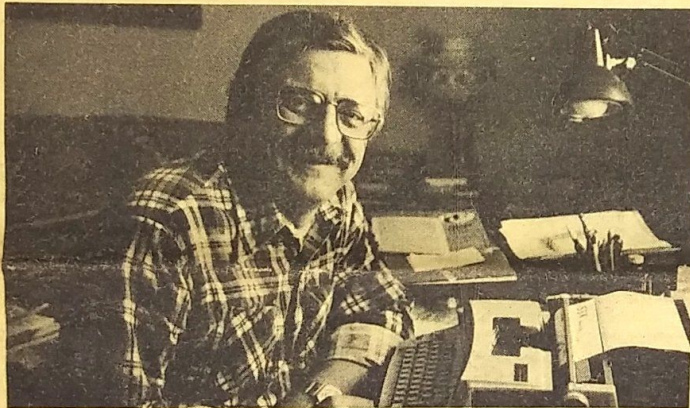




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

Having recently had the opportunity to visit the manufacturing facilities of Dan Wesson, Smith & Wesson and Thompson/Center, I can assure you some exciting things are going to be happening in the near future.

First, at Dan Wesson the stainless .357s are being shipped. .22 Stainless models soon. Next — a .41 Magnum will be added to the .44 frame. Next, the .44 and .41 will be available in stainless — about the first of the year in quantity. The hammer, trigger and sights have undergone revision for the best.

The "Stainless" guns will not be all stainless. The barrels, some internal parts and the springs are not stainless. For example, the triggers and hammers are nickel plated steel for greater surface hardness and eliminates the stainless to stainless galling tendency some stainless steels have.

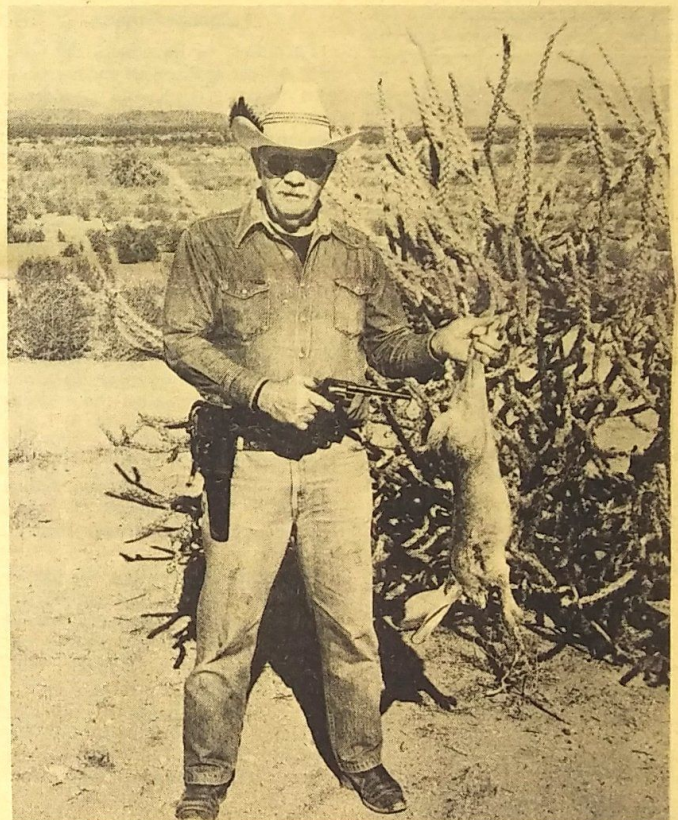
I shot the stainless .44 and like it. The new hammer configuration is a winner — I'm highly in favor of it as well as the sights. The company is introducing a limited edition engraved series of 250 guns to commemorate the addition of stainless to the line. 0000001 was presented to Paul Brothers, HHI No. 667 who happens to be DW's chief engineer and the man

most responsible for the D.W. .44s. No, it isn't for sale now — unless you've an awful lot of loose change laying around. Price of the 250 gun model was not available. That's all they'll talk about!

Smith & Wesson — Even though it seems the Chairman of Bangor Punta apparently doesn't give a damn about the shooting public or else does a damn fine imitation of someone making stupid statements in public; S & W is still a leading firearms manufacturer. Admittedly, their first commitment is to police and military and the sportsman gets what's left. Right now what's left is certainly plenty - - - - . In this economy even 29s are being discounted in many areas.

In the recent past, much has been written rapping S & W for Bangor Punta's Chairmans inappropriate remarks. I'm certainly not 'pro' S & W as any of you who have followed my writings for years should realize. I still don't think the M-29 is built heavy enough for a .44 Mag. That doesn't change the fact that S & W contributed one hundred thousand bucks to "Citizens Against the Gun Initiative" in California, as well as four engraved guns for auction. That has to tell us

(Continued on Page 2)



Even though Dad's an excellent pistol shot, the .22 LR is marginal for the big jacks.

FIRST, CATCH A RABBIT

By Philip C. Briggs, Phoenix, AZ

I expect most of the rabbits shot in the southwestern deserts are either hosed by shotgunners afield for quail or strafed by varmint hunters driving the roads looking for targets of opportunity. Neither have rabbit stew in mind.

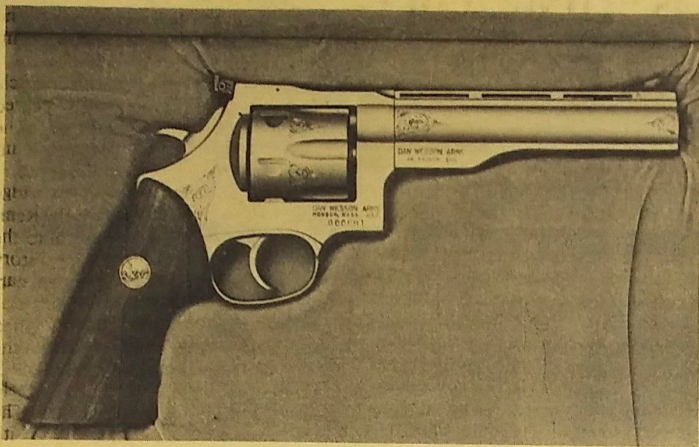
Dumped at close range, the scatter-gunned cottontail is well perforated, and a couple of hours of marinating in its own, and various, juices in the hot, dark, pouch of a game vest takes the edge off the table value of the meat.

And the jack at the other end of the string-straight laser-fast trajectory of the varmint hunters high-energy projectile is blown into stew meat — and that's scattered all over the desert.

Both groups have casually passed up the chance for some really challenging hunting — and some fine eating as well.

Set out afoot after those same rabbits with pistols, and you're into real

(Continued on Page 2)



D. W. Stainless .44 owned by Paul Brouthers.

that S & W "ain't all bad". S & W is making a fairly extensive number of changes, namely a 10" M-29 with a 4 position front sight intended for silhouette and hunting. The stainless model 651 (4" adjustable square butt sight) and 650 (3" fixed sight round butt) .22 Mag R.F. is being introduced. The 25-2 (.45 ACP) has been dropped as well as the M-14 (.38 Special). The 539 and 559 will be dropped and replaced with stainless. The models 639 (stainless), 439 (blue), 659 and 439 are slightly modified replacements for the 59 and 39. A few more projects are "if-ty" such as a rumored unconfirmed proposed 10,000 gun run in .44 Special. Lots of other possibilities, but too soon to be sure.

Thompson/Center — No new pistols. Claim the one they have now works.

Mossberg Abilene — Yes, they are going to make it in .45 Colt. The 14" twist of the .44 barrel does a great job with 350 gr. cast bullets.

Ruger Super Blackhawk — According to the Ruger Newsletter (primarily for dealers & distributors) the stainless steel New Model Super Blackhawk is in production. To meet the demand of the stainless the production of all blued Super Blackhawk revolvers is temporarily suspended.

Leupold has a 4X EER pistol scope with a target style elevation adjustment in full production. It's available as I got one through a jobber about six weeks ago.

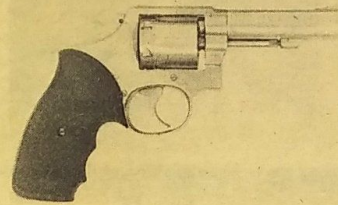
Lee Precision now markets NRA formula bullet lube at suggested retail of \$1.48. That NRA formula is one of the best and the price is right.



Albert's new .45s.

Alberts Corp. has two new .45s. A flat nosed 230 grain for the A.C.P. and a 250 grain HP for the .45 Colt designed primarily for the S & W 25-5. It's a .456" diameter to compensate for large

cylinder throats. Alberts now has eight caliber designs.



Pachmayr Gripper.

Pachmayr — Introduces the Gripper! All the features of the Signature plus finger grooves and a different shape. Lots of models. For all Pachmayr info — PGW, 1220 S. Grand Ave. L.A., CA 90015.

Who says Tink don't stink! Old HHI No. 682 Tink Nathan lays claim to be the guy with the bestest and modest stink! Longtime bow, rifle, pistol sport, meat, all around good guy hunter, Tink's Stink is just what you need to get revenge on your mother-in-law. Just dab a little of Tinks "Doe in Rut" behind her ears before church. If you want to kill deer, trap foxes and like to read informative and amusing literature — and a lot of it, write: Safariland Hunting Corp., P. O. Box NNS, McLean, VA 22101.

Lots of new guns to shoot Sterling .44, D.W. .357 and Stoeger .22 Luger. Not enough rounds through them to comment yet.

California Showdown & Big Money contributors to fight for handguns are Sturm, Ruger & Co. \$170,000, S & W \$100,000, H & R \$50,000, Omark, Ind. \$50,000, Remington \$50,000, Winchester \$50,000, Browning \$25,000, Colt \$20,000, Federal, \$20,000, Pachmayr, \$12,500, Charter \$10,000, Hornady \$8,000. That's backing up America's Handgunners. Thanks from all of us.

— Pride —

In 1974 Gordon Sinclair, a Canadian Radio-TV Commentator broadcast an editorial that was widely circulated. I think it worthwhile remembering.

"The United States dollar took another pounding on the German, French and British Exchanges this morning, hitting the lowest point ever known in West Germany.

It has declined there by 41% since 1971 and this Canadian thinks it is time to speak up for the Americans as the most generous and possibly the least appreciated people in the world.

As long as 60 years ago, when I first started to read newspapers, I read of floods on the Yellow River and the

Yangtze. Who rushed in with man and money to help? The Americans did.

They have helped control floods on the Nile, the Amazon, the Ganges and the Niger.

Today, the rich bottomland of the Mississippi is under water and no foreign land has sent a dollar to help.

Germany, Japan and to a lesser extent, Britain and Italy, were lifted out of debris of war by the Americans who poured billions of dollars in, and forgave other billions in debts.

None of these countries is today paying even the interest on its remaining debts to the United States.

When the franc was in danger of collapsing in 1956, it was the Americans who propped it up and their reward was to be insulted and swindled on the streets of Paris.

I was there. I saw it!

When distant cities are hit by earthquake, it is the United States of America that hurries in to help — Managua, Nicaragua is one of the most recent examples. So far this spring, 59 American communities have been flattened by tornadoes. Nobody has helped.

The Marshall Plan, the Truman Policy, all pumped billions upon billions of dollars into discouraged countries. Now, newspapers in those countries are writing about the decadent, war-mongering Americans.

I'd like to see just one of those countries that is gloating over the erosion of the United States dollar build its own airplanes.

Come on, let's hear it!

Does any other country in the world have a plane equal the Boeing jumbo jet; The Lockheed Tristar; or the Douglas DC-10? If so, why don't they fly them? Why do all international planes, except Russia, fly American planes?

Why does no other land on earth even consider putting a man or woman on the moon?

You talk about Japanese technocracy and you get radios. You talk about German technocracy and you get automobiles. You talk about American technocracy and you find men on the moon, not once, but several times — and safely home, again.

You talk about scandals and the Americans put their right in the store window for everybody to look at.

Even their draft dodgers are not pursued and hounded. They are here on our streets. Most of them, unless they are breaking Canadian laws, are getting American dollars from Ma and Pa at home to spend here.

When the Americans get out of this bind — and they will — who could blame them if they said "The Hell with the rest of the world. Let someone else buy the Israel bond. Let someone else build or repair foreign dams or design foreign buildings that won't shake apart in earthquakes."

When the railways of France, Germany, and India were breaking down through age, it was the Americans who rebuilt them. When the Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central Railroad went broke, nobody loaned them an old caboose. Both are still broke.

I can name to you, 5,000 times when the Americans raced to the help of other people in trouble. Can you name me even one time when someone else raced to the Americans in trouble? I don't think there was outside help even during the San Francisco earthquake.

Our neighbors have faced it alone and I'm one Canadian who is damned tired of hearing them kicked around. They will come out of this thing with their flag high. And when they do, they are entitled to thumb their noses at the lands that are gloating over their present troubles. I hope Canada is not one of these. But there are many smug, self-righteous Canadians.

And finally, the American Red Cross was told at its 48th Annual Meeting in New Orleans, this morning, that it was broke.

This year's disasters — with the year less than half over — has taken it all and nobody has helped."

Things haven't really changed much have they?

JDJ

First . . . (Continued from Page 1)

hunting; studying the quarry's habits, learning the habitat, reading sign, stalking. And when cleanly killed, promptly cared for and correctly prepared the rabbit is the equal of any game.

We've two general kinds of rabbits here, cottontails and jacks. Actually to be technically correct, we've only one kind of rabbit; the jack is really a hare. Hares you'll note, are larger than rabbits, and have long ears and large hindlegs. Suitable for jumping and running.

Although we have various varieties of both here their habits are similar. Both species are nocturnal, preferring to feed and gambol in the dark and during the dawn and dusk hours. Come full daylight the cottontail will be hid out, often underground in burrows, but also in nests in or under downfalls, and brush and cactus piles. Jacks just hand around. On hot days they'll while away the daylight hours in the shade of a bush or tree — often in plain sight of mad dogs or Englishmen.

Neither rabbit seems to need water, getting their moisture from the feed, and their system is adapted to the short water rations this approach provides on the desert. The feces are dry and hard, having had all the excess moisture squeezed out, and the urine is a thick, high solids fluid. Water is carefully husbanded here.

The diet is things green then — grasses and forbs mostly, but during dry spells when there's not much in the way of annuals out, they'll gnaw the green bark off mesquite shrubs and cholla trees.

Cover for the cottontail is thick, and needn't be too high. (They're not.) Ankle to mid-calf deep grass or weeds will do nicely. You'll find jacks in there too, but with their eyesight and legs, they're often found loitering in open country, like greasewood flats.

Rabbits aren't solitary like some animals, so the prime spots are usually crowded, by anybody's definition. I've often kicked five or six jacks out of an area at once, and normally if you find one cottontail in a spot you'll find more before you're done.

Cottontails stick tight in their heavy cover, and will hold still while you pass, or sneak out of your path if a collision course is evident. Jacks will sit and wait if your path is a passing one, but at greater distances in their open country, and will flush at a 100 yards if you're closing on them.

Rabbit signs is the usual sort of thing, tracks, droppings, and urine stains. Being small, and soft footed, tracks are left only in sand, soft ground or snow and aren't the sort of clue to amount, and time of passage that tracks of

(Continued on Page 3)

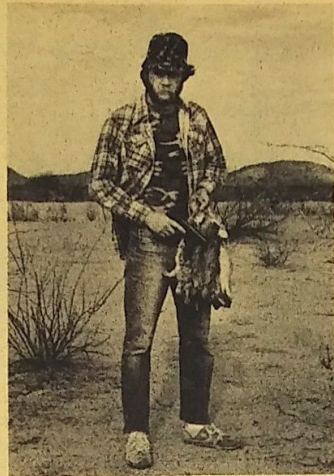
larger animals are for the hunter. Still, if the sandwash you're in isn't tracked up, you should be looking elsewhere. Droppings are hard to start with, but do change color (lighten up) with age. But not enough to do much more for you than indicate if the area has, or has had, rabbits about. In fact, in areas of high populations you can't set foot on the ground without stepping on a pellet of one age or another. The urine spots are useful to the hunter however. If still damp, you've just flushed one — if a yellowish crusty spot is found, you're in the right place, as the deposit bleaches to white with more time, and is washed away with each rain.

Successful rabbit hunting then requires finding suitable food and cover, and looking for rabbits or their signs. Best times to be about are early morning and late evening, as you'll find the most rabbits out then. Later in the day you'll have to look for signs, and maybe kick them from their resting place. The preferred cover may be abandoned in the search of food, especially green feed, so look in feeding areas first — check out grassy areas in wash bottoms, around stock tanks, fields or streams. One dry spring I found them in cactus forests with hardly any cover — but there was green bark to chew.

Find the general area to hunt by studying maps, glassing valleys, going back to areas you've seen rabbits in while looking for something else; or talking to friends (they'll tell you about rabbits when they'd never mention quail, deer or other worthwhile quarry) ranchers, farmers or maybe the areas wildlife manager.

Scout the best looking areas on foot, looking for sign of rabbit activity. Just walk along, inventorying country, but ready to take a shot if presented.

When you find cottontails in an acre or two patch of cover, slow down, and ease along a step at a time. Don't worry about the wind, or being seen (if they're not feeding, or daydreaming they'll see you — what they do depends on if you're passing or intercepting), but rather try to be quiet, and observant. You've got to see them first to get



An hour's work just after sun-up with my favorite real gun — the Colt .45 ACP.

a sitting shot. Don't stop where you can't see ahead, as stopping seems to unnerve rabbits hidden near you and they'll bust out. So be physically and mentally ready to shoot when you stop to look around. Cottontails will also sneak away or ahead of you in heavy cover, so work across a patch or out from the middle to push them to the edge. They'll hold there, like pheasants at the end of a corn row, hoping they won't have to make a break for it into the open. So work that last bit of cover slowly, looking for ears and eyeballs, and be ready for running shots when you reach the edge.

When you start flushing jacks ahead of you out in the open, slow down, and start searching the shady spots and likely hideouts on either side of you. I especially watch towards the sun in the evening, as a backlit pair of ears glow pink like a tired tail light. Those jacks in your path will split at very long pistol ranges, but those off to the side will freeze to let you pass. It's very hard to stalk up on a sitting jack, as those long ears aren't just radiators to keep them cool — they'll know you're there and do what they think best. Not that you won't get shots — they'll just be long, and to either side. And they're so big and plentiful in some areas that even if you only take one-in-five you'll need a kid and red wagon to carry them.

Get out and bust a few this month with your favorite hog leg to tune up your stalking and pistol skills for javelina. Next issue we'll review pistols, loads, field dressing tricks and recipes other than stew. Just watch which way you bounce that slug when you take that first shot though — I may be just across that mesquite thicket.



.45 "LONG" COLT

Sherman Harns
Long Beach, CA

No doubt you have heard the term ".45 Long Colt." Have you ever wondered how the word "Long" came into the cartridge's designation? After all, every ammunition and gun maker refers to the cartridge and the guns for which it is chambered as simply ".45 Colt." Was there ever a cartridge known as the .45 "Short" Colt, giving rise to a situation such as the present .38 Long and Short Colt cartridges?

These questions have bothered me until recently and in doing a bit of research through my mountain of gun magazines and books, some interesting facts came to light.

First of all, Colt never chambered for a cartridge known as the .45 "Short" Colt, so there was no logical basis for Colt referring to their big .45 cartridge as anything, but the .45 Colt.

Looking through Frank Barnes' excellent work, *Cartridges of the World* (4th ed.), reference is made to the round solely as the .45 Colt, relating its history, resurgence and some basic load data. No reference is made as to how the term "Long" may have been tacked onto it down through the years. Ah, but what have we here? Looking just below the section for the .45 Colt, there is a listing for a cartridge that I had never heard of — the .45 Smith & Wesson.

Barnes related as how the .45 Smith & Wesson had been originally chambered in the Schofield model top-break revolver for the U.S. Army. He also stated that, "The cylinder of this revolver was not long enough to accept the .45 Colt so a shorter version was designed. The .45 S&W cartridge was loaded by government arsenals and used in both the Schofield model and the Colt (Single Action) Army to simplify supply."

Thus, we had a situation where the shorter .45 S&W could be used in both revolvers, while the longer .45 Colt would fit only the cylinder of the SAA. Barnes also shows that the original government load for the .45 S&W used a 230 grain bullet over 28 grains of FFFg blackpowder for a listed 730 fps.

I was not satisfied, though — what was the history behind the adoption of two standard issue cartridges when the Army has always been interested in simplifying its ammunition and material? After all, look at the current situation regarding the proposed adoption of the 9mm cartridge so that we might have a "standard" issue pistol round in conjunction with our NATO allies (ironic, isn't it, how pistol ammunition standardization is being promoted just as the 7.62/.308 cartridge

was in the late 50's; and the U.S. abandoned the 7.62 almost immediately and adopted the 5.56/.223 as our "standard" military rifle round?)

It wasn't until Pete Dickey's article "U.S. Cartridge Sidearms" appeared in the February, 1982, issue of *The American Rifleman* that the story unfolded and the pieces fell into place.

In outlining the history of cartridge using military sidearms, from the Remington .50 cal. single-shot pistol to the present, Dickey related the story behind the adoption of the two cartridges.

Major George W. Schofield had made some design improvements in the barrel latch of the S&W Model 3 revolver (thus the term "Schofield Model"). This is not unusual as the Major had a financial interest in Smith & Wesson.

The significant part of the story is that the good Major also had an interest in the U.S. Army Small Arms Board — his brother, Gen. John M. Schofield, was its president.

This is significant when viewed in light of the fact that a mere five months after the adoption of the Colt Single Action Army and the .45 Colt cartridge, George Schofield convinced the Ordnance Department to adopt the Smith & Wesson revolver. Although the Army wanted Smith & Wesson to chamber the Schofield Model for the .45 Colt round, it was impossible due to the shorter cylinder of the Schofield.

Thus the Army adopted two "standard" revolvers — but two non-standard cartridges; and it was this difference in cartridge length which ultimately led to the demise of the .45 S&W.

Although the shorter S&W round could be used in the Colt revolver, the Colt cartridge would not fit the Schofield revolver — much like trying to fit a .44 Magnum into a gun chambered for the .44 Special. Imagine being issued Colt cartridges to go along with your new S&W Schofield revolver — Army supply being what it is, this situation undoubtedly happened.

The last of the 7000 Schofields ordered by the government were delivered in 1877 and the guns were withdrawn from service in 1890.

No mention was made as to the disposition of the surplus .45 S&W cartridges, but it seems most likely that they were used by the Army as standard issue cartridges until the supply was exhausted. After all, they would fit the Colt SAA and the government at the time probably did not have an attitude which would have led to the destruction of the cartridges merely because they were surplus. A pity that such an attitude does not exist in today's bureaucracy.

It seems most probable that the line trooper, more interested in just surviving his hitch than the esoterics of cartridge designations, referred to the .45 S&W as a "short" Colt — after all, it was shorter than the "long" Colt cartridge and it did fit this issue Colt revolver. This short-hand designation would be sure to follow over into general civilian usage and thus the surviving cartridge has been dubbed the .45 "Long" Colt — although there was never a Short Colt and the S&W cartridge has been dead for nearly a century.

That is about the "long and short" of it — maybe now we can call this old veteran by its proper name, the .45 Colt.

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

PUBLISHER & EDITOR
J. D. Jones

FIELD EDITORS
Phil Briggs
Larry Kelly
John Taffin

TROPHY RECORDS
Leonard F. Winslow

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.

©1982 By Handgun Hunters International. Reproduction in any form of material in this publication is prohibited except by written permission of the publisher.

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.

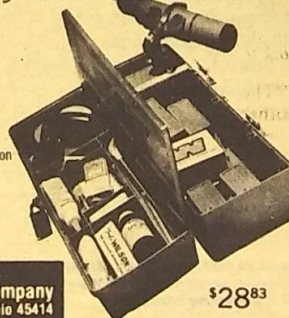
THE Shooters' Accessory Box from MTM

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



\$28⁸³

MTM Molding Products Company
5680 Webster Street • Dayton, Ohio 45414



The Ultimate XP

By Robert Nunnally, Lizella, GA

There had to be a way to continue to satisfy my obsession with big bore hunting handguns. But how? There is not a big game animal in North America that my .358 JDJ or .375 JDJ won't make short work of at any reasonable range.

In my earlier years of hunting, while still using rifles, I was always very satisfied with the performance of a .358 Winchester. The .358 W will move a 250 grain bullet at respectable velocities assuring deep penetration and some expansion. With the 180 Speer it can be turned into a real screamer. The Thompson/Center Contender will not stand up to the 50,000+ pressures of the .358 W in this large a diameter case so the obvious choice for conversion was the XP-100 Remington.

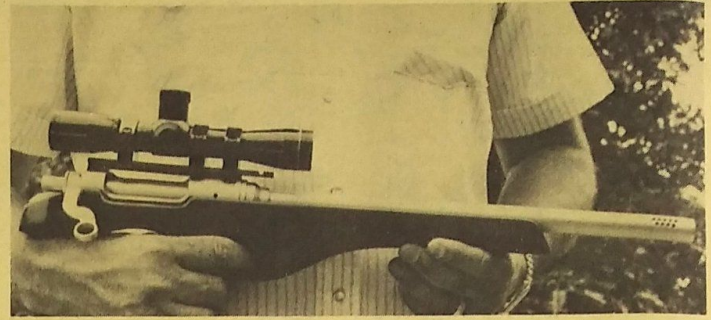
A couple of weeks of thought and a phone call to J.D. Jones is all it took to get the ball rolling. I had mentally worked out most of the details of what I wanted in the gun. I had decided on the SSK Khrome finish. There just is not any logic in finishing a hunting gun in anything else. I also requested the SSK Muzzle Brake and crown. To get the gun down to near legal IHMSA

weight I decided to have the XP action skeletonized. I probably never would have the scope off of the gun long enough to shoot a silhouette match with it, but the skeletonized action would add a nice custom touch anyway.

Finally, I had to decide on a stock. For a hunting gun, one of the many moulded stocks available today seemed to be the logical choice. You don't have the problems with the glass stocks that you do with wooden ones when the temperatures and humidity fluctuate as is so common on extended hunting trips. I had owned an H-S precision fiberthane for about a year and was well pleased. However, as is my nature, I felt compelled to try something new. Therefore, I decided on the Lee Six stock, which is really supposed to be the strongest of its type available.

After what seemed like an eternity, but in reality was a very few weeks, my custom XP arrived.

The gun is a real work of art. The metal finish is flawless and the custom, skeletonized action a radical yet beautiful sight. I topped the XP with a



New Leupold 4X Silhouette scope makes repeating zero for various distances simple.

4X silhouette model Leupold. Billy Dorn modified a Weaver scope base to accept up to four Bushnell rings.

I have since replaced the Six stock, which I had originally ordered with the gun, with an H-S Precision FRP 1000 stock just like the one I already had. This stock fits my hand like a glove and is finished, primed and ready for painting when you receive it. The H-S stocks fit the gun perfectly with absolutely no modifications necessary unless you wish to employ the safety on an XP, in which case a small bit of grinding is required. The unfinished Six stock looked as if it was started late one Friday afternoon and shipped as the workers rushed home for the weekend. The finish was non-existent compared to the H-S stock which so far has exhibited as much strength as the Six stock is supposed to have. Both stocks employ the bedded aluminum block under the action. So much for stocks. (ED: All moulded fiberglass stocks require a lot of work to get in shape to paint. Slick-gelcoat stocks should be avoided as they are very prone to crack.)

Next came the part that I had been waiting for: the first trip to the range. J.D. had enclosed a very brief note with the gun saying simply, "You won't believe it." Well, I didn't know quite how to take that, but I was certainly willing to find out. After just one round, I knew what he meant. The XP showed absolutely no muzzle rise and a very nominal amount of felt recoil.

Most of this can be attributed to the SSK muzzle break. This is probably the most well behaved big-bore handgun that I have ever fired and yet it has the potential to throw more bullet energy downrange than any of the others I've fired. Quite a combination, I think.

My first test load was a slightly warm 42.0 gr. H322, 250 gr. Speer, CCI 250 primers. While still getting used to this boomer I fired several 1½" groups at one hundred yards. I have since tried several other H322 loads and a couple with H4895, all using the same 250 gr. Speer spitzer bullet. The absolute best accuracy was obtained with 42.0 gr. H4895, Speer 250 gr. spitzer, CCI 200 primers, WW cases. This load, at around 2160 f.p.s. grouped an incredible .65" three shot group at one hundred yards. That's right, all three shots were overlapping. I know several riflemen who would be proud to say that their custom rifles would deliver that kind of hundred yard accuracy. If any of them are skeptical about these sub-one inch groups with a handgun, I will happily make a repeat performance.

If you are bored with common handguns, and if your choice of caliber dictates the use of a bolt action due to high working pressures, at SSK they may be able to help you decide on the ultimate handgun for your purposes.

By the way, this is in no way a solicited testimonial, but rather my honest opinions and a bit of bragging on my ultimate XP.

What Ever Happened To

By Bud McDonald, Lakewood, CO

During a period of "SIXGUNNERITIS", during which I re-read all my SIXGUNNER mags, I got to wondering about several of the individuals who wrote some good stuff.

Now I'm not talking about writing machines like Kelly or the incredible John Taffin. (Where did you find this word processor HHI No. 76?) I hope the "big boys" don't come and take Kelly or John away from us! I'm talkin' about the writers who haven't written anything lately, that are so enjoyable to read.

Like . . . whatever happened to: Hal Swiggett No. 8: Come on ole timer. You could write about things none of us will be able to experience in this day 'n' age.

Lee Jurras No. 6: Same goes for you Lee! We'd appreciate it if you'd drop us a line once in awhile.

Elgin Gates No. 5: Elgin, you gonna let Kelly grab all the glory? Bet you've done things in your spare time that we'd give a left nut to do, just once in a lifetime.

Tom Shippy No. 26 & Phillip Briggs No. 9: You guys gonna let Taffin out write ya? Keep those informational

articles coming Tom. Phil, stop shootin' so much and pick up your pen!

Paco Kelly No. 1393: Paco, you are the main reason I got a Ruger 4-5/8" .45 convertible. Now, you'd better tell me how to shoot the damn thing!

Tom Frick No. 23: Bears go into hibernation Tom, not handguns.

Jerry Highland No. 99: Did that SSK .45-70 break your writin' hand, Jerry?

Robert Helmer No. 260: Bob, your old pals done heard all them huntin' tales, time after time, but we haven't!

Dan Brainard No. 123: So Dan, after that musk ox you just up and hung up the ole sixgun, huh?

Larry Rogers No. 48: I know you're busy Doc, but couldn't you cancel your next golf appointment and write us another story?

Charles Able No. 556: I like your style, Chuck. When's your next story comin' in?

Tom Welsh No. 31: Had a nice start Tom, you run out of steam already?

Gary Geraud No. 407: Gary, you ain't gonna let J.D. get away with all them lies he told about you are ya? Let's hear your side of the story!

(Continued on Page 5)

INSTANT CHANGE PRIMER ARM.



LIFT OUT and reverse. So simple, why wasn't it done before? Normally, you have to disassemble the primer arm and replace the punch and guide. (If you can find the other size that was misplaced along with the allen wrench).

After you try it, you will agree the instant change primer arm alone is worth the price of the Lee Turret Press. But there are many other features not found on any tool, regardless of the price. Like instant change

turret, compound leverage, storage box that doubles as a portable loading bench, reversible for left handers and a hardwood grip.

LEE TURRET PRESS.

Patent Pending

See your dealer today and be surprised at how little the LEE TURRET PRESS costs, or send 50c for a 12 page catalog jammed full of reloading bargains.



LEE PRECISION, INC.
4275 HIGHWAY U HARTFORD WISCONSIN 53027

Whatever . . . (Continued from Page 4)

Layne Simpson No. 747: How 'bout layin' some more of that humor on us, Layne?

Keith Jones No. 1000: Keith, I bet you could tell us a few yarns about your ole man that we'd never know otherwise. Like for instance, his favorite iron is really a .22 minx!

Allan Crawford No. 411: Al, we need more of you Southern hand-gunners. How 'bout it?

Bob Koch No. 680: Bob, we'd all benefit from your younger day experiences . . . not that you're that old of course?

Wayne Randall No. 320: Most hand-gun hunters have a sense of humor, got to, especially in their early handgun experiences. If they didn't, they'd still be rifle hunters. Wayne can get that humor on paper, although no near enough for my liking . . . say an article each issue.

Ken Hunnell No. 85: Ole timer, I bet you could fill up a years worth of **SIX-GUNNER** issues with the experiences you've had. Ole Ken has his humor built right in.

Mark Hampton No. 227: Mark, I've been right there beside you on your hunts. You do good stories, not many, but good.

Ray Caione No. 1224: Come on Ray, I know you got more than a lion and bear story in ya. Think back!

Jerry Kraft No. 9: Won't Kelly give you enough time off to write? Hell, he won't know if ya took a little time off, cause he's never there anyway! Right?

Bill Buckman No. 24: With a name like "Buckman" you'd figger this guy would have 2 stories in each issue!

Larry Ziemer No. 318: Larry must have wiped out all the groundhogs in his area. Ain't heard hide nor hair of him since.

Bill Shehane No. 951: So Bill, once you've busted a grizzly with a handgun there's nothing more to tell . . . is this true? If so, the hell with bears — I'll stay with gophers.

Joe Stuemke No. 1149: I got to meet Joe while in Saratoga. Joe has more hunting experiences in a year than most of us have in a lifetime. 'Course the only writin' Joe does is on game tags.

Bob Good No. 621: Once a year won't get it, Bob! We gotta get three articles a year out of you.

Dave Kline No. 3545: Dave, I've gotten more data out of your articles than I've ever gotten out of a Speer No. 10. Please keep 'em coming.

Bob Robertson No. 309: You've opened your big mouth (quoting you) and your pen flew . . . once. I'm not convinced. You'll have to write some more, I reckon.

Steve Jurko No. 318: An Ohio game protector just has to have many unusual stories he can share with us.

Butch McCort No. 757: So you got a HHI Sixgun and immediately cut the strap. Bet you ain't even shot it yet. You would tell us about it if ya did, right? Most of us won't be able to have one of these slick .44s so we'd appreciate the experiences of those who do. (So I'm a little jealous — what the hell!)

Paul Schwemin No. 109: Paul, you sure can put a story on paper. I'd like to read your stuff every issue if you could manage it.

Bud McDonald No. 334: That's me folks! Write them articles up. I can vouch for the fact that JD will publish them. If he puts my stuff out, I know damn good 'n well he'll make room for yours. Let's send him so many stories

he'll have to put out a double thick issue for us as a Christmas gift. Keep your humor fellows. We like that technical data, but you see very few people curling up in front of the fire with a Speer No. 10! We, as a group, are in this sport called handgunning to have more exciting, fun times. You can't believe all them HHI members go down to Tenn. to hunt boars do ya? Hell no, they go down there to get stocked up on Tenn. sippin' whiskey I tell ya.

In closing, I've a few words for the "Big" gun writers we used to read. Most of our members are not "book" hunters. Taffin, Briggs, Shippy and Co. can write rings around a lot of gun writers.

Last but not least, J.D. Jones No. 1: I've talked to several members and the response is the same. After reading a few **SIXGUNNERS**, all the "big" gun rags are the pits. I've had to economize by cutting down on gun mag subscriptions. The only thing we need is for J.D. to continue to let us know about new guns, accessories and products. Speakin' for all HHI members . . . Thanks J.D.!

MINI BUCKFEVER

By Robert Koch, No. 680

Buckfever comes in various shapes and hits with small, medium and large doses. An example of a large effect is the fellow who ejects all his cartridges onto the ground while he aims at a buck, never firing, but thinking he is. He is astounded when shown the unfired shells strewn about. Another example is the fellow I know who hunted elk for the first time. He came face to face with a bull, and instead of firing his rifle, charged the bull, yelling at the top of his lungs, much as if he had a bayonette on the gun and intended to stab the bull to death.

Medium attacks of buckfever are familiar to all of us. An often seen one is a shaking-hands attack that appears when game is spotted. Breathing is rapid and the damn gun just won't settle down for a careful aim. Of course the trigger is jerked in desperation when the sights pass over the game.

I'm going to write today about what I have termed "Mini-Buckfever." Here the hunter is experienced. He isn't overly excited at spotting the game. He seems calm. But something is going on mentally, for he does some silly little thing. I did a couple mini-goofs on an antelope hunt last fall.

I decided to take both a rifle and a pistol. I had never killed an antelope with a pistol and wanted to try it should a closer shot present itself.

I drove all day with two other fellows. They carried a 7mm Magnum and a .270. We set up camp and felt good about the prospects, for we had seen several antelope during the drive.

The next morning we hiked with a flashlight up on a hill one of my companions knew about. He explained that we would secret ourselves among some rocks, and that other hunters would run antelope by us all day long. They'd stop running now and then to look back, at which time we'd get shots.

I need to tell at this point that I am pretty good at estimating distances up to 200 yards. I used to practice it while hiking — spot an object, make a guess,

then pace it off. Well, we had tried this the evening before and found we couldn't estimate at all when the distance was 300 or 400 yards, something about being in flat, plains country. I was missing a good 100 yards in these tries. This worried me for I knew the load I was shooting in my rifle didn't have a flat trajectory. Dead on at 200 yards; it dropped a foot at 300. I didn't intend to take any 400 yard shots, but what if the antelope was 400 yards away and I thought it was 300? The bullet would hit at his feet!

Well, the antelope didn't run by us all day long. In fact, we only saw running bunches a mile away and not many of these. We had dressed lightly and the weather turned bitter. Finally I gave up and announced that I would hike back to camp, dress warmer, and bring back coats for my companions.

Then I saw a herd coming my way. A dozen, perhaps a mile off, but I sat down and got immobile immediately. It's amazing what they can see. One fellow told me that when he pushed off his safety, the antelope 100 yards away saw that tiny thumb movement.

The herd approached me and stopped. They had seen me as something different from the last time they came this way. They wanted a longer look before making another move. Luckily, I didn't have to move; the rifle was already across my knees, aimed at the spot they stood in.

Then the doubts began. How far? I'd say 300 yards, but remember last night? What you thought was 300 turned out to be 400. Should I pass up the shot? No, the animals are too scarce today. Shoot and hold for 300. If he is 400, you'll shoot under and never wound him, just miss.

A pretty cool and calm fellow, you're thinking, no buckfever there. He's not winded. One shot and this story's over. But you're forgetting mini-buckfever. It can affect the cool, thinking hunter.

I took careful aim, made a perfect slow squeeze. The gun recoiled and the herd ran off, the buck I had chosen with in mind. I watched him through the binoculars, no blood, no limp, no faltering or slowing. I thought back over each move I had made. Suddenly my sight picture as the gun fired came into memory. Years of calling shots made this easy. I had shot right at him instead of holding over. I had aimed as though he had been 200 yards off! Now that's an example of what I term mini-buckfever. I'll give you another.

That afternoon it rained steadily and we returned to spend the rest of the day in camp. The buddy who knew the country said, "The antelope aren't moving like in other years. Let's try driving them, sort of like a deer drive, only we'll have to cover more country."

The next day we climbed a rise and spotted a herd. My companions positioned themselves while I made a big circle about the antelope. Whenever I stopped to glass them, they were watching me, but not alarmed due to the distance I maintained.

Finally I was in position and started towards them. Though the great plains appears flat, there are many little rises and depressions game or man could hide in. I flushed out a flock of ducks from a tiny pond, then a sage hen, next a jackrabbit which gave one mighty bound, then lay flat in plain view, his long ears pasted to his shoulders, thinking if he lay still I'd pass by. Lastly, I jumped a small herd of antelope,

does and small bucks.

Then I heard shooting. When I arrived, I saw that my friends had each downed a buck. "What was all the shooting?" I asked. One companion explained that the herd had stopped only 60 yards away and that both of them had somehow missed, then missed some running shots, and finally made hits when the herd stopped to look back, now some distance off. Those first misses are perhaps an example of medium-strength buckfever.

Now it was my turn. I knew antelope often run along a fence, but never leap over one though they could clear a 10 foot fence if they'd only try. I picked out an ambush spot, and my companions took off to find a herd and try to move it my way.

In about an hour I saw a herd coming. I got ready and sat so I could rest the rifle on a stiff fence wire. But that herd veered off. Maybe they saw me wiggling about, I don't know.

Then it struck me — if they had kept coming, they would have come into pistol range, so I changed guns. I had a 14 inch Contender in .35 Remington. I had mounted a Leupold 4X on Buehler mounts and sighted it in at 100 yards using 200 grain Herter soft pointed jacketed bullets. I was shooting 33 grains of 4064 with a regular strength Federal 150 rifle primer and RP cases. 33 grains is way below the top load of 38.1 and 1850 fps. So my load was more like that of a 44 Magnum revolver, but I was using it because it gave accuracy that beat my rifle! In fact, the other day I shot three shots into less than an inch at 100 yards, then quit for I knew other shots would blow the group!

Five minutes later here came a buck and two does, along the fence. They stopped 100 yards off. I cocked the gun (should have done it earlier) and dammed if they didn't hear it, throw up their heads and run 10 yards, ready to take off in their dead run, closed at 60 miles per hour.

Their alertness triggered some mini-buckfever in me, and I hurried the shot. I remember making a trigger squeeze, but a fast one, almost a jerk. But the buck went down and when I examined him, I saw that I had completely severed the vertebrae just behind the shoulders. I mean the bullet took a gap out of the backbone about four inches wide. When we butchered him later we only used a knife to cut him in halves, not needing a saw. Hurrying that shot and subsequently shooting a bit high was an example of mini-buckfever. Maybe one time in a million it works for you, instead of against you.

PACK A HANDGUN

By Tom Welsh, Brockway, PA

I knew it was going to be one of those days when I took my "double-x razor edge" stainless steel case sheath knife out to section an orange. Instead of an effortless cut, it took considerable pressure to get the job done. While eating the orange, I wondered how in heck I was going to field dress a deer if I was successful in bagging one with my Ruger .44 magnum. Might have to use a pocket knife.

This year I was determined to take a whitetail with the same revolver that went with me to Telico Junction for the boar hunt set up by Steve Wynn early in November. The Mag-Na-Ported

(Continued on Page 6)

Pack A . . . (Continued from Page 5)

4-5/8" Ruger Super Blackhawk, loaded with 240 grain jacketed Hornady hollow points chased along with 22.5 grains of IMR 4227 and magnum CCI pistol primers, had done the job on a black Russian boar, and should be just the ticket for deer too. This deer season would only be three days for me, since a busy work schedule this time of year would only allow me the first day for buck and two days at the end of the season for antlerless deer.

I had set up a nice tree stand before the season (using no nails as the owners of the 4,000 acres of forest where I hunt get quite upset when they find spikes driven in their oak trees) in the center of a large laurel patch that is criss-crossed with deer paths. I always pack a lunch to take along if spending the whole day in the forest is necessary. You can't shoot a buck from the kitchen table twenty miles from the tree stand!

The first day of buck season proved uneventful, but it was a beautiful day and a lot of deer had gone past me at reasonable handgun distances, though none were carrying racks. I was sure I could have a nice doe down and dressed out before the first half hour passed when the antlerless season came in.

Doe season opened up with a day especially designed for deer hunters — fresh snow on the ground, brisk temperatures and very little wind. At first light I started the hour long stalk back to my stand, taking a few steps at a time, stopping and searching with eyes and ears, trying to see deer before they saw me. I've never seen a deer yet in its bed that wasn't already looking at me. I got to the stand without apparently too much noise or spooking any deer and got settled in. That's when things started turning on me.

It wasn't half an hour before my solitude was interrupted by a rifle hunter. He came up through the woods at a determined pace, making enough racket for three people. He stopped at my stand and wished me a cheery "hello", asked me about the deer population in the area, then went on his way humming a little tune. He no sooner got out of sight when I heard him shoot. I jumped up, ready for the flight of deer that should have come through the laurel — but nothing, absolutely nothing came past my stand.

I didn't have a long wait to see the results of the rifle shot. Fifteen minutes later that guy came dragging a nice fat doe right back down the way he came through. He waved as he went by and to add insult to injury, he paused about a 100 yards away, turned his back and watered down a laurel bush before moving on out of sight! Let me tell you, I wasn't a bit cold at all for the next two hours!

That seemed to do it for the rest of the day as no one else and nothing else was interested in coming past my spot. I started to wonder if maybe I was lost and this wasn't the same place where I had seen all the deer during the first day of buck season. I got home after dark, cold and hungry, trying to tell myself that hunters actually admitted that they really enjoyed this sport.

Well, I must enjoy it too, because at the break of dawn the next morning I was heading back for my favorite place in Elk County, Pennsylvania, packing my revolver for the last try for a deer this year. Nothing came through in the morning and at lunch time, the affair with the orange took place. Then the unmistakable sound of deer walking over frozen oak leaves really perked things

up at around one o'clock.

I was ready, with gun in hand, and cold stiff fingers seemed to come back to life. There they were — two nice big doe with three little ones that appeared to be this year's models, about 60 to 65 yards off just sneaking along slowly. Should be a good opportunity for the handgun. I thumbed back the hammer and squeezed off the first shot. Nothing happened — the deer just stood there! The second shot had the same effect! Now I was desperate — what in the devil was going on? The third shot, however, sent all five bouncing through the laurel like jumping beans with half-hearted fourth, fifth, and sixth shots sent their way.

After checking the area thoroughly for any indication of a hit or limbs that may have caused errant bullet flight and finding none. I went back to the stand and checked the Ruger over. I could find nothing out of order. I'm not sure if it was proper or not, but a big bump on an aspen tree about 30 yards off was chosen as an impromptu target just to make sure I wasn't shooting with my eyes closed. Three shots, right on the spot in a fist sized group! I still don't know why I missed the deer — they were a lot bigger target than the bump on the tree.

At about 3:30, I knew that if I wanted a deer this year, I was going to have to go find one. I got down off the stand and started looking, not too fast, just easing along and trying to see 360 degrees all at once. It paid off. An hour later a medium sized doe and I were looking at each other about 40 yards apart. Trouble was, she was right behind an 8 inch thick sugar maple, while I was behind the stump of a cut-down oak, trying to look like something that was supposed to be there in a fluorescent suit. She would stick one eye around the tree, stamp a foot, and wait for me to do something. I was trying! I was laying over that stump wishing that deer out from behind that maple tree!

Finally she stuck a little more front shoulder out and the Ruger seemed to go off on its own. The doe almost ran over herself moving out from behind the tree, but didn't offer me another shot! I got over to the tree fast as I could and saw where the bullet had took a piece of tree with it — I'm certainly getting to be a great tree shot! There was no blood on the ground at the tree, but I found some about five yards up her trail. I had scored a hit, but I couldn't tell where. I started tracking and she led me out of the open forest back into the laurel, never bleeding heavily, but it seemed to be a constant trickle. It looked like she wasn't doing to well with one of her back legs.

All of a sudden she jumped up about 15 feet in front of me and started to bounce away. I had the Ruger in one hand and did the best Roy Rogers shot I had in me! The gun seemed to have been pointing directly at the animal's chest when it went off and she was immediately out of sight in the thicket. A few more steps and there she was! Another bullet was put between the ears as I wasn't going to chase this deer one step further.

Examination showed that my first shot had just nicked the front leg, but then had gone on into and through the top of back ham, apparently without breaking a bone. The one-handed shot had been a good one, right behind the front shoulder, through the lungs and recovered from under the skin of the far shoulder. The nose of the Hornady

was flattened back to near the cannalure and weighed 232 grains.

I had done it! A wild boar and a whitetail with the same handgun and load in the same year. The freezer has some good eating packed away and the short .44 did it all.

Next year though, I'm taking a scoped SSK barrel mounted on a T/C for deer. That first deer that I'd missed could have been a trophy buck on the first day of buck season, and someone may have wanted to cut the tail of my "T"-shirt off due to "buck fever". I have a .375 JDJ just itching to show off. It'll be a short wait — hopefully.

Hocking Valley Hunting

By Mike Mitchell
Munhall, PA

In November 1981 I decided I would like to try another preserve hunt. I had previously taken a boar at a Tennessee preserve and had been dissatisfied with the hunt. Having heard good reports about Hocking Valley Preserve in Logan, Ohio, my friend Les and I decided to hunt there.

After a four hour drive we arrived Sunday evening, March 7. We were warmly welcomed by Keith Fox, manager at Hocking Valley Preserve, moved in our gear and found Keith's wife Joyce had coffee and cake for us. Les, Keith and I spent the rest of the evening talking about the preserve, our hunt and weaponry.

For this hunt I had cast a batch of J.D.'s 310 gr. .44 bullets out of lincotype metal. We loaded these ahead of 23.5 grains of WW-680 and CCI magnum primers. I wanted more penetration than my former load of 245 grain cast bullets designed to expand. Les was trying them on the theory I might know what I was talking about.

Les had brought his S & W M-29 8-3/8". I had my HHI Ruger. The retainer strap had been cut about two months ago. I immediately found I really liked the gun, except for its trigger creep. About an hour's careful stoning of the hammer eliminated the creep, but the pull was too light. I put in a new trigger return spring, modified it and had a 2-3/4 pound trigger with no creep. Figuring a little shooting would reduce it to 2-1/2, I left it there.

Seven-thirty Monday morning found us waking to a delicious breakfast Joyce had prepared for us. Jeff, our guide, showed up in the middle of breakfast and explained we would go after my ram first.

It had snowed a little Sunday night and the sun was shining brilliantly as we walked to the ram area. Jeff told us we would put on a drive to try to get something moving with Les and I on one side of the hill and him on the other. When Les and I reached the far fence an hour later we had seen nothing. Going up to the gate, our agreed upon meeting place, we found Jeff had seen two Whitetails; no rams. We walked back down the road, made another drive and this time I put up a rabbit. Jeff saw a Spanish Goat; still no rams.

It was warming up in the sun and the hilly walking was speeding our warm-up even more. We found fresh goat and ram tracks on the other side of the hill. The animals themselves were doing a good job of staying hidden. Obviously, this wasn't going to be easy. My watch showed it to be 12:10 and time

to start back for lunch. As we walked the road back and came to a clearing, Jeff stopped me and pointed to the left side of the road. I could see the body of an animal, but not its legs or head. My Bushnell Compact binoculars were on it instantly and as it's head came up I saw it was a nice Barbarossa. He was facing directly at me, below me and at a distance of about 40 yards. As I lined up the Ruger for a frontal shot I aimed just below the horns. At the shot, down he went.

Jeff yelled he was up and running. I couldn't see him at all from where I was and ran to the top of a rise. The ram was going straight away from us. I tried to line up the sights, but the ram got into some pines before I could shoot. We started tracking him, but found little blood due to the wool which apparently was soaking it up. In about 300 yards the tracks ended as he left the woods and entered a small field. We picked up the tracks and assumed he entered the woods on the other side of the field. The snow was disappearing, but there should have been enough to find his tracks.

After going about 400 yards through the woods parallel to the road, I decided we must have missed his tracks and told Jeff I was going back to where he entered the woods. When I reached the area where we originally entered the woods, I suddenly found fresh tracks in the wet leaves leading directly away from me. I looked up and saw a ram standing 25-30 yards in front of me, broadside. There was no evidence of a hit, but I felt he had to be the same ram. I aimed at his shoulder and at the shot he went straight over and never moved. My calls soon brought Les and Jeff. We found my first shot had been a little high, hit the bottom of the horn and into the side of the neck. An exit hole was found at the top of the off-shoulder. I believe this was the first shot which didn't hit anything vital. A bullet was found in that same shoulder when final butchering was done that weighed a little less than 200 grains. I feel this was from the second shot. The ram weighed about 200 pounds.

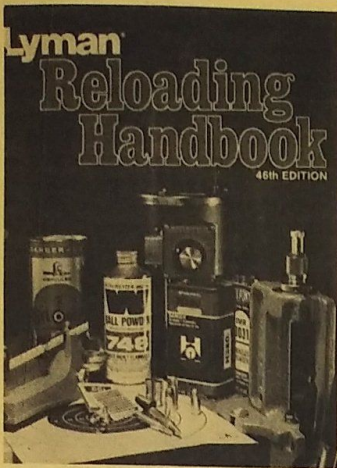
Lunch was a happy time. After it was over Les spent the rest of the day on a stand without seeing anything.

Both of us went to Les's stand early Tuesday morning. Jeff "drove" toward us. We didn't see anything and he saw one small boar. We went after it, but the snow was about gone and the first hour proved fruitless. Jeff put on another mini-drive and although we saw nothing it appeared from tracks in the mud a group had moved through ahead of us.

We followed their tracks around the hill and found ourselves right back at the morning stand. Just after passing the stand, I noticed movement below us. I called out to Les and Jeff, who were ahead of me and the boar started running. I put the binoculars on and saw there were four about the same size and a small one trailing. Les was unable to get a shot as they quickly ran out of sight. We took off up the trail and after a brisk walk we managed to get within 40 yards of them. Three were black, one brown and the small one was nowhere to be seen.

This section of the area was thick, with small trees. Just as I got the binoculars on the hogs, Les shot and I saw an explosion of snow and dirt under one boar. I couldn't tell if it was a bullet hit or it was caused by the boar. All four boar took off with Jeff running to the left to try to head them off. His tactics worked and in a few

(Continued on Page 11)



Lyman Products Corporation, a leader in the metallic reloading industry, has introduced the 46th Edition of their well-known "Reloading Handbook". The most comprehensive ever offered, the handbook features over 460 pages, covering more than 7,700 tested "starting" and "maximum" loads for current cast and jacketed bullets in more than 100 chamberings.

This new publication contains the largest Thompson/Center Contender data section ever published. Fully tested jacketed and cast bullet loads fired in both 10" and 14" barrels which can also be used in other single shot handguns of equal strength. The "46th Reloading Handbook" includes editorial sections by such noted outdoor writers as Jim Carmichael, John Wootters, Ken Waters and Bob Milek.

This 8½" x 11", three hole drilled handbook is an important edition to any shooter's library. Now available nationally at better firearms and sporting goods stores, the "Lyman 46th Edition Reloading Handbook" will retail for \$16.95.

The Lyman 1982 catalog describing the "46th Edition Reloading Handbook" as well as the complete Lyman line, is available free by writing: Lyman Products Corp., Rt. 147, Middlefield, CT 06455.

That's the press release side of the story and it's accurate. Frankly, I've been reading for a couple weeks at odd moments and just scratched the surface.

I'm most impressed by pressure data included in many pistol calibers as well as rifle. Some of the comparisons possible are fascinating and if they aren't food for serious thought, you either aren't reading or aren't understanding.

I believe I cannot have too much loading data, and every loading book is of great value. At this point, I can't think of any that are of more value than Lyman's # 46.

Congratulations to Mace Thompson, President of Lyman, and Ken Ramage, Editor, and his staff, who did an enormous amount of work in compiling this excellent manual. Course, Mace has done a lot of work, too — but that was a long, long time ago . . . JDJ.

**BACK ISSUES
PATCHES
\$2.00 Each**

HHI ANNUAL BIG BUCK CONTEST

Everyone should connect with a Big Buck sometime. I'm a firm believer in that statement. I'm also still waiting for my chance at a Big one. I've seen a couple of Whitetails and two Mules that I think were really good — out of season or too far — of course.

Now's your chance to get a Big Buck and recognition for it, too. It doesn't have to be a monster — just bigger than your fellow HHI members' submissions for the award.

There will be two categories — one

for Whitetails — one for Mules.

RULES:

Members only. Handguns only. Legal deer. Taken this year, fair chase. SCI scoring system. Measured by SCI scorer. If you can't find one, we will. No fee to enter. Deadline to enter, January 5, 1983. Honor system.

AWARDS:

A very nice plaque from HHI. Maybe something good in addition to that!

HHI AFRICA

Looks Great! Kelly checked out the place and reports excellent accommodations, equipment and guides.

This particular area has an exceptionally wide variety of game available and a large number of record book heads are available. This area was reopened to hunting only in the recent past.

Negotiations for the hunt are now in progress and the concessionaire has offered what I think is an exceptional deal to HHI. Thanks in great part to Kelly's efforts.

Parties of six can be accommodated. The hunt can cater to specific needs of

individuals.

I want to be with the first party in July '83' and spend most of my time photographing the hunt and do my hunting later.

Numerous individuals have expressed interest in the hunt and it's time to get serious about it. If you are interested in going, please drop me a card or call (614-264-0176) and reconfirm your interest. A \$2000 deposit will probably be required around the end of February.

This will definitely be an experience of a lifetime — and a tiny bit of history, too.

THOUGHTS ON THE .30 HERRETT

By Joe Wright
Northboro, MA

Several years ago, I wrote an article for the Contender Collectors Association on the .30 Herrett. Since that time, I've learned a number of new things from my own experience and through THE SIXGUNNER. With this in mind, I'm presenting an update in hopes that you will find it interesting.

The data and techniques presented in this article have proven safe in my firearms. However, the .30 Herrett is an extremely high intensity cartridge. Since components and conditions vary, I have to disclaim all responsibilities for mishaps of any nature which might occur from the use of these data and techniques.

HISTORY

The .30 Herrett is the development of a joint effort between Steve Herrett and Bob Milek. These two well-known handgunners were searching for an effective cartridge for western handgun hunting. After a number of different trials, they arrived at this round which is based on a shortened and blown-out .30-30 case.

Thompson/Center Arms began chambering their 10" bull-barreled Contender for this round in 1972. Since then, T/C has added a 14" barrel to their offering. Merrill has produced various barrel lengths (9", 10¼", 12" and 14") in their Sportsman Pistol, and Texas Contender's has offered several 22" rifle conversions based on the Contender.

The popularity of the .30 Herrett in the fields of hunting and metallic silhouette is well deserved. Properly prepared handloads retain more energy at 100 yards than the .44 Magnum has at the muzzle with some loads, yet often will hold two to two and one-half inch groups at that distance. Although

the advent of the 7MM TCU chambering in the Contender has diminished the .30 Herrett's hold on metallic silhouette, this chambering is still a handgun hunter's delight WITHIN LIMITS of bullet performance as covered further on.

In my years of experimenting with this cartridge in the Contender, I've learned a few things which I hope will be of use to you. These follow:

Case-Forming:

The .30 Herrett is a wildcat based on a relatively simple case-forming operation using the full length sizing die (offered by both RCBS and Pacific). Some care is required in the initial forming to achieve maximum accuracy and case life.

Since the .30 Herrett is based on the .30-30 Winchester case, many assume that this wildcat should headspace on the rim. This is definitely not the way to do it. Maximum accuracy, case life, freedom of misfires come from headspacing on the case shoulder.

To achieve correct headspacing, I use the following technique:

1. Set the full length resizing die approximately ¼" above the shell holder.

2. Lube the case to be formed with a good case-forming lubricant. My personal preference is Imperial Die Sizing Wax for outside lube as it virtually eliminates forming dents.

3. Slowly run the lubed case into the die.

4. After this initial forming, trim the case to a length of 1.605 inches.

5. At this point, place the case in the Contender and try to close the action.

6. Continue adjusting the die downward in small increments and trying the case until the Contender will close with a vigorous snap. Cock the Contender

(obviously the case should be unprimed) and pull the trigger. If the case is properly formed, it will allow the proper locking of the T/C and the hammer will contact the frame. If the gun appears to close, but the hammer falls short of the frame, full locking has not occurred and the Contender's interlock safety has caught the hammer. Continue screwing the die down until the action closes and the hammer contacts the frame when the trigger is pulled.

7. With the die locked in the position, form several more cases. After trimming, repeat the action trials. Assuming all is well, proceed with forming the balance of your cases.

8. After cleaning, the cases will be ready to prepare for fireforming in the T/C to blow the case out to its final configuration.

Sizing After Fire-Forming:

To preserve the important shoulder location of your fire-formed case, you have two options:

- a) Back-off your full length sizing die approximately .040" from its initial form setting; or

- b) Use a neck sizing die, available from RCBS and Pacific. As long as this shoulder location is preserved, case life will be extremely satisfactory. I have never lost a case due to head separation which will occur if the shoulder is continually set-back. Some of my cases have been reloaded 19 times.

Fire-Form Loads:

The final step in case forming for the .30 Herrett is to blow the shoulder out to its final form. Significant case capacity increases occur during this operation. Because you are starting with a smaller case capacity, the MINIMUM loads shown in the various manuals should be reduced by 15% for the fire-forming operation.

Bob Milek recommends the following for a fire-form load (SHOOTING TIMES, May 1978):

Bullet: 100 Grain Hornady Half-Jacket
Primer: CCI 200
Powder: 22.0 Grain H4227
Cases: R-P

I have found this to be an acceptable fire-form load in my various barrels using not only R-P brass, but also F-C and W-W cases. I also use the 100 grain Speer Plinker bullet interchangeability with the Hornady Half-Jacket.

Case Selection:

The basic case for forming the .30 Herrett is, of course, the time-honored .30-30 Winchester. In addition, cases can be formed from .375 Winchester Big Bore Brass and, I am told, .225 Winchester Brass. Those who favor the .375 Big Bore do so as the case is stronger to withstand higher operating pressures than the .30-30. This heavier head-wall thickness ribs case capacity and thus increases pressures with the same loads used in larger capacity cases. Obviously, some care is required in load development.

Fans of using the .225 Winchester case claim more uniform dimensions and greater strength with this case. I have no experience with this. In addition, the rim diameter of this semi-rimmed case may cause some extractor jumping in the T/C Contender as it is smaller than the .30-30. My recommendations are — don't bother.

There is considerable variation in wall thickness between case manufacturers. On the basis of wall thickness and case capacity, I have come up with the following ranking:

(Continued on Page 11)



Nunnally and his hard to find bear.

WYOMING BEAR

By Robert Nunnally, Lizella, GA

As the big Delta Tri-Star gracefully lifted off the runway at Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport, I was beginning to realize a dream coming true. After 29 years of my life, I was airborne, headed for Cody, Wyoming, in quest of a bear with a handgun.

The months of planning and anticipation had finally paid off. After the bear hunt, my wife, Dee and I were to visit some old friends at their ranch in Sunlight Basin, which is about 50 miles out of Cody. We had quite a bit of gear as the clothing required for the hunt was much different from that for the ranch due to the different weather conditions expected to be encountered. With all of the luggage, we really looked like we were going to stay for months!

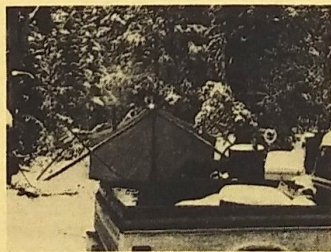
I've heard of many Wyoming hunting adventures from my parents, who hunted with some of the old timers of the hunting and outfitting professions around Cody like Ned Frost and Les Bowman. These nostalgic memories of my parent's hunts added intrigue and excitement to my plans for and my realization of this, my first hunt, in the most breathtaking mountain country in the world. While I've been to Wyoming several times in my earlier years, I've never been there to hunt. This was also my first opportunity to show the country to my wife, who would be trying for her first bear. She has, however, taken several nice white-tail in our native middle Georgia.

We were to meet our outfitter, Bill Smith, at the Cody airport after an airline change in Denver. When we left Atlanta, it was typically hot and humid. But when we landed in Cody, it was pleasantly cool with a breeze and no humidity. As I looked around, it seemed as if I had been there just last week, instead of 14 years ago. It all seemed so familiar. . . . I was in heaven.

Bill met us and took us directly from the airport to buy our non-resident Black Bear licenses and to pick up our choice of beverages for a week in camp. Everything else was already taken care of.

By early evening, we were headed for the mountains. As we proceeded out of

Cody on the Belfry, Montana highway, the skies were getting increasingly greyer as Bill reaffirmed what he had told me in our final phone conversation prior to my departure for Cody. He said that a couple from Shreveport, Louisiana had booked a hunt for the fourth week of May and that he had to cancel it because of extremely bad weather. A very unusual late spring snow storm had made even the best of public access roads in the hunting area impassable by four-wheel drives. The snow was bad enough, but when the weather turned suddenly warmer, the snow melted and everything turned to mud, making travel impossible, even with chains on the four-wheel drives. This unseasonable weather would also have had an adverse effect on the feeding habits of the bears.



Snow in June!

As we turned off of the paved road onto the dirt road leading up to Rattlesnake Mountain where we were to hunt, the first rain drops began to fall. It really mattered very little to me at the moment, for I was just happy to be there. One did have to consider, however, the consequences of a prolonged storm in relation to our hunt. Twenty miles or so up the road, we arrived at a very comfortable camp, which Bill had set up for us that morning.

As we arrived, Bill told us of some men (hunters?) who had set a bear bait right dead in the middle of an established campsite where we had been going to spend our week. Needless to say, this necessitated a change in the location of our camp by Bill. We didn't know at the time who these individuals were, or why they did it. Suffice it to say that a very few of us

will remember everything but our ethics, courtesy, and respect for others when we go afield. Our existing camp was but a few hundred yards from the proposed site. We did not expect nor would we have tolerated any disturbances from these so-called outdoorsmen who had placed their bait within such an obvious campsite.

After unpacking what we needed and getting settled in our tent, Dee and I, along with Bill and our other guide, Tad, decided that we would hunt during the remaining couple of hours of daylight that evening. I went with Tad to one of the six baits that Bill had set out several days before, and Dee went with Bill. We both sat over our baits made with 35 gallon drums filled with meat scraps obtained from the slaughterhouse. These barrels had the tops sealed on, and an eight inch diameter hole cut in the side of them. The idea was to make the bear reach with its paw inside the barrel for the meat. This made the bait last longer. Also when a bear would hit one of these baits, he or she would turn it over. This enabled you to check for activity from a distance rather than having to walk right up to the bait as you would have to do on a conventional one. Some of our baits were of this type, and some were simply piles of meat covered by branches and limbs, which also necessitated the bear causing a change in the appearance of the bait before feeding so as to make checking for activity relatively easy from a distance.

Neither of us saw a thing that first drizzly evening in spite of the fact that both baits had been hit within the previous 24 hours. When Tad and I got back to camp around 10 p.m., Bill and Dee were not to be found. We didn't think that we had heard a shot, but we had been hunting several miles from them. Around 10:30, they arrived on foot with news that the four-wheel drive Chevy pick-up they were in had slid off of the slick mud road on the way out. They had walked a couple of miles to get back to camp.

While the fried potatoes and onions were sizzling on the cast iron griddle over the wood stove, the conversation turned to my .375 JDJ T/C. I explained the many virtues and the few limitations of it to Tad and to Bill, who had heard most of this before in our several phone conversations over the past few months. Soon it was time for the inch and a half thick sirloins to hit the griddle. As all of the references Bill had given me had confirmed, he was an excellent cook. After the steaks, potatoes and onions, a vegetable and some rolls were eagerly consumed, we discussed plans for the next few days.

Several of the baits were hot and we had high hopes for at least one bear within the first couple of days.

The following morning brought quite a surprise. As we were in the cook tent early that Tuesday morning, some light snow began to fall. That's right, on the 9th of June, at 8500 feet above sea level in the Wyoming mountains, it was snowing. The flakes grew larger and the snowfall became heavier. This continued, to my amazement and to Bill and Tad's disappointment, all day long. With chains on the four-wheel drives, we managed to hunt that evening and to return to camp. By dark, the snow had subsided and we estimated eight inches accumulation in camp. In spite of all of the apprehension about the weather and the hunt, the cool temperatures and the snow were a pleasant relief from what I knew

our friends in Georgia must have been experiencing.

The next morning, the weather had cleared, and at daylight, we had a crisp 20 degrees. After returning from hunting that morning, another guide, Jay York, arrived in camp. He was to stay only three days. The early morning hunting offered only a slim chance of seeing a bear, but with the erratic weather, we didn't know when the bear would be feeding. Normally, 95% of Bill's hunters' bear are killed in the evening, and most of those are right at dark. We didn't know, however, what this second late snow would have done to their feeding habits.

We hunted several days without seeing a bear. There were some baits being hit at night or in the early morning. However, we theorized that this was due to the nearly full moon coming up at three or four in the morning. The outlook for morning hunting seemed to be getting brighter. Each morning and evening, Dee and I would go in separate directions, patiently awaiting our quarry.

Every day and night the weather in general and the temperatures in particular would moderate slightly. Except for a couple of afternoon showers, we were treated to a pleasant change in the weather for the rest of the week.

By the fifth morning, Dee and I were both getting a bit anxious, but I had a new glimmer of hope to cling to. The day before, we had noticed signs of activity on what was left of a bait that we had placed near where the group of hunters had baited the campsite. These characters had moved their bait elsewhere.

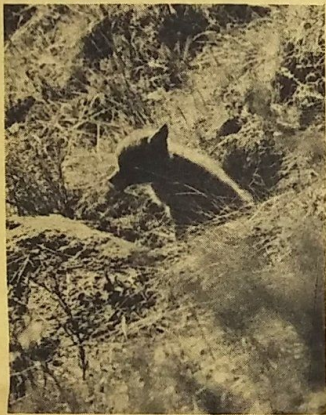
That morning I was hunting with Jay as we silently walked up the old road from camp toward the bait area. We were careful not to ever light the wood stove at camp that morning so as not to spook the bear with the smell of smoke. As we arrived on the scene of the bait, Jay and I stopped to glass the area from about 50 yards behind the blind. If everything looked all right, we would then proceed to the blind, which was fashioned in the stump of a fallen tree, and get settled. We saw no activity. As we walked slowly and quietly the last few yards, I felt an anticipation that I hadn't noticed before on the hunt. I had my .375 T/C in hand and my six inch Ruger Super Blackhawk in my Roy Baker belt rig, ready for close range work, if needed.

The .375 was loaded with 46.5 gr. H4895, Fed. 215 primers, 270 gr. Hornady Round Nose. This works out around 1985 fps. The .44 load was 22 gr. H-110, Winchester magnum pistol primers, and a 265 gr. Hornady. I have the utmost confidence in both of these guns and loads.

As we were getting settled in the blind, Jay, who was directly behind me, grabbed the back of my leather vest and pulled me down. I scanned the edge of the timber and saw it . . . The head and neck of a large bear was visible at the end of the meadow. It was sniffing the air and looking straight at us. The bear was about 100 yards away, maybe a little bit more. As I was getting positioned for a better look at the bear through the four power Leupold on the T/C, the bear disappeared from view. I wasn't going to shoot immediately, but did want to size up the bear through the scope. We would have had to wait a few minutes to make sure that the bear wasn't a sow

with small cubs. The bruin knew something wasn't right, though. It whirled and left twice as quickly and gracefully as it had arrived. We didn't know whether the bear had seen us or had scented us. Something had spooked it, however. Jay and I left the blind shortly thereafter. When we returned to camp, we waited and shortly Dee and Tad returned. No luck. I was so anxious for the evening hunt that I could hardly stand it. The bear, or that portion of it that I had seen was a beautiful goldish red color with a long thick coat.

That afternoon, I had no doubt where I wanted to go, in spite of the fact that this bear seemed to be a morning feeder. We did go back to the same bait, hoping to catch the bear feeding before dark. We had our doubts as the moon was still coming up late and was full. Most baits were being hit during the early moonlit mornings, before sunup. It was getting dark around 9:20 or 9:30, depending upon cloud cover.



Coyote pup at 10 feet was another highlight of the trip.

I was hunting with Bill that evening. We had made some modifications to the blind during the day so as to allow us more freedom of movement without being seen. I had only one hole in the brush that we had added to see and shoot through. By 9 p.m., I was beginning to think that we would have to wait until daylight the next morning to see the bear again as daylight was fading fast. Then around 9:10, the meadow came to life as the big ghost of a bear appeared. It looked as big as a house when it turned broadside for an instant. The reddish-brown coat flowing with each effortless step. Bill had warned us that they do look a lot bigger on the hoof than they do when they're dead. The bear still hadn't presented a good shot for more than a second and was suddenly out of sight in the trees. We hoped it had some of the meat scraps hidden in the brush and was eating it, but we didn't know. After what seemed like an eternity, the bear had circled around and showed its big head and chest over the crest of the hill at the other end of the meadow. We had waited a sufficient amount of time to be certain that it didn't have any small cubs along and figured it was time to take this beautiful animal while we still had a trace of daylight. The bear took another couple of steps toward us and stopped, looking dead at us while sniffing the air suspiciously. The bear seemed to remember that something wasn't right from that morning. I was already in position with the .375 JDJ as Bill told me to take the bear. The crosshairs of the Leupold 4X nestled into position on the bear's upper chest, as it was standing on a

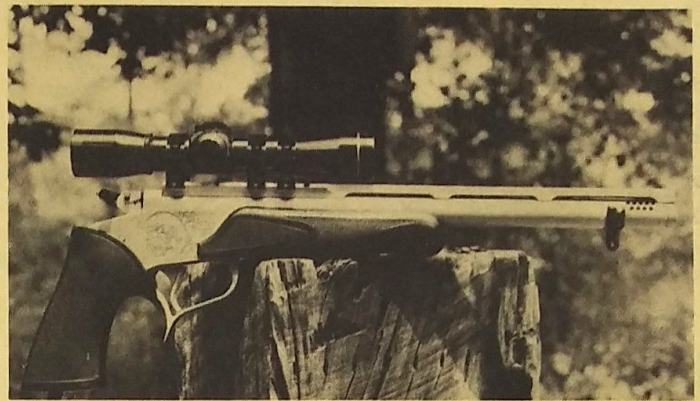
slight uphill angle facing us. The last thing I wanted to do was to hit the bear's nose, but the head was held low, not presenting much of a target between the lower chest and stomach area and the black tip of the nose. The .375 bellowed and through the muzzle flash in the dim light, I saw the bear go down as if someone had pulled a rug out from under its feet. Not being one to count my blessings too quickly, I immediately reloaded the T/C. Just as I was repositioning the gun in the root of the tree that had been my rest, the big bear struggled to its feet and was gone before I could get off another shot that would have been accurate. My heart sank to my stomach and one of those proverbial lumps in the throat made itself very evident. I knew that the 270 grain round nose had hit hard by the way the bear had gone down, and I knew the gun was dead on at 100 yards. This shot was just slightly less than 100 yards. I knew that I had hit very close to my point of aim. Bill and I walked toward the spot where the bear had originally fallen. When we got there, it was too dark to tell much, but with flashlights, we could tell that there was plenty of blood leading off into the trees about 25 yards away. Then we heard what Bill had explained was the characteristic moaning of a black bear that has laid down after being shot fatally.

By now, all traces of remaining daylight had succumbed to the cool darkness of night in the Wyoming mountains. Bill and I talked it over for a minute and decided it best to wait for daylight before going after the bear. If the shot was fatal, which surely it was, we should find my bear just into the timber the next morning. Our only concern was that the bear might hairslip some of the beautiful reddish coat during the night if indeed the bear was dead. Hairslip is a process in which the retained body heat of a dead bear allows the pores of the skin to remain open and literally shed a great deal of its coat. On a cold night, you would not worry so much about hairslip but it might not even make it down to freezing on this Saturday night.

If you think I slept that night, all I can say is that you have never been in this situation before. The anticipation and endless possibilities would drive you crazy.

Well, despite my unfounded doubts, daylight did come that next day. It was a warm Sunday morning. Luckily, we had no rain during the night to wash away the blood trail. At around 5:15 a.m., Bill and I were in the tall timber, carefully following the blood trail to a spot where the bear had laid down during the night and had obviously lost a tremendous amount of blood. But there was no bear to be found. We both became justifiably concerned now because there was very little blood after this point. The big bear had let the blood clot up and had ventured deeper into the woods to find a safer sanctuary.

I had left the scoped .375 in camp that morning in favor of my six inch .44 Ruger, the open sighted revolver being much handier in the timber. Bill, although hoping not to have to use it, carried his custom .308 Norman magnum, also. We searched the side of the ridge for a while with no sign of fresh blood or tracks. We then started back down the ridge toward where I first shot the bear. About halfway down, there was a crashing of brush to our immediate left and down the hill a



Roberts .375 JDJ set up with a 4X Leupold.

few yards. Bill spotted enough reddish brown hair to know that we had jumped my bear out of its hiding place, after it had let us walk right by it on our way up the ridge. This move was the bear's fatal mistake. We started down the mountain after it, pausing several times to listen for any tell-tale sounds that the bear might make. Sure enough, we heard the moaning again. Now I won't call this a death moan again because we had heard it the night before and the bear was still strong enough to move, in a downhill direction anyway. The moaning sounded like it was a long way off, but we had learned from experience the night before that it was really a very soft sound that was probably no more than 50 to 75 yards away.

We carefully proceeded down the edge of the steep ridge. Then we spotted the bear, weakly trying to walk away about 30 yards directly below us. I fired the .44 . . . The bear seemed to digest the 265 gr. slug with ease. It then broke into a slow limping trot. Bill's .308 Norma then sounded off and the bear slumped. As it did, I fired the .44 again. This time, the bear was down. It had absorbed more lead than it could carry. The bear rolled downhill a few yards and came to rest against a log, still not quite convinced that it was finally time to expire. From about 10 yards away, and from an uphill angle, of course, one more .44 to the neck finished the job. At last, the bear lay still. Finally, the trophy was mine. She was a beautiful reddish-brown sow with an unusually thick coat that had hardly been rubbed at all.

We carefully rolled the dead bear down the ridge to a point where we could get the four-wheel drive pickup close enough to load the bear.

After the congratulatory handshaking and after the pictures were taken, Bill and Tad tied the bear's feet so that we could carry her on a pole up to the truck for the short drive back to camp.

Shortly thereafter, we took the bear into Cody to Mike Boswell's taxidermy shop. He skinned the bear and we put a tape on the hide. I was pleased to see that it measured almost 6' from the nose to the base of the tail. This was just about exactly the estimate Bill had given me when the bear first appeared on the bait. Her coat was in prime condition and should make a beautiful mount. We estimated the bear's age at seven or eight because of the wear on the teeth. Later, the Wyoming Game and Fish personnel estimated that the bear was closer to 11 years old. She was a fine, healthy specimen.

Some investigation of the skinned carcass revealed the reason why she got up after the first shot from the .375. The 270 gr. round nose had entered the

lower throat of the bear just to the left of the jugular vein and had passed harmlessly, fractions of an inch from the lungs, through the upper chest cavity of the bear. The bullet then exited through the back of the bear, again fractions of an inch from the vital area of the spine. I could not shoot completely through a bear and miss so many vitals again if I tried 10 times.

We estimated that the big sow had lost too much blood during the night to survive, but she had almost eluded us completely. One half of an inch either way and she would never have flinched after the first shot. Although it would have been very satisfying to see her just lay there after the initial shot, I am none the less pleased with this, my first bear with a handgun. I have a trophy and many memories of the hunt that I will cherish for a long time.

I would highly recommend that any readers who are interested in a quality bear hunt with good food, a comfortable camp, and knowledgeable guides in the most beautiful mountain country our great nation has to offer, contact Bill Smith at: Blizzard Creek Trophy Hunts, South Fork Star Route, Cody, Wyoming 82414. Bill's ethical standards and success rate while hunting black bear in this area are known and respected by many. The hunts are a full seven days, using four-wheel drive vehicles out of a base camp. All bear hunting is done over baits, (legal in Wyoming). Bait hunting by no means guarantees you a bear, or even a shot at one, but the game is usually plentiful and your chances are good if you are willing to hunt. I know in years to come, I will go back, as I feel you will, too, if you once spend time in these beautiful mountains.

MATCH SHOTGUN CASES

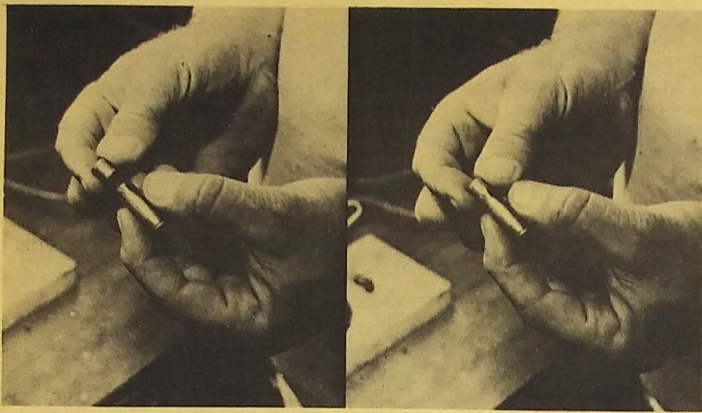
HANDGUN CASES

WHEN ONLY THE VERY BEST WILL DO

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

Pachmayr GUN WORKS, INC.

1220 SOUTH GRAND AVENUE - LOS ANGELES, CALIF 90015



Taylor bullet before and after being seated in case.

CUTTING AMMO COSTS

By Allen & Jim Taylor, Oracle, AZ

The pistol shooting game is one that requires practice. A lot of American males are afflicted with the belief that they are "natural" shots, that all you have to do is "throw the gun up and point it like your finger" and you'll make your hit. A little time spent at the range usually dispels this notion. Eventually, we face the fact that if we are going to be proficient, we MUST practice. And the more, the better. After some time, we will begin to realize that this practicing costs, in terms of time, energy, and of course, money. Somewhere along the line, most serious pistol shooters get involved in reloading. Some do so in order to save money, some for the sheer joy of creating their own loads. For whatever reason, we usually find that we can shoot up a great deal more ammo for less than the "store bought" variety costs. However, if you do a lot of shooting, it still costs in terms of time spent casting the bullets, lubing and sizing them, preparing the cases, loading them, and in terms of cost of components and attrition of components (cracked and split cases, etc.).

Back in the '40's, money as well as components were hard to come by. I developed a reloading system that reduced the time and the cost of reloading practice loads. In the late '60's and early '70's, my son and I further refined it and got it patented. It reduces the time required for reloading by eliminating some of the reloading steps, and reduces case attrition also. The cost is reduced by keeping everything as simple as possible. Please keep in mind that these are rather low power practice loads, though they do work fine on small game.

This system first of all eliminates the sizing of the bullet. The bullets are shot just as they come from the mold. Lubrication is accomplished by either tumbling them in wax or lubing them with some grease just before firing.

Secondly, it eliminates case sizing. There is no neck or full-length sizing at all. Once the cases have been fired in your gun, they usually require no more work. We have one .44 Magnum case that has been loaded and fired by count over 1300 times and it is still in perfect condition.

Third and Fourth, there is no neck expanding or crimping involved. Since the case is not worked, it's life is indefinite. This reduces the cost of components as you are not having to

replace your cases every so often. Once you have your cases, the only components you need to replace are the primers, the powder and the lead.

Last, the bullet is seated with your fingers. The only loading tools you need are a de-priming and a priming tool and some way to add the powder charge. These are in addition to the bullet mold, of course. The priming and de-priming tools, as well as the powder charger, can be very simple affairs. Thus not only is the over-all cost kept minimal, the initial investment in loading tools can be kept to less than \$30.00. The secret of how this works lies in the design of the bullet, of which more will be said later.

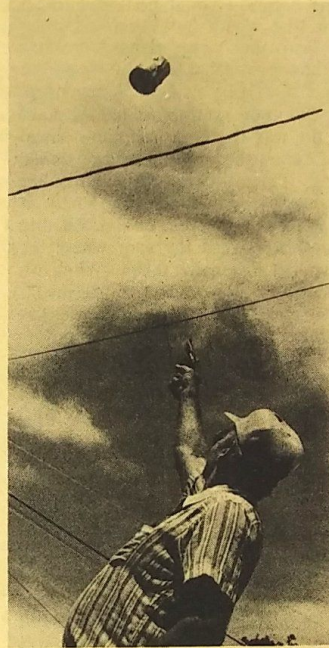
Time involved in reloading this way is minimal. With a single cavity mold, I can cast 50 bullets and load 50 fired cases in less than 24 minutes. Using only ONE cartridge case, I have loaded and fired 50 bullets on the range in 16 minutes. Other Officers and I (I'm with the Department of Corrections) use these loads to "keep in shape." They're great for quick draw and hit practice, rapid fire, hip shooting and aerial shooting. None of this requires a high degree of accuracy. Most bullets will shoot into 2 1/2" at 50 feet, and accuracy is acceptable for combat shooting to 25 yards. In a .38-.357, the bullets weigh 100 grains and with a powder charge of 3.0 grains of Bullseye will go 725 fps out of a 4" barrel. For learning to shoot cans in the air, you can slow them down to 400-500 fps and watch them go. By knowing if you're shooting over or under, you can get on to it in a very short time. We've taught people who learned very quickly to hit a 12 gauge shotgun shell in the air. In teaching someone to shoot who has never handled a pistol, we sometimes slow them down 'til the bullet will bounce off a tin can at 15 feet. It is real easy then to instruct in sight alignment, trigger squeeze, etc. It's also real easy to spot a flinch.

As we said earlier, cost is minimal. If you get your primers for \$1.00 per 100, that equals 1¢ apiece. If you use Bullseye powder, there is over 1300 3.0 grain powder charges per pound. If you were to pay as high as \$13.00 per pound of Bullseye, that would figure out to 1¢ per powder charge. (Actually, if you buy in bulk quantity, you can get these components a lot cheaper than the prices that I have quoted.) But at the quoted costs, that is only \$1.00 per box of 50 .38's or .357's. I'm figuring

on salvaging my lead, of course. At the velocities that these bullets are designed for, any type of scrap lead works great, even pure lead. At a dollar a box, I can't afford to plink with my .22 anymore!

Yes, the shooting game is one that requires a lot of practice. This is one way to cut the cost of that practice.

The mold is \$18.50 + \$2.00 postage, and a Kit consisting of mould, priming and de-priming tools and powder scoops are available at \$25.00 + \$2.00 postage from Jim Taylor, Box 252, Oracle, AZ 85623.



Inexpensive practice loads via the Taylor system are excellent for aerial targets.

SIXGUN VACATION

Tom Welsh
Brockway, PA

I followed up on the HHI Hunt notice in **The Sixgunner** and made a phone call to Steve Wynn. It didn't take long before I asked him to include me and my silhouette shootin' buddy, Rick Vern, on the handgun boar hunt at Telico Junction. After reading over the hog hunting stories in **The Sixgunner** again, I decided to pack two handguns for the trip to Tennessee — my T/C Super 14 in .35 Remington and a Ruger Super Blackhawk .44 mag. Neither gun is a standard "out-of-the-box" model and I sure was interested in powdering a wild boar with one or the other.

The T/C had been sent off to Verne Juenke a couple of years ago for his special accuracy package and that handgun is as tight today as when I got it back from Nevada. One little drawback though . . . the barrel is not interchangeable nor is the frame with any other standard T/C equipment. The accuracy is worth having with the gun set up as it is. CCI standard large rifle primers lighting a charge of 37.5 grains of IMR-3031 pushes a 200 grain Hornady Spire Point along about 1900 feet per second and with amazing accuracy! I've knocked down a few metallic silhouette chickens set out at 200 yards with that combination.

The Super Blackhawk had been sent off to Larry Kelly, Mag-Na-Port Arms, Inc., a while back; I think shortly after their Mark V had become famous. They shortened the barrel of my Ruger to 4-5/8", recrowned it, replaced the front sight and put a red insert in it. A white outlined rear sight blade was installed and they lightened the trigger to a 3 lb. pull, and finished the revolver with an outstanding blue. (I should have had Mr. Kelly do a complete action job, too, as I understand it's worth the few extra bucks). I usually shoot 10 grains of Unique with CCI magnum large pistol primers pushing a 240 jacketed bullet along about 1100 fps. But, for this hunt, I had been working with 22.5 grains of IMR 4227, CCI mag pistol primer and 240 grain Hornady JHP bullets which traveled somewhere near 1200 fps. This load groups well for me and the Mag-Na-Ports keep the revolver from getting downright unruly.

Rick and I are IHMSA members, so when we were packing the pickup truck, we each packed along another handgun and made plans to make a stop at Jackson Center, PA to get in some "steel critter" shootin' on our way to Tennessee. The guys and gals of the Jackson Center Field and Stream Club have one of the finest silhouette ranges in the state and they make you feel right at home the first time you're there. If you would like to try out some tough handgun shooting and do some "gun talking" with other shooters, this is a good place to start out. I had brought along a straight production 7-1/2" Ruger Super Blackhawk and took a go at the "AA" standing class for the fourth time this year and scored a 15x40, using the same load that I'd worked up for the 4-5/8" Ruger. I was real happy with that score, but it impressed on me the fact that I'd better take advantage of any available form of rest when shooting at a flesh and blood animal for more precise bullet placement.

We arrived at our destination after 10 more hours of driving and were welcomed by our host and directed to where Steve Wynn was bunked. Steve made introductions and got us settled in. A few hours of guns, hunts, and ammo talk and we all turned in with the advice to be ready for mountain climbing at 7:30 in the morning.

Joe Meeks got us all assembled and introduced our guides — Lark, Billy and Troy. He then went over the rules of the hunt, put us in the trucks and headed us out for the oak covered ups and downs the razorbacks and black Russian boars call home. After we had hiked a ways up one of those "hills", I eagerly volunteered for the first stand of the morning's still hunt. The others hoofed it on up over the ridge and I was left alone in a very promising looking 'T' shaped valley, wondering exactly what a wild boar looked like and how they are supposed to act! About 45 minutes later, 150 robins apparently on winter vacation from the north flew in and made pigs of themselves, feeding and scratching around in the leaves on the ground. I was sure that with all that noise going on, I couldn't have heard a moose coming up the trail. But, as usual, I was wrong! Something sounded out of the ordinary!

Ears and eyes got synchronized and zeroed in on my first live boar coming around the side of the hill about 130 to 140 yards away. There were two — a cinnamon color and a jet black pair of

(Continued on Page 11)

(Continued from Page 10)

hogs were stealthily moving in my direction and checking their environment over for things that didn't belong. I looked down at the stubby Ruger .44 in my hand and wished it was the T/C .35 Remington. If the hogs had continued on their course, they would have crossed about 40 to 50 yards in front of me, but for some reason, they changed direction and drifted up over the ridge and away from me. I'm not sure, but I think I was a little relieved as well as being a little disappointed as I put the Ruger back in its holster.

After we were gathered up by the guides, we found that two of the party of nine handgunners had put a couple of nice boar down for the count with nice clean kills. I saw that these beasts had actually succumbed to the sixgun, and I was now ready to go after my own hog with the Ruger — the T/C would have to wait its turn sometime in the future on another hunt.

After lunch, the dogs were brought out and we all took another crack at the land located in "the shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains" as Telico's owner Joe Meeks puts it. I wasted no time in letting the guides know I was interested in taking a stand again as my 40 ounce Ruger was probably too heavy to be carried while trying to run up and down the countryside after half goofy dogs.

Four of us were placed in likely spots where we hoped to intercept dogs and hogs as they raced each other through the woods. As I was standing there on the ridge top, some white rams and goats had come up from the bottom and had wandered to about 30 yards from my post before they spotted me. Again, I didn't know exactly how these animals equipped with impressive horns were supposed to act, but at least I'd never heard of a goat eating anyone. They didn't stay long, however, so I got my attention back to boar hunting. I had heard plenty of shooting, but didn't get a glimpse of any hogs for the next hour or so.

Lark came across the ridge and told me that the dogs had cornered some hogs some distance away. He delivered me about as close to the ensuing melee as we dared to get without spooking the hogs off the ridge. Lark indicated to me that my posterior would be in jeopardy if I shot one of the dogs instead of a trophy boar.

We held on just a bit until a likely looking black boar separated himself from the two dogs and other three boar. He presented a perfect broadside shot over the sights of the Ruger at about 35 yards. A word from Lark and the handgun roared! The .44 sent its 240 grain bullet straight through a point just behind the boar's shoulder, collapsed both lungs and buried itself in some Tennessee real estate on the other side of the hog.

At the shot, the struck animal looked like an electrified brillo pad! I didn't knock it off its feet, but he didn't follow the others down over the hill. He took about three steps and piled up. I placed an insurance shot into him as no one there wanted a "dead" Russian boar jumping up and causing all nature of mischief to anything in reach. He wasn't going anywhere except back to Pennsylvania and into a frying pan.

I'll tell you right now, I'm going to do it again!

(Continued from Page 6)

minutes they came running past us again, still about 40 yards away. Jeff yelled at Les and it sounded like he said to shoot at the third boar.

I put the binoculars on that one, which was brown, as Les fired two shots. I couldn't see any bullet strikes and assumed he had missed. Just then I heard a squeal and saw one boar was down. As we approached it I found Les had shot at the second boar, as Jeff had told him. I had been looking at the wrong one.

The boar was dead when we got to him. His last shot had hit just behind the right shoulder and exited the left shoulder. As near as we could see he never moved after being hit. Considering the conditions, with running hogs in heavy cover, Les did some pretty good shooting. We were both satisfied with the loads we used.

We both enjoyed the hunt and intend to go back next year with more pistol shooters!

(Continued from Page 7)

Manufacturer:	Wall/Neck Thickness	Case Capacity
Federal Cartridge 30-30
Remington Peters 30-30
Winchester-Western 30-30
Winchester .375 Big Bore

Using an inside neck reamer and die manufactured by RCBS, I found the following:

Manufacturer:	Neck Reaming & Its Necessity
Federal Cartridge 30-30 Little or no metal removal, reaming probably not required.
Remington-Peters 30-30 Little metal removal, reaming probably not required.
Winchester-Western 30-30 Fair amount of metal removal, reaming will aid both case life and accuracy by keeping pressure at the desired level.
Winchester .375 Big Bore Considerable metal removal. I believe inside neck reaming is mandatory.

My preference is to use Federal brass.

POWDER SELECTION

Review of the various loading manuals show a number of recommended powders for the .30 Herrett. Keep in mind that this is a small capacity case in RELATIVE terms only. There is no way that fast burning pistol powders belong here with jacketed bullets.

After a lot of experimentation, I standardized on Hodgdon's H4227 powder and I've burned a lot of it. Please note, Hodgdon's H4227 burns quite differently than DuPont's IMR4227 in the .30 Herrett. Don't try to interchange these two.

About a year ago, I broke down, drove about 125 miles, and spent a rather ludicrous sum for some Norma N-200 powder. I don't know what Norma developed this powder for, but it sure is a natural for the .30 Herrett. Despite the cost and the inconvenience of finding Norma powders, N200 will become a standard for me.

Primer Selection:

With the exception of avoiding the use of the super hot Federal 215; this is an area of great controversy (and little proven fact or so it seems to me). In any case, the CCI-200 large rifle primer seems to do a good job. The various loading manuals will provide guidance for primer selection with the other powders. Good reloading practice dictates dropping back and working up slowly if components are changed. Don't skip this over lightly.

A Note About Pressure:

The .30 Herrett is an extremely high intensity wildcat. Many loads listed in various sources are in the range well above that level where a .30-30 would

operate in a lever-action rifle. This can be accomplished safely because the Contender is a very strong design providing adequate case head support. The Contender is a fine pistol; don't beat it to death. Work up slowly to loads that get the job done and yet aren't maximum.

Load Selection:

The major reloading manuals give more than adequate data. The only note I would add is bullet jacket thickness affects pressure by changing frictional forces in the barrel. If you use manufacturer A's loads with bullets from manufacturer B, you might get surprises. Again, if you change components, back off and work up.

Bullet Seating:

This is a controversial subject with some real potential for damage. With powder such as H4227, bullet seating can be as close to .030" from the loads provided loads are slowly worked up. With powders such as 296 and H-110, a wider gap may be wiser to keep pressures down. This is a potential problem which T/C is trying to avoid by adding considerable free-bore to late production barrels. In barrels with freebore, best results appear to be with the bullet seated one caliber into the case. No bullet crimping is needed.

Bullet Selection:

The .30 Herrett is an extremely accurate round. However, most .30 caliber bullets are designed to operate at much higher velocities than can be attained in the .30 Herrett. Even hollow-points such as the Speer 130 grainer will not expand on tissue. My experience breaks bullet selection down to the following:

- Varmint Hunting Speer 110 Grain Varminteer
Speer 110 Grain S.P.
Sierra 110 Grain S.P.
- Deer-Sized Game Hunting Sierra 125 Grain Spitzer
Speer 125 Grain Spitzer
Speer 130 Grain Flat Nose
- Silhouette Shooting Hornady 130 Grain Spire Point
Hornady 150 Grain Full Metal Jacket-Boat Tail
Sierra 130 Grain Hollow Point
Sierra 150 Grain Spitzer

With long gun life in mind, it may not always be desirable to achieve the maximum velocities listed in various manuals and articles on the .30 Herrett. This makes the question of bullet performance even more important. There is not much question about the performance of the .30 Herrett on medium sized game providing the bullet placement is correct and adequate velocity remains to properly expand whichever bullet you may select. It's up to you to limit your distance and to practice, practice, and practice some more to achieve accurate hunting bullet placement. If you'll keep this in mind, you will be a successful responsible handgun hunter with your .30 Herrett. Good shooting!

**S S K
HAND
CANNONS**

.45-70, .375 JDJ, .17 Remington and 50 other CUSTOM CONTENDER Barrels. CUSTOM CONTENDERS — CUSTOM SCOPE MOUNTS for HANDGUNS that will stay on. CUSTOM RIBS — HEAVY BULLET MOLDS in .357, .41 and .44 Caliber — Spring Kits — White Outline Sight Blades — Hard Chrome Plating — Rechambering — Custom XP 100 Conversions.

Stamp For Information.
S S K INDUSTRIES
Rt. 1, Della Drive
Bloomington, OH 43910
614-264-0176
SUPPORT HANDGUN HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL

HARD CAST BULLETS

By Ray Rusch, Dubuque, IA

"You can't temper lead alloy." I've heard numerous well intentioned but unknowledgeable shooters make that statement. The few adventuresome souls that have tried met with little success.

Gun writer Dean Grennell tried . . . and failed. Quick chilling bullets by dropping them into a bucket of water, Grennell found they shot a tad better than their air-cooled brothers. Encouraged, he asked one of the commercial bullet makers to look into this matter.

Their report was interesting. Quick chilling they felt, does add some desirable properties to the bullet . . . but the advantages are short lived. In fact, the advantages begin to disappear in a matter of hours.

Feeling that quick chilling bullets wasn't worth the effort to gain qualities having such a short shelf life, Grennell gave up on the idea. (Incidentally, Grennell is one of the few gun writers with a truly questioning mind, as opposed to the majority who seem to write the same article over and over again in new words. He should be applauded for his efforts.)

About the same time Grennell's article appeared in print, I called SSK to order a new mold. I talked to J. D. for quite some time, and in the course of the conversation, mentioned that my shooting buddies and I were tempering wheelweights, and that the resulting bullets were harder than those made from linotype. J. D. listened politely, but I don't think he believed me.

Shortly after that conversation, Lyman brought out their new **Cast Bullet Handbook**. Tucked unobtrusively away in separate sections of the book were both a method of tempering wheelweights, and an explanation (incomplete, I think) of why it works.

Lyman's method will not appeal to many bullet casters. It involves heating the cast and sized bullets in an oven. The temperature must be kept close to the melting point of the alloy for about an hour. (An accurate thermometer is a must). The heated bullets are then removed from the oven and quickly dropped into a bucket of cold water. Sounds like a lot of work.

By way of explanation, Lyman theorizes that when the bullets are heated near the melting point, Arsenic combines with Oxygen to act as a flux allowing the antimony and lead (that had separated during the air cooling) to re-combine. The quick chilling then keeps the two metals from separating. Presto! Hard bullets from wheelweights.

Two questions arise from the foregoing discussion:

(1) If Lyman is correct, where does Grennell's experiment and results fit in?

and (2) Is there a better way? Let's tackle Grennell's results first. A close friend of mine, Jim Klein, runs a small gun shop near Dubuque, Iowa, and has spent many hours pondering the question of tempering wheelweights. Jim has also spent more than a few hours experimenting with other lead alloys as well. His conclusions complement both Lyman's and Grennell's.

(Continued on Page 12)

Where Grennell went wrong according to Jim, is in the alloy he used. When Jim tried tempering any alloy high in tin content, the results were always zip. For example, when an alloy such as a "Lyman # 2" is quick chilled, the result is a bullet having all the properties of an air cooled bullet made of the same alloy. Quick chilling bullets from high tin content alloy did not increase the hardness of the resulting bullet. Tin, apparently, is the problem. Too much tin inhibits the tempering process. The alloy Grennell was using was fairly high in tin content, hence no dramatic effects.

So, if you wish to temper a lead alloy, best use one low in tin. A small amount of Antimony is necessary, making wheelweights the ideal choice.

A second interesting fact: The tempered wheelweights do **not** become less hard as the bullet sits around waiting to be shot. Jim and I checked some bullets cast of tempered wheelweights that had been on the shelf over two years. There was no decrease in hardness! We also tested some bullets after they were fired. Those too, were as hard as when they were loaded.

Also, in contrast to the report Grennell received, the increased hardness of tempered wheelweights is not apparent immediately. True, on being pulled from the water and dried, the bullets are harder than if they were air cooled, but it takes about 48 hours for the alloy to reach peak hardness.

How hard is "peak hardness?"

Using a Saeco Hardness tester, Jim found the following:

- (1) Air cooled wheelweights . . . 5 to 6
- (2) Lyman # 2 alloy 7
- (3) Linotype 8
- (4) Tempered wheelweights 9

The higher number being the harder bullet, of course.

Tempering bullets made of wheelweights doesn't have to be the ordeal Lyman proposes. Jim's method is simple and direct: When dropping a newly cast bullet from the mold, just let it fall into a bucket of cold water instead of letting it air cool. Fish the bullets out of the water, dry, and size and lube as soon as possible. (Fail to follow this last bit of advice, and you may have to stand on the sizer handle to force the bullet through the die, especially if the bullet you're casting falls from the mold well oversize. (Remember, the bullet will continue to harden for up to 48 hours, but the greatest part of that hardening will take place in the first few hours after casting.)

So quit spending money for tin and linotype. The process described above, while quite simple, works very well with a little practice. Bullets made in this manner are quite accurate, and shooting them will keep the barrel of your gun as lead free as any cast bullet will allow.

Editor's Note: Interesting as this may be, it barely scratches the surface of tempering-hardening cast bullets. I've never felt the need for them in revolvers as proper lube and correct sizing eliminates leading in all but the roughest barrels. The NRA "Cast Bullet" which is available through the NRA Book Service is by far the best general source on the technicalities of cast bullets heat treating, metallurgy, etc. The American Society of Metals Handbook lists many tests concerning tempering of lead and its gradual deterioration with age. Dropping typical wheelweight bullets from the mold into water hardens it

approximately to the hardness of linotype and correspondingly increases its brittleness. The Cast Bullet Association is the absolute best source to accumulate information on cast bullet shooting. CBA-SIF Musselman, 5522 Trent St., Chevy Chase, MD 20815.

MP-5744

By Dave Guthrie, Ripley, WV

With the cost of powder spiraling upward, handgunners have several choices. Fire reduced loads (which ain't no fun), shoot less (which is even less fun), spend more money on powder (which ain't no fun, either), or look into Accurate Arms' (Route 1, Box 167, McEwen, TN 37101) powder they designated as MP-5744. They describe it as follows: "Ideal for lead gas check reduced loads, burning slightly faster than IMR 4198 and somewhat slower than IMR 4227. Works well in T/C, .30-30, .357 Herrett, 7MM TCU, .221 Fireball and 7.62x39 Russian."

Accurate Arms had a display set-up at the IHMSA Internationals in August and after talking with the rep., I purchased a one pound can of MP-5744, hoping it would work in a big bore handgun. Not really knowing where to start in developing loads for my revolvers, I checked several reloading sources and decided on the following loads.

.44 MAG.

# 1	180 Sierra JHP	CCI 350 Primer	26.0 Gr. MP-5744
# 2	210 Sierra JHP	CCI 350 Primer	25.0 Gr. MP-5744
# 3	220 Sierra Silhouette	CCI 350 Primer	24.0 Gr. MP-5744
# 4	Lyman Cast 429421	CCI 350 Primer	22.5 Gr. MP-5744

.45 COLT

# 1	Lyman Cast 454424	CCI 350 Primer	21.5 Gr. MP-5744
-----	-------------------	----------------	------------------

Not having a lot of time to shoot or develop a specialized accuracy load, I put together 10 rounds of each load in W/W cases and headed for the range. I set up my Oehler Model 12 chronograph and proceeded to check 5 rounds of each load. After checking load # 3 and # 4, a stray round from the # 1 .44 Mag. load sent little pieces of sky screen flying everywhere. Needless to say, I was disappointed because I wouldn't get to check the velocity potential of the powder.

Accuracy of the .44 Mag. was excellent. Fired in a Ruger Redhawk with only the grip of the gun sand-bagged, I got the following results at 25 yards:

- # 1 Five shots 1.25"
- # 2 Only two rounds hit an 18" x 24" target, a real loser.
- # 3 Five shots 1.00" 1120 F.P.S.
- # 4 Five shots 1.55" 4 shots 1.00" 1150 F.P.S.

This powder performed well in my Redhawk with no unburnt powder except with load # 1 which is the 180 Sierra J.H.C. Accuracy was as good as with any load I've shot in the gun, but velocity was a little disappointing. Judging by primer appearance and ease

(Continued on Page 13)



Taffin's .44 Specials!

.44 SPECIAL LOADS

By John Taffin, Boise, ID

The Smith & Wesson .44 Special is the most significant development in sixgun cartridges in the history of the revolver! Now before you start throwing all of your magnum brass at me, let me support that statement with facts.

In 1905, S & W started work on a new revolver to shoot a new .44 cartridge with a 246 grain bullet with a black powder charge of 26 grains. The result was, in 1908, the first N-Frame Model, the .44 Hand Ejector First Model, better known as "The Triple-Lock" chambered in .44 Special. The cartridge was hopelessly underloaded, but the pioneer experimenters had both a strong sixgun and cartridge case to work with.

The .44 Special, handloaded to 1100-1200 fps spawned interest in really powerful handguns. Without the Special, there would have not been the birth, in 1935, of the .357 Magnum which was chambered in the same revolver as the .44 Special. And certainly, without the .357 Magnum, and its tremendous popularity as a sportsman's sixgun, the .44 Magnum would never have seen the light of day.

The Special brought handguns out of the Black Powder era and made possible the excellent series of sixgun cartridges (.357, .44, .41) we have today. Unfortunately, the .44 Special seems to have been forgotten by all but the most dedicated of handgunners. I have to admit, even though the Special is my first true love, I have been playing the field and only recently decided to go back to the original and do some experimenting with it to see exactly what is possible with modern brass in modern sixguns.

Reloading manuals are woefully inadequate when it comes to loads for the .44 Special, so the Special shooter will have to rely on old data or come up with his own.

At this point, let me digress a bit to the subject of loading for .44's. Lately, a lot of complaints have been going around about this gun, or that gun not "holding up". In most cases, it is simply a matter of asking a sixgun to do more than it was ever designed to do. Here are the guidelines I follow in loading "Forty-Fours" and this keeps me out of trouble. There will be times I over-step, but not very often.

CLASS I: These are the .44 Specials made prior to World War II. This

includes Colt SA's, Colt New Service, S & W Triple-Lock, Model 1926, etc. They will probably handle heavier loads but are too valuable to subject them to high power loads. An excellent load is a 240 grain SWC over 7.5 Unique for 900-950 fps. I feel the Charter Bulldog belongs in this group.

CLASS II: .44 Specials made after World War II, such as the Colt SA, New Frontier, and S & W 1950. These excellent revolvers will handle loads in the 1100 fps range using the 240 gr. SWC.

CLASS III: The original .44 Magnums. The S & W 29 and the Ruger Flat-Top. Use common sense with these guns. I prefer 20 gr. # 2400 with 240-250 gr. bullet and comparable loads for less wear and tear on the shooter and the sixgun.

CLASS IV: The heavy weights. These will handle any reasonable (and some not so reasonable) load. Ruger New Model Super Blackhawk, Ruger Redhawk, Dan Wesson .44, Virginian Dragon, Abilene.

Before loading up for the .44 Special, I cut a few Magnum cases back to Special length and was surprised to find they weighed the same and had virtually the same capacity. The same velocity was obtained with cut down .44 Magnum cases and 17 gr. # 2400 as using Special cases. Upon sectioning both cases, it was found that they were virtually identical. Modern Special brass is strong!

Although I have a dozen .44 Specials, it was decided to use my newest, a Colt New Frontier 7 1/2". .44 Special as a test vehicle. I, for one, am sorry to see this excellent sixgun dropped from production. While certainly not a .44 Magnum, the Colt New Frontier is probably the strongest .44 Special ever produced. Although my loads approached .44 Magnum velocities for these tests, 17 gr. # 2400 and 240 gr. SWC is my normal top line for this sixgun.

The Hodgdon Handbook # 23 is the only reloading manual to show heavy loads for the .44 Special and then only with their powders. However, I did not accept their claims. Notably, the claim is for 16.5 gr. H 4227 with a 250 gr. bullet for 1109 fps from a 7 1/2" barrel. I started at 17 grains, working up to 19 grains and found 18-19 grains gave basically the same velocity, slightly

(Continued on Page 13)

over 1100 fps.

The same manual also lists 16 gr. H110 as maximum, claiming 1202 fps. I started at this and obtained 991 fps and worked up to 18 grains for 1117 fps. Although my loads using H110 and H4227 show slower velocities than published materials, my # 2400 loads are higher. Here are some comparisons using # 2400.

Grain	Mine	Handloader	Skelton	Speer # 7
	7 1/2"	6 1/2"	7 1/2"	6 1/2"
16.0	1167			985
16.5	1186			
17.0	1233	1080		1039
17.5	1244		1297	
18.0	1283	1140		1074

Two bullets, the standard Lyman # 429421 and the lightweight 210 JDJ; and five powders: Unique, # 2400, H110, H4227, WW680 were chosen. The results are shown in the charts:

.44 Special Colt New Frontier 7 1/2"
 Bullet: Lyman # 429421 Cast Hard Sized .428
 WW .44 Special Brass CCI Mag. Primers
 Temperature: 88°

Charge: Grains	Powder	MV	Group: 25 Yards
16.0	# 2400	1167	2-1/4"
16.5	# 2400	1186	1"
17.0	# 2400	1233	1-1/2"
17.5	# 2400	1244	1-1/2"
18.0	# 2400	1283	1-1/2"
17.0	H4227	1067	1-1/2"
17.5	H4227	1118	1-5/8"
18.0	H4227	1125	1-3/8"
18.5	H4227	1125	2"
19.0	H4227	1113	1-1/4"
17.0	WW680	971	1-3/4"
17.5	WW680	1030	2-1/4"
18.0	WW680	1062	2-1/4"
18.5	WW680	1096	1-3/8"
19.0	WW680	1116	1-1/2"
16.0	H110	991	2"
16.5	H110	1017	2-3/4"
17.0	H110	1060	2-3/4"
17.5	H110	1079	1-3/8"
18.0	H110	1117	1-3/8"
7.5	Unique	952	1-3/8"
8.0	Unique	1017	
8.5	Unique	1051	1-3/4"
9.0	Unique	1091	

Bullet: SSK 210429
 Cast of Type Metal — Sized .428

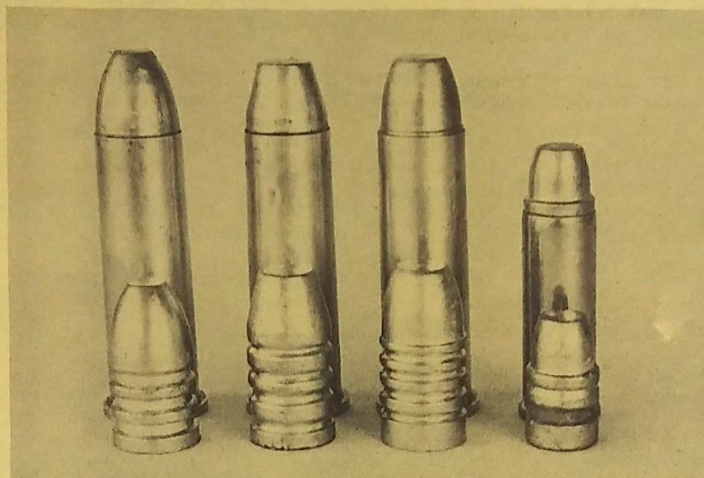
Charge: Grains	Powder	MV	Group: 25 Yards
18.0	# 2400	1307	
18.5	# 2400	1347	2-1/2"
19.0	# 2400	1376	1"
19.0	H4227	1153	1-3/4"
19.5	H4227	1170	
20.0	H4227	1230	1-3/4"

As can be seen from these results, the .44 Special still is overshadowed only by its grandson, the .44 Magnum. But that's not bad for a cartridge that is 76 years old.

None of the loads showed excessive pressure, no sticky cases, no flattened primers. So I went a little further with # 2400 and the Lyman bullet. A charge of 19 grains of # 2400 gave 1297 fps with the first sign of flattened primers and 20 grains yielded 1397 fps with sticky extraction. Both loads are too hot for .44 Specials. Out of curiosity, I also loaded some Peters Balloon head cases with Keith's old original load of 18.5 gr. # 2400 and the Lyman # 42941 bullet with results of 1268 fps.

One afternoon I was in one of the local gun stores when a man walked in and ordered a box of .44 Specials. Ah! I thought . . . A man after my own heart. "What make of .44 Special do you have," I asked. "Oh, I don't have one. I shoot these in my Super Blackhawk. The regular loads hurt my hand." !!!

Perhaps the .44 Special is not to stay buried as there is a possibility that S & W will make another run of the 1950 target. If they do, you can bet I will have one.



Bullets used in the tests were Lyman 515141, SSK Ind. 470-510, Lyman 525242. That's a .44 Magnum, world's most powerful revolver cartridge on the right for comparison.

The .50/70 Government

By Philip C. Briggs, Phoenix, AZ

The last competitors were on the line, and with the match about over and only a few people left around it seemed like a good time to sneak in a little practice with the 50/70. When they moved over, I slipped up to the line to shoot a few leftover chickens. As Sara was busy sorting out the scores, I'd have to do without a coach, but for a little experimentation — that'd be alright.

I'd spent a little time on the range a few weeks ago, after chronoing some Pyrodex loads, to get a feel for their accuracy at 50 yards, and like the chrono data, they looked pretty good. Better yet, the gentler burning characteristics of Pyrodex tame the beast somewhat — more of a long slow shove than the sharp push of smokeless loads. Yesterday I'd managed to squeeze in enough time to shoot twenty rounds on the gongs to get some preliminary sight settings and found out that I didn't have enough elevation left in the T/C sight for the 200 meter gong.

The crowd that was hanging around for the trophy ceremony were trading lies and sipping suds, and didn't notice the big puffs of white smoke on the line. Good thing, cause peering through the smoke showed some fresh furrows in the bank, and the chickens on the stands. "Guess my sight setting isn't quite right."

The first one I hit didn't even spin — it just floated straight back a few feet. As did most of the rest.

My setting wasn't right for the turkeys either, but I did have more time to spot my own bullet strikes, and I managed to tag some on the last bank.

I'd picked up a couple of onlookers by the last bank of turkeys, and I had to pass a loaded round around as I set up for the rams. Plenty of spotters now.

Only I've got to coverup most of the target to hit them; even so I take several — to the wonderment of the growing crowd. That 450 grain (nominal) bullet does make the rams get down off the stands! Lots of curious shooters, lots of questions.

At the regular range at Black Canyon we shoot the pigs last; so I had ten rounds left, as well as several rams. The match was over, and we had a few minutes before trophy time. "Anybody want to give this a try?" No

takers. Lots of excuses. Scared off I guess — just 'cause the bullet weighs over an ounce and the case is shotshell size doesn't mean it's mean. Hell, they ought to try some of J.D.'s loads!

I got into this innocently enough. Hal Swiggett does an annual for Harris Publications called "Big Bore Handguns."

"Hell, Hal," I proposed, "why not include a piece on a BIG bore — one of J.D. Jones' SSK Industries .50/70 Handcannons?"

Well, that was such a good idea, in a few short weeks I found myself looking down range over my chrono screens, ready to snap the first cap on a test program for the .50/70.

After looking into the menacing maw of the custom T/C barrel, and assembling some test loads in those outsized cases, I must admit to some trepidation as I tightened my trigger finger that first time.

Still, I was using loads for the .50/70 Sharps from Lyman's latest Cast Bullet Handbook, and if they were safe in a centenarian rifle they ought to be OK in the modern steels of the T/C I told myself.

The big surprise was that the recoil, perhaps due to the Mag-na-port job, wasn't that bad — stiff, no doubt, but not wrist-wrecking. That came later in the day.

The T/C barrel does have ample strength to handle the low pressure (10,000 LUP's) loads typically recommended for the oldtimer. Randy Cuberly, fellow silhouetter, handgun hunter and engineer (he's a ME) took some measurements and analyzed the big bored chamber with a computer program available to him. Hoop stress, he calls the computation, and it's done using finite element analysis solved by numerical methods programmed for a large computer. Even at 40,000 LUP's there's a safety factor of two to three — which Randy says isn't a lot, as four to five is normal practice, but at the low pressures I stuck to, the safety factor was ample.

Actually, I doubt you could blow this one up — you'd quit because of the recoil long before you worked up to a dangerous condition.

Pressure signs by the way are non-existent; primers looked like .38 special wadcutter loads.

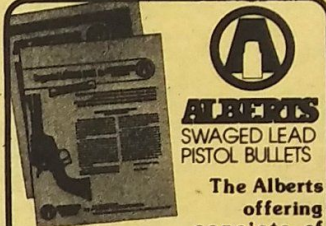
Everything about this cartridge is (Continued on Page 14)

of extraction, I'd guess that could be improved upon somewhat.

The .45 Colt load was shot in a 4-5/8" Ruger with a 2X Leupold scope mounted on it. The little Ruger really ate the MP-5744 load up, putting five rounds in one ragged hole measuring .750". Not really believing it, I put the last five, which were meant for the chrono, into a group measuring .900 . . . not bad, by my standards at least.

All in all, I can honestly say that MP-5744 is a powder every big bore handgunner should experiment with. At a retail price of \$52.00 for an 8-pound keg, that's only \$6.50 a pound, a lot better than \$10 to \$12, wouldn't you say?

Editor's Note: We won't say a thing about a shot up Skyscreen if you promise to keep us advised of your data.



ALBERTS
SWAGED LEAD PISTOL BULLETS

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

Swaged lead bullets are our only product — they have to excel.
 Cost? Absolutely competitive — and Alberts prices have remained constant since 1979!

Send **50¢** for 4 page brochure, and 4 pages of Loading Data.

THE ALBERTS CORPORATION
 12-B Commerce Road • Fairfield, NJ 07006

Maverick
RANGE FINDER

a new concept in handgun sighting for Colts & Rugers

\$6.95 EACH

PLUS
 White or Gold
OUTLINE REAR SIGHT BLADES

for Ruger & Colt Handguns **\$5.95 EACH**

OMEGA (NEW IMPROVED)
 Trigger Spring For All New Model Ruger Single Action Revolvers
\$6.95 EACH
 Lights trigger pull.

Omega Sales
 SUBSIDIARY OF MAG-NA-PORT ARMS, INC.
 P.O. BOX 1066 MT. CLEMENS, MICH 48043

Test Results
SSK Industries T/C Barrel
50/70 Government

Bullet Lyman	Powder		Case	Average	Velocity	(FPS)	Remarks
	Type	Charge			Variation	SD	
		(GRS)					
515141	SR4759	25.0	Dixie	1155	13	5	
	H4227	26.0	Dixie	1218	15	6	
	IMR4198	29.0	Dixie	1149	31	13	
	PyroCTG	44.0	Bell	917	67	27	Lee 3.4cc dipper, bullet sized .509"
		44.0	Bell	984	19	7	
		41.0	Bell	867	61	31	Lee 3.1cc dipper — not compressed
SSK							
470-510	H322	39.0	Dixie	1211	25	11	
	HRL-7	28.0	Dixie	1132	71	35	Velocity for 3 rounds only
	W748	40.0	Dixie	933	27	9	
Lyman							
515142	IMR3031	29.0	Bell	941	28	10	
	PyroCTG	41.0	Bell	845	35	14	Lee 3.1cc dipper

Approach all loads with caution — start low and work up, for recoil as well as excessive pressures. Best to ease into this one.

All velocity data recorded for a 14 inch barrel for one five-shot string — velocities measured at 10 feet from muzzle with Oehler Model 33 Chronotach and Skyscreens. Unless noted all Lyman bullets shot were sized .512 inches, SSK bullets sized .509". All loads used Federal No. 215 primers, all smokeless powder loads used Dacron wad.



Everything about the .50-70 is outsized — even the shellholder. The little round on the right is a .357 Mag.

outsized — bullets, cases, dies, even the shell holder!

Bullets have to be cast — (save for the rare Barnes bullet) and the cartridge is well suited to them, as usable velocities are in the 1000-1200 fps range. Lyman still makes two molds in this diameter (.512 inches), No. 515141 and No. 515142. The first weighs 420 grains in No. 2 alloy, has the original military profile, looks pretty nice and has a BC of .250 which is high for pistol pills. The second weighs 500 grains in No. 2, and with its large flat point would be better for hunting. J.D. has designed his own bullet, which is an up scale copy of his other truncated cone, flat point pistol bullets. Available only from SSK, (Rt. 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910; 614-264-0176) the bullet weighs a nominal 470 grains.

Casting good quality bullets this big takes a lead pot that will flow a lot of metal, to fill the mold before the alloy begins to cool. I started with a Lee Production pot — which doesn't flow enough, and then got great results upon switching to a Lyman Mould Master XX.

Both Lyman molds cast well dimensioned bullets — the NEI — built SSK mold threw out of round bullets that were too undersize to clean up in a .509 inch dies. (ED: Whenever you run into this — return the mold to the manufacturers.)

Cases are available from RCBS (made by BELL), Dixie Gun Works and Navy. The BELL brass is a basic .50 caliber case, and has to be trimmed — a lot — to fit .50/70. I cut the cases off with a carbide wheel in my Dremil,

but as there are no .50/70 collets or pilots, trimming them was a hand operation on my benchgrinder. Too much hassle — better to buy ready to load cases from Dixie or Navy. In any case, they're not cheap.

My dies were from Lyman, and with their two diameter M-die expander worked well — I'd hate to lose one of these cases from over flaring the mouth.

Reliable smokeless powder ignition in big, straight walled black powder cases can be a problem, but was simply solved using Federal's magnum large rifle primer, No. 215, and a small tuft of Dacron for over powder wadding. Velocities were extremely uniform with this combination, and went wild without the wad. The Pyrodex loads did not need a wad as they (save the lightest load) were all compressed. So loaded velocity was also uniform; variation tripled for the load that wasn't compressed.

All my load development was done at the range, shooting various powder, bullet and charge combinations assembled on the spot using a Lee Turret Press, mounted on its accessory maple carrying box. Really a slick set up for that use.

I haven't shot the pistol much for group sizes yet, but during load development I shot several 1½-2 inch 25 yard five-shot groups. While sighting in the little bullet, over 24.0 grains of SR4759, printed a 3½ inch five-shot group at 50 yards, and a 10-inch tenshot group at 100 yards.

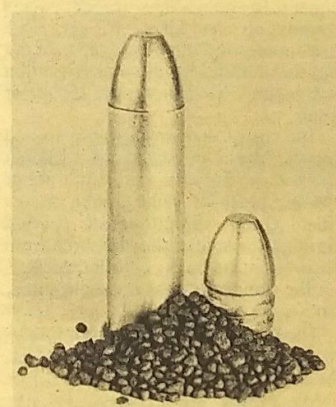
Fired from the bench with the heavier loads I had a sore hand and wrist for over a week after that first

200 round load development session.

My only experience on the silhouette range has been with Pyrodex loads, anybody that thinks full-snort .44 maggies are OK could handle the recoil of the 1000 fps loads. It's a kick, and if your club runs a black powder class it would be a good choice.

But really, first and foremost this is a hunting handgun for the big, heavy and/or dangerous game. And though I can't say that from any personal experience, the oldtimers thought the .50/70 was adequate buffalo medicine — and I equaled Sharps rifle velocities with my top loads.

This hundred plus year old cartridge if then a heavy hitter — on both ends. Experienced shooters only need apply. If you've a 4-5/8 inch Super Blackhawk, and think that's a fine plinker — and shoot full snort .308 loads in your unlimited gun — then this one may be — just may be — for you.



Replica reloading — Lyman 515141 original profile bullet and Pyrodex.

**MORE
ARTICLES
NEEDED**



A BIG DAY

By Mike Mitchell, Munhall, PA

It was 6:00 a.m. As I stepped outside our trailer the sky was cloudy and the wind still. Pennsylvania's antlered deer season would begin in about fifty minutes. I turned on my flashlight and decided to start up the trail ahead of the other four members of our hunting camp.

We had arrived at camp, located near Canandota Lake in Crawford County several days before the season began. This gave us a chance to do a little small game hunting, check sights on the guns (I am the only pistol hunter in the party) and clear the trail to our tree stands. Several trees had come down since last year, including three from a snowstorm about a week ago.

As I slowly walked the three quarters of a mile to my tree stand, to avoid overheating from the heavy clothing, I thought about the last two seasons. 1979 was the first year I decided to use a pistol. The fact I had been shooting in competition every weekend and improving my skill enabled me to break away from my rifle. I had been fortunate to bag a nice seven point the first morning. 1980 was quite different. Bucks did not come easy. A three point (only had one antler) ran past my tree stand on Saturday, the sixth and last day of our hunt. The sound of my old model Super Blackhawk being cocked stopped the buck at fifty yards and allowed me a shot I certainly felt fortunate to have.

This year I decided not to use the Old Model and had a new model Super Blackhawk with me in a shoulder holster. After last year I was afraid the sound of cocking the old model might just spook my next buck and decided to stick with a quieter New Model. The load was the same however, Lyman's 429244 Thompson gas check cast 1-20 tin to lead, deeply hollow pointed and backed by 16 grains Blue Dot.

As I made my way up the trail I wondered what this year would bring. Reaching the top of the hill I found my departure point to the right of the trail with the flashlight and angled toward my stand.

One to two inches of snow over most of the woods provided a fair background for watching for deer. A little more would have been better since so many hunters spend their day following tracks and move deer past our stands.

Arriving at my tree I climbed up, organized myself, and sat down with the Ruger across my lap. I adjusted my Bushnell Compact binoculars as best I could and settled down to await the dawn. It was late in arriving due to cloud cover and it was nearly 7:30 before I heard a shot in the distance.

At about this time the first living thing I'd seen, an owl, glided past me. Time was dragging, as it always does when I don't see deer. About 8:00 a.m. a hunter went by over to my left. By now I could see fairly well into the brush. I had used this stand for five years. The average distance I could see in any direction was about fifty yards.

Another owl glided by. Shortly thereafter I heard seven shots from three different rifles in the direction of the other stands. It sounded as if a buck had run by everyone and they were each taking a crack at it. From the sound of the shots it seemed to be going away from me.

(Continued on Page 15)

The woods quieted again. I continued my slow head swivel when I suddenly saw deer legs about fifty yards to my right. The binoculars picked up enough antler at first glance to know it was a legal buck. When I put the binoculars down it appeared there were two deer moving together through the brush. Another look through the binoculars showed I was wrong, there was only one. I now raised the pistol but had to wait until the buck entered an opening to shoot. As he came into view I tried to line up the sights and found the front sight light and indistinct. Trying as hard as I could to find an even amount of space on each side of that sight, and having difficulty, I fired. At the shot I saw his tail go down, usually the sign of a hard-hit deer. He continued, however to slowly move in the same direction. Watching him, I saw he would enter another clearing slightly closer to me, about 35 yards away, and trained the sights on it. As he entered the opening, which was wide and clear, I was in such a hurry to take advantage of this perfect situation I jerked the trigger. At this point he ran directly away eliminating any chances of another shot.

Quickly climbing down from my stand I was kicking myself for not talking to myself before the shot, which is how I calm myself down to concentrate on a shot. Going to where I shot last I couldn't find tracks. After casting about for a couple of minutes I decided to go back to where I first saw the deer. I found the tracks here. Although most of the ground had some snow cover this deer had spent most of it's time walking in clear areas. I could see where he was when I first fired but no blood or hair was showing. Continuing on the trail past where I fired my second shot there still was no sign of a hit. I had about decided the first shot was also a miss when I saw blood.

Quickly moving along the trail, which I had no trouble following now due to the blood, I suddenly saw a deer standing in front of me. It was about 30 yards away. The binoculars showed the body and the mouth with a tongue hanging out, but the rest of the head was hidden. Knowing it was probably my deer because of the tongue hanging out I continued to wait for it to move. A second later the head came down enough to see his antlers. I lined up the Ruger on where his chest appeared to be, this time talking myself into squeezing the trigger. At the shot he ran but the crashing sound I heard was that of a buck running into branches and trees in his last blind run.

I found him about thirty feet from where I fired my last shot, a nice seven-point buck. The first shot had hit at the very end of the ribs, probably due to my not allowing for his movement as I tried to align that damn bright front sight. The last shot had hit just forward of his shoulder. Neither had exited.

As I dragged him out to the trail and started down I met Frank who told me the shooting I had heard earlier had been at a group of three bucks who had run past Bill, Rege and himself. He had missed but both Rege and Bill got theirs (four and five point). He was going back to his stand after helping them drag the deer to Rege's stand.

The trip back was about the toughest drag I had ever had. There was no snow on the trail, only mud in many places. Finally arriving at the trailer with my buck I changed to dry clothes as mine were soaking wet with sweat.

Just as I was about to go back up the trail to help with the other two deer Bill and Frank arrived dragging Frank's five point. That meant only Bob had not scored and I hurried up the trail. When I reached Rege's stand I found him and Bob sitting on a log. Bob had gotten a spike about 11:00 a.m.

It turned out to be the best day we have ever had in our years of deer hunting. I also had some things to think about. Next year I resolved not to have the sight problem I ran into this year. I'll also have a load which will penetrate farther.



Mag-na-port®

Means: Reduced Recoil - Reduced Muzzle Jump



The original Mag-na-port® a Patent Precision muzzle venting process - Has become famous because of the thousands of shooters that insist on having greater control of their firearm.

Will not change Ballistics or Accuracy.

For further information on Mag-na-port® or the Mag-na-port Custom Ruger Handguns write for free literature.

We thank all of our customers for Mag-na-port's success in the Firearms Industry.

Patent No. # 3808943
ARMS, INC.
 (313) 469-6727
 30016 South River Road • Mount Clemens, Michigan 48045

Firing Line

I am an enthusiastic handgun hunter. Seven years ago I sold all my rifles and purchased handguns instead. At present, I own an M29 S & W 6 1/2", Uberti 7 1/2" and Ruger Redhawk all in .44 Mag. I enjoy casting bullets and find it even more rewarding taking game with a round one's loaded oneself.

I have in the past seven years had a lot of opportunity to shoot a great variety of big and medium game with my battery of .44's. Kudu, wildebeest, bushbuck, crocodiles, baboons, bushpigs, warthogs, impala, jackals and many more smaller game as well.

I am only now starting to look toward larger game, but as the saying goes one must learn to walk before you can run.

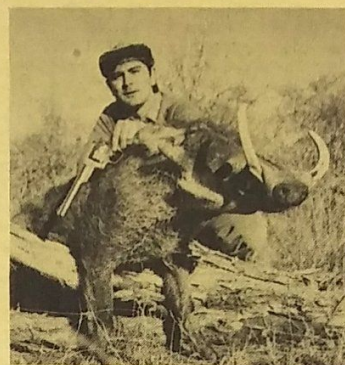
Famous handgun hunters like yourself, Larry Kelly, Lee Jurras and many more have stimulated my hobby to the point I've reached today. You guys are my heroes and I buy any literature available from the U.S.A. To put it in a nutshell, I love handguns and hunting with handguns only.

In South Africa handgun hunting has never taken off like in the U.S.A. In fact that is why I have decided to write to you chaps and start a correspondence club. I am at present seeking out all true, purist handgun hunters in S. Africa, but alas, these are very few indeed.

My objective is to stimulate and promote the sport from my side and prove to the native authorities that a good handgun hunter is worth as much as a professional rifle hunter in his own right.

Through my writing articles for local magazines, etc. I hope to promote handgun hunting. It would be a great honor if you would write back to me. My ambition is to be a member of H.H.I. I send with this letter a photograph of myself with a lovely warthog I shot with my Redhawk .44 Mag from 75 yards using a Keith-Lyman mould 245 gr. SWC bullet behind 25 gr. MP 300 powder which gives me an average 1480 F.P.S. The bullet penetrated both sides of the pig completely.

I would be honored if you could reply to me. Eddie Dunn, 305 Costando Flats, Bourke Str., Sunnyside, Pretoria 0002, South Africa.



Eddie Dunn with a nice warthog taken at 75 yards.

I am coming up on fourth year of hunting with a handgun, but no luck yet, not even a miss. Sure ought to be my turn this year. Thank you for the **SIXGUNNER**. Dick Slagle, Ford City, PA.

Enclosed is \$15 for renewal and \$2 for extra patch. The **SIXGUNNER** is great! I devour every word in the **SIXGUNNER**. Art Pinsky, Richmond, MI.

Here are my dues for H.H.I. In a future issue of the **SIXGUNNER** will you please remind our readers that the Alabama State Legislature has tightened up on trespass laws and poaching. However the poaching laws still need to be toughened. There have been some changes in our laws for you out of state hunters, so before out of states come they should write to Fish & Game Dept. at Montgomery, AL to get up to date. Alabama also has a pre empt law now too. Maw Terry, Irondale, AL.

I have a great love for all kinds of handgun hunting. Some day I want to get a black bear with my .44 S & W Mag. I read that HHI also schedules hunts in various parts of the country. If you know about a reasonable black bear hunt or outfitters who seem more reasonable than others let me know. So far I am having trouble finding a price I can afford. Bill Harris, Irving, TX. ED: Everyone is. Can anyone out there help with reliable guides?

Here are the current handgun hunting laws for the state of Tennessee. Handguns using .22 caliber rimfire ammo are legal for stuning small game except migratory birds.

Handguns using centerfire ammo are legal for hunting beaver, coyote, groundhogs and crows except during deer season.

Centerfire handguns .30 caliber or larger and having a barrel length of 4 inches or more are legal for hunting deer, bear and boar.

Military or other full metal jacketed type ammo are prohibited. Juveniles under the age of 18 are prohibited from using handguns for hunting. Dick Askins, Fayetteville, TN.

I don't know when my membership fee is due, so I will renew it now and be sure not to miss a single issue of the **SIXGUNNER**.

I have a small problem that you might help me with. When reloading .357 Herrett cases with cast bullets, severe lead shaving occurs because the dies that I have do not bell the cases any. As a result, accuracy is very poor. Do you know of a company that manufactures a .357 Herrett case mouth expanding die for cast bullet use? Douglas Scates, Gaffney, SC.

ED: Lyman, Pacific and RCBS produce 'M' dies. Some .357 Mag expander dies will work — some may not.

Just read G.T. Malvaney's article in H.H.I., top-notch! Need more just like it and in some of the larger published magazines such as "American Handgunner", etc.

We need all the "ammo" we can get, here the criminal tells you straight-out — gun control is not crime control!

Possibly you/we can come up with a T-shirt or belt buckle from H.H.I. to support the organizations that are fighting the anti-gunners. You make a small profit for your time and the rest for the fight. I think all in H.H.I. would support you.

After defeat there is no H.H.I., SSK, S & W, Ruger or possibly you or I! G.K. Root, Erie, PA.

Today, July 4, 1982, started off as any number of shoot Sundays in Eastern Ohio have this year. My number one shooting partner, Tom South, showed up at the normal 9 a.m. He brought 3 friends with him . . . Terry, Jodie and Rich Winters. Shortly, we were off to shoot at the Hancock County Sportsmen's Club in Weirton, WV. At any rate, this was the beginning of one "Band Up Fourth of July" for me!

Now I'm not exactly a Novice Class shooter, (even though it seems so at times!), having been an International Class Standing shooter for some time. Before the day was over, my shooting went from what I would normally feel was pretty good — to almost ridiculously good and lucky too!

I started the day with .22 Standing Class and carded what I felt to be a fairly respectable 28 shooting my High Standard 7 1/4" barrel using CCI Mini Group Ammo.

My next class was Production Revolver, which I haven't been shooting and to date have only been Class AA. Using a new load combination of 24 grs. IMR 4227 and a 250 gr. cast bullet (RCBS Keith type design) that Blackhawk 44 and me got together for a 34. That's the best I've ever shot with it and it was the first time I had tried that load in competition. (I did lose 3 rams with it though.)

My next class was Standing International, in which I shot a 26. I didn't feel that was too bad, but I lost two more rams, still using the same load.

It was still fairly early in the day, so I decided to enter Production Auto .22 Class. I shot the High Standard again and managed to fire a 35 with it, for the highest score I had ever shot with it.

This is where things really got interesting. That score gave me a two gun total of 63 in .22 Cal. and with the Ruger .44 I had a two gun total of 60. That's when a couple of shooters and friends suggested I take a crack at the 100 Club. They said, "You only have to shoot a 37 to do it."

The big problem was I don't even own an Unlimited gun, and had NEVER shot in that class. Not really a problem, because that's when my friend, Bruce Ray chimed in, "you can shoot my gun".

He had a new .300 Savage from SSK Industries, that he had only shot a few times. I shot it in my back yard one evening a couple weeks earlier about six times at nothing that could be called a silhouette target.

Bruce said he had enough ammo and I was welcome to have a go at it. The way my luck was running, I figured if I was ever going to do it, today would be the day. I signed up Unlimited, Unclassified and started. As luck would have it, I got a good hit on the first chicken and kept right on rolling.

Bruce's load for the .300 Savage was 34 grs. of H322 behind a 190 gr. Hornady boat tail spitzer, CCI Large Rifle primers and Winchester cases.

Between that load and the SSK gun, I certainly couldn't argue with the combination because I didn't have a single hit that wasn't good and went on to shoot my first ever 40 straight. That score enabled me to make the 100 Club handily and that was all I really wanted to do anyway. With Big Bore only, it gave me a three gun total of 100 even, and if we count the 3 best scores in 22 and big bore it was a 103. That made one heck of a day for me and I wasn't finished yet.

Shooting the 40 with the SSK Unlimited Gun, the Match Director, Roscoe Geer, classed me Int. Unlimited and I was in a shoot-off with Int. shooter Tom Taylor who had shot a 40 in Unlimited class and a 40 with a 10" TCU today too! It seemed he was having a pretty good day also. We agreed to shoot 5 chickens at 200 meters to settle it and wished each other luck.

Things had been fairly interesting, but then they got even more over. Bruce only had 4-rounds .300 Savage (34 H322 & 190 gr. Hornady boat tail spitzers) left.

Roscoe Geer said he had plenty of .300 Savage ammo and I could use his. He had loaded 150 gr. Speers in front of 35 grs. 4895 in a Remington case and his wife Roberta had just shot a 39 with that combination.

I opted for Roscoe's ammo with the hope that I could get a good spotter on the first shot and go from there. Tom shot first and got 3 out of five and I shot next and downed 4 out of five. It just didn't seem to make a lot of difference what we put in the SSK gun. It seemed to digest it like it was normal diet.

That's when I finished shooting for the day. There were still two Int. Class shooters to fire the match when we left, so I really don't know if I won the match or not because Andy or Sid are both capable enough shooters to have won it all. At any rate, I had done what I had set out to do and had really had a SLAM, BANG 4th of July! Again, I'd like to thank all my friends who helped me and contributed towards the best Independence Day Celebration I've EVER had. Gerald McCort, St. Clairsville, O.

Enjoy the **SIXGUNNER** very much. Could you have an article on which scopes would work best on .41 Mag Ruger? Mel Eppley, Honesdale, PA.

