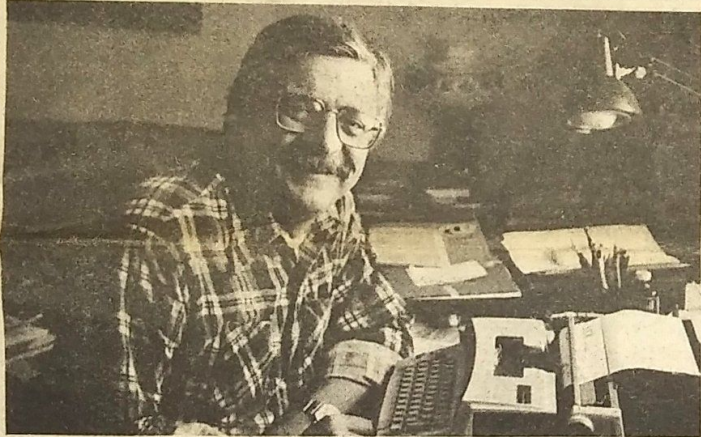




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

I regret to inform you Elmer Keith has passed away after a lengthy illness February 12, 1984 in a nursing home in Boise, ID. I think all of us owe Elmer for paving the way for the powerful guns and ammunition to use in them we now have and the ability to hunt with handguns in most states. Elmer's experiments and writing influenced millions favorably regarding handguns. (See John Taffin's tribute to Elmer in this issue.)

After the way I was burned on releasing information on the Redhawk a couple of years before it became available, I swore I'd never do that again. I won't, either. But I think you should be aware that Ruger is probably going to show a new "Family" of revolvers at the NRA Convention. My information is that calibers will range from 22 through 44 and these revolvers will go a long way to overcome the shortcomings of the Security Six and Redhawk. I hope so. The obvious overweight and poor single action trigger of the Redhawk has hurt it immeasurably in both hunting and silhouette.

West Virginia has recently legalized handgun hunting of big game for handgunners. Unfortunately, it's only for residents. Non-residents are still out in the cold. I've been unable to

determine if this was an oversight or intended. Maybe next year for non-residents as West Virginia has some of the best deer hunting in the country.

Mag-Num Sales Limited is releasing the Limited Edition Leopard in the Big Five series, March 15th. 41302 Executive Drive, Mt. Clemens, MI 48045.

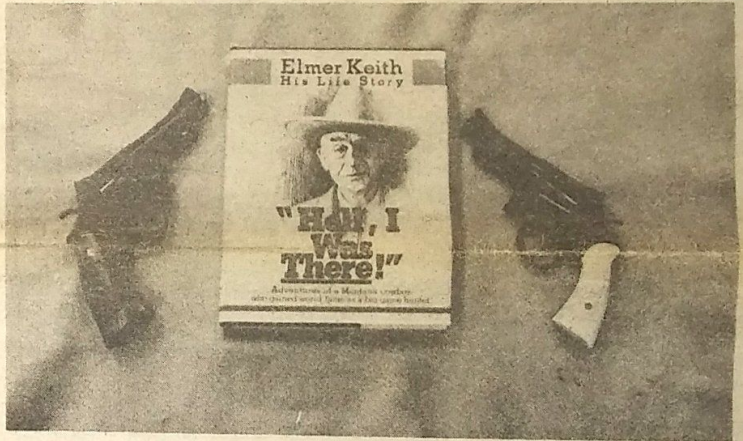
Ruger advises they have converted nearly 100,000 of the old model SBH revolvers to incorporate the new transfer bar system which makes the gun considerably safer. For more information on this installation in your old model revolver, write: Ruger, Dept. OM, Lacey Place, Southport, CT 06490.

Cleveland Heights, Ohio had a proposed law modeled after Morton Grove's up for vote recently. The City Council shot it down by a vote of 6-1. That was the result of clear evaluation by council members after the anti's and pros had done about all they could.

Winchester has a new 223 53 gr. HP factory load that is intended for varmint hunters that may do well in the T/C's. Velocities are right up there and the bullet is quite frangible.

MTM Moulded Products 1984 full color catalog is now available for a

(Continued On Page 2)



Elmer Keith: 1899-1984

By John Taffin

An era has passed. Elmer Keith, the Grand Old Man is dead. Elmer, who seemed bigger than life, should have died in a gunfight, or have been mauled by a grizzly, or simply rode off into the sunset. Instead, the big Stetson and the Smith & Wesson .44 Magnum were set aside in December of 1981 when he suffered the debilitating stroke. His strength showed as he fought the stroke for over two years, passing away on February 12, 1984 in a Boise nursing home.

Elmer was born right at the end of the frontier period on March 8, 1899 in Hardin, Missouri, and consequently knew many Civil War veterans and gunfighters in his early years. In fact, he recounted learning to shoot a handgun from a former gunfighter turned barber, shooting at the patterns in the linoleum in the back of the barber shop.

In 1911, Elmer was burned terribly in a hotel fire in Missoula, Montana, and carried scars for the rest of his life. An ordinary man would have died from the fire. His entire body was covered with burns and his chin was "welded" to his right shoulder with his left hand turned upside down on the

back of his left wrist.

Elmer recounted this: "When we moved from Missoula back to Helena I was considerable of a wreck. My left hand was just turned upside down and back on my wrist, just a claw extending from the top of my wrist. I used to wrap a towel around it when Father sent me to school so the girls wouldn't cringe at the sight of it. The right side of my face was all drawn down towards my shoulder, also. I was a horrible looking sight.

I told Father I had to have a left hand so I could hold a rifle and do normal things. Father contacted every doctor in Helena to try to get them to operate on that hand and break it over and straighten it out. None of them would tackle the job. They all said I would never live to be 21 anyway and they were not going to torture me any further.

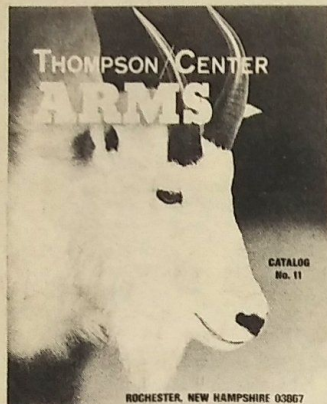
Finally, I had had enough of going with only one hand, so I asked Dad if he would break it. Mother said, "Can you stand it?" I said, "I don't know, but you can go ahead and do it anyway."

So mother got a bunch of cotton

(Continued On Page 2)

My Corner (Continued from Page 1)
buck. (P.O. Box 14117, Dayton, OH 45414). New is an eight round ammo holster designed to be worn on the belt. Each round is held individually, securely even with the case open, and won't rattle. It's for rifle and rifle type cases only, but the full line of MTM's products are displayed in the catalog. I'll bet I have had some of the cartridge boxes in use longer than some of you have been alive.

Lyman's at it again with an expanded case trimmer unit and improvements in the 450 sizer-luber. It's in the catalog and free from Lyman, Route 147, Middlefield, CT 06455.



T/C's new Catalog is available for the asking. You ask: T/C, P. O. Box 2426, Rochester, NH 03867.

T/C will be releasing 10" only 32-20 Contender barrels in about May. Bores will be .308 which may require special dies for jacketed bullets as the usual 32-20 uses .312 bullets.

Handgun hunters outnumber black powder hunters in the U.S. Surprised? The 1980 Department of Interior survey showed 1,441,000 handgun hunters and 970,000 black powder hunters. The numbers breakdown is interesting.

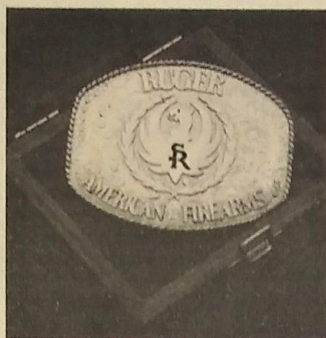
Handgunners hunt: small game, 827,000; big game, 402,000; varmints, 212,000.

Black Powder hunters hunt: small game, 217,000; big game, 666,000; varmints, 47,000; migratory birds, 40,000.

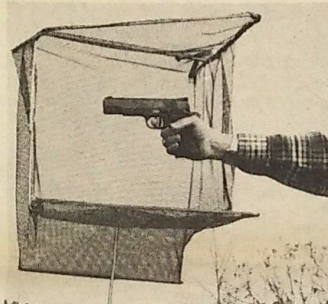
Handgunners spent 387.3 million man days hunting in 1980.

Our sport is growing at a rapid pace and from the calls and letters I get, **THE SIXGUNNER** is helping to educate quite a few handgunners in guns and hunting techniques. We need to reach a lot more handgunners and expand the organization and make our presence known, influence legislation and manufacturers. We could double in size overnight if each one of you would just sign up one new member.

There have been numerous inquiries by members regarding the possibility of having a "school" covering the subject of handloading, various type guns and their capabilities, long range shooting and other highly individual interests. The interest seems to be getting stronger as time goes on. I have a little time available in August and would consider setting something up if member interest warranted it. At this point, I would guess a cost figure of around \$500 to \$600 for a three-day get together to be in the ball park for a cost figure. Half a dozen guys would be maximum, and if we had more interest, we could do another. If you are interested, let me know quickly as my schedule fills pretty quickly.



HHI member Jerry Wilson is one of the nation's foremost Ruger collectors. Jerry supports actively with bucks and time an awful lot of pro-gun organizations. Jerry is presenting to the public a Ruger Factory Authorized Ultra Custom Belt Buckle. These are not mass produced machine made buckles but hand engraved, Sterling Silver and Gold Filled. Two series are available. The 500 Series and 1000 Series. Prices for these art works start at \$395. and individual custom touches are available. Wilson's World, 26492 E. Highland Avenue, Highland, CA 92346. Phone (714) 862-3311. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an illustrated flyer.



M A M Products, 153-B Cross Slope Court, Englishtown, NJ 07726 has innovated a free standing cartridge case catcher which consists of a base, adjustable vertical support and frame with netting. It's designed to catch the brass from auto-pistols. It does not interfere with the shooter's line of sight, or attach to the gun. Sells for \$45. and is probably worth it. Looks sturdy enough and should do the job. I'll try to get it tried out by the next issue.

In the past, we have not offered memberships of over one year due to the constantly rising costs in getting **THE SIXGUNNER** printed. I'm willing to take a gamble and offer two and three year subscriptions beginning now. If your renewal is coming up now, your renewal notice will not show the following, but if you wish to renew for longer than one year, the rates are as follows: two years, \$28; three years, \$42. I'm working on life membership rates with a fixed number of years subscription to **THE SIXGUNNER** but don't have it worked out yet. I don't know how long these rates can be offered, but I don't think this offer will last over a year.

HHI has grown to the point where it can't remain a hobby for me much longer. It'll have to change somewhat to depend more on advertising and larger membership to bring in revenue to hire someone to run day to day business as a business as services require. You will see some differences in the future as we are getting a computer going to help with subscriptions, etc. I hope to expand HHI

hunts and perhaps start a referral service or booking service for handgun hunts. Membership enlargement has to be first priority at this point to enable HHI to provide the services that are needed by hunters who want to go on a hunt with someone reputable and reliable. At this point, all we can do is gather information and pass it on to you when you ask for it.

I would also like more input from the membership as to what kind of articles you want to see printed.

Keith (Continued from Page 1)

bats and gauze, soaked them in melted deer tallow, and had a lot of bandages ready. Father went down to Good-kind's wholesale liquor store and bought a gallon of Old Granddad, 100 proof, and came home with it.

He said, "Son, do you still want to go through with it?" I said, "I do." I said "Regardless of how much I howl or pass out or whatever, get the job done. I want this hand straight whether I'll ever be able to use it or not."

After Elmer's Dad got him good and drunk, Elmer went on to say: "Dad put my arm on a heavy table and sat down on it with my hand between his legs. When he picked up those fingers that were doubled back of my wrist and broke them, the pain was terrific and I passed out. Father took a board he used for stretching mink and sanded it until it was smooth and slick as glass and would reach from my elbow out past my fingers. When I came to, my hand was straight. It was all laced down solid to the mink board."

Elmer's Dad had a dozen buckskin gloves made to fit his left hand, and for the next two years, Elmer wore a glove with melted deer tallow in it and forced himself to use that hand.

"In this way, I finally made a new left hand, but it was a long struggle. At first, I could hold it up to the light and see daylight between the bones right down to the palm of my hand. After a couple of years working with it every time I could and also riding brones and pulling on the rope with that hand, I finally wound up with a pretty good hand. Even today, it's a sorry looking hand, but it's useful, and for a time, I even did two gun demonstrations with sixguns."

Elmer Keith had a tremendous effect on my life. While in high school, I "discovered" him and from reading his writings, I knew I had to move to Idaho. After college, I applied for and received a teaching job in Boise, Idaho, packed up the wife and three kids and headed for "Keith Country."

Two years later, in 1968, I met Elmer for the first time. Driving over to Salmon, we found his house, and with some trepidation, I knocked on the door, and was greeted by Elmer, taken in as though he had known me all his life, and my wife and I spent the day with him and his wife, Lorraine.

As expected, Elmer was packing a 4" Smith & Wesson .44 Magnum, and we spent the day looking at guns, big game trophies, and I was generally enthralled. When we left, my thought was "What a grand gentleman."

What really made Elmer special was not his skill with or knowledge of guns, but his commonness. Even though he was to be the most famous gun writer of all, he always had time to talk to the ordinary guy and often answered, personally, without a secretary, 300 to 500 letters per month. His home was always open to visitors.

My file contains almost every thing

Elmer ever wrote about handguns. Ten years ago after he provided me with a list of all of his articles of sixguns ever published in **The American Rifleman**, I began collecting them and have everything from 1928 to 1953 clipped and laminated. All I need to complete my collection are the August 15th and September 1, 1925 issues, and the July 1, 1926 issue. If anyone has these, I would surely like to purchase them. Those articles from 1928 to 1953 still make fascinating reading.

A .32-20 Colt SA was the first sixgun Elmer used, soon graduating to the big bores. When he blew the loading gate of a Colt SA .45 using 300 grain bullets and black powder, he made the switch to the .44 Special. Always favoring "sixguns" over autoloaders, his favorites were the Colt SA, the Smith & Wesson .44 Special, and later, the Smith & Wesson and Ruger .44 Magnums. Much of his experimentation with remodeling the Colt SA was incorporated into Bill Ruger's Blackhawk line of SA sixguns. Elmer's influence or direct experimentation may be seen in the development of the trio of sixgun magnums: .357, .41, and .44.

Mention Elmer Keith and a number of things pertaining to handgunning come to mind:

(1) The .44 Magnum — Elmer began experimenting with heavy loads in the .44 Special in the 1920's and his load of 18.5 gr. of No. 2400 in the old balloon head cases of 17.5 gr. of No. 2400 in modern solid head cases with the 250 gr. Keith bullet is still an excellent load. Just last Saturday, I shot some through a new Smith & Wesson Model 24, 6-1/2" .44 Special, getting 1" groups at 25 yards with velocity over 1200 fps. His experiments led to the introduction of the .44 Magnum in 1956 bringing handgunning into the modern era.

(2) The Keith Bullet — The 250 gr. .44 Special bullet was designed in 1926 and became No. 429421 for the Lyman-Ideal Company. Later .38 (No. 358429) and .45 (No. 454424) designs were introduced. Every bullet mould company offers "Keith" Bullets which are semi-wadcutter in design. The closest to his original design is offered by North East Industrial (N.E.I.).

(3) Keith Holster — Catalogued by Lawrence as their No. 120 Keith, this is a modification of the Tom Three-persons design and is offered by every holster maker. Simplicity in itself, just enough leather to cover the sixgun and leave the hammer, butt, and trigger exposed with a heavy safety strap for security.

(4) Long Range Handgunning — Keith was the original advocate of handguns useful for more than short range work and he was ridiculed by detractors for many years. The Silhouetters have proven how right he was.

(5) Handguns for hunting — Again he was ahead of his time, he led the way.

During the 1920's and 1930's, Elmer was a rancher and big game guide in Oregon and Idaho with his first articles starting to appear at this time. His first published work was in the **American Rifleman** in 1924, and 60 years later, his works are still being published in **Guns and Ammo**. In World War II, he served as an inspector at the Ogden Arsenal and went full time as a writer in the '50's. During his career, he served on the staff of **The Outdoorsman**,

(Continued on Page 3)

The American Rifleman, Western Sportsman, Guns, and Guns and Ammo.

When the Outstanding American Handgunner Awards Foundation was established to recognize outstanding contributions to handgunning, it was a foregone conclusion that Elmer would be the first recipient. The original award was given to him in 1973.

Elmer also wrote 10 books, beginning with *Sixgun Cartridges and Loads* in 1936 and ending with his autobiography, *Hell, I was there!* in 1979. Two of his books are absolute musts for handgunners, those are his last one, his autobiography, and, of course his *Sixguns*, first published in 1955.

To some, Elmer Keith was a throwback out of touch with modern times. After all, he'd choose a .45 Colt SA over a modern DA 9mm, but then anyone who knows handguns and had to bet his life would certainly feel safer with the old .45. I know I would.

Last fall, I had a display at Boise State University for the State Conference of Teachers of Reading and Writing. My display had to do with writing and handguns, with a section devoted to Elmer Keith. Elmer's son, Ted, heard about it and came to visit me and we talked at length about two things. . . .

One is the plan to offer an Elmer Keith Commemorative. This would be a 4" .44 Magnum Smith & Wesson with plainclothes stocks and a few simple inscriptions. Hopefully this will come to pass and will not be like the Colt John Wayne Commemorative (\$3000!!). It should be a gun that Elmer's real fans, the ordinary sixgunner, can afford.

The other is the hope of an Elmer Keith Museum in Salmon, Idaho. Contributions for this can be made to Elmer Keith Museum Foundation, Idaho First National Bank, Salmon, Idaho.

We as handgunners owe much to Elmer Keith. As long as there are big bore sixgunners, his spirit will live on. I'll miss him.

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

PUBLISHER & EDITOR
J. D. Jones

FIELD EDITORS
Phil Briggs
Larry Kelly
John Taffin
Bob Good
Paco Kelly

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

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THE SIXGUNNER is published bi-monthly by J. D. Jones, Director of Handgun Hunters International and circulated to members of the organization. Rates are \$15.00 per year. Second Class Postage ISSN: 0199-8943 paid at Bloomington, Ohio. For change of address, mail new address, old address and membership number to: HHI, P. O. Box 357 MAG, Bloomington, OH 43910.

45-70 PERFORMANCE

J. D. Jones

This is written specifically to answer the many requests over the last few months regarding the title subject. An article in the 11/83 Rifleman has resulted in numerous phone calls questioning a statement in the Rifleman to the effect that a T/C 44 Mag. is more powerful than the 45-70 and that few people could handle the recoil of handloads in excess of factory loads in the .45-70.

Frankly, I'll claim more experience on the range and in the field with .45-70 pistols than anyone else.

My first 45-70 was actually a 30-06 case cut off at the shoulder utilizing a Remington Rolling Block action and a sleeved Thompson sub-machine gun barrel opened up to take the bigger cartridge. This was in about 1953 or 4; illegal as hell and worked like a champ. Some years later when I found out the feds arrested Al Goerg for having one I deep sixed mine in a strip pond.

The next 45-70s were revolvers custom made by a guy in Michigan. A half dozen of them told me that wasn't the way to go. They were all steel and too big and heavy. There were too many problems with them. Strong as could be; they were very forgiving and enabled me to fire show off loads indoors that took the filaments out of light bulbs with muzzle blast!

The T/C 45-70 is the first 45-70 handgun that is practical. It's light — a 14" 45-70 T/C with iron sights and Pachmayr G & F weighs exactly the same as my 5" Redhawk with factory grips. I assure you it is more powerful than a 44 and if its set up right certainly more pleasant to shoot than 44 revolvers.

As far as the 45-70 being too much for most shooters to handle; when going through a lot of experimental shooting one of my shooters was a 14 year old boy. I never found a load he couldn't handle. I have never had a customer complaint regarding recoil.

Bullets: I can't think of a bullet suitable for the 45-70 that isn't a good one. The 300 grain HPs can be easily driven to 1750 FPS from 14" barrels with a wide variety of powders. It is a dandy deer load. I can't tell you how much it does or doesn't expand on deer because they just don't make enough deer big enough to stop them. I have gotten a couple of badly misshapen bullets back from customers who have recovered them from deer taken with Texas heart shots. I know of shots with this combination that have hit stomach and dropped deer on the spot. I consider the bullet too light and frangible for any game larger than deer or pigs and it's not enough bullet for some pigs without broadside shots.

The 400 grain SPEER is my favorite bullet in this caliber driven at around 1650 FPS from a 12.5" barrel. Recoil is what I would call stout in a plain iron sighted gun with standard T/C grips.

Put a scope on it, port it and replace the grip with Pachmayrs and anyone that can't handle it doesn't belong in the field. This bullet has expanded to over 90 caliber at 150 yards in Caribou for me. To the best of my knowledge no deer has stopped this combination yet so we don't really know exactly what it does in a deer as far as expansion. Yes, I've shot through them lengthwise with this load. The holes are big and no deer with any kind of decent

hit is going anywhere.

Dave Andrews of SPEER gave me some 400 grain bullets with harder cores than normal that I tried out in Africa. I think I like the softer bullet better for deer, but the harder core is definitely the better bullet for Africa. The hard core bullet definitely penetrates better. On little guys, of which I shot three with this load there was so much dust and commotion at impact it was necessary to sort things out after the dust cleared to be sure exactly what had happened. On a Kudu at 130 yards; impact was very noticeable. He was down and dead in 30-40 yards. The bullet went in through the lower shoulder, penetrated the heart and lower shoulder on the other side and was found under the skin. Expansion wasn't much — about 60-65 caliber. The same bullet hit a waterbucks shoulder blade after grazing about 8" of stomach and really tore itself and the shoulder to pieces. The animal was visibly knocked to its left and went down. It continued on three legs for about 75-100 yards. Wildebeeste are tough. At about 125 yards I lung shot one with the bullet entering the left lung center, continuing through to the off shoulder. The bullet was not recovered. The animal showed visible impact as did everything I have shot with the 45-70. Lung damage was very extensive and I have no idea how he stayed on his feet till we caught up in about a mile and finished him. The hole through his lungs was about 3" in diameter. Larry Wise dropped one in its tracks in a shoulder shot with the same bullet. Warthogs and the like are simply flattened with any decent hit with this load.

350 Hornady: This is a 458 Mag bullet and very tough. The 45-70 probably won't expand it on game although it seems to blow relatively large holes through deer. That information is from customer reports. I've never used it on game.

500 Hornady SP: The 45-70 won't expand this on anything short of very large bones such as eland or buffalo shoulder or spine. Expansion at that point is nearer just misshaping the bullet. I use it for penetration and it will do up to seven feet through hide, ribs, stomach contents and whatever gets in its way. Velocity is about 1425-50 FPS from a 12.5" barrel and accuracy is excellent. We are now getting to the point where recoil is becoming noticeable in practice shooting — I don't notice this load in the field when I shoot it. Point of impact is close enough to that of the 400 grain load that they can be used interchangeably.

500 Hornady Solid: This shoots lengthwise through concrete blocks and keeps on truckin'! Use it for dangerous game, follow up shots or rear end shots on big stuff. I got the opportunity to try it out on a wounded buff. It was quartering toward me at about 25 yards in heavy brush and deep shadow. His horn was invisible in the poor light and you guessed it — I dead centered it. He rocked and white showed on the horn. At my next shot he dropped with a spine hit. The first shot penetrated the horn, two ribs, lung, liver and was found in the stomach. Does that sound like a .44 Mag? Both of the Hornady 500s are very useful in Africa for smaller game without destroying the hides. A lung shot Impala will usually just stand or walk a few feet before dropping and hide damage is minimal.

As far as I'm concerned recoil is something that the average shooter is

too concerned about. I like Mag-Na-Porting or The Arrestor brake on pistols as it holds the front end down, reduces recoil and just generally makes repeat shots a lot quicker. I think the preoccupation of concern with recoil is due to the prevalence of mental pussies with little real world experience writing in some of the gun mags. I know where my recoil tolerance is and I can't reach it in a T/C. I can with a 458 X 2 in an XP.

Frankly, big rifles bother me more than big pistols and I customarily put an ARRESTOR on any of the really big ones I intend to shoot much.



Tom Peterson and Allen Taylor with their handgun trophies.

Javelina Shootout

By Jim Taylor, Oracle, AZ

"Collared peccary (*Dicotyles tajuca*)" commonly known as Javelina (pronounced "Have-ah-leen-ah"), "range from southern Arizona, New Mexico and Texas into northern Argentina." (Taken from "Wild Animals of North America" by the National Geographic Society.)

The "Handgun, archery and muzzle-loaders only" season on Javelina began Friday, March 2nd here in Arizona. We had quite a crew show up at our place to hunt with handguns. Besides myself and my Dad, Allen, there was Tom Peterson, Marlin Davis and Chris Wolfard of Phoenix. Also Keith Hill of Oracle who came up in the morning and joined us just after breakfast. Marlin, Chris and Keith were new at hunting with handguns. The area I had scouted was thick with "pigs" and I felt confident that we should have a good hunt.

We all got up early Friday morning and Marlin cooked us a great breakfast. It was nice to have someone who came to hunt with you do some of the chores. He may not have been much of a hunter, but he could sure cook and do the dishes real well! (Easy, Marlin, I'm just kidding!) By 6:30 A.M., we were hiking in to the area I planned to hunt. Tom, Dad and I hunted in from the road. Marlin, Chris and Keith drove around a mile or so and hunted back toward us. About 7:15 A.M., Dad and I went around a hill one way while Tom went the other. Shortly, we heard him shoot. Coming over a small saddle, he had spotted some "pigs" and had taken a nice sow. There was a 50 foot deep ravine between him and them, so he had made about a 150 yard shot. His first shot was over her back and the second connected solidly through the lungs. He used a Colt Trooper 6" .357 Mag. The load was the 160 gr. Speer and 14.5 gr. 2400. The sow weighed 40 pounds, dressed.

Dad, my eight-year-old daughter
(Continued On Page 4)

and I went on up the ridge in front of us. My eight-year-old is a good game spotter and is real quiet in the field. I think she is going to make a good hunter. I had promised her that if she did good in school, I would take her out of school and she could go along on the first day of the hunt. She did very well, so I had her along. Well, in about 45 minutes, I spotted a javelina that had been pushed out by some hunters farther on up the ridge. I told dad to take him, and he sat down, got into position and MISSED the first shot! At the shot, the "pig" went directly away from us uphill at a high rate of speed. Dad's third shot connected and I saw a white flash as it flipped over. He had got it double action at a good 100 yards! The bullet entered through the right rear rib and exited the left front shoulder. The sow weighed 35 pounds, field dressed. Dad used Lyman No. 357443 cast of wheel-weights over top of 13.5 gr. of 2400 in a 6" S & W "L" Frame. It was quite a thrill for my daughter to see her Grandpa drop that javelina. She helped him find his way back to the house and I continued to hunt. I got into them several times but couldn't get a clear shot, so I didn't even try. When I got back home, I found that no one else had connected either, though all had seen game.

The next morning we were up and at it again. I jumped two before daylight as I was going into the area I wanted to hunt. I was moving quietly and had a "Scent-Vent" with skunk scent clipped on my pants. Even though the wind was at my back, I still got to within 10 to 20 feet of them. They would give a "Woof!" and jump up and all I would hear was "clatter clatter" as they went over the hill. And there I would stand, with my heart in my mouth. As the sun came over the mountain, I began to glass the slope in front of me. Soon I spotted two javelina feeding on the hillside about 250 yards away. I began to "Injun" up on them, and as I got closer, I saw there were three there. At about 80 or 90 yards, I had to cross a clearing. As I was halfway across, one stopped feeding and lifted its head and looked in my direction. I immediately sat down, leaned back on my left elbow, raised my right knee and laid the gun along side it. I put the sights dead on and touched it off. WHACK! At the hit, spray flew off the "pig". It stood there for a minute and then started to walk forward. It began to shake all over and then fell and rolled down the hill. I had hit it through the ribs, but too far back, behind the lungs. But it was down and out. I used an old model Ruger S.A. in .45 Long Colt with No. 454424 cast 1 to 10 and 19.0 gr. of 2400. Even with a bad hit, it put it down. The javelina was a sow that dressed out at 25 pounds.

Keith came up about then, having seen me shoot, and I told him there was another one a little higher up. He went on up the slope and in a little while, WHAM! He had collected it with a head shot. He used an old model Ruger .357 4-5/8" and factory loads. It was a young one that dressed out about 12 pounds . . . real good for a barbecue!

We went on back home to clean them and Marlin and Chris stayed out to hunt. About noon, they rolled in with a 37 pound boar that had wandered in front of them. They evidently thought they were back at Jeff Cooper's school as they shot him up something fierce! It had a .44 magnum hole through the left front

shoulder and out the right ribs, a .357 hole in the rear leg, a hole through the left ear, a .357 hole lengthwise on the spine between the shoulders and a hole through the jaw. (C'mon, guys — enough, already!) Marlin used a Ruger SBH 10-1/2" with 240 gr. factory loads. Chris used a stainless Ruger Security Six 4" with 125 gr. factory Remington loads in hollow point. They did not perform very well. The hit on the spine did not break it, but the bullet completely disintegrated in about 3 to 4 inches. It was a shallow hit lengthwise with the spine. I would not recommend that light of a bullet for hunting use.

So, out of six hunters we collected five javelina, in two days. We had a great time and the meat will give us more to be thankful for in days to come. And we have some great memories to draw upon. Now if I can just get those guys to join HHI . . .

Recipe For Barbequed Javelina

4 to 6 pounds javelina,
pre-cooked and shredded
(my wife cooks them in a pressure cooker)
1/2 cup oil
16 oz. ketchup
1/2 cup molasses
1/4 cup soy sauce
1/4 cup honey
1/4 cup prepared mustard
3 tablespoons vinegar
1 medium onion, minced very fine
1 jar orange marmalade (4 to 6 oz.)
2 teaspoons liquid smoke flavor
1 teaspoon garlic salt
1 teaspoon barbeque spice
1 or 2 dashes Tabasco Sauce

Mix all ingredients except the meat and set aside one hour. Place meat in a crock pot, pour 2 to 3 cups of barbeque sauce over the meat. Set crock pot on low and cook over night. Then ENJOY!

"Monster Bear"

By Mike Grove,
Akron, OH

Ever since I joined HHI I had wanted to go on a big game handgun hunt. I shot a wild boar at Hocking Valley Hunting Preserve, but preserve hunting just didn't seem quite like the real thing. Last year, I went to Montana for mule deer and antelope, but I chickened out. Instead of my T/C or my Sinclair-built XP 7-08 I took a rifle. I shot my mule deer at 50 yards and my antelope at 75; so much for long-range western hunting. This year was going to be different. I decided I wanted to go after a bear and do it with hounds, not over bait.

I spent the winter and spring looking for a reputable outfitter and hearing lots of horror stories. Then I heard about Safari Club International in the SIXGUNNER and their "guides and outfitters ratings". I joined SCI, got a copy of the list. Studied it and made a few phone calls. I booked with Jesse Caswell (Box 432, Montesano, WA 98563). Jesse hunts bear and cougar and hunts only with hounds. He actually encourages handgun hunting, especially for cougar. Among his references is no less a handgun hunter than Bob Milek.

Jesse hunts in four or five states at various times of the year. My hunt was the end of September in northeastern Washington. The local billboards call

the area "panoramaland", and that may be an understatement. The scenery is simply magnificent, and, for me at least, added quite a bit to the enjoyment of the hunt.

Incidentally, this was the first year that the state of Washington allowed handgun hunting. Species are limited to deer, bear, and cougar. Calibers are restricted to .41 Mag., .44 Mag., .44 Auto Mag., .45 Win. Mag., and any cartridge firing a bullet 6mm or larger and having an overall length including bullet of at least 2 inches. All cartridges must use expanding bullets of at least 100 grains. My T/C .357 Herrett fits easily into the 2" overall category. I've got to admit that the Washington Game Dept. did its homework on their caliber restrictions. It's just a shame it took them so long to permit handgun hunting. Now, if only Ohio would follow suit as West Virginia has just done.

My first day of bear hunting was, to say the least, enlightening. Since I had never hunted bear before, and since so much of what I'd read was contradictory. I didn't really know what to expect. Also, I had never hunted with hounds in an area that was large enough for them to get themselves thoroughly lost. The dogs struck a bear right at dawn, but he didn't tree up. He got mean, busted one dog up pretty badly, and scattered the pack.

We got to spend the rest of the morning patching up and rounding up the dogs. I began to understand the reason behind the transmitter collars the dogs were wearing. The country was so hilly the signals kept bouncing from ridge to ridge leading us away from the stragglers. I also began to understand the true meaning of "sometimes you get the bear, sometimes the bear gets you." After we collected all the dogs we kept hunting, and got one strike. The trail soon turned cold. We rounded up the dogs again and went home.

The next day as we started out things seemed more promising, not that the first day was a disaster. More of a learning experience. We were going to hunt the same area again; there was a huge boar there and Jesse wanted to try for him. Just before dawn Jesse and Clint, who works for Jesse as a guide, stopped the trucks, switched on the tracking collars, and put the strike dogs up on their platforms. We cruised the roads just like the day before, but didn't get a strike this time. Jesse and Clint stopped the truck beside a small orchard and we leashed up the pack. We moved into the orchard with the three strike dogs, unleashed, ranging in front of us. Suddenly, Bodmer lived up to his name and sounded off, he had struck a bear track. Rex and Peaches quickly joined in. It was a very hot track. Jesse started unleashing dogs, and the whole pack started baying. We had a bear race. We ran back to the trucks and took off in the general direction the pack had taken.

Unfortunately, bears have a habit of crossing terrain that even a 4x4 can't. It took us several tries, leapfrogging each other on likely side roads, listening for the pack, and using the locating devices to figure out where they were headed. Jesse amazed me with his knowledge of every logging road, fire road, and driveable trail in the area.

Clint found the pack first. As we pulled up behind him we could hear the pack barking treed about a half mile off the road and almost straight down hill. He'd been able to see the bear, which he said was a monster. I tended to believe him since he seemed a lot

more excited than somebody who had caught over 20 bear in the last month. We quickly gathered up our gear and headed down the hillside towards the barking. We could see the pack circling a large solitary tree, we could also see a very large dark spot about half way up.

Jesse had warned me not to shoot until he and Clint got the pack tied back — unless the bear came out of the tree and then to shoot quickly. So, I had an opportunity to study the bear. To my untrained eye he looked enormous, and he seemed to realize that he was in trouble. When Jesse gave me the go ahead to shoot, I did a dumb thing with the safety on my T/C that I really don't want to discuss in print. After I figured out that the little "S" sticking out of the side of the hammer could stand for "stupid" just as easily as for "safe", I fired. I pulled my first shot and it went through his left forepaw and into his left shoulder where it smashed up both ribs and shoulder blade. It did not exit. My second shot hit him just right of center in the chest and he dropped out of the tree with a howl. He was still breathing, but couldn't manage to move, so I gave him a finisher through the back. It exited just left of the breast bone. When we opened him up the heart and both lungs were nothing, but slop. I don't know why the second round didn't exit. Maybe I just didn't notice the hole, I really didn't look that hard. By the way, my .357 Herrett load was 29.5 of 4198 behind a Speer .358 180 Gr. Flat Point set off by a Federal 205M, all in a R-P 30/30 case. It gives 1850 FPS in a 10" T/C and is accurate enough for AAA scores in IHMSA.

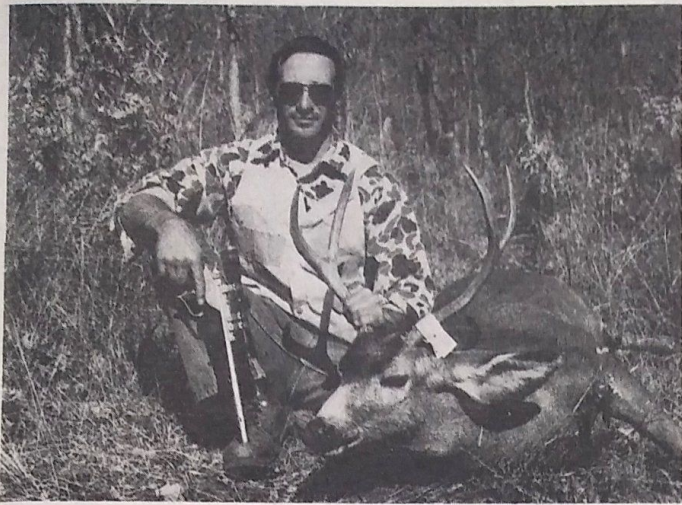
Jesse and Clint skinned the bear out on the spot. The whole left front quarter and left backstrap were very badly bloodshot. Jesse fed them and the liver to the dogs. Clint and I packed out the hide, the skull, and the rest of the meat while Jesse took the dogs back to the trucks.

My bear was every bit the monster that Clint had claimed. The rug will go 6½ to 7 feet and is as thick as wool. Jesse estimated the live weight at 300-325 lbs. and it seems reasonable. The hide was a virtual twin to one Jesse had taken the week before, and the carcass from that bear went 216 lbs. on the packing house scale without head, hide, or innards. As an added plus the skull measured over 19" and will make the HHI/SCI Record Book. Bear meat, incidentally, is delicious. Try it once and you may never shoot another deer. Just remember to cook the hell out of it because trichinosis is no fun at all.

One of the nice things about bear hunting with dogs is that you can race bears and tree them without having to shoot them. This means you can afford to be a bit selective about how large, or rather how small, a bear you bag; it also means that you don't have to quit hunting just cause you fill your license. My hunt was a five day bear hunt, and I got five days of bear hunting. Jesse had new areas to scout and pups to train. We had a couple of real good bear races and treed one fairly nice bear of about 175 lbs. or so, not huge, but definitely a keeper. I really appreciated the extra three days of hunting after I filled my tag. All in all it was a super week of hunting.

We hunted grouse for camp meat obviously a bonus for a handgunner. The grouse in Washington are a whole lot dumber than our Eastern variety. They come out on the logging and fire

(Continued on Page 16)



On a one day hunt you take whatever shot is available. Mark took this forkhorn at long range.

AFFORDABLE HANDGUNNING

Mark Hampton, Summersville, Mo.

In this day and time, hunting out of state is getting to be a high dollar affair. With license fees going up every year, guide fees, food, etc., a typical guided antelope or deer hunt could run \$1000-\$1500. That seems like a lot of money to me for what you're getting. Luckily for some of us there is an alternative. The do-it-yourself non-guided hunt. This is where you plan your own hunt, choose the area to be hunted, set up camp, cook, skin, etc. This is the type of hunt fellow HHI member Doyle Pitts and I decided to try for mule deer.

We arrived in Colorado's Uncompah SHE National Forest a couple of days before deer season opened. This would give us time to set up camp and scout around a little. Camp consisted of an old army tent that was geared up for a stove. With army cots and sleeping bags, it wasn't exactly like the Holiday Inn but was liveable. Conditions for deer hunting weren't favorable. It was fairly cool in the morning but once the sun popped up temperature rose quickly to the 70's. We found a few deer on scrub oak covered hillsides and the mulies were difficult to spot due to their color blending in with the environment.

We were hunting with a group of riflemen from Arkansas that hunted this area previously. On the day before season one of the boys fell while scouting, and broke his leg in four places. We took him to Delta, the nearest town 40 miles away and had a cast put on. Instructions from the doctor informed us to get him to his family physician as soon as we got home. Due to this unfortunate incident we were forced into a one day hunt.

Daylight opening morning found Doyle and I glassing a hillside with our binoculars. He was carrying his T/C .44 Mag. While I toted my .375 J.D.J. Both guns were topped with a 4x leupold. Since the hillside had possibilities of shooting over 400 yards Doyle and I decided I would shoot at anything over 200 and his .44 Mag. would tackle less yardage. Just as it became light enough to pick out objects through the binos I spotted a rump. Upon closer inspection I could see horns and that was good enough for me. You don't become a trophy hunter on a one day hunt not that I am anyway for that matter. I gestimated

the range at 225 yards. The mulie was facing directly away from me so I placed the crosshairs right on his rear end knowing what the 270 gr. Hornady would do. At the crack of the cannon, I lost visual contact with the deer but looking through his binoculars, Doyle confirmed the hit. Dropping in his tracks, the mulie never knew what hit him. The big slug entered into the right ham, broke the large bone in the ham, went through the body and lodged in the neck. Now that's what I call penetration.



Doyle effectively used Mark's 375 during a quickie Colorado hunt.

I asked Doyle if he would like to shoot the .375 and he gladly accepted. About three hours later near the same spot where I had killed mine, another forked horn came into view. As the deer walked into an opening Doyle squeezed a shot off that was unsuccessful. Reloading quickly the deer wasn't so lucky the second shot. The bullet struck just behind the shoulder thus making the deer lunge forward plowing into the scrub oak and that was that.

Returning to camp for lunch we found six of the rifle hunters had connected. They all were glad if not a

(Continued on Page 16)



Safari Club Sporting Publications Award

Sam Borsolino, President of SCI, presented the SCI Sporting Publications Award to THE SIXGUNNER. J. D. Jones accepted the award in behalf of those contributors to THE SIXGUNNER.

During ceremonies held in conjunction with the Safari Club International Hunters Convention in February, THE SIXGUNNER was awarded Safari Club's prestigious sporting publications award.

Sam Borsolino, SCI President, made the presentation to J. D. Jones, Director of HHI and publisher of THE SIXGUNNER.

The symbol of the Award — a prestigious plaque, reads as follows: Sporting Publications Award Presented to THE SIXGUNNER For Your Tireless Editorial Defense Of Our Common Goals To Encourage The Shooting Sports And To Protect Our Right To Keep And Bear Arms. Safari Club International, February 18, 1984.



Phil tries for some tiny targets; prairie dogs in a New Mexico mountain meadow. The long tube on the AMT Ruger lends itself well to field positions like this.

The AMT/Ruger Mark II Part Two

By Philip C. Briggs

Shooting qualities of this pistol are such that this is a very effective small game hunting handgun. Muzzle blast and noise are low with the long barrel, and far enough away that you can shoot it in the field without ear protection and not feel discomfort. Recoil is nearly non-existent, which when scoped allows the shooter to spot their own hits (and misses) which is a tremendous help in walking a round in on a distant target. The only flaw in the package is the trigger. My frame, from the Target-version Mark II is poor, being heavy, creepy and crunchy. That can be fixed of course, and for what the Ruger cost, I guess you can't expect smooth, hand-honed triggers. The trigger pull hampers my standing efforts, but from a solid rest it's not too much of an impediment to accurate shooting.

Before I took the rig into the field hunting, I spent some time with it on the range, on the little silhouettes and

shooting groups with a variety of ammo to find which type it preferred.

The first chance to shoot it came on a match day, and with no chance to check the zero on the fixed sights I hied to the chicken line with a box of CCI's Green Tag match ammo. Slipping into a Creedmoor, I wasn't expecting much as I lined up on the first sparrow-sized chicken. Damned if I didn't knock it over! Using the same hold I drilled the other four like I'd been doing it for a long time.

Sitting up with a smile on my face, I turned to a friend to explain my feat, and he said, "I suppose you're going to tell me that's the first time you've shot it."

Well, I was, but . . . The rest of the chickens fell as did most of the pigs-once I'd figured out where to hold. Didn't do too well on the turkeys as hold over was becoming

(Continued on Page 6)

substantial, and the rams were a lost cause — just too much Kentucky involved to shoot well. The moral here is to order the adjustable sights if you plan to use the rig in IHMSA's unlimited 22LR game. Oh — and get the bull 10-1/2 too, as it turns out that the sight radius on the 12-1/2 inch tube exceeds the class' 14 inch sight radius limit (thanks to the long receiver). And plan on shooting 40's soon after its arrival.

Accuracy tests to find the preferred load consisted of shooting three five-shot 50 yard groups with eight different 22LR loads. One to two five-shot groups were fired before the test groups to insure that the barrel was purged of lube/fouling from the previous ammo, and well coated with the subject ammo's lube. The pistol was outfitted with the Leupold 4X EER scope used in the field, and fired from sandbags. Chronographing proceeded simultaneously with accuracy testing.

Results of the tests are summarized in the table. I can't say that another barrel will shoot the same as this one did, but I do expect you'll find similar differences between types of ammo. Although there is no reason to expect another barrel to prefer the same ammo this one did, it is interesting that both Henry and I found our barrels (he picked the same tube) favored the Remington High Velocity Hollow Points (HV HP). The barrel had a tendency to throw one flyer in each group with both of the Remington loads tested; with the Pistol Match four of five were often in a tight cluster (average for the best four shots in the same three groups was .60 inches) with one shot way out (average for three five-shot groups was 1.48 inches; for the HV HP the groups measured .70 and 1.09 inches respectively). The HV HP was picked for field and range use, and I'm laying in a case of it, as I expect to shoot this pistol a lot. Velocity with this load was measured as 1208 fps which is nearly what Remington advertises as being delivered by the ammo when fired from a rifle (1280 fps). The load is sudden death on solidly hit prairie dogs, and its lights out on

similarly hit cottontails. Head shots are possible out to 50 yards (1.09 inch groups, remember) and make less of a mess of the edible parts.

On jacks though, the 22LR is not a reliable killer, not even in this pistol, unless head or neck shots are taken. These big hare's reaction to a solid chest shot, even with the HV HP is to dash off — sometimes they'll lose speed and pile up like their spring ran down, (reminds me of the story about the cat that accidentally lapped up some gasoline. It burst away, dashing about the room only to slow down and collapse in a heap after a few circuits. No — didn't die — just ran out of gas) other times they'll escape. Anything less than a chest shot is a lost animal.

I've been back to the range to test the Remington HV HP on the little animals and with the scope, it's ridiculously easy to take them. The little ram is about six inches from back to belly, and with this load, the pistol should be shooting two inch or so groups at that range. I've not tried the pistol in another match though, due to the lack of adjustable sights (and the illegal sight radius), but with an adjustable rear sight mounted on the front of the receiver, it should be straight city.

So far I've fired over 700 rounds through the pistol, (without cleaning it) most of it the Remington HV HP, and I've had but one failure to feed.

There were a couple of flies in the soup though. The rear sights on both guns fell out as the dovetails were cut too big, and the extractor slot on Henry's first barrel was cut so deep that the chamber wall blew out there. AMT has indicated that these problems will be corrected on later production. My barrel looks a little thin in the extractor slot, but it shoots too good to send back. Besides, there's that case of Remington HV HP's!

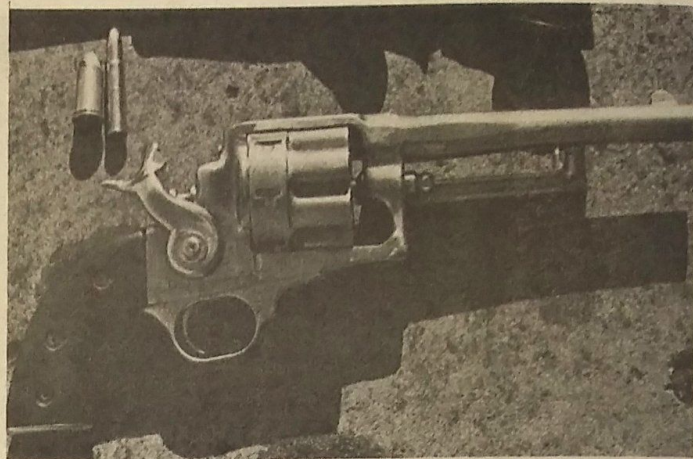
Accuracy, good shooting and handling qualities, reliability, easy and cheap to shoot. The AMT/Ruger is not just an excellent 22LR pistol — it's the most effective hunting pistol in my battery.

I'm impressed, Henry's impressed; try one — you'll be impressed too.

AMT/Ruger Mark II
22 Long Rifle

Cartridge	Velocity-fps			Group Size-in
	Average	Spread	Deviation	
CCI Mini Group	1043	27	9	2.21
CCI Green Tag	1053	25	10	1.38
CCI Stinger	1441	89	37	2.16
Remington HV HP	1208	49	19	1.09
Remington Pistol Match	1094	25	10	1.48
Federal Silhouette	1079	28	12	1.65
Federal Pistol Match	1089	70	28	1.53
Federal Lightning	1168	58	25	1.71
Federal Spitfire	1366	142	56	3.30

Test pistol had a 12-1/2 inch tapered barrel with a 4X Leupold scope on top. All velocity data is for one five-shot group, and was measured with Oehler Model 33 Chronotach and Skyscreens at 10 feet from muzzle. Group data is for three five-shot groups fired at 50 yards from a sandbag rest.



Phil Johnston furnished the photo of the fully operable 58 caliber revolver completely made at home by George Tibert of Voss, ND. It's a 7 shooter that uses a 530 grain bullet over 29 grains of H4227 for an estimated velocity of around 800 to 1000 FPS. Recoil is mild and accuracy only as good as the shooter as it doesn't have a rear sight yet.

Moose Hunting In Norway

By Ole-Hilmar, Onsager, Norway

Our moose, called "elg", is not as big as the huge Alaskan beasts. I think its size is something like your elk, although I am not too familiar with American animal sizes. In my area, the trophies are never of the gold medal class, so our hunting is for sport and meat.

I'm sorry to tell you that handgun hunting is not legal in Norway. You must have a rifle producing energy of at least 1962 Joule (about 1500 ft. lbs.) at 300 meters distance.

Almost half of the hunters use an M/98 Mauser in .30-06 and 180 grain soft point bullets and almost another half use another bolt rifle in .308 Win. with the same bullet. Some individuals use other calibers from 6.5x55 to 375 H&H Mag.

We use a dog called "Grey Norwegian Moose Dog" for all moose hunting. The dogs may roam free or be leashed. We are divided into companies of about 20 men having our own area to hunt.

Two men follow the dogs, the rest are placed on openings in the woods where it is hoped game will cross. The

dog pack has to find the moose by leading the men. Most often, the game runs away and the other hunters take it as they see it. This dog is very useful if a moose is wounded. Hunting with dogs gives all hunters a good chance to shoot the game. The dogs' free roaming are more interesting and exciting.

When you find a track and release the dog, suddenly you see it disappearing straight away. Some minutes later, you hear "wow-wow" half a mile away. This tells you the moose is standing there by the dog. Now the stalk begins, and in some heavy brush, the dog is running around the moose to take its attention. The bigger animal tries to give the disturber a lesson with its fore leg. By this circus you can take your game, maybe at 30 to 40 yards range. I feel this is the perfect kind of big game handgun hunting for an HHI member. I wouldn't need to tell you my .44 is with me.

I am the leader of a group of 22 men, and we are allowed to take 17 moose a year on our area. The area is about 4300 acres.

Wing Shootin!

By Don Lester, Brandon, FL

A real beaut flushes to the right. I swing, lead a bit and touch 'er off. Not enough lead — a clean miss. Twenty yards farther down the ravine, a real trophy goes to the air in a leftward arc. I pull, lead, CAWABA! Triumph is mine!

Pheasant, you ask? Quail? Partridge? None of the above. But an adversary quicker than even the elusive timberdoodle — enter the dragonfly! (Stifle the laughter, please!)

Now, snaphooting dragonflies here in Florida is pretty common sport, with a shotgun. But taking on these erratic-flying little creatures is a whole new wrinkle when you're totin' a Hot Shot-barreled Contender.

I became intrigued with this strange little shot-thrower a few years back when I stumbled across an article by Bob Milek. Never dreamed I'd ever own and shoot one of the blamed things. Well, today was my indoctrination, outside of milk cartons and soda cans — real, live, flying critters.

With .44 Special loads of 8.2 grains Bullseye pushing No. 6 shot capsules, I set out to corner the market on trophy quality dragonflies. After only one and a half hours of drainage ditch still hunting, in 20 knot winds, four of these beautiful creations had fallen to my wing-shooting expertise. And mind you, this was done at the expenditure of only 14 rounds of lovingly loaded fodder.

I've ordered a box of No. 9 capsules from my supplier in hopes of upping the odds in my favor. I have 49 rounds of .44 Special brass and I'm going to load every damn one of 'em. I'll collect at least 10 on that outing, or I'll give 'er up.

If this type of fun tickles your fancy, and you have more handguns in your collection than you have sense, give it a try. I think it's possible to get hooked on this thing when there's nothing else to hunt. Maybe we can get Larry Kelly to admit the dragonfly to the Handgun Hall of Fame. Good Shootin'!

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.

There's even a cavity for a spotting scope mounting-rod (not included).

MTM's Equipment Box measures a full 21" x 9" x 9 1/4". Construction is of rugged polypropylene, with metal hinge and latches.

Add \$.75 to any order sent the company, to cover handling and postage.

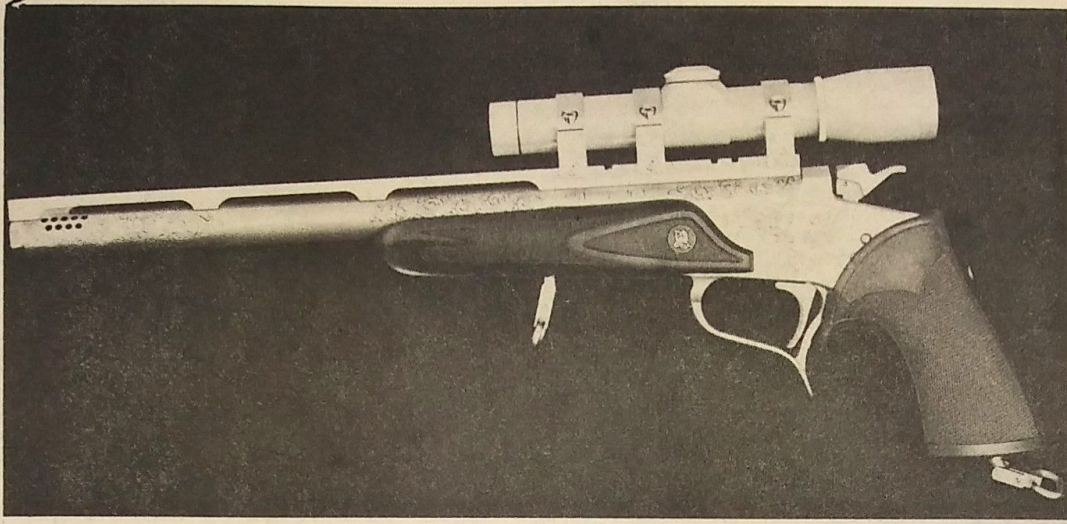
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Safari Club International hosts its annual hunters convention in Las Vegas in February of each year.

As an added attraction to the usual conventioning, SCI auctions various items from hunts to guns to fur coats to jewelry and anything else of value you can think of to raise money for the organization's education and conservation activities.

SCI 1984 is a highly customized Thompson Contender that is the result of the combined resources of Thompson Center, SSK Industries and engraver Jim Riggs.

Its value as established at the SCI auction is \$4400.00.

The frame is serial numbered SCI 1984. The sides of the frame are not

SCI 1984

factory etched with the usual T/C etching. Selection of a frame of this type is a difficult task at T/C and is rarely done. When it is done, it is usually for some worthy cause.

The barrel is a custom by SSK Industries (Rt. 1, Della Drive, Bloomington, OH 43910. Phone (614) 264-0176) in 375 JDJ caliber that is capable of velocities in the mid 1900s with 270-300 grain bullets. Mag-N-Port provides recoil and muzzle climb reduction.

The full length vent rib scope base is a T'SOB by SSK and securely and

elegantly holds a Leupold M-8 2X Silver Scope.

Grips and fore-end are Pachmayr's with stainless studs and plated sling swivels by SSK.

Of great importance in a gun of this type are cosmetics. Master engraver Jim Riggs (206 Azalea Trail, Boerne, TX 78006. Phone (512) 249-8567) was selected to provide attractive engraving and his unique Antique finish to climax this work of art.

SCI 1984 is now owned by Derril Lamb. As a one-of-a-kind art work, its value should appreciate at a high rate. SCI 1983 is also a custom SSK T/C and is owned by rock star Ted Nugent who is an avid handgunner. SCI 1985 is now under construction and will again be a unique art work.



Classic 44 Specials — Colt SA and S & W DA.

Smith & Wesson Model 24 .44 Special

By John Taffin

I'm old fashioned. I've been married to the same woman for twenty-five years; I drive the oldest car in the lot; and I like .44 Specials. The woman can't be replaced, the car is a near classic '70 Eldorado, and the .44 Special fits my style. All three improve with age, or at least my appreciation improves as the years go rapidly by.

The .44 Special is dead, resurrected, or alive and well according to which sixgun manufacturer's catalog one looks at. Colt, which brought the .44 Special back to life in 1978 in both SA and New Frontier models has now dropped all SA Models from its line. Charter Arms continues to offer their handy little Bulldog in both blue and stainless and has introduced a new 2" model with ramp front sight and dehorned hammer that looks like a winner.

Somewhere in between is Smith & Wesson. The .44 Special S & W has been brought back to life with a promise of only 7,500 to be put back together, but hopefully will be allowed to continue to exist even as the .45 Colt S & W is still in production. If the demand for the .44 Magnum hadn't slacked off, neither the .44 Special nor the .45 Colt would have been reintroduced, since all three are built on the same N-frame.

Smith & Wesson has always preferred the .44 over the .45 caliber sixgun. History of the S & W .44 goes back to 1870 with the First Model American, to be followed by the various Russian Models culminating with the excellent New Model No. 3 single action in 1878 which stayed in production until 1912.

In the 1880's Smith brought out some of the ugliest sixguns ever pro-

duced with their DA line, but this was remedied when the top-breaks were replaced by the solid frame .44 Hand Ejector First Model or .44 New Century in 1980. Probably the finest revolver ever produced, it is lovingly known as the Triple-Lock because of its third locking feature on the front of the yoke. In their book Smith & Wesson 1857-1945 by Neal and Jinks, the authors state: "Most authorities believe that the third lock provided on this model was put there by Smith & Wesson more as an example of the ultimate in precision machine work than as a necessary item for extra strength."

The Triple Lock was too expensive to produce and was dropped in 1915. From 1915-1937 the .44 Special Second Model was produced both without the third locking feature and the enclosed ejector rod which has long been a Smith & Wesson trade mark.

Thanks to distributor Wolf and Klar of Fort Worth, Texas who placed an order for 3,500 revolvers Harold Wesson ordered the production of the Third Model .44 Hand Ejector in 1926 which, except for the WW II shutdown, lasted until 1949.

In 1949 the .44 Special was modernized with a full ribbed barrel and the new short action. With the first production coming in September of 1950, the .44 Hand Ejector Fourth Model became known as the Model 1950.

The .44 Special has never been

Charge	Powder	Bullet	Group Size	Muzzle Velocity
7.2 gr.	Unique	#429421	1-1/4"	880
8.5 gr.	Unique	#429421	3"	928
8.2 gr.	Unique	Lee 200SWC	1-3/4"	1024
18.0 gr.	H4227	210 JDJ	1-1/4"	975
16.0 gr.	H4227	250 KT	1-1/2"	983
16.0 gr.	H4227	NEI-KT	1-1/2"	960
18.0 gr.	H4227	#42915GC	3"	993
17.5 gr.	#2400	#429421	1"	1221

popular with the average handgunner. Its factory load of 250 grain bullet at 750 fps was the standard round available from 1908 until Federal recently brought out a 200 gr. load at 900 plus fps. With all its promise, the .44 Special was relegated to running a poor second to the .45 Colt, .45 ACP, .44-40 and .38-40 of the big bores, and way behind the .357 Magnum.

However, when reloaded to its potential, the .44 Special became the most powerful sixgun cartridge available. Elmer Keith pushed heavy loadings in the Special for over 30 years. He asked for a 250 grain bullet at 1200 fps and suggested that cases be lengthened and a new revolver brought out since manufacturers were afraid of the older .44 special sixguns.

Smith & Wesson went even way beyond Elmer's expectations when they brought out the .44 Magnum in 1956 and although they caught the shooting public's fancy as no sixgun ever had, the new bigger brother killed off its older, less flamboyant relative. Even Elmer "retired" his .44 Specials with the advent of the .44 Magnum.

So many shooters heeded the siren song of the Magnum, that by 1968 Smith & Wesson dropped all its large frame non-Magnum sixguns. The .38-44 Outdoorsman, the 1950 .45 Target, and even the 1950 .44 Special. Personally, I felt I had lost a friend.

It was not generally known, but the first .44 Magnums were .44 Specials with special heat treatment. Too light for the new Magnum, the production models were increased in diameter of frame and barrel to raise the weight from 2 1/2 to 3 pounds.

My love affair with the .44 Special began, as most, by reading Elmer's articles. However, I did not even see a .44 Special until 1959 when my wife gave me a 1950 Target with 6 1/2" barrel, bright blue finish, and which she bought for \$80. This was three years after the .44 Magnum came along. In 1963 I could stay in college or feed the kids, but not both, so I had to sell the .44 Special, but that has been remedied many times over since as I have fourteen Specials now. I really love that cartridge!

Why would anyone want a .44 Special when it is probably easier to buy a .44 Magnum. Nostalgia has a lot to do with it, but there are other reasons. The Special is much lighter and easier to pack and probably with proper handloads will handle 90% of my handgun chores. The .44 Special 4" makes a nearly perfect defensive sixgun especially when loaded with 250 gr. bullets at 900 fps. Loaded up to 1200 fps it becomes a first class deer cartridge, and dropped back to 600 fps it is perfect for the indoor pistol range.

Except for the minor modifications that all large frame S & W's have undergone, the "New" Model 24 is virtually identical to my old 1950 Target. There are three things about it, however, that I do not care for: the wide hammer, wide trigger and target stocks. They do not belong on such a sleek, trim revolver. The .44 Magnum is a work-horse, a Clydesdale so to

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Audrey's first handgun trophy — a fine eight point Texas whitetail.



Audrey's excellent fallow deer.

'I'd Rather Be Lucky Than Good'

By Audrey Murtland, Detroit, Mi.

Wow . . . There must have been at least a hundred whitetails come into the blind where I was sitting! It was the first day of deer season 1983 and my husband, Frank and I had come to Ingram, Texas with our friends Steve and Charlotte Bruce, to hunt with Texotic Wildlife, Thompson Temple's outfit.

As a relatively new hunter, I couldn't quite decide whether the one eight point buck was really a trophy, but he sure was bigger and more majestic looking than any of the others. My trusty .270 rifle went up and down like a yo-yo while I struggled with the decision when suddenly he moved on. He'd heard the vehicle's pending arrival before I did. Tommy Ryno, our guide, arrived with Steve and Charlotte and Frank with his newest trophy, a beautiful ten-point, nineteen inch buck. Frank was hunting with his handgun, a Thompson Center Contender .375 JDJ. It was then that I finally made up my mind . . . I wanted to take a whitetail buck with that handgun! I had fired it a number of times at targets and found it kind of a challenge. Larry Kelly of Magna-Port Arms was also in our party and I had heard and read many of his hunting stories. He is one of the all time greats of the handgunners' world and his enthusiasm does rub off. Armed with my borrowed Thompson Center I went back to that blind and this time I was ready when my "8 point buck" came prancing in. I did wait until he ambled into a broadside position to me and then I touched off a shot. That's all it took . . . he went about 10 yards and dropped. NOW, I was excited!!! The next day the four of us were hunting on the LBJ Ranch near Johnson City with Tommy when we spotted a nice mouflon ram off in the woods. Tommy asked me if I'd like him (Tommy knows I'd like one of everything!). I sure did!!! But, before I could even line him up in my 2X Leupold the ram and his buddies took off. Several hours later we came across him again standing in the trees about 60 yards ahead of us. I took careful aim and watched as he bucked high in the air when my bullet found its mark and, watched as he disappeared into the brush. We found him about 20 yards away and was he a beauty! We learned later that he was one of the few pure strain mouflons in the area. WOW . . . I like this handgun hunting!

Earlier in the year I was the lucky bidder on a fallow deer hunt Thompson had donated to our Safari Club Wildgame Dinner Auction in Detroit and I was here to collect . . . I really had my heart set on a brown one. By now I knew I had to at least try to take him with the Thompson Center. After several "board meetings", our family term for serious discussions, we opted for a blind hunt thinking that I would have a better chance to get one of those big ones I've been hearing about into handgun range. Well, "I'd rather be lucky than good", for Frank and I had barely settled into the blind when I caught a glimpse of the biggest fallow I'd ever seen making his way through the brush about 150 yards away. I could hardly believe it when he came straight toward us. He looked superb through the scope! I stayed right with him hoping he would turn just long enough to give me a little better target and he did! I squeezed off — three times before he finally stayed down. Then I began to shake — talk about excited! He is a magnificent trophy, S.C.I. — HHI score is 240 5/8 points. Boy, I could really get into this handgun hunting! Next morning we were up bright and early and off to hunt aoudad on Rocky Top. Having hunted there several times before we knew we were in for a fair chase hunt. Shortly after we arrived we came upon a flock of sheep, some Corsicans, some Hawaiian blacks. One of the blacks was pretty good and I quickly decided I'd like to try for him. I automatically reached for my Thompson Contender (notice it was now my T.C.) and got into position. He was uphill about 50 yards away when I squeezed off the shot from an awkward position. He went down right where he stood. I will always remember this ram. I will also remember to keep my elbows locked, especially when shooting uphill. I was sporting a beautiful shiner for the rest of the week. We hunted Rocky Top for the entire day and Frank never did see an aoudad that he couldn't live without. We had planned to finish our hunting by Thursday, take a trip into Old Mexico and do a little sightseeing before we headed back to Detroit on Sunday.

Plan "A" (for Frank to take an aoudad) had to be executed, it was Thursday! Tommy took us to an area where there was reputed to be a large



Looks like the lady knows how to shoot. This Axis is a dandy!

aoudad herd. We searched it thoroughly, put on a drive and, never saw an aoudad. Along the way we saw flocks of Corsicans and Texas Dalls, herds of blackbucks, axis deer and even a beautiful brown fallow buck, but no aoudad. Late in the afternoon, another board meeting, and we put Frank in a hastily constructed blind near a watering hole hoping that the aoudad just might be thirsty and he'd get a shot. Tommy and I climbed into the vehicle and began to wind our way back through the thick cedar and brush. A little earlier we had spotted an axis buck which had given Tommy the slip on several occasions and he was hoping to scare him up one more time. Tommy's persistence paid off. We saw him a couple of times, but I just couldn't get him lined up for a shot. Then all of a sudden there he was, standing in a small clearing only about 75 yards away. When I fired he bucked high in the air and took off. We found him about 20 feet away. What a gorgeous creature. No wonder they are often called the most beautiful deer in the world.

Do you suppose this hunting is a disease? It's easy to see why Larry Kelly is so enthusiastic. Later that evening when we had returned to the Texotic office to swap lies I was talking with Dave Nesbitt, Thompson's head guide. He suggested that I should hunt another day or two and take the two rams I needed for my Texas Slam. "We haven't had anyone take a Texas Slam with a handgun and you're almost there. You like a challenge don't you?" he asked? Another board meeting — Steve and Charlotte were having too much fun hunting to stop

yet . . . Mexico had to wait! We rehired Tommy and early next morning we were off to look about a Corsican. Once again I got lucky. We located a very typical ram, buff colored with black markings and a good wide set of horns, standing in a clearing about 65 yards away. One shot — right through both shoulders and the lungs — and he fell where he stood. I felt like blowing the smoke off the barrel. That Thompson Contender is some handgun! Now hoping that my luck would hold just a little longer we began our search for a respectable Texas Dall. We had seen three beauties several days before we arrived at Plan "B" (for Audrey to take her Slam) so we started in that area thinking we just might see them one more time. We hunted the entire area pretty intensely before we finally spotted them in some really thick cover.

However, they were with a flock of about forty other sheep. Sometimes you can have too many animals! It was now that Tommy's expertise as a guide really came through and once again his persistence paid off. He successfully divided the flock. A dozen sheep is a lot easier to deal with. Now, I had only to sight in on the ram we had decided on, right? Wrong! Every time I'd get him lined up in my 2X Leupold scope there was an instant crowd around him. It was uncanny and very frustrating. We stayed with him for nearly two hours, catching a glimpse of him in the thick brush, trying to get off a shot. "Patience" I kept telling myself. It's a waiting game and I was prepared to outwait him. Besides he was beautiful, pale beige with the most gorgeous translucent horns I had ever



All of Audry's sheep are of a different variety and of record book quality.

seen. All of a sudden he appeared in a tiny clearing about 75 yards away flanked by three other sheep. I held the T.C. right on him for what seemed an eternity hoping that they would move off before he did. Well, they did start to move and he joined them. Hurriedly I touched off the shot, caught him a lit-

tle too far forward in the left shoulder and he was gone. We saw him again a few minutes later and I blew that shot completely. Tommy decided that the sheep needed a bit of time to settle down. In the meantime other hunters and their guides appeared from out of nowhere. Tommy explained that we



Use a rest whenever you can. John made his long shot from this one!

HHI Texas

HHI TEXAS was a roaring success. Hunter success was 100% Plus! That means everyone took all of the animals they were entitled to (that was six) and then some.

John Klingstedt covers a large portion of the hunt in his story, so I'll skip a lot of the Y-O portion of the hunt.

Morning one as well as night one found me within jumping distance of a john. Couldn't stand it, though and had to get out to sight in a couple that needed it and to shoot Swigget's Freedom Arms 454 Casull.

Hal's 454 is the fixed sight version that I figure is just about worthless for hunting. It is made under the assumption the customer will find a load he likes and file down the too high front sight to suit him. There is no provision for windage adjustments as the rear sight is a notch in the frame. With the 454 factory 225 grain ammo, the very sharp lower edge of the grip dug into my hand every shot hard enough to leave a highly visible depression in the lower palm of my hand. Pain on every shot was normal — and the gun really doesn't recoil much. It's simply a case of poor grip design. Swigget's smaller hands don't touch this part of the grip and he has no problem with it. I put up with it long enough to figure out how much front sight needed to be held up to hit with it and shot it left handed to see if that hurt, too. It did! The lower part of my hand was bruised the next morning.

Getting braver all the time; it looked like the time was ripe to look for the others and see how they were doing. Hal took Jane and I out to the pasture designated for the morning's hunt. No one was around. Jane had her T/C 243 rifle along and it wasn't long until Hal found her a good ram. She leaned into the rifle and blew his heart into his stomach — literally, as well as actually! He dropped like a sack and

had a wounded ram in the thick cedar and enlisted their help. It wasn't too long until we located the flock he'd been with and he wasn't with them. Then someone spotted my ram. He was down in a gully. Mission was completed. I had taken a Texas Slam with a handgun. HOT DOG! "I rather be lucky than good!" (All of the animals made the HHI — S.C.I. record book.)

Jane had her first big game trophy. No, she didn't gut it — I did.

A short time later, we heard some shooting and witnessed Robert smoke a goat with his 444 T/C. From our angle, the hit appeared as a puff of steam ahead of him as the Texas heart shot hit home and he piled up.

Seemed like everyone hit pay dirt that morning except me!

After lunch, we were all turned loose again. That's right . . . turned loose without a guide. Doesn't happen often on any ranch or preserve. We appreciate the trust and confidence. The afternoon was pretty much of a rerun of the morning with plenty of action.

After dinner, there was plenty of time for R & R (Relax & Replay) of the day's events, and plans for tomorrow's attack. John had killed out so he could look over the fabulous Y-O without being rushed.

The Y-O is a working ranch as well as probably the largest hunting ranch for domestic and exotic game in the U.S. Its variety of game, terrain and historic buildings are awesome. Many of the buildings have been documented by the Texas historical society. More than a few were disassembled, moved to the Y-O and reassembled. These buildings are your quarters. Nice.

By noon on day two, we were all filled out but Sonny. He took care of that shortly after lunch.

Shots and items of interest. Sometimes I like to sneak up on things. Put on one of my best sneaks and got within about 32 yards of a grazing ram. Just had to try the 41 Avenger. Went in one side of his neck and out in front of the hip on the other end. He dropped instantly. It was almost a replay of a shot from the opposite side of a ram taken with the 454 Casull. Don't know of anything being taken with a 454 production gun before that one.

Seems that on occasion everyone was switching guns — mainly T/C's — going from one caliber to the next and trying it. On other occasions, I witnessed some phenomenal shooting that would totally embarrass rifle shooters take place. Occasionally, there were misses, but when guys stand up and deck running rams shot after shot at 100 to 150 yards, it's a sight to see! The

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Kelly and his "Daily Double" taken with a 44 Stalker.

A Double On Deer

By Larry Kelly

One by one, the silhouettes of 20 deer took shape as the Texas dawn spread across the scrubland.

Through my Bushnell binoculars, I could pick out spikes, forkhorns, six pointers, eight pointers. The deer were everywhere, but none was the trophy I wanted — not on the first day of my hunt.

A trio of javelina poked their noses from behind a screen of thornbush, shuffling by my blind in their characteristic stiff-legged gait.

One was big — big enough to make me thumb back the hammer on my 8-3/4" custom single-action .44 Magnum "Stalker", built from a Ruger Super Blackhawk revolver. My Mag-Na-Port "Stalker" is outfitted with a matte stainless finish, SSK mounts, 2X silver Leupold pistol scope, swivels, studs and sling, and is designed especially for the handgun hunter. I've used it on hunts all over North America.

A puff of hot morning breeze delivered my scent to the bushpigs. Before I could shoot, they disappeared back into the scrub.

Just three days earlier, I'd received a call from Thompson Temple, honcho

of Texotic Wildlife Ranch, P. O. Box 181, in Mountain Home, TX 75058. Phone 1-512-367-5069.

"Can you be here on the 12th?" Thompson asked.

Michigan's deer season opens November 15. I'd lived in the state all my life and hadn't missed an opener since I was old enough to get a license. My home is in Michigan. My business is in Michigan. My heart is in Michigan. No way was I going to Texas and miss an event as important to me as Christmas is.

"We've got some real monster whitetails down here," Thompson urged. "For a \$100 license, you can take three deer, two javelina and a turkey."

I hung up and began dialing airlines for tickets to San Antonio. Thompson met me at the airport and chauffeured me for the hour's drive back to his office at Texotic Wildlife.

Thompson and his staff are experts in exotic game. They have worked hard and long to ensure the best stock for their hunters and a quality hunting

experience on the thousands of acres of land they own or lease.

This is not preserve hunting or "pen shooting" in the sense found at many private hunting facilities where the barnyard-reared critters are plugged in the back forty.

One of the toughest trophies I have ever taken was a blackbuck on an earlier hunt at Texotic. They are so wary it's unlikely to approach within 200 yards of them.

The massive expanses of productive habitat, good for game but tough on hunters, make hunting at Texotic as challenging as in the animals' native habitat, maybe more so.

I wanted a trophy whitetail on this hunt and I wanted to take it with a handgun. In the 25 years I have been hunting with handguns all over the world, I've taken a number of record-class heads with hand guns. But a trophy whitetail is still the smartest, most elusive, most difficult prize no matter what kind of firearm you choose.

Texas deer run smaller than the Michigan breed I'm used to, but the Longhorn state's bucks carry racks that put my northwoods nubbins to

shame.

Thompson dropped me off at the bunkhouse at Little Creek Ranch, hollered "Get a big one," and took off to meet another batch of hunters arriving at the airport.

The accommodations at the ranch were great. The place even had a shower, a real treat in a hunting camp, and especially welcome since I'd just returned from a British Columbia hunt on which I hadn't had a shower in 20 days.

I hunted hard for three days, changing blinds a number of times, without firing a shot. I saw deer, lots of deer, but not the trophy I sought.

For about a half an hour, I'd been watching four does feeding about 30 yards in front of me when, off to one side, I saw a flash of movement in some cedars.

I raised the binoculars and focused on a wide 8-pointer which, in turn, was watching the does. Behind him was another 8-point, this one with a rack higher but not as wide as the first buck.

The old adrenaline started flowing as my plan took shape. I was going to take both those bucks.

For 20 minutes, they played peek-a-boo behind the brush, circling behind my elevated stand to where I feared they would catch my scent and bolt. I picked an opening between the cedars and waited. When the buck with the wider rack stepped into the sights, a 240 grain Federal jacketed hollow point in the shoulder dropped him on the spot.

The second buck spooked, running to my right. I swung on him and when he crossed a clearing 100 yards away, I fired. The bullet caught him much too far back, destroying both hind quarters. But it anchored the deer in its tracks.

I'd come to Texas seeking a trophy whitetail. Now I had two — a double on deer. It made missing Michigan's opening day "Christmas" worthwhile.

HHI Texas (Continued from Page 9)

terrain was gently rolling and had just enough tree cover to make stalking interesting, enabling you to see for quite a distance. Perfect country and companions for the type of hunt we had.

Sonny had taken Mountain Lion with a handgun, but this was his first try with a scope single shot. Did a hell of a job, too! Riggs didn't get to stay long but made enough of an impression that they knew he had been there. Swiggett — well, Swiggett did what he does best. Helps everyone he can. Plays guide and host for the ladies and those who kill out early. Always has some unusual artillery around. Friendly, generous, an all-around nice guy. Don't let it go to your head, Swiggett, or I'll make up something bad about you. Don't even need to make it up! Think I'll tell one anyway. Hal got a speeding ticket on a Friday, heading east at 97 MPH. Got another heading west on Sunday at 96 MPH. You guessed it — same cop. Told the cop not to take it so hard — after all — he did slow him down one MPH.

Somewhat regretfully after dinner we departed the Y-O, but I'll bet everyone goes back. There just isn't anyplace I know of where you can see the variety and numbers of game as the Y-O short of going to Africa, and most places there won't match it. You can see more deer on the Y-O in two days than a lifetime in most of the country!

We met the Texotic Wildlife Guides at the gate and headed out to Rocky



Jane got the best ram but it wasn't fair. She used the TCR 83 in 243.



Gary with one of the thick woolled Hawaiian's he took with a 7 JDJ and 120s at 2450.



Robert Nunnally and Sonny Durish with a good ram Robert took with the 30-40. Sonny is carrying a 6MM.

Top Ranch which is another type terrain consisting of canyons about 600 to 800 feet high covered with rock and cedar. Cover is heavy. Watch it walking — you can bust it easy on this place.

We fired up the fireplace in the A-Frame and smoked ourselves half to death. Slept in the loft in sleeping bags. Breakfast was early and smoky. More fireplace problems. Climbed to the top and split up. Robert took the first ram

with a 30-40 Ackley at — lets just call it long range.

After several unsuccessful stalks, several of us decided to put a move on a band in a canyon bottom. It didn't work but looking behind us, I spotted another band coming down the opposite canyon. John and Gary were close. We carefully edged into position. Cross canyon, one ram stood behind and slightly above another. The B & L compact 7X's showed both were about as good as we could expect. John was shooting a light load in the 375 JDJ and Gary was shooting a scorcher in my 7 JDJ. After they were both in shooting position, I was closer to John. The distance was too far for me to estimate in yards. When John asked where to hold, I said "Hold on the top of the horns on the one in back, should drop into the front one," thinking of the 375s light load trajectory. Gary, hearing what I said, thought I was talking to him. Almost simultaneously a shot roared and the higher ram dropped like a stone. The lower ram took off like he was scalded, as did the

rest of the bunch. I knew what happened instantly. Gary did just what I said — held on the top of the ram's horns and turned one loose that hit him in the head and turned him off instantly! You figure the distance. The 7 was sighted in at about 250. And yep, you damned sure didn't flinch on that shot, Gary!

We did a lot of walking and flogging on the second day in time for some food around. Rocky Top is a beautiful place and well worth seeing and hunting.

After loading the gear, we headed into Kerrville for a hot shower — needed and deserved — a drink and the biggest steak in town. Patty and Jane had gone to Fredericksburg and returned not quite broke. The Inn of The Hills in Kerrville is the place most hunters stay, although the new Y-O Motel under construction will change that somewhat.

We've been very lucky on all HHI hunts so far. They have been a 100% success every time. Good people . . . good hunting. That's what life is all about. Join us on one of 'em.

They Came To Cordura (Kerrville)

By John Klingstedt, Norman, OK

On January 15, 1984, a motley group began to assemble at the YO. There were to be seven, but surely this group could not be the "Magnificent Seven." They were not. But, over the afternoon, the group assembled. They came from far and near.

J.D., of course, was the leader. Hal Swiggett of San Antonio served as liaison with the locals for those Norte Americanos that could not converse properly in Texaneeze. The others included: Sonny Durish had come from McDonald, PA and would be using a 6mm JDJ, John Klingstedt, from Norman, OK had a .375 JDJ, Gary Knutson of Spring Valley, WI brought a .358 JDJ, Bob Nunnally from Lizella, GA had brought a veritable arsenal, but wanted to use a new wildcat .339 NNN. Lastly, Jim Riggs of Boerne, TX would be using a 30-40 Ackley even though he could only stay for part of the hunt.

A couple of the people from the YO took the group on a short tour to let everyone observe part of what was available. It was mind boggling. Most of us had never seen as much game in our lives. Native white-tailed deer were in front of our cabins as well as some blackbuck antelope. We also saw some longhorns, of which the ranch had quite a herd. Other kinds of deer were observed including fallow deer, sika deer, and axis deer. Were forced to look at several flocks of Rio Grande turkey also. Managed to see some Corsican rams as well. That was beneficial since they were on the target list for the next day.

After all of this, and a long drive for most of us, we headed for the chuckwagon. Bertie is in charge without any question. A sign says "Bertie's Place," and another "This place is not a restaurant, You eat when I'm ready." No matter, it is well worth waiting for. There was a warming fire in the open hearth and the coffee pot is always on at the chuckwagon.

Finally, it was time. Had a green salad, large barbequed chunks of meat (you do not ask what kind), pinto beans (the ever present frioles that are beyond compare), a vegetable casserole that was covered with cheese, plain cornbread for the northerners (those folks from Dallas and points north) or

jalapeno cornbread for the home folks, iced tea and topped off with some fresh, hot cobbler. Let me tell you, no one lost weight on this trip.

After this slight repast, we met at the lodge to briefly plan the hunt for the next morning. That lodge is something else. Literally hundreds of mounted heads and animals. Made a guy hope that he didn't mess up the record. Anyway, everyone was to meet at the chuckwagon before light the next morning. That's one thing, no one argued about meeting at the chuckwagon.

So, we met early. After another monstrous meal we were ready to head out. All, that is, except J.D. Seems as if he had drank some of the water, and would wait until afternoon. The rest of us left with Harvey Goff, the ranch biologist, to our hunting area. Harvey put us in a little 500 acre pasture where there were supposed to be some Corsicans. Harvey also indicated that we could get a Catalina goat if we desired. This was a long, narrow pasture measuring about 1/2 mile by 1-3/4 miles. The cover varied from sparse to dense and was predominately the native live oak.

The group had spread out a good ways and was working down the pasture. I had been moving slowly through the area when Jim, who had moved up on my right, signaled that there were some goats up ahead. Saw one at first, and after moving into a little better position ascertained that there were at least three working the area; one had a great set of horns.

Tried to settle down and let the old heart slow down as well. Decided that I had better glass them to make sure. Also felt that it might be a good idea to look around as well. What was that? Over to the left was a group of Corsicans that looked as if they might move up. Forget the goats. Glassed the bunch and there were two or three good ones with right at a full curl. One big old shaggy one looked to be the best, but I couldn't seem to get a good shot. (Jim got this rascal later that day.) Told myself that I had to take some time. Careful. Squeeze. Damn thing went off.

After the scope came back on target. I could tell that the ram was hard hit.

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John and his two taken together. Compare the shiny coal black and beige-cream rams.

Stood there humped up a bit and finally toppled over. Wanted to jump up and shout, I got one, I got one. However, by that time Bob had worked up on us and I motioned him forward.

Before he could get up there, Sonny, who had been stalking the bunch from the other side, opened up. He must have been a little excited also. Well anyway, he put two of the rams down before the bunch moved off over the ridge. We all went over to the downed rams — beauties — except that I should have had mine show the other profile. The horn on the right side was broken off at about a half-curl.

We talked things over and decided to work our way up over the rise that the rams had used. We spread out and proceeded to move out. I was on one end of the line and had moved almost out of sight of the others.

At just about the top of the ridge, I caught sight of the group. Not the rams this time, but a group of goats. Continued on as though I was going to pass them by in order to gain a better place to shoot from. Glassed the bunch and one had outstanding horns. Tried to settle down. Shouldn't have worried. I had plenty of time. That black and white rascal stayed with the desired target area just behind a fair sized oak tree.

Kept trying to see a good open shot. That goat was headed south and I was north of him. Just didn't seem to be a sporting shot. After a good while, I just stepped out from behind the tree and coughed. They were off. But, that is just as well since they moved over in front of Sonny. Ole dead eye managed to get a grey one with a pretty good set of horns. Bob reported that the black and white one with the nice horns had wiggled through a hole in the fence and was in the next pasture. That was off limits at this point.

Shortly after this, we all split up and headed for different areas. There was some shooting so some of the guys were seeing some rams. During the remainder of the morning things were relatively calm in my area. Did have a relatively close call though. Saw one of those large armadillos that are native to the area. Sure am glad I didn't have any Lone Star with me.

Finally, gathered back at the starting point. It was past noon and after all of that walking we were all quite hungry. We had also read Bertie's sign. She took pity on us this time and we were able to put away another big quantity of that good food.

Do we really want to go hunting again today? An afternoon nap sure does sound good. Well, that's what we came for so back out we go.

Since I only had one ram, J.D. took pity on me and decided to help me out. We had seen two rams not far from where we parked the vehicle. Off we go with me huffing and puffing all of the way. Counting beans doesn't keep a guy in too good of shape.

Anyway we get into a fair position and I decide to use a tree branch for a rest for that hand cannon. Seemed as if the thing was putting on weight. A miss — jerked the trigger. Settle down. Load up. Done. Try again with the cross hairs jumping all over the place. Same result.

Sympathetic soul that he is, J.D. says "John, calm down." So, I calmed down and missed again. J.D. offers some more sage advice. Right about now, I'm wondering if bridge might not be a better avocation. "Load and shoot," you tell yourself also that you don't get buck fever shooting at a ram. Even as you jerk the trigger, you know that is a crock.

Finally a hit, but the ram is not down. Jones to the rescue. "That ram isn't going anyplace, but I'll anchor him for you." Fine, somebody do something. Done — but the ram is still standing.

"Take the other one John." With some embarrassment, I admit that I've shot all of my handy ammo. Again, Jones to the rescue. "Shoot this." Okay John, you've got a chance to redeem yourself. Steady hold, crosshairs on the neck, where's the trigger? That 250/3000 XP-100 is considerably different than my T/C. Still manage to get a shot off. The dumb thing just stands there. Doesn't it know that it is dead, then the ram falls over.

How do you handle a situation like that? One ram is botched up terribly and you don't even want to think about it. The other ram is a decent one — shot kill through the neck. Okay, so

maybe you'll hunt the rest of the afternoon. (Ed. The whole thing took maybe a minute, second animal shot was trotting at about 125 yards.)

We break up the group and head out. Bob and Sonny go one way. Gary goes off by himself. J.D., Jim and I head out to the east. We see lots of game — blackbuck antelope are plentiful today even though the extreme is taking its toll of them. Occasionally, some native white-tailed deer are seen. Of course, we had to be ever alert for those native armadillos.

Hear a shot. A little later we smelled a skunk. Later still, we found out that Gary was doing a practice number on the skunk.

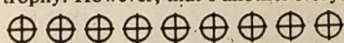
See something through the trees. J.D. motions for me to get ready and take the ram. Except that there are two. Try for the white one. He is out there a little and your load is weak. Hold high and squeeze. Down he goes. J.D. paces it off at 147 yards. At least that is a little better.

J.D. decided to make a swing while Jim and I covered an area in front of a boundary fence. Watching. Also hearing an occasional shot. One shot was close, turned out J.D. managed to get a ram within a short distance of mine with the 41 Avenger. Guess that I had better do some more practice with mine. Jim wanted some pictures and was getting a few of a blackbuck buck. Told him to look around. We were almost run over by a herd of blackbuck antelope. These were probably headed our way by J.D. A couple of rams were also coming along. The one that I wanted was moving to the right at a fast walk. Didn't really need another one today, but it was an interesting shot to try. That one went where it was supposed to and he piled up in about 20 yards.

What a day. We set out for five at the YO, and I got mine the first day. So, all I could do on the next day was take a few pictures. A person should reserve a day for this anyway since this place is so interesting. There are thousands of head of game. A camera is all you can use to shoot some of them here anyway.

The rest of the group got back in shortly after lunch. By about 3:00 p.m. on the second day everyone had filled out. Seems unreal. Anyway, it was so good we couldn't even make up any lies about it. (Some slight exaggerations will probably come later.) This was an unbelievably successful hunt at a place that is indeed unique.

Everyone had his share at the YO. The only thing left was to make arrangements for the horns and/or mounting of heads. We did want to stay for another of Bertie's meals though. J.D. and myself gave serious consideration to declaring under Chapter 11 since we had just sent our wives off to Kerrville and Fredericksburg for shopping over the next two days. The guys were to pack up and head for Rocky Top for a trophy. However, that's another story.



**YOUR
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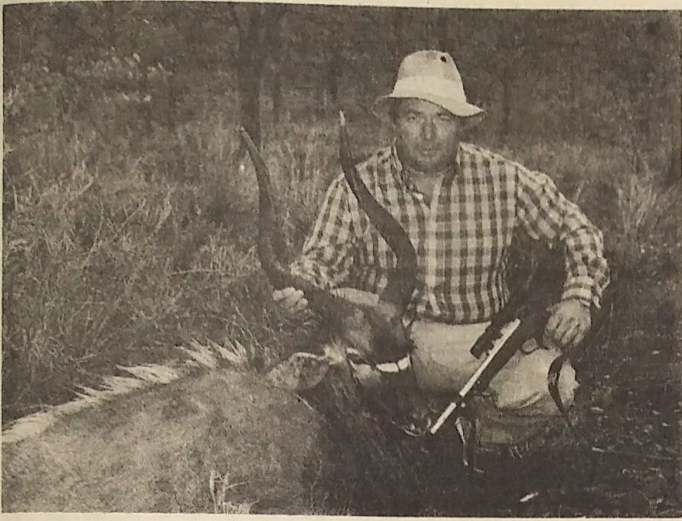
"Handgunning For Nyala and Kudu"

By Bud Westenfelder,
Troy, MI

I have over the past several years had many conversations with my good friend, Larry Kelly, about the pros and cons of sport hunting with a handgun. Larry, of course, is well recognized in the sport and admittedly, his success had a great deal of influence of my decision to purchase a handgun and give it a try. I will admit though, that I had my doubts about my ability to hit anything because of my prior experiences with handguns. Several times I would go to the rifle range with my buddies from the Detroit Chapter Safari Club and they would let me shoot their varied assortment of handguns. There were occasions too numerous to mention where careful examination of the target indicated that another Maggie's Drawers had been fired. Surely, it was a frustrating experience, I could hardly believe that I was being persuaded to lay down my trusty rifles to pursue sport hunting with a handgun. I thought, "sure I'll buy one of these crazy things because it represents a definite challenge" and I thought it would make going to the range interesting once again. When my 375 JDJ finally arrived, I immediately started the reloading process and after a few hours was on my way to the rifle range with my new handgun. It was quite a unique experience, but not because I was enjoying my new handgunning experience, contrarily it from the mental high that I experienced when I noticed some fifteen people standing around watching me fire this unique piece of machinery. Scoped with a two power Leupold and using sandbags as a rest, I was grouping under two inches at a hundred yards. I spent the balance of the afternoon talking with these people, showing them my new handgun, and listening to their praises as to its outstanding performance. I returned to the range several times that spring and additionally took the handcannon to the farm where I was raised and practiced under field conditions.

After talking with several of my friends in Safari Club, I booked a fourteen day hunt in the Lowveld area of Zimbabwe with a professional hunter named Frank McCourt. McCourt was recommended by Darryl Hastings, who had just recently returned from a very successful safari in mid-February, 1983. I was scheduled to depart July 10, 1983 and prior to doing so, stepped up my target practice sessions with my new handcannon. I loaded the 375 JDJ with the 300 grain solid and the 270 grain spoor point, both made by Hornady. Since I did not have the confidence of my friend, Larry Kelly, I also took my dependable old rifle along.

Because of the anticipation and excitement caused by any major hunt that one goes on, the airplane ride seemed never to end. We did, however, manage to arrive in Harare, Zimbabwe and were met by Frank McCourt and his lovely wife, Susan. It was, indeed, the beginning of a delightful fourteen days. We proceeded south in the Toyota Land Cruiser to an area of Zimbabwe known as the Mateke Hills. The Mateke Hills area is noted for some of its natural waterholes and since Southern Africa had been experiencing a drought for the last two years, we were quite fortunate that at



Bud and his first African Trophy: a Nyala!

least two of these major watering holes were within the boundaries of Frank McCourt's hunting concession. Frank McCourt operates his hunting programs under the name of Lowveld Safaris. The hunting concession hosts an abundance of Nyala, which is a very prized spiral-horned antelope. The Mateke Hills area has several thousand acres of habitat that is suitable for the Nyala and the area has an abundance of Nyala males. It is one of the few areas that the Nyala can be hunted in its natural habitat.

We spent the early morning hours of the first two days walking slowly along some of the ridges in the Mateke Hills to get an idea of the terrain and to determine the number of quality bulls in the area. Midway through the second day, we had spotted a nice bull with his harem of four working their way through the thickets, apparently on their way to a waterhole that was approximately three quarters of a mile away. At about a thousand yards through the binoculars, the animal appeared to be the size that we were looking for. His color shade indicated that he was probably an older bull, perhaps just past his prime. Unfortunately, as we tried to intercept this fine animal, we were discovered by a troop of some thirty baboons, which immediately began their chorus of barking to alarm and alert all of their forest buddies to our presence. We did not see the Nyala or his harem after that and would presume that the barking baboons had alerted them to our presence, thus causing their disappearance into the foliage of thick undercover. Later that evening, Susan prepared the evening meal consisting of filet of Eland, baked potato with butter and sour cream, glazed carrots with brown sugar, toss-

ed salad, with a blueberry pudding for dessert. The evening was quiet and relaxing as we all pulled our chairs around the bonfire. I was anxious to discuss the days activities with Frank and was surprised to learn that the barking of the baboons is a common danger signal used by the animals of the forest. The barking alerts them to the presence of man or to the presence of a predator.

As sunrise broke over the Mateke Hills the next morning, we were once again walking the ridges in anticipation of the elusive Nyala. As luck would have it, we didn't see anything that morning and about 9:30 in the morning we headed back to the Land Cruiser. As we approached the Land Cruiser, we noted a slight movement in the underbrush some sixty yards away. We waited a few minutes and sure enough we saw movement again. A closer look revealed four Nyala cows browsing through the underbrush. John, the tracker, immediately started looking in the other direction to try to locate the bull. Moments later, Frank motioned that he had seen the bull standing in the undergrowth about seventy five yards away. We looked at him through the binoculars and we all agreed that this was a quality animal of the type that we were looking for. The big bull started moving in the direction of a small ravine in his attempt to tiptoe out of the danger area. We were sure that he had seen us and that he was headed for thicker cover. He was walking away from us and was about to disappear when I laid the fourteen inch barrel of the 375 JDJ through the crotch of a tree. The big Nyala bull was immortalized with a Texas heart shot. We were all pretty excited and I was busy receiving the congratulations from

Frank McCourt, and John, the tracker. The Nyala was beautifully marked with his orange legs and dark shaggy coat. I had never seen such beautiful facial marking on an animal. The Nyala had heavy bases and with his twenty seven and one quarter inch horns, he scored well enough to give me a silver medal in the Safari Club International Record Book and the No. 1 Nyala in the HHI Record Book. We were all pretty pleased that day because this was my first kill with a handgun. Having witnessed its awesome power, Frank and I were indeed very impressed with its performance. We took several photographs and movies for the folks back home. When we arrived back in camp, Susan expressed her delight with this magnificent trophy and we all celebrated my first handgun trophy, my first African trophy, and my first opportunity to brag about this new sport of handgunning. Later that evening, as we were once again warmed by the comforting campfire against the chilly African night, Frank told me that he had overheard a conversation where John, the tracker, was explaining to several other members of the camp, how Boss, Bud, Boss with the little gun, had taken this Nyala with one shot. I must say, I was pleased. The next day it was evident that I had stirred up the curiosity of Enson, the cook, Jeremia, the assistant tracker, and several other people of the native village which was located down the road approximately one half mile. I could see them all trying to get a glimpse of this handcannon and to look at the funny way I carried the bullets on my arm. These guys acted like they have never seen a handgun fully equipped with a telescope and carried over your shoulder. Of course, they hadn't, so I guess for the moment I was quite a novelty.

On the fifth day we moved camp nearer to the town of Beitbridge, which is on Zimbabwe's southern border. Our camp was established on the Sentinal Ranch and the accommodations were very pleasant. There was a dining cafe fully equipped with a bar. Each of our individual huts were made of reeds taken from the Limpopo River. The river offered us a view some hundred feet directly in front of our huts. The accommodations were equipped with comfortable beds, a shower and a tub with hot and cold running water, a full sink and vanity, and of course, flush toilets. It was hard to believe that with accommodations so pleasant, that we were really in Africa. The balance of the afternoon was spent with Frank as he showed me around the Sentinal Ranch. We drove from waterhole to waterhole and then to some high rocky outcrops where we could climb to get a better view of the terrain. The area was mixed with Mapawny trees and Kalahari thorn bushes. It was evident by the spoor that there was a large population of Kudu in the area. I told Frank that I would like to try to take a nice Kudu bull with this handgun in addition to the Nyala that I had already taken. He looked at me with a slightly raised eyebrow as if to say, don't press your luck. He finally agreed that hunting was hunting and if I wanted to shoot my Kudu with the handcannon he'd try his best to get me one. We shook hands and proceeded back to the Land Cruiser since it was almost dark and we needed to get back, for surely Susan was going to have another one of her superb meals ready for us.

It was three days later and late in the

day when I spotted this nice Kudu bull working his way toward a waterhole at a place called Chabwany. Through the binoculars he looked to be in the fifty inch class and was traveling with a smaller bull and four cows. We tested the wind and it was absolutely at our backs, blowing directly towards the prized Kudu. It was almost last light and at Frank's suggestion, we left the Kudu undisturbed. It was better that we return in the morning and approach the area from a different direction where we could climb up onto some rocks nearby and glass the area while looking for the Kudu. We returned at first light in the morning and got into position at about 6:30 a.m. It's hard to say how far a Kudu will roam during the course of an evening, but as luck would have it, we located what appeared to be the same group of Kudu that we had seen the night before. Frank warned me that taking this animal was going to be difficult because it was very probable that the Kudu would see us before we could ever get into range to take him with the handgun. I assured Frank that the experts had told me that the 375 JDJ was very effective at ranges upward of a hundred and fifty yards and that I was confident enough to take an animal if the shot was presented to me. The Kudu were browsing on the Mapawny trees and were really not paying any attention to us as we crept to within one hundred yards. We took a position under a Mapawny tree that offered us some cover while we waited for the animals to graze closer to us. I rested that handgun against the trunk of the tree and as the big bull slowly came into view, I pulled back the hammer to its ready position. The Kudu bull fell from one shot which was placed precisely behind the front shoulders. The 270 grain Hornady *spire point* had done its job. Once again, Frank and the trackers were absolutely amazed at the handgun's performance. As we approached the Kudu bull, it was clear that we may have underestimated the size of those beautiful spiral horns. A wire cable and a tape measure verified our suspicions as the Kudu taped out at a whopping fifty two inches in horn length. I was delightfully surprised and elated with my new trophy. Subsequent measurements determined the animal to score a bronze metal in the Safari Club Record Book and rank high in the HHI Record Book. On the way back to camp, John kept shaking my hand in congratulations and jabbering in his native tongue about the little gun. Of course, I could not understand any of this, but Frank McCourt acted as an interpreter. It was really a lot of fun to see these guys get so excited over taking a trophy animal. I loved it!

Oh yes, I did take my rifle on this safari and I shot a few other animals that are worth noting, such as, my South African bushbuck which tied for number three in the 1983 Safari Club Record Book. I also took a silver award bushpig and a bronze metal klipspringer. The safari was absolutely great and I enjoyed every single minute, so much in fact that I booked another trip for January, 1984. The highlight of this trip, of course, was the beginning of my handgunning career and the taking of a silver medal Nyala and a bronze metal Kudu on my first African safari with a handgun. On the way back to Harare, I rode with Frank in the Land Cruiser and we relived each one of those moments, time and time again.



Bud's 52" Kudu is a terrific trophy for any handgunner.



The new Wichita International — designed, built and marketed by silhouette shooters.

New Guns For The Handgunner

By Philip C. Briggs, Phoenix, AZ

Those of you that have been regular readers of this paper know that when it comes to new guns for the handgunner, you'll hear it here first; that's a product of the short lead time of a monthly, and keeping close to the industry. The recent IHMSA Internationals, held near Phoenix at Black Canyon Shooting Range, provided me the opportunity to score some more scoops for you.

The pistol that will be of most interest to the silhouette shooter is the Wichita International. This is a high-quality break-open single-shot pistol that looks a lot like a Merrill with an exposed hammer. Designed by IHMSA Vice-President and long-time silhouette shooter, Bert Stringfellow, the pistol will be manufactured by Nolan Jackson's Wichita Arms firm. The pistol's octagon barrel wears a short wooden forearm ala the Navy Luger; barrels will interchange, but due to the tolerances that must be held to obtain the desired level of accuracy, they must be fitted at the factory. There were a couple of pistols from the first test run of the production tooling with the first batch of castings on Wichita's display table at the Internationals; the guns picked up a lot of fingerprints and a fair number of orders. The pistol will be available in early 1984 in 357 mag., 357 Maximum, 7mm International Rimmed and 30/30. Price is not established yet, but will probably be right around \$500. Write or call IHMSA for details if you are interested. (P. O. Box 1609, Idaho Falls, ID 83401. Phone (208) 524-0880)

Farther away from competition use is a new break-open single-shot from United Sporting Arms (2021 East 14th St., Tucson, AZ 85719. Phone (602) 623-4001). This one also has a great resemblance to a single-action revolver, or rather I should say will, as the pistols at the Internationals were prototypes displayed to gauge shooter interest. The barrels are interchangeable, made to fit into a monoblock that paired, the matchup of frame and monoblock insures a perfect fit and a precise lockup. The monoblock/barrel unit is latched to the frame by a sliding top cover, like the Merrill, but this one is operated by a small lever that is positioned on the frame, just to the left of the hammer. The protos engendered a lot of looks. Availability and price are unknown at this time.

The other newcomers are variations on 357 Maximums, chambered for a new cartridge that has been dubbed the 375 Super Mag. Sig Himmelmann, impresario of United Sporting Arms, had one of his Seville's chambered for this shortened 375 Winchester at the Internationals. I expect there probably have been several folks that have done some work on the cartridge down through time, including IHMSA's Elgin Gates and Sig, himself, who had a dummy round worked up a year ago, but the major factories are still in the chute on this one. The long cylinder the Seville inherits from the 357 Max version will allow the use of long, heavy bullets and this combo should be the cast bullet fan's dream. Formed by

(Continued on Page 15)

Turn of The Century Long Range Pistols

By Paco Kelly

Did you ever wonder when you looked at some of the turn of the century autoloading handguns, like the so called artillery Lugers and the Browning High Powers with calibrated sights, sometimes called the military slide . . . if they could really hit objects at outlandish rifle length distances . . . with consistent accuracy? I know I have.

While doing research for an up and coming book on "Long Max", the World War I German Cannon that shelled Dunkirk from 30 miles away, and Paris from 75 miles . . . I ran into a number of authenticated instances of German gun crew members using the artillery Lugers with shoulder stocks at very long ranges.

Now 10 years ago, or even 5 or 6 years ago . . . accurately and consistently hitting targets out to 300 and 400 yards away, with the turn of the century ammo and guns would have been discounted as untrue. But the Iron Ram game with its 200 meter handgun targets' has changed. American shooters' expectations of handgun performance profoundly!

Though I thought about it . . . this test series became serious only after a friend called and told me he just acquired a 30 Luger carbine pistol, and add that to my 1917 artillery Luger. And I had a better means of comparison, with two guns. The largest ammunition distributor in the southwest was able to get me 1,000 rounds of Luger 9mm, (that in performance was almost an exact duplicate of 1896/1918 ammo), also 450 rounds of 30 Luger.

On a hot day in May last year, I played hooky from my law enforcement duties. I set out for a hunk of desert area with nothing in a five mile circle. Setting up an 8x4 foot plywood board at 200 yards (I had sighted the pistols in and tested them at 100 yards earlier), I fired 10 shot groups with both at 200 yards, using the shoulder stocks all the way through with each gun. Both of them gave groups small enough to use a chronograph. I did want to test velocity and see how close those computer printouts are in many of the loading books. At least out to 300 yards, more if possible.

(Continued on Page 15)

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I was able to use the chronograph all the way out to 400 yards. And yes, I did knock off a couple of sky screens. Luckily, they are the relatively inexpensive kind, and I went prepared. The results of the muzzle velocity test were interesting, the 8" artillery Luger went 1701 fps at the muzzle with 834 lbs. of punch . . . but dropped to 1280 fps at 100 yards and 473 lbs. of muzzle energy. The biggest loss in muzzle velocity for both guns, was the first 100 yards.

These 9mm slugs are full patch semi-roundnose, having almost a pointed style. The 30 Luger rounds had a rounder bullet. Neither the muzzle energy nor the velocity will help these bullets be killers. They would zip right through game.

Just so I could report on the differences in power with today's hot rock 9mm loads, I fired test groups of Winchester Silver Tips . . . at the muzzle, these 9's velocity ran 1640 fps. And at 100 yards, they were down to 1120 fps. They expanded in plastic water containers at both yardages, transmitting obvious shock value . . . much more than the full patch loads. Silvertips out to 100 yards gave better accuracy than the full patch stuff in both guns. The full patch may be faster, but the modern expanding ammo is the only usable hunting and defense ammo.

I fired one group at 100 yards that went into 4-1/2". Those stocks work! The 30 Luger with its 11" barrel and longer sight plane, gave a sizzling 3-3/4" group. I was ready for long range . . . thinking with this kind of accuracy, I might be able to get a few on the plywood out at 500 yards. I should know never to forget the lessons of Keith . . . I was about to re-learn them.

At 200 yards with my 8" Luger, several 10 shot groups were fired and averaged . . . the called fliers were discounted. I was after what the gun could do . . . not what I as a shooter could do. I just couldn't believe the group sizes, but I'll bet the German designers knew exactly what they could do. As is said a 1,000 times by gun writers, handguns are as accurate as any other type of gun. It is the short barrel, short sight radius, and one-handed grip on a pistol or revolver that ruins accuracy. But take a good handgun, with a decent sight radius, and A SHOULDER STOCK, from a solid rest . . . and you will be able to shoot 5-7/8" groups at 200 yards, also.

The 30 caliber went into 6-1/2". The velocity with the 9mm at 200 yards was 1080 fps average for 10 shots. The 30 Luger gave 1710 fps at the muzzle and 1380 fps at 100 yards. That gives about 500 lbs. of punch at 100 yards. At 200 yards, the 30 Luger was pushing 1150 fps and 364 lbs. of punch. With the right expanding bullet, it would be a fine small game load. One of the reasons a shoulder stock works with the Luger series of autoloaders is the unique knee like slide going upward, not back into the shooter's face . . . which is an unhappy possibility with straight back, slide ejection systems.

I patched the target and I moved back to 300 yards. Both guns turned in very close to each other with foot size groups. And I lost my first screen . . . but the velocity for the 30 Luger Carbine was an even 1000 fps and 284 lbs. of energy. The 9mm came in close in velocity at 980 fps and over 275 lbs. Small game out to 300 yards with both these guns would be in serious trouble, again with the right expanding bullets.

The many 100 and 110 grain 30-30 class varmint bullets would be perfect in the 30 Luger, giving good expansion but not being explosive at Luger velocities, like they are at the much higher velocities from the 30-30s.

The artillery Luger as the picture shows has adjustable back sights on the barrel, as they lift for distance, they move a little to the left to make up for the right hand rifling. The front sight has a tiny tool that adjusts the front for windage. They are both excellent. I wish the American manufacturers of Iron Ram guns would copy them. The 30 Luger has adjustable rear sights also on the barrel. They are calibrated in meters like the artillery model, but a different type adjustable system. With the calibrated sights and the ammo loaded to original bullet weight and velocities, the meter levels were very close, (luckily, my calculator has a meter/yard conversion system built in). These sights on both guns were obviously meant to be a working system.

I ruined two screens at 400 yards but got the velocity from both guns. The 9 came in at 800 plus fps and 184 lbs. The 30 hit 908 fps and over 230 lbs. of punch. Ready for this . . . about what the old 158 grain round nose 38 Special would give out of a snubnose at point blank range. So an adversary in a war did not want to get hit with either one of these little beauties. The artillery Luger gave the best accuracy again with an inch less than the 30 Luger which went into 22".

Five hundred yards was anticlimatic . . . both guns gave large groups, well over 35", which I think was more because the target by this time was getting very small. Even bench rest shooting with the shoulder stocks and solid on sand bags, was getting very difficult. The 9mm's second shot broke the last spare screen but the first shot registered at 680 fps and near 145 lbs. of energy. Figuring the 30 caliber didn't lose much more or less, its velocity would be around 820 and near 170 lbs. . . . yes, the 30 carbine Luger is hitting harder than the 9mm from 100 yards all the way out.

This Carbine Luger was manufactured not for military but for civilian hunting use. And they built it right. I would put a cap on it at 200 yards and small game, everything under coyote . . . and it would be superb turkey medicine.

So the folks that also built the artillery Luger knew what they were doing. An artillery crew that didn't have rifles could make it plenty hot for the enemy with volley fire from several guns at once, easily out to 400 yards and scare the pants off them at 500 yards . . . especially if a number of men were concentrating fire into one area.

We set up a number of white gallon water jugs at 300 yards (plastic, of course) and had little trouble hitting them, over and over again. For those that care, the Silvertips gave better velocity only out to around 200 yards, its hollow nose and short length took its toll. But worse, the drop nearly doubled over the full patch. My limit with these guns is 300 yards plinking. But hunting it is much under 200 yards. Because when you hunt, there is a shortage of solid rests in this part of the country, that don't bite, scratch, or rip. A shooter with younger eyes and steadier hands, I'm sure could do better.



Few handgun turkey hunters exist. Dave is one of a very select group of successful turkey hunters who use handguns.

Turkey Hunt

By David Kline, Petersburg, PA

The phone rang just as I was about to go out the basement door. I don't usually answer the phone, a habit learned when living off-post in the Army, but I ran upstairs anyway.

It was my father-in-law, Bill. He just spotted a flock of turkeys half way between his house and mine, working over a recently picked corn field. Since we only live one-half mile apart, it might be possible to get an easy turkey.

Bill asked me to head toward them high and he'd come out low. We would see if we could get some shooting and break up the flock.

Bill had never taken a turkey and was anxious. I've harvested my share, but all of them were with a shotgun. Slipping my camo clothes on, I grabbed my T/C 30-30 Super 14 with 5X Berris and a stainless single six Ruger 22 magnum. I had decided to try for my turkey with a handgun this year.

I knew the terrain well so I knew exactly the proper location for an ambush. Sitting slightly above the logging road, I could see the fields 250 yards below and to my left into the big hollow that runs straight up the mountains.

After checking my T/C to make sure it was loaded, I assumed a semi-creedmore position with my head against a tree trunk and Pachmayr fore-end on my left knee.

Soon after I had checked my shooting position with a few practice aims, turkeys started showing up about 100 yards below me and coming my way. I pulled the camo head net down over my face. The brush was too thick for a shot, but I continued tracking turkeys through the scope.

When they were about 50 yards away, the lead bird hopped up onto the logging road and started up towards me. He stopped, and holding high on his back, I fired.

It was a miss. Turkeys started running up the hollow about 50 yards away. Reloading, I tried to get another round off. I was aiming unsupported now and just couldn't get steady enough to shoot. I must have flinched when I shot.

Bill came and I told him what happened and where they went. We made plans to go to the top of the mountain. I'd be the dog, Bill would watch. While we were talking, Bill

said, "Where's your shotgun?" I said, "I didn't bring it. I used this," unslinging the T/C. He looked at me kind of funny and said, "You should have brought your scatter gun." I'm used to it. Same thing happens in deer season all the time.

As I topped a small knob at the top of the hollow, about 20 yards in front of me, turkeys were everywhere. It looked like a big black waterfall in reverse as birds flew straight up. I about half threw my T/C to the ground while reaching for the Ruger. That drop resulted in two nice dings on the 30-30 barrel as I missed the ground and hit a rock.

I never did shoot, but Bill sure did! Some flew over him, and he shot. I finished walking out to him and ran two small groups past Bill and he shot some more. After I left him, he shot at one, sneaking up behind him, but failed to get a bird.

The alarm clock went off the last Saturday of turkey season. The wind was really blowing hard. I didn't feel like getting up and seriously considered staying in bed, but since it was the last day, I just had to go.

I decided to go out to the mountain on state property where I used to hunt when I was in high school. I saw lots of turkeys there then.

Half way up the mountain while going up a steep bank, the wind was putting a chill down the back of my neck. I stopped, took off my camo gloves and fastened my top collar button while tilting my head up. That's when I noticed two turkeys about 50 yards away, sitting in a tree, and they hadn't seen me. They were quartering toward me. I eased into the creedmore position with the gun across my left knee and elbows dug in. I had to wedge myself against a tree to keep from rolling down a hill. One bird was bigger, but branches obscured its body and most everything was blowing around in the wind. Another bird was in the open, so I squeezed off a round while telling myself to be sure to follow through and not to flinch. I did it! The turkey fell like a black bowling ball and rolled down the hill. Three others went airborne.

I was so excited I forgot to pace off the distance, but 50-plus yards was about it. The 110 grain Hornady spire point backed by 24.5 cps H4227 hit the turkey's left side. I found jacket and core fragments in its body cavity. I lost the left leg and some meat off the side, but it could have been worse. If the shot had hit the center of mass, the entire breast would have been lost, and that's about all there is, anyway.

I did what I set out to do . . . Busted a turkey with a handgun! Next year, I'm going to use a non-expanding cast or harder jacketed bullet and pick my shots more carefully so as not to mess up the bird too much. But I will be hunting with a pistol.

HHI CAPS

Black — Red — Blue

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is mated to a specific frame. Once trimming 375 Winchester brass (or any other 30/30 head size case) to 1.600 inches, the round is not the terror it seems on first glance; recoil is less than the 44 Mag but this caliber's better sectional density will give the new

(Continued On Next Page)

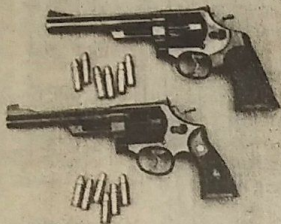


round near-equal knockdown at 200 meters.

There will be an initial batch of 375 SM Sevilles available to IHMSA members early in 1984 and even more surprising, Dan Wesson will be building some 375 SMs too, with a trial batch promised to IHMSA. Prices to IHMSA members are to be \$319.50 and \$299.50 respectively. Contact IHMSA for more info.

Exiting biz. One of these guns may give you just the edge you need to tag that far away mulie or flatten 40 silhouettes. And don't forget... you heard it here first!

.44 Special (Continued from Page 7)



Six point five inch M-29 (top) and the same tube length in M-24.

speak, and the wide hammer and trigger and big stocks do not look out of place. But, on the Special they are out of place and will be changed.

A trip to the range soon gave evidence that the 1983 production .44 Special is just as good as those from the 1950's where it counts — on the target. Eight different loads were tried and while a couple were disappointing, the rest were excellent.

As can be seen, three different "Keith" bullets were utilized, the Lyman No. 429421 and RCBS No. 44-250 KT, both at approximately 240 grains, and the NEI No. 429260 at 250 grains. My favorite, or shall we say most used, load in the .44 Special is 7.5 gr. unique for 900 fps. The last load on the chart is all the recoil anyone could want out of a 2 1/2# revolver especially when fired with standard stocks in place.

Like its bigger brother, the .44 Special also seems to perform best with maximum loads. In the past I've gone as high as 1400 fps with the Lyman bullet No. 429421 and 7 1/2" barrel, but this is a foolish practice and unnecessary. The 17.5 gr. No. 2400 load should be regarded as maximum for long life of both sixgun and shooter and it should probably be dropped back a grain.

Shooting the new Model 24 brought back many pleasant memories as I really learned to shoot with my old original 1950 Target. If you're a regular reader of THE SIXGUNNER you've seen me say more than once that I could be satisfied with the .44 Special as my only sixgun. (Could be, not want to!) My custom 4-5/8" Old Model Blackhawk, and 7 1/2" New Frontiers are real favorites, but as an all-around sixgun in .44 Special the Model 24 ranks right up there.

In this age of Super Mags and pocket rifles, the .44 Special could be looked upon by the uninformed as archaic. To me the .44 Special will always be just that — special. Let's hope Smith agrees and keeps the Model 24 in production.

Affordable (Continued from Page 5)
little surprised to see Doyle and I had filled up also. Out of eight mulies only one was taken less than 200 yards. We all started skinning, quartering and deboning meat and in no time the chore

was finished. There's no question about it, the non-guided hunt yields more work but if you don't mind getting your hands dirty, chopping a little wood and doing a few other odds and ends, a little hunting savvy can save you a lot of bucks.

Colorado's mule deer tags sold for \$90.00 this year and there is no drawing. Rumor has it the tags will increase up to \$135 for the 1984 season. Paying for my share of the gas, food and extras including my tag I only spent \$200.00. Even if we would've spent the four days planned it would not have cost us any more.

For an unguided hunt there are several things that must be done in order for its success. Probably the most important factor is where you hunt. Research this carefully and make sure the area has what you're looking for. A lot of deer, trophy area, less hunting pressure, easy access? There are a lot of things to consider but personal preference will dictate what's best for you.

Bear (Continued from Page 4)

roads to peck gravel just like chickens. They are easy prey (well, sort of easy) with a shotgun or a real challenge with a .22 pistol.

Jesse runs a first class operation, just as his four-star SCI rating would indicate. He knows bears and the areas he hunts, has good equipment and dogs. Has an endless string of hound, bear and cougar stories and puts up with dozens of dumb questions from first-time bear hunters without getting P. Oed. His success ratio over the years is 98+%, which should speak for itself. Jesse's wife, Becky, who deserves a lot more mention than this, does all the cooking. The food is both excellent and plentiful.

If you're interested in a bear hunt, you could hardly do better than to book with Jesse. I'm planning on going cougar hunting with him in February or March of '85. If you're interested, drop me a line at 795 W. Market St., Akron, OH 44303. Maybe we can make an HHI hunt out of it.

O.A.H.A. NOMINEES

Nominees for the Outstanding American Handgunner Award for 1984 are as follows:

- Allan M. Gottlieb
- Ted Nugent
- Jeanne Bray
- Allen B. Fulford
- Larry Kelly
- Robert Hunt
- B. R. Hughes
- Wm. D. Carver
- Dr. Michael J. Keyes
- Ray Chapman

Ohio Shooters Supply Award

BILL BUCKMAN won the OSS award for his article titled "New Lease for Bigger Whitetails". Bill receives 500 cast bullets — caliber his choice — from OSS!

Firing Line

I bought a new S & W 686 6 (357) and am going to use it for varmint hunting. I am confused. A friend told me if I did not want to tear up the fur on coyote or fox, to use full metal jacket bullets, or a jacketed soft point in 158 to 160 grains. I don't like using lead bullets. I want to stay away from them because they lead up my

barrel. I was going to use the 158 grain jacketed soft point with 160 grain W296 and use 140 grain jacketed hollow point with 8.6 grain of Unique for all around use. In your opinion, what load would you prefer to give the best velocity obtainable with target accuracy? John Braker, New Berlin, IL.

Editor's Note: I would use the 16.0-296-158 load for fur bearers with the Hornady 158 FMJ. For varmints, I'm partial to 125 gr. H.P. bullets in 357. Can't give you my load as it pressure tests at 54,000 cup which is way too much for any 357. All six eject easily with this particular load. Don't use primer appearance or easy extraction as a guide to pressure — those indicators simply aren't reliable. Stick with the loads given in the manuals and check them against each other. JDD

I am going to have to stop shooting jacketed bullets and go to cast bullets in order to keep on shooting (to cut cost).

I would like you to recommend a bullet for each of my guns. I believe I should go with gas checks. I have tried some cast bullets and plain bases lead up quickly in my rough Contender barrels, whereas gas check bullets will still lead, but slower, and brushing out after each 10 shots with gas checks seems to control lead buildup. All of the above were with 1/2 scrap bullets picked up on the range, and 1/2 linotype.

My guns are: 44 magnum, 8", Model 29; 44 magnum, 10" Contender; 357 magnum, 10" Contender; and 35 Remington 14" Contender.

All shooting is offhand. I use both the 10" Contenders in the 100 meter version and the 14" 35 Remington in the 200 meter NRA pistol silhouette matches.

I often read in the magazines how pleased some shooter is with some company. His new gun was all screwed up, he sent it back and they fixed it and never even charged him. He's so thrilled! I say: Why in hell don't they send it out right in the first place?

Thanks for advising me what molds and bullet types and weights have proved accurate with the guns and rifling twists I have. Robert Koch, Los Alamos, NM.

Editor's Note: This is very difficult to answer. First, your poor results may be because of your unknown quantity scrap alloy. "Cheap" cast bullets frequently give "cheap" results. Sizing diameter and lube are also important factors. Frankly, it sounds like the bullets, not the barrels, are the problem.

Assuming you need gas check bullets for 200 yard shooting, in 44, I'd use the Lyman 429244. In the 357, the 205 gr. JDDJ or 200 gr. RCBS.

Sure have to agree with you on defective guns. Just bought two Berettas myself. One shoots too far away from where it looks to be of any use. The other is a single shot automatic. You shoot it once and it automatically malfunctions. JDD

Thought I would write a letter to say I was sad and blue because my 44's are in the hospital. My D.W. stainless V16 is shooting high and to the left, so I had to send it back to D.W. My stainless 10" Ruger is being sent to be Mag-Na-Ported and the barrel cut to 6". Anyone who has not tried the D.W. 44 is missing a good gun. Their accuracy is second to none and they have a fine trigger pull. Went to Tellico Junction, TN this fall, boar hunting. My hunting buddies and I got four boars and I highly recommend the place. We used Sierra 220 FMJ and didn't like them at all. None of them penetrated the hogs and all looked like J.S.P. when recovered. Next time, we will use Horn FMJ or 300 gr. bullets.

Bought one of those Lee aluminum 214 grain 44 molds and have been turning out some fine groundhog bullets. I can cast about 100 bullets an hour using a lead pot and a Coleman stove. Want to get a Lyman 245 plain base mold for deer and silhouette, and maybe one of J.D.'s 320 grain molds. Want to say also, those that have not tried a scope on a pistol are missing a deadly weapon. Put a 4X Leupold on a 6" 357 and take groundhogs at 125 yards.

I would like to see some articles in THE SIXGUNNER on cast bullets and 41 Magnums. I

don't think you have to shoot 44's to be a handgun hunter. Try shooting blackbirds out of trees with open-sided 22 revolvers.

How about offering some hunts besides Africa and Australia? Everyone can't afford those. Thanks for listening to all the bull. Ray Price, Bristol, VA.

Editor's Note: We usually offer three or four hunts a year. In '84 — Texas in January, Africa in June, and Wyoming in September for antelope. There may be a few openings for this one. We will probably have a January '85 hog hunt somewhere in the south. JDD

I just finished reading THE SIXGUNNER for the second time. Boy, this is what I need! I just started hunting with a handgun. I have a 14" T/C in .22 with scope and a .35 Remington with scope. Also I have started reloading. What would be the best bullet and power to start with to get the most out of the 357? I hunt deer with a maximum range of 200 yards, but mostly under 100 yards. I need help to start with because all my family hunts with Savage rifles, and they think I'm nuts! Help! John Grady, Norwood, NY.

Editor's Note: The Sierra manual from the second edition on shows considerable Contender load data. 32.0 grains of 4198 under the Speer 180 grain flat nose bullet in the 35 Remington is usually accurate and does a decent job on deer. 43.0 grains of H322 under a 200 grain also does well. Velocity of both will be around 2200 F.P.S. from a 14" barrel. JDD

What do you think of a 30-40 Krag in a 10" barrel? Has it ever been tried? What were the results? Rick Smith, Erie, PA.

Editor's Note: We have rechambered quite a few. I haven't tested it, but suspect the 300 Savage would be a better choice for 30 H barrels and 30-30 Ackley for 30-30 barrels. The Federal 150 gr. factory 300 Savage does about 2150 from a 10". JDD

I am a golf course superintendent and get laid off for a few months in the winter and thought I might try to do some writing. Does HHI provide any material outline, etc. for writing? Owen Phillips, Lansing, MI.

Editor's Note: Just write your story the way you would tell it to a buddy. Send it in, double spaced. That's all there is to it. JDD

I presently am getting THE SIXGUNNER Magazine. I would like to know if there is any place where I can get pre-formed brass by Thompson/Center, 30 Herrett and 357 Herrett Contender. If so, where? Garry E. Dean, Marion, VA.

Editor's Note: I feel sure various handloaders in most areas can be found to make up cases. Try a local silhouette range. One 'cure' is to rechamber to the 300 Savage and 358. JDD

I have a S & W Model 27 with an 8-3/8" barrel. Please advise a good deer hunting load for this handgun. Thank you very much. Cecil W. Jackson, Greensboro, AL.

Editor's Note: There isn't any. However, I would go to a maximum power load under a 158 grain H.P. if I had to use a 357 for deer. JDD

The new Wichita International Pistol looks very interesting to me. Do you think it would work in 375 JDDJ? They will have a .357 Mag — could that be rechambered and perhaps an extra slot milled in the top strap to allow a third scope ring? Thank you for your thoughts. Mike Borel, Billings, MT.

Editor's Note: Sorry, I just don't know as I don't have one of the guns yet, and don't know the dimensions, rate of twist, etc. Reported maximum .375 revolver velocity by two different sources using the 8" DW was 1300-1350 FPS with the Hornady 220 gr. JDD

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