gloves. All at one-third the price of comparable equipment.

One of the damndest things I've seen is Frostline's Taslanized nylon. Coats and vests made from it make little if any noise while you are stalking through brush or while still hunting, move this way and that. They are reversible, blaze and camo. Seems like a good idea for handgunners stalking in cold weather... Bud McDonnald.

I would like to make a few comments on the Federation for NRA ad in the latest SIX-GUNNER. I have long felt a little silly about voting for NRA Directors. You are given a list of nominees to pick from and because you know little about some and nothing of the rest, you just pick some names at random. I am glad the Federation has enlightened us as to some of these goings on. I hope this organization will continue to monitor the activities of the Directors and keep the voting membership informed. I think the great majority of NRA members are in the same boat as I am and upon seeing this presentation would easily be persuaded to vote for these candidates.

Although THE SIXGUNNER reaches a comparatively small group, I think the effects can reach much further.

Of the 75 people in the two local clubs I shoot with, I am the only HHI member. By circulating this list on a local level, this thing could really mushroom. Also in the future, I think it would be a good idea to have posters available for placing in the clubs.

Also I think your guys are writing some great articles — better than most in the big-time magazines. I especially enjoy John Taffin, although I have a bone to pick about his latest on Sixgun Conversions. He says he had an M-28 rebored to .44 Special which came out good, but he doesn't say who did the job. Maybe he is hesitant to give free advertising, but he should consider it a service to his fellow conversion nuts. Besides, if the guy does good work, he deserves a plug. I have had a disappointing experience with one of the nationally known 'smiths, and I'm sure many of the other guys have, too.

Best of luck in your bid for election to the NRA Board of Directors — I feel confident you would serve well in this capacity... E. C. Coombe, Jr.

(Editor's Note: Thanks — had I not been concerned, I wouldn't have run for the Board. The Federation's ad is just the tip of the iceberg.)

Enclosed is \$15 as I understand covers a yearly membership and a subscription to THE SIX-GUNNER.

I am interested in any info you might have regarding hunting wild pig and bear in Southern California with my .44 Mag. Information on "how to" and "where" would be most helpful. Also, anyone in the area who has the same interest might contact me... Robert D. Ward, 205 W. Sidlee, Thousand Oaks, CA 91360.

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Bloomingdale, OH 43910
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