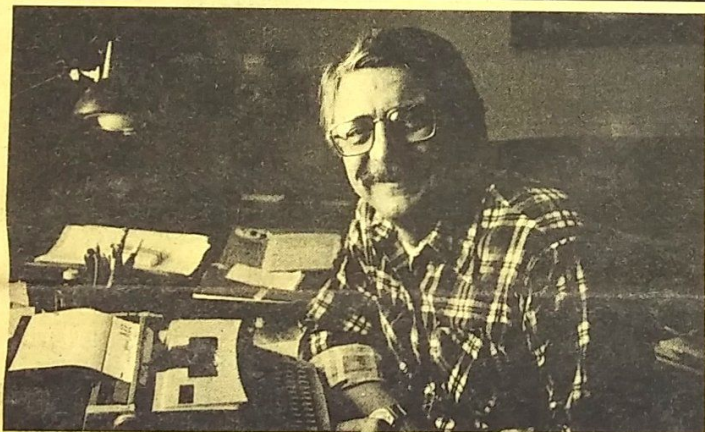




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

T/C announces one new cartridge and three new barrels. The 6.5MM TCU is a new chambering. It's simply the .223 necked up to 6.5MM and will be available in both 10 and 14 inch lengths. I've been playing with a 10" occasionally since last fall and found it to be accurate and pleasant to shoot. Like the 7 TCU mixing various cases will play hob with accuracy. Groups of under one inch can open to four inches by mixing cases. I still like the horsepower in the 6.5 JDJ over the TCU, but the TCU is a better cartridge for 10" barrels. The .22 L.R. will be offered in 14" length also.

Under the Good and Bad News and Secrecy Department, Ruger has discontinued the Super Blackhawk. Rumor has it that the Super will be replaced with a stainless S.A. My guess is that it'll be another big heavy long cylinder gun a la Redhawk. As a matter of possible interest, I weighed a 5" Redhawk and a 14" .45-70 T/C and found their weights identical. .45 Colt also discontinued.

The Llama Omni .45 Autos are in the country and being distributed.

Colt MK Vs are about to be released. A pre-production 4 inch performs very well.

Charter Arms has just recently released a whole passle of new models,

a Tracker 2.5", .357 S&W shooter with adjustable sights, a .44 Law Enforcement 3" Bulldog with pocket hammer (spurless) and neoprene grips, same thing in 2" .38 Special 6 shot, another smaller one in .38 Special five shot, another in stainless and a .44 stainless law enforcement version. Last, but not least are white colored anti-corrosion finishes on the AR 7 Explorer survival rifle and Explorer pistol. (CHARCO 430 Sniffens Lane, Stratford, CT 06497).

The National Shooting Sports Foundation has announced availability of its Hunting Preserve Directory which provides state by state information on hunting preserves. They are free and copies may be obtained by sending a business size self-addressed stamped envelope to NSSF Shooting Directory, 1075 Post Road # 6, Riverside, CT 06878. I've looked it over and although many preserves are not listed, the directory is well worth having.

Redfield now has a 7.5" 11.5 ounce catadioptric 30X scope available. I'm anxious to try this one in the field. At 30X a small tripod or very steady rest is probably going to be necessary. I usually use a Bushnell Stalker 20X and have been very happy with it. The 30X

Continued On Page 2



The .45 ACP Llama Omni flanked by Federal 185 Match H.P. ammo. The Omni is compact, accurate and features excellent engineering.

OMNI .45

By J. D. Jones

The Omni .45 is here in good quantity. I received a test gun about a week ago and have about 250 rounds through it.

This isn't going to be an in-depth report on the gun as time and the relatively few rounds through the gun simply don't permit it.

I can tell you this much. The test gun is fitted extremely tight. I had occasional jams with both Federal 185 HP Match and 230 gr. RN Match loads because they did not produce enough recoil-case head thrust to operate the gun. Hardball Round Nose was ok.

This is probably the tightest fit .45 I've seen as it came from the factory and tighter than many customs I've been acquainted with. I cannot feel any slide to frame, barrel to bushing, or rear barrel movement after 250 rounds through the gun.

Recoil impulse, due to the Llama 20 bearing bail mainspring guide is very smooth and light. Everyone that shot the gun commented on this fact. There is no violent slide to frame shock as is prevalent in many semi-auto pistols.

You might compare the difference to the "feel" difference between a M-1100 and an 870 in recoil. Springs are tough and strong. Drop the slide release and the slide slams shut solidly.

The rear sight is fully adjustable for W and E. It's notch matches the front sight perfectly as far as my preference is concerned.

The SA-DA trigger mechanism is separate; unlike any other. The DA pull is long and fairly smooth for an over the counter gun. SA is soft and fairly long. Both rank "Good" for straight out of the box. I don't know of any that rate above "Good" on my personal scale out of the box. A gunsmith should be able to work these over to give a fine pull in both modes.

Pointability? Natural and easy for me. Not like a M-1911 and I started out pointing it a little high when snap shooting without looking at the gun. Everyone liked the feel of the grip. In fact, I didn't get one derogatory comment on the gun yet.

1911 magazines work — just

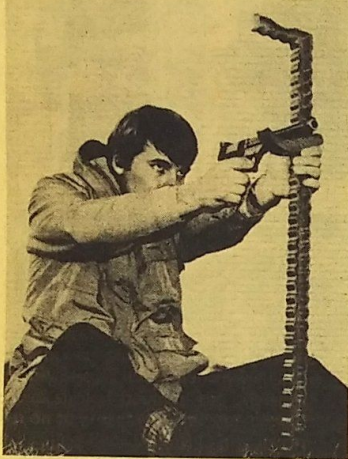
Continued On Page 2

MMC . . . (Continued from Page 1)
may or may not be better than a 20X.



Redfield's new spotter!

Redfield also has a new line of moderately priced riflescopes called the Tracker. Also new is a Snap Shot 110 camera attachment to use through most 1" tube riflescopes. Redfield catalog — one buck. 5800 East Jewell Ave., Denver, CO 80224.



MTM has just released a new combo rifle-pistol shooters rest with a retail tag of \$9.85 plus whatever the dues to your local Governor are. It's instantly fully adjustable gun rest adjusts to 30 heights. It's one pound, doubles as a walking stick, tough as hell, and made by MTM, P.O. Box 1438, Dayton, OH 45414. (Add a buck for postage.)

Hornady had announced a collectors edition of their reloading handbook in memory of Joyce Hornady, Edward Heers and James Garber. The three company executives died in a plane crash in 1981. Publication will be limited to 1000 copies. All proceeds will go to the non-profit J. W. Hornady Memorial Shooting Fund, dedicated to the encouragement and preservation of the shooting sports. Numbered and signed copies will be available on a first come, first served basis at \$25.00 per copy. (H.M.C., Box 1848, Grand Island, NE 68802-1848).

Hornady now has 13 bullets taylored to silhouette shooting.

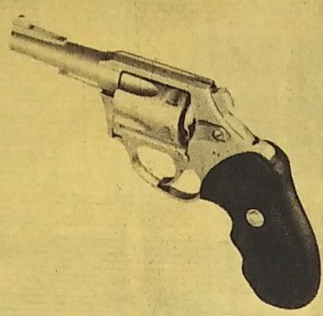
Nosler has several new bullets and a new loading manual which promises to be an improvement on the original. \$8.95 from your local dealer.

SSK now has replacement grip and forend screws formed to accept Q.D. sling swivels for both Pachmayr and T/C grips-fore-ends. Also new is a scope base and ring set for the light kickers in 10" or any 14" T/C barrel. Uses four screws instead of six — 2 rings instead of 3. \$38.00 prepaid. SSK T/C chamberings now over 50. Look for the .41 Avenger — a drop in conversion of the 1911 — to be ready about July 15th. 185 gr. at 1200 F.P.S. Also match grade 5-6" barrels in both chrome moly and stainless from .30 through .45 caliber.

Federal has purchased from S & W the exclusive rights to manufacture the Nyclad line of ammunition. The initial

offering from Federal due on your dealer's shelves in January of '83 will be in 9MM, .38 Special and .357 Magnum.

The bullets are of lead alloy coated with nylon. The coating eliminates fouling, allows excellent expansion and significantly reduces the amount of lead particles in the air on firing ranges.



Charter Arms Bulldog Stainless .44 Special 5 Shot, 3" barrel, pocket hammer, neoprene grips.

The Lee Turret Press requires 35% less effort in sizing .30-06 cases than the Rock Chucker according to Lee Precision. It also has a longer stroke, more hand clearance and uses standard dies. At \$59.98, that isn't bad! 50¢ will get you a catalog from Lee Precision, 4275 Highway U, Hartford, WI 53027.

Speer has two new pistol bullets of unusual design to be released shortly. Both are intended for M/S shooting. Construction is unique. First a "slug" of alloy is formed. The slug is then heavily electroplated and restruck in a bullet forming die. The result is an extremely uniform accurate bullet with no lead exposed anywhere. First two in production will be a 170 grain .357 and a 240 grain .44.

Federal's 220 grain metal cased .44 Magnum load is probably the most accurate .44 Mag load currently in production. I put 15 of them in eight inches at 200 meters resting the gun on the inside of my knee in a reclining position. Reloaded, handed the gun to Blackie Sliva and he hit 4 x 5 200 meter chickens. Nope — wasn't a scoped T/C — was a 10.5" Super Blackhawk, with factory sights. Cases are nicked too!

More on the .357 Rem. Maximum. Look for advertised velocities of 1770 FPS with a 158 grain from a 10.5" barreled revolver from a manufacturer other than Remington.

A new fast burning pistol powder from DuPont is now available. Labeled 800-X, we'll have it tested for next issue.

HOW CLOSE IS CLOSE?

John Theyl
Boynton Beach, FL

My hunt took place at Crooked Creek Hunting Lodge at Jamestown, TN.

I chose my six inch Colt Python, with Herretts stocks, for this hunt. I planned to take two animals, a boar and a Barbarossa ram. After experimenting, I decided on a load of 14.6 grains of Hodgdon H-110 behind a Sierra 158 grain jacketed soft point. While working up a load, it was obvious the Python could handle much hotter loads, but my accuracy suffered when I exceeded the above load. It ap-



Broken down into its component parts its obvious this isn't just another copy of the Colt; but a new gun.

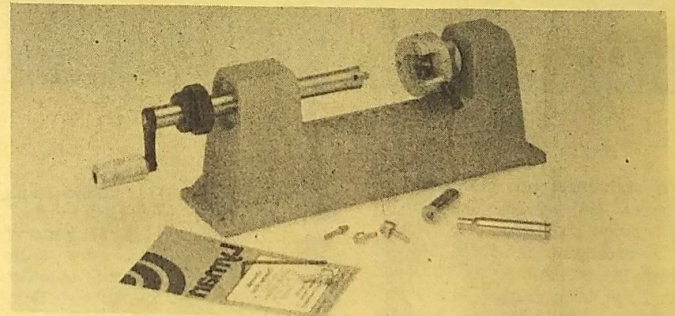
remember that most cheapie .45 magazines are unreliable and a lot of the expensive ones aren't any better. For reliability if a 1911 magazine doesn't have "Colt" stamped on its floorplate, I don't trust it. The Llama magazine looks good — but the gun doesn't want to reliably feed with flat nose bullets at this point. I'm not sure if the problem is the magazine, loads not heavy enough or the gun needs throating to feed wadcutter or maybe all of the above. Maybe it's not fair to even mention those points till I get it worked out, but I figure HHI members aren't going to run out and tell everyone I said the gun won't work with wadcutter. I'll know by next issue.

Now comes the important part. How does it shoot? Well, running out and

shooting when it's half dark isn't a fair test. Glasses also in the process of being changed. Hit Butch McCort's RamTurk (.22 turkey silhouette target with a ram head complete with horns and painted blue) at about 150 yards on the second shot. At this point I'll have to call it damn good, but I don't know just how good as yet. Close to a Gold Cup anyway. Better than several accurized Colts I've had.

Forgot something. Tom South thought the hammer fall was slow.

At this point I think it's the first .45 to come along that might just give the Colt commercial a run for the money. A detailed brochure is available from Stoeger that explains the many advanced engineering in the gun. (55 (S) Ruta Court, S. Hackensack, NJ 07606).



NEW LYMAN UNIVERSAL TRIMMER MULTI-PAK

Lyman Products Corp., has introduced a complete package for cartridge case trimming.

The Lyman Universal Trimmer Multi-Pak contains five pilots which are: .22, .24, .30, .35 (38 special/357 magnum) and .44. These pilots in conjunction with the patented Lyman Universal chuckhead will accommodate 85% of all cartridges that are trimmed without the need for collets.

In addition, the Universal Trimmer Multi-Pak also includes a pilot that ap-

peared to have good penetration.

Since I would be hunting thick brush, I knew I'd better use a load I could control as I might need to get off a quick follow-up shot, and boy was I right!

Our guide was James Dishman. At Crooked Creek the hunter gets his choice of animals so he doesn't have to shoot until he is satisfied. I told James that I would prefer a red boar, since I

features both coarse and fine cutter adjustments with an oil-impregnated bronze bearing. A rugged cast base assures precision alignment and years of service with a replaceable cutter head.

Retailing at \$45.95, the Universal Trimmer Multi-Pak is priced to give five pilots for the cost of the trimmer and one pilot. Ask for it by name, it is available nationally at fine shooting shops and sporting goods stores.

had previously taken a black boar from a Florida hunt. The second boar the dogs came on was a nice red. While waiting for the dogs to be called off. I worked my way down to about 40 feet of the hog. When the boar saw me he lost interest in the dogs and charged me. I didn't even have time to line up my sights properly as I fired he was about two feet away. That shot went

(Continued on Page 3)

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Close . . . (Continued from Page 2)

through his left ear, and he turned to my right, running past me so close that I had to pull my arm in close to my side in order to fire again, double action, wounding him in the right ribcage at a distance of less than one foot! So much for my follow-up shot!

Even with a slug in his side he still had plenty of steam and ran for awhile before he started to slow down. We caught up with him in some brush. As he made his last attempt to run, I shot him in the left temple from about 12 feet, dropping him for good.

Of course, hunting the ram was not nearly as exciting, as they have to be stalked slowly. The ram had excellent horns and made a nice trophy.

Even though this is preserve hunting, they give fair chase, and hunting behind dogs requires that a hunter be in reasonably good physical condition. I highly recommend the Crooked Creek and I am planning another try this summer.

BACK TO BASICS

By Bob Robertson, Fairbanks, AK

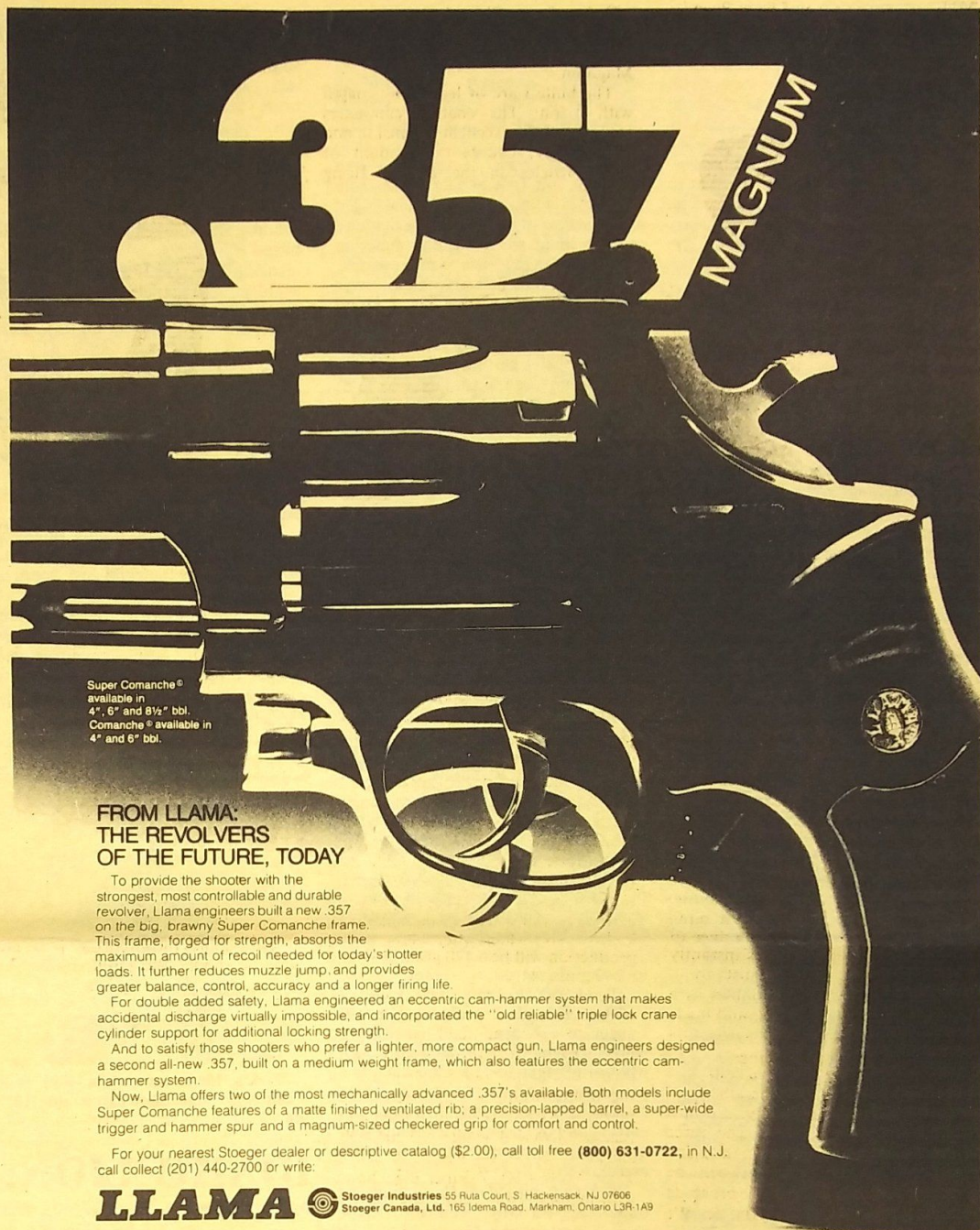
Well, the time has come that I can no longer keep my big mouth shut! I'm going to jump in with both big feet and hopefully one or both will not end up in said mouth!

I'm not writing this to put anybody down, as I believe that what we do is our own business as long as it does not infringe on another's rights. What I'm attempting to do is hopefully start our special and mutually loved sport, handgun hunting, back on course.

Several issues ago, J. D. tried to stir up some discussion as to what qualifies as a true handgun. There was not much written, probably because most members were so new to our sport that they hadn't formed any opinions on the subject. Maybe we can get something going now.

First consideration for us is to ask ourselves why we hunt with a handgun, as opposed to a rifle. My personal

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Super Comanche® available in 4", 6" and 8½" bbl. Comanche® available in 4" and 6" bbl.

FROM LLAMA: THE REVOLVERS OF THE FUTURE, TODAY

To provide the shooter with the strongest, most controllable and durable revolver, Llama engineers built a new .357 on the big, brawny Super Comanche frame. This frame, forged for strength, absorbs the maximum amount of recoil needed for today's hotter loads. It further reduces muzzle jump, and provides greater balance, control, accuracy and a longer firing life.

For double added safety, Llama engineered an eccentric cam-hammer system that makes accidental discharge virtually impossible, and incorporated the "old reliable" triple lock crane cylinder support for additional locking strength.

And to satisfy those shooters who prefer a lighter, more compact gun, Llama engineers designed a second all-new .357, built on a medium weight frame, which also features the eccentric cam-hammer system.

Now, Llama offers two of the most mechanically advanced .357's available. Both models include Super Comanche features of a matte finished ventilated rib; a precision-lapped barrel, a super-wide trigger and hammer spur and a magnum-sized checkered grip for comfort and control.

For your nearest Stoeger dealer or descriptive catalog (\$2.00), call toll free (800) 631-0722, in N.J. call collect (201) 440-2700 or write:

LLAMA Stoeger Industries 55 Ruta Court, S. Hackensack, NJ 07606
Stoeger Canada, Ltd. 165 Islema Road, Markham, Ontario L3R-1A9

reasons are that it is something different, not for everyone, not easily mastered by most, not even possible for some. It is more difficult than rifle hunting because the effective range of the weapon is generally much less and the effective range of the shooter is generally much less than the same shooter with a rifle. The last few words are a key to this discussion. We all know of rifle shooters who face enough of a challenge by hunting with the best long range equipment available. They don't need the extra handicap of a handgun.

Conversely we all know individuals who are not in the least handicapped by using a scoped T/C or XP in one of the rifle calibers. Shots are like long distances. J. D.'s recent antelope hunt is a good example. I maintain that the handgunners participating in that hunt were no different than rifle hunters, considering the equipment they were using. As support, I would bet that the average Silhouette handgunner turned handgun hunter (using his single shot unlimited gun or even a production gun in a rifle caliber), would be able to hold his own in a

match with your average rifle hunter using his hunting rifle even to rifle distances, especially if scopes were allowed on both weapons. I'm talking about the average marksman, whatever that means.

Now tell me!!! Is that handgun hunting?!

Some would argue that a 700 yard shot with a scoped T/C is more difficult and challenging than a 100 yard shot with a true handgun. They are technically correct if just the shooting part of the hunt is considered. Maybe this is what our sport is coming to. I hope not, and it won't for me!! The challenge comes in stalking to within 100 yards of the antelope and making a correct shot placement. Maybe it will take far more time, but isn't that what we are in this for? Or are we all in a race to add trophies to our list?

I feel that the silhouette range is the place for the single shots and their rifle calibers. There it is strictly a shooting test, no stalking required.

A true handgun hunter is placing himself in the position of possibly having to turn down shots that could

have been made with a rifle or scoped T/C or XP. What's the point if he is using a "handgun" that doesn't really limit his range so that he must stalk far closer? I guess anything is fair as long as they can claim they shot it with a "handgun"! Again, the silhouette range is a more appropriate place for the shootist posing as a handgun hunter.

Maybe the true answer to all this is that each person must decide for himself how much of a handicap he can live with, given all the circumstances. If an individual's priority is a trophy list, then maybe they should use a sawed off rifle posing as a handgun. Maybe they can convince themselves they are handgun hunting. If they are happy doing it, more power to them. We should all live up to our own expectations and not worry about anyone else's. If a true handgun would handicap a person to the point of creating an impossible situation, then there probably is a need for the rifle calibers in handguns. If the XPs and T/Cs make it possible for more, less skilled individuals to participate in handgun

(Continued on Page 4)

Basics . . . (Continued from Page 3)
hunting, then we might all benefit. But let's not get carried away by all this "progress" for the same reasons that we should not strive for special seasons for handgunners. We are handgun hunters because we are accepting the challenge of handicaps and not because we hunt with something that meets the legal requirements for handguns! We don't need any more rules or regulations to limit our definitions of handgun, but maybe we need for each person to set self-imposed limits on what they choose as a hunting handgun considering their own abilities in such areas as marksmanship, stalking, physical shape, etc.

I have not overlooked the fact that there are extremes to both sides (black powder Derringer to silhouette unlimited gun).

You as a hunter must decide where in this broad range you belong.

I, for one, will stay with my .44 revolver. It is a true handgun and requires careful stalking and shot placement.

I'm not rich and don't spend thousands of dollars to hunt, (I would if I had it!) but I've been reasonably successful. When I travel to a hunting area, I generally have enough money invested in the hunt that I feel some pressure to be successful, but it is not an overriding consideration. An argument might surface that after a person spends thousands for a hunt, they should use an efficient method of taking game. This attitude seems to be popular as there are a lot of people who call themselves handgun hunters, yet they carry a rifle along and use the handgun "if they can get close enough". These people are opportunists, not true handgun hunters! Again, it depends on a person's priorities. Believe me, I can no better afford to spend hundreds of dollars than the traveling hunter can afford thousands or tens of thousands.

But I don't allow this to push me towards a non-handgun. I cherish the special feeling involved in close stalking, the extra effort expended, prolonged excitement, etc., too much to forsake true handgun hunting! ! !

COLT .22 CONVERSION

By John Woods, Washington, MO

Undoubtedly one of the last guns many handgun hunters would take to the field for serious hunting is a Colt Government Model in the classic .45 acp chambering. However, I know of several hunters who use the old warhorse as a backup or game finisher. With some tuning and perhaps a set of good adjustable sights, the Colt Automatic can be an effective hunting handgun in its own right for some types of specialized hunting. But what about the .22 LR rimfire conversion kit for the Government Model? Could such a drastic change of caliber be useful in such a firearm for any kind of handgun hunting? With a little careful testing, I found the answer to be a definite "yes".

My own reason for purchasing such a conversion kit was to sidetrack the upward inflationary cost of a complete new firearm, plus the extra hassle of licensing another handgun. The conversion kit does not require any additional licensing or registration by a dealer. It is simply sold as any other firearm accessory item. I figured I'd be getting two guns for the cost of less

than two. These days, that is something worth considering.

From all of my pre-purchase consumer research of shooting magazine articles, I got the general impression that the Colt Conversion Kit (and the Colt Ace) was less than desirable in terms of reliability and accuracy, but first hand reports from shooters and knowledgeable dealers led me to believe the kit could be made to serve a small game hunting function quite well. On the basis of my research, I decided the conversion kit was worth trying out. After all, I could always trade it off if it failed to perform to my expectations.

After finally getting a Colt Kit "in hand" (they are not that easy to find, but any dealer should be able to order them), I spent a good deal of time studying the manual before slapping the unit on my Government frame. Generally, the take down of a Colt Government Model is a one minute affair. Reassembly using the .22 LR kit requires a bit more time as the extractor piece is a little tricky to fit, but goes much easier after some practice.

Some users of the conversion unit warned me the barrel unit might require some final fitting by a gunsmith, and some others noted their kits just fell into place. Mine luckily was of the later variety requiring no special work to fit correctly. In fact, the kit was easier to assemble than the standard barrel/slide in .45 acp.

After becoming thoroughly familiar with the workbench functioning of this "new" gun, I felt I was ready for a bit of field testing. With a healthy supply of various types of ammo and a selection of rimfire steel chickens, I headed to the range. In order to get the unit seated in and to establish an impact point for the sights, I ran a few quick clips of Federals through the unit at rapid fire. In each case, I experienced hangups on rounds five or six in a nine round clip. My spirits began to sink somewhat, but persistence prevailed. I switched to my backup clip (good thing I bought one extra) and I did not experience any foul ups after several clip fulls in both rapid and slow fire.

Obviously this led me to examine the other clip for any problems. Right away I noticed the feeding lips were bent slightly as compared to the other clip. I soon remedied that and the clip functioned flawlessly thereafter.

Since outside temperatures were dropping into the low 20's, I did not spend nearly enough time trying out various brands of ammo or meticulously adjusting the sights. I did shoot the .22 unit enough to know that the kind of accuracy I had expected was definitely there. Those steel chickens fell quite regularly after a short time. They probably would have fallen quicker if I was a better shot, but at 25 yards, those rimfire silhouette targets looked mighty small. I suspect further ammo testing would reveal that accuracy could be even better.

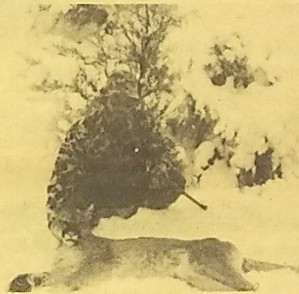
Upon disassembly of the rimfire unit for cleaning, I did experience one additional area of concern that I was warned about in advance. This involves the heavy lead and powder fouling of the moving chamber found on the rear section of the barrel. This "floating chamber" is designed to impart enough rearward thrust to provide positive cycling of the action.

At any rate, after a couple hundred rounds, this chamber was "fused" to the barrel and would no longer

"float". After a solvent soaking the chamber did come out to reveal heavy fouling inside the chamber sleeve. This was easy enough to remove with a brass brush and solvent, but I can see this could be an area of potential trouble in the future. Some articles about the Colt Ace (which uses the same floating chamber) advises the application of a special lubricant in this chamber area. Tri-Flon or a silicone based chemical is highly recommended. Supposedly this will cure the problem, so I'll check that out on another testing session.

Overall, I am pleased with the Colt Conversion Kit, but think it needs some patient tinkering and testing to produce reliable functioning, as well as acceptable game getting accuracy. The potential is certainly there if one is willing to take the time and energy to tune the unit and test for the best performing ammo as well as work with the excellent adjustable sights.

This Colt Conversion Unit would be especially useful for small game of all types such as squirrel or running rabbits at short ranges, if you're so inclined. In this day of ever increasing firearms cost, this Colt Kit can provide good value for money spent. It also helps to familiarize yourself further with the use of your Government Model by using this extra caliber set up. Give it a try . . . I think you will be pleasantly surprised with the results.



Mark's Idaho mountain lion was taken with one shot from the 10" .44.

IDAHO LION!

By Mark Hampton, Summersville, MO

A few years ago, while hunting with Bill Workman of Arizona, I was baptized into mountain lion hunting. Mother Nature didn't help us any with her inclement weather, but I still got an idea of what lion hunting could be. Even though we were unsuccessful in bagging a cat, it only left me with more incentive to go after one again. This year, I got my chance.

Gary Madsen of 4-4 OUTFITTERS lives about a mile from Ellis, ID and a few hundred yards from the Pahsimeroi River. Gary guides hunters for elk, mule deer, bear, goat, sheep and mountain lion. I had booked a hunt with Gary last year, but lack of snow postponed the hunt until this winter. Getting into Ellis late Christmas night, I kept our question and answer session to a minimum so daylight wouldn't find us too short of sleep. I wanted to be fresh for the upcoming seven day hunt.

Day one: Early Saturday morning, I was awakened by 'The Adventures of Tarzan'. After getting dressed, I went to the kitchen to find Gary fixing breakfast and a sack lunch. We finished our hen apples, gathered our gear and went to the machine shed

where two snowmobiles sat side by side in the bed of a four-wheel drive pickup. After loading four lion dogs and feeding the horses, we drove to Morse Creek.

Our modus operandi for the next few days was to drive the four-wheeler as far as possible up these canyon roads, then unload the snowmobile so Gary could scout for lion tracks another three or four miles ahead.

Morse Creek yielded no tracks, so we ventured to Patterson Creek with the same results. We would be checking these two creeks daily because Gary had spotted a large female track near Morse Creek and a young tom's track in the Patterson canyon on a previous hunt. Later that day, we checked G. M. hill and Little Morgan Creek, but no mountain lions had crossed our path.

It was getting late so we decided to call it a day. That evening, Gary's elk steak and Idaho's famous potatoes really hit the spot. Little did I know I would gain five pounds in the next week, due to Gary's cooking regardless of the walking yet to be encountered.

Day two: after eating breakfast and getting the chores done, we headed for Grouse Creek. I was staring ahead at the snow-covered ground when I spotted something moving across a field about a mile away. Upon closer inspection, we could see a coyote running his dead level best, trying to make it to high country. Doing an excellent job of driving, Gary cut him off at the pass while I jumped out of the truck armed with a .22-250. My first shot broke his front leg and was followed by a second one which broke his heart. The coyote interrupted us only momentarily as I tossed him on the truck and we continued toward Grouse Creek.

Upon entering the canyon, another coyote was spotted, but we couldn't get a shot. Grouse, Mill, Morse, and Patterson Creeks, all of which looked to be super lion country, showed no signs of the big cats. Calling it a day once again, we went back to the house, skinned the coyote, and enjoyed more elk steak.

Day three: Gary decided we would check our hot spots, Morse and Patterson Creeks, then we would have to do a little walking in the canyon of Big Creek which was inaccessible to snowmobiles. No signs of cat tracks were seen in Morse or Patterson, and despite our little hour and a half hike, we were left scratching our heads. A few hours of hunting time were still left and Gary thought we could check out West Morgan Creek.

Gary suddenly stopped the truck and said, "There's a lion track," as I hopped out of the truck like a kid going to a carnival. Amazed would be an understatement of my reaction when I first laid eyes on the track. I had no idea it would be this large. The middle-aged guide made the statement that it looked to be a little better than a medium-sized female. Not saying anything, I nevertheless was a little skeptical of his assumption. I wanted to turn the dogs loose right then, but it was the guide's experience that made us check down the road further to make sure the lion hadn't made it back across to the opposite side. By the time we took this safety precaution, it was getting to be around three-thirty. We arrived back at the lion track and decided to give the dogs a try, hoping the cat wasn't too far away. Although we still had an hour

(Continued on Page 5)

and a half of light left, Gary told me not to get my hopes up.

Up the mountainside we went, checking to see where this cat had gone. After about an hour of climbing, we found the lion had backtracked and crossed the road right in the middle of numerous mule deer and elk tracks. There were so many tracks in this one area, we hadn't spotted the lion's track upon first entering the canyon. "We'll have to come back tomorrow," Gary said as we were running out of daylight.

Discussing the cougar's track over supper, I asked Gary if he was optimistic about tomorrow. "The lion might be laying around by a kill nearby and we could have him in the bag in an hour," Gary said confidently. "On the other hand, if the cat decides to leave the area, he could lead us on a cross-country chase that could last all day." This barrel-chested Idaho cowboy didn't seem very excited, but I was. Needless to say, I didn't sleep much that night.

Day four: Although we had not killed a lion yet, we had seen several herds of antelope, lots of mule deer, eight big horn rams, seven head of elk, three coyotes, and many fowl such as geese, duck and partridge. The snow covered country was as beautiful as the animals themselves.

We went through our morning ritual and drove back to West Morgan Creek. Before reaching the cat tracks, I spotted four elk, all of which were cows, on the right side of the canyon, the side we thought the lion was on. A few hundred yards from the cows were three bulls. The bull in the lead was a monster, but he still couldn't distract my attention from the lion's track.

We unloaded the dogs and began the strenuous hike up the snow-covered hillside. Two dogs were on their own while Gary had Spud on a leash, and I was paired with Ringo. About 45 minutes later, we reached the top. Well, Gary did, anyway . . . Ringo and I hadn't made it that far yet. For a guy accustomed to the Missouri Ozarks, this elevation was killing me. My problems seemed to be snowballing when I had to take two steps to make one. The Arctic pacs I was wearing were poor footwear for climbing in snow. Ringo wanted up with his master and was trying to drag me along, too. My glasses fogged over and immediately froze. Taking my glasses off had a two-fold purpose. I couldn't see through the ice-covered lenses, and if I fell off the mountain, I wouldn't be able to see how far it really was since my vision, without correction, is 20/200.

Seeing Gary back down at the road was very depressing. I was up the hillside a quarter of a mile, plus I was exhausted from walking and decided Ringo and I were going to slide all the way to the bottom. Ringo must have come up with the idea first, because he started straight down the hillside as soon as he saw his master.

Jerking me off my feet and onto my behind, our little sleigh ride was interrupted when a rock, hidden by the snow, almost tore my tailbone off. Yanking at the leash as hard as I could, I called that hound everything in the book except Ringo. Eventually, we made it to the bottom without any broken bones, and I asked Gary what happened to our lion track. "The lion is now on the left side of the road but we really need to find a better track," he replied. We loaded the dogs and drove down the road a couple of

hundred yards and lo and behold, there were the fresh tracks we had hoped for. The cat tracks, left sometime the night before, were leading up the left side of the canyon into the woods. We unloaded the snowmobile so Gary could circle around to the top of the mountain and see if the cat was still in this area or had gone cross-country on us. Thirty minutes later, Gary returned. He hadn't found tracks, so the lion was probably laying somewhere between the road and top of the hill.

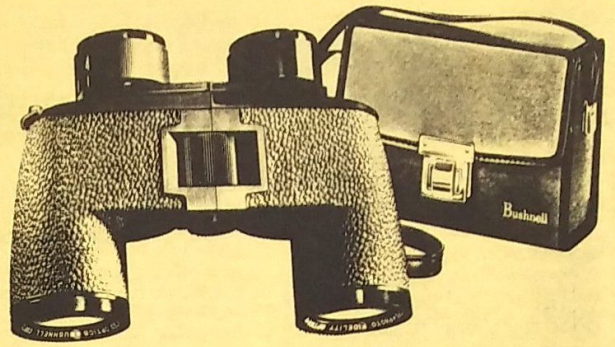
Once again we gathered our gear, unloaded the dogs and followed the fresh tracks. About a hundred yards into the woods, we unleashed Spud and Ringo. Sure enough, the dogs started cold trailing and disappeared quickly. Keeping up with the dogs was impossible . . . for just keeping within hearing distance, one should get a gold medal. Well, nobody got any gold medals, nor silver or bronze, for that matter. The only thing I thought I was going to get was a heart attack!

At the age of 25, I coach volleyball, basketball, baseball, teach Phys Ed and Health, lift weights three times a week and play racquetball. Now, I'm not trying to tell you I'm Superman . . . What I am emphasizing is that following a pack of lion dogs on a hot track in the thin mountain air can be extremely hard work.

Eventually, Gary and I made it to the top, but whenever we would stop to listen for the dogs, both of us were breathing so hard we couldn't hear anything. We finally took a five minute break enabling us to catch our breath and to faintly hear the dogs. They were all the way back down at the bottom near the road. After walking a mile and a half in the knee to waist deep snow, I was having a hard time believing my ears. However, it was much easier walking down the hill than up. But if I had a dollar for every time I fell, I would have enough money to buy one of the H.H.I. sixguns.

As we stopped to listen for the dogs in the crotch-deep snow, we could tell they were excited about something. Gary and I walked further down the hillside until we reached a point overlooking the canyon. We could see the hounds actually had the lion bayed on top of a cliff. Hurriedly walking closer to the action, I asked Gary if I should get my camera or gun ready. For the first time in four days, a sharp word came from the Idaho guide's mouth. "Get your gun ready right now. I'll send you plenty of pictures." The .44 magnum came from its holster as I peered over the cliff where the dogs were bayed. Eight feet below was a very unhappy cougar looking me right in the eye. Gary took a few pictures and then said, "Plug him!" Just then, the cat disappeared under the ledge and worked her way to my right, out of sight. I took a few steps toward Gary and looked over the ledge once again to find the lion ready to jump off of the 50 foot cliff. The sights of the Ruger settled on her backbone as I squeezed the trigger. The WW-240 HP dead-centered her between the shoulders as she went off the cliff. The bullet didn't go all the way through. The lion turned out to be a 110 pound female which is representative of the species.

**BACK ISSUES
PATCHES
\$2.00 Each**



HHI BUSHNELL SPECIAL

Due to the phenomenal demand for the Bushnell Custom Series 7 X 35 binoculars offered in the last issue, we've obtained an additional supply.

In case you missed it — the 7 X 35 Custom retails at \$280.00. Our friends at Bushnell are closing out this fine binocular and are offering them to HHI members as a special promotion for \$125.00 prepaid. My original pair has been in service since 1964 or '65

and are still going strong.

Now is your chance to obtain a high quality binocular at an inexpensive price. This binocular has most of the latest features and is a real steal at \$125. Contact HHI direct. (P. O. Box 357 MAG, Bloomingdale, OH 43910. (614) 264-0176). For info on Bushnell products, contact HHI member Don Robertson, Bushnell, 2828 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, CA 91107.



Butch McCort took about four seconds from possession of his HHI Sixgun to whip out the sidecutters and turn this Collectable Sixgun into a Shooter by cutting the action strap!

HHI SIXGUN

The HHI Charter Member Commemorative Limited Edition Sixgun is still available. A few are immediately available at \$550.00. A Risser walnut presentation case is available on special order at \$85.00.

After these few are gone, the price is going to go up on the next batch a minimum of \$50.00 per gun.

Since the Super Blackhawk is being discontinued, I can't guarantee the full 200 guns will be completed. In any event, at least 25 more can be completed. If you want a particular serial number of the series, you had better act fast. Call for availability — (614) 264-0176.

HHI AFRICA

July '83. Looks like six of us are going to seriously try to make it so far. Several others are interested.

No final details on the hunt as we intend to make use of the latest information available.

Right now it looks like a \$2000 deposit per person will be required around January.

Come on along — this will be a hunt and experience of a lifetime. Maybe also a tiny bit of history as this will be the first handgun safari group to invade the Dark Continent. Don't wait — it won't last forever.



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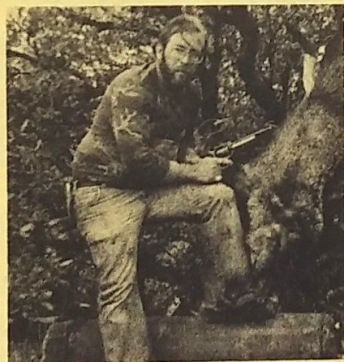
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LONG RANGE JAVELINA

By Jim Taylor, Oracle, AZ

My Javelina season opened windy and rainy this year. There was quite a bit of snow on the mountains around us, and not too many hunters were out, at least in our area. We scouted the canyon bottoms for a couple of hours before getting into a herd of about 20 Javelinas. I was up on the side of the mountain about 300 yards from where they were jumped, and watched them run into a ravine. I worked my way over across from the ravine and started down the mountain. When I was about halfway down, I saw a "pig" standing in a clearing on the other side. Immediately I sat down and got a good rest across my knees and touched it off. The distance wasn't as far as I thought and the shot went right over his back. He jumped but didn't run. I lowered the front sight and touched it off and WHOP and he flipped over. I found I had hit him in front of the right shoulder and the bullet had exited beneath his left eye. The range was an honest 150 yards, and the shot was witnessed by Tom Hicks of Phoenix.

I used an old model Ruger in .45 Long Colt. The load was the Lyman # 457191 cast of wheelweights, which in my mold casts just over 300 grains. The bullets were sized to .452" and then heat-treated in the oven at about 470 degrees (f.) for 45 minutes. They were then immediately quenched in



Jim Taylor with his 36 pound Javelina taken at 150+ yards with a .45 Colt!

cool water. This gives them a Brinnell hardness of about 36. (Linotype runs around 22). The powder charge was 18.5 grains of 2400, fired by a Federal Large Rifle primer. (The primer pockets had been deepened to accept Large Rifle primers). On my chronograph these loads clock a little over 1100 fps out of a 7½" barrel. The bullet is seated so that it comes right out to the end of the cylinder of the Ruger, which means that you crimp into the top grease groove. This also keeps you from getting one of these loads into a Colt by mistake.

In working up these loads, I found that the load as listed above except with Pistol Primers gave around 1070 fps, but the Rifle Primers, though only giving a boost of 30 fps or so gave MUCH cleaner burning and more

HANDGUN RECORD BOOK OF TROPHIES

HHI is going to maintain records of and publish a record book of trophy animals harvested with handguns only. Tentative date of publication of the first book is set for January of 1984. A lot of details still need to be worked out, but here's the straight up to date skinny.

Safari Club International is the leading hunting, conservation organization in the world. It has chapters in all states and many foreign countries. It's a class act, extremely active in too many areas to get into at this time.

The SCI scoring method and trophy minimums are reasonable. You can make the record book with a little hard work, good shooting and a little luck. Making the book is not so easy that it's not a challenge; but is a reasonable, attainable challenge.

The trophy record book covers North American, exotic and all game found worldwide. Most top notch taxidermists are official SCI scorers. Finding an official SCI scorer should not be a problem anywhere in the U.S. Any official SCI scorer automatically becomes an official HHI scorer.

Here's how it works.

HHI becomes an affiliate of SCI. This means we have common goals to perpetuate hunting, conservation and will work together to achieve these goals by our mutual support. We hereby establish a working relationship to help each other.

Any HHI member harvesting an animal can take it to any SCI official

measurer, have it measured and submit the proper forms completed by the scorer, and of course, a fee to HHI and we now have a record started for that particular animal.

All HHI members interested should send for the SCI Scorers Manual. It lists minimum scores and gives the rudiments of measuring. \$3.00 postpaid from HHI.

HHI is free to modify minimum scores, accept or reject initial submissions, but not to modify the SCI System in any way. Interested parties should submit their comments as soon as possible to HHI.

Many questions must be settled. What about old heads? How old? Proof of handgun kill? Lower SCI minimums for the handgun book? Possible awards for hunters? Registration fees? That's just a start; but Leonard Winslow, who knows his way around this record book business has consented to be our Trophy Records Co-ordinator.

We're rolling now and want your comments. We'll have a lot more information in the next and future issues.

Individuals wanting more information about Safari Club International memberships, the SAFARI Magazine or chapter clubs in their area, contact Holt Bodinson, Administrative Director, SCI, 5151 E. Broadway, Tucson, AZ 85711.

We plan to periodically run more information on SCI and its activities.

consistency. Accuracy is around 1 to 1½" at 25 yards, shooting with a good rest. The nose portion of the # 457191 is the same diameter as the loads in my pistol, and this may contribute to its accuracy. I have been able to shoot good groups with it at 400 yards, and it sure slams down the iron rams with authority. I have been shooting this load or variations of it for over 10 years in the same gun with no ill effects.

The bullet performed as expected, with a .45 caliber entrance hole and a .45 caliber exit hole. No damage was done to the meat, or to the head, for that matter, except for the .45 caliber hole. Field dressed weight of the boar was 36 pounds.

WHITETAIL WITH A SBH

By Richard Weston, Birch Run, MI

I suppose this hunt really started about 18 years ago. I was hunting in Michigan's Upper Peninsula and had come back to the car for lunch. While waiting for the rest of our party to arrive, I set my rifle down and walked about 10 feet from it. At this point, I noticed a six point buck standing about 25 yards away, looking at me. I was carrying a .22 revolver, but knowing this was small for a deer, I tried to move back for my rifle. By the time I got to my rifle all I could see was a white flag going through the trees. I decided then and there that as soon as possible I was going to get a larger caliber handgun. A few years later I got my Ruger .44 mag.

From then on I carried rifle and revolver while deer hunting. I figured I would use my handgun for close shots and the rifle for longer shots. Well in

1976 while carrying both I had a chance for a coyote, but while I was trying to decide which gun to use the coyote slipped away.

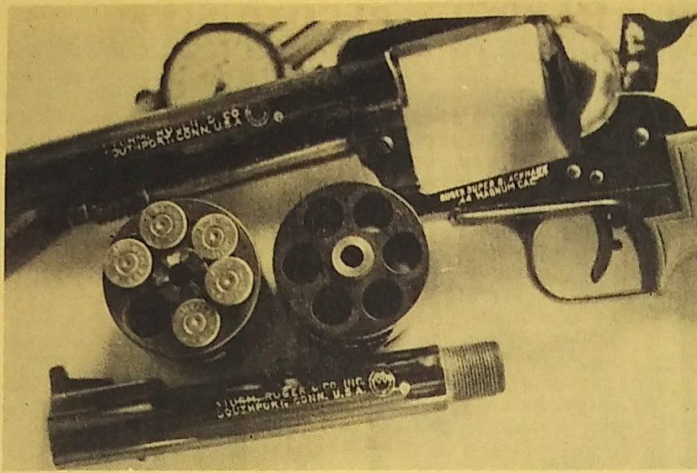
The next year I started thinking more seriously about taking a deer with a handgun. I decided if I wanted to be a handgun hunter it's time to leave the rifle home.

The next three years were more enjoyable hunting even though I didn't get a shot at a legal buck with my SBH til the 1980 deer season.

The first four days of the season I stayed with a cousin and hunted near Seney in Michigan's U.P. Having no luck there I moved about 25 miles to the east to hunt for a couple of days. I was hunting alone now, just me and my SBH. I was sleeping and eating in the back of my 4WD Suburban right in the state forest. On the sixth morning my long awaited chance came. As I was sitting on my stand I heard a twig snap to my left. I looked and started bringing up my SBH. I saw him walking behind some spruce trees. In a second he would be walking through a small opening which would be my only chance. I swung ahead to the opening. When he walked into it I lined up and squeezed off a shot. The buck jumped then was gone. I didn't think I had missed a 25 yard shot, so I took off in the direction he went. About 20 yards from the opening I found a couple of drops of blood. In another 30 yards I found my five point yearling dead.

While field dressing him I found the 225 gr. Speer JHP had hit a rib on entering, blew the heart wide open and broke another rib exiting. My load was 25 gr. W296 and CCI 350 primers. After a self-timed picture I dragged my buck ¾ of a mile to my truck. He wasn't the biggest buck I've shot, but shooting him with a pistol gave me the

(Continued on Page 10)



Two cylinders — two barrels. .44 Mag and .44 K.E. Power and versatility!

THE .44 KEITH EXPRESS

By Paco Kelly
Tucson, AZ

I have what amounts to a deep affection for the .44 caliber bore. It is an emotional strong point in my confidence . . . that any animal or serious social situation, can be brought to a quick end or fast conclusion with a stoutly loaded .44 handgun. That position is deeply embedded in me, from much experience.

As a youngster in the post-war '40s, my thirst for guns and hunting fixed on the writing of Elmer Keith and the .44 Associates . . . and their killing .44 Specials, from S & W triple locks, 1926 S & W Hand Ejectors, to the Colt SAAs. The boys pushing .44 bullets through telephone poles, burned in my imagination, and knocking down big mule deer with a warm loaded 'Special' was my dream.

My friends talked of the power of the much touted .357's. But I knew better, I knew where the real power was. By the early 1950's, I had acquired an old turn-of-the-century Colt SAA, which I had completely rebuilt into a .44 Special shooter. And a few years later, Uncle Sam sent me to Africa . . . a fantastic dream come true. The Colt went with me. While the U.S. in 1955-56 was born into the .44 Magnum era . . . I was finding game up to 600 pounds or more, would go down well with a 250 grain cast Keith slug at 1200 or so fps, placed in the right spot, from my special 'Special'.

After two and a half years, Uncle Sam moved me to Southeast Asia, and the Colt followed me through the Deltas and rivers, through the mud and the slime, of a strange but game-rich land. My Special was as helpful keeping my hide almost entirely intact as it was providing meat. I returned to the U.S. in 1961 filled with confidence in the .44 Special, and ran head-long into the .44 Magnum . . . a cartridge I had heard only whispers of overseas, yet it was into over five years of consumer use over here.

Getting my first .44 Magnum in those early years is a story all its own, but I'll spare you. Suffice to say from 1962 till now, I've used the big .44 in thousands of rounds, from squib loads to some that were fairly warm. I carry a 4" Smith every day in my law enforcement duties, and a very special custom built Ruger when hunting. So when I say the .44 Magnum is not generally (meaning for everybody) up to Elk sized animals, and not specifically to moose . . . it comes from the

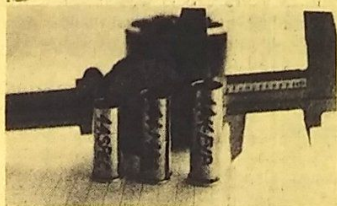
heart, with no bones to pick with the mighty magnum by me . . . I just look at it realistically.

I know Elk have been taken often, I've done it. And I also know Moose have fallen to it. Just as I know several Elephant have died at its bark . . . but that doesn't make it an Elephant gun any more than it makes it a Moose gun.

With several new advances in mould design, brass, and the long cylinder of the super Ruger, that situation for me has changed.

Saying I was very excited over the successful creation of a .44 caliber handgun cartridge with 40 to 100% more power than the .44 Magnum would be a very large understatement. For three years I had been searching for a handgun with at least as much power as the T/C Contenders. But I wanted it in a repeater, not a single shot. Nor did I want an esoteric semi-production gun that would force me to take out a second mortgage on our home, and wait years for delivery. I also wanted something that used easy to buy basic brass.

When I picked up that first piece of .444 Marlin rifle brass at the range in 1979, I knew I had it. I knew I held in my hand the key to a maximum power handgun for all those handgun nuts, like myself, that wanted repeat shots, as close to instantly as possible. That edge in power that makes Elk or Moose for me, a reasonable risk. A hunter's risk, one he knows is always there, even with a well placed shot. But with the .44 Keith Express, the needed power is there.



.44 Special (1.16"), .44 Mag (1.28") and .44 K.E. (1.40"). Larger case capacity means more power.

I cut the .444 Remington Peters brass to approximately 1.45 inches. The standard .44 Magnum is 1.28 inches. But it's not just the extra powder room of the new case that gives the hyper handgun velocities . . . it's the fantastic strength of that R-P Marlin brass.

It's so thick I have to inside ream it

after it's cut to length. I use a .431-.432 reamer. The brass is a pain to re-manufacture, but lasts forever. My original 20 cases have had over 1000 top loads put through them, and they are still going strong . . . not one lost. And that's driving an 180 grain to 200 grain cast bullet at over 2000 fps, and 250 to 260 grain bullets at 1800 plus fps. All from my 7 1/2" Ruger.

The conversion of the Ruger cylinder is easy for a gunsmith . . . using a special reamer put out by Brownell, it's straight line and adjustable. Set correctly, it opens the rear of the .44 Magnum chambers and moves the chamber shoulders forward. It's not much metal to remove, nor does it alter the chamber very much. A fully loaded .44 Magnum fired in an altered chamber doesn't show that much expansion to the naked eye. But it does expand, and four or five warm loads fired in the .44 Magnum case, and it fails.

But no matter, while you are having the cylinder of your Ruger reamed, send the gun back to Ruger for a new cylinder to be installed. That way, you can fire .44 Special, .44 Magnum, and .44 Keith Express, out of the same gun . . . from mice to moose. Nice!

The length of the cylinder overall determines the powder room. Bullets seated out too long can't be used in the .44 Keith Express, or bullets that have long noses like some Keith styles. But never mind. Lee makes a 200 grain Keith mould and a 255 grain one. Both with short noses. Also SSK markets a special 260 grain cast bullet mould that is one of the best I've used. The 260 grain JDJ .430 (NEI) cast bullets from the mould I tested, and used in the .44 Keith Express for this article gave consistently higher velocities, up to 100 fps more! I speculate that it was the shorter boring space in the bore holding down friction and drag on velocity.

Using 29/2400/260 JDJ in the Keith Express, the 7 1/2" Ruger generated over 1900 fps. And the case expansion showed that it was a moderate load. Using the 200 grain Lee cast bullet over 33/296, the fabulous 2000 fps level in a handgun was easily broken! It's the strength of the case, it is twice as thick as standard .44 Magnum brass. The charts show the loads I've tested and worked up, and found safe in my guns. Also my cylinder is faced off perfectly and the barrel is set back to a minimum .0015 gap. We found in handguns working with magnum pressures that for every .001 in the gap, you lose almost 100 fps. So, if you have your gun altered, have the barrel set back. But be sure the cylinder is also faced off, or you will get heat drag in some spots. I can fire over 20 fast shots (as fast as I can reload) in my modified Ruger before it begins to lock up. I can shoot all day at a normal pace without a problem.

My loads in my guns are safe. I know Rugers are strong. I doubt that an S & W would take the strain . . . I cannot speak for other single actions. If you try this conversion, I recommend only Ruger. Have a good gunsmith do the work, not a parts changer. Use only new RP 444 Marlin brass, take care cutting and reaming if you use power methods, don't let the brass heat past its temper point . . . and start with lower power standard .44 Magnum loads, work up slowly. And realize since neither I, J. D. Jones, or SSK Ind., have any control over you or your conversion, we can assume no

responsibility. Take care, fine guns are too expensive to destroy, but even more, hands are precious and are not replaceable. Good loading practices will serve you well as always.

So that's the story of the .44 Keith Express, its power is here today . . . with easy conversion and just as easily attainable brass . . . even though I copywrote the design, I willingly offer it to anyone who wants to try it. I hope J. D. tests it and alters it to his production tastes, and offers it as an SSK conversion along with made up brass and loading dies . . . that would insure its growth and honor my old friend, Elmer Keith, the only reason I copywrote it in the first place!

Now with a super .44 Magnum can I blithely take moose? No gun, especially a handgun removes the need to be a careful hunter. And I respect any animal that stands higher at the shoulder than I do . . . But yes, I am going to get that moose now. And when I place that first shot . . . I'll know that I have five more waiting if needed. And with a moose, I suspect a few will be.

A few points from my development notes for the reader . . .

.44 magnum dies can be used to size .44 Keith Express brass but only to neck size. The .44 dies are too tight, the seater die can be used very well. Send a few fired cases to any good die maker, that will insure your sizer is right for your gun. Only hot loads expand the case at the rear. You shouldn't run into that situation . . . my charts show expansion figures.

I have found most 240 and 250 grain bullets both cast and jacketed too long. After a long conversation with J. D. about the .44 Keith Express, I mentioned only Lee 200 and 255 grain cast bullets had a nose short enough to use. J. D. suggested his 260 grain SSK design. And boy, was he right! First off, that bullet got up to 100 fps more velocity over all other bullets in its weight class, including jacketed. The JDJ's shape which I call TFN, tapered flat nose, flies flatter because of the shape as well as velocity, over 200 meters to those damn iron rams (which fall even to ankle shots with the .44 K-Exp.), flatter by 4" over the Lee 255 grain C.B. And lastly, the .44 JDJ 260 kills like a hammer blow on big critters. It penetrates much better than any semiwadcutter, but retains the shocking power of that proven shape.

I use only linotype lead, and I keep the pot hot . . . 800 degrees or more. I drop the bullets from the hot mould right into a deep can filled with water which tempers the metal very hard if they sizzle, without taking any expanding ability from the lead. No fouling from 2100 + fps velocities. I have gone as high as 2700 fps in rifles with no leading . . . one fly in the soup, your lube grooves have to contain enough lube (alox of course) or you will start to get fouling where the cast bullets run out of lube in the barrel . . . The two Lee's and the JDJ carry enough lube.

I took the 260 JDJ (TFN) SSK behemoth hunting. Loaded over 30/296/1900 plus fps and 2100 + foot pounds, I was ready (12,600 pounds per cylinder full).

I have a friend that raises bird dogs. Very expensive bird dogs, for a living. At any one time, he will have 80 to 100 of them. Years ago, when his father passed away and left the ranch to him, he turned the cattle out into his 6,000 acres. (That's about 10 square miles).

(Continued on Page 10)



Very good caribou fell to 240 gr. FMJ Hornadys from the M-N-P Custom Ruger.

HANDGUN HUNTING ALASKA

Part I
Larry Kelly

There's only one way to describe hunting in Alaska, Tough and Expensive. When you consider the money a sportsman pays per animal, Africa is much cheaper. After a days hunt there's no truck or in most cases no cabin to dry off in and get warm. It's usually a spike camp that you and your guide are packed into. Baths are something that you look forward to when you get out of the bush.

Finding the right Outfitter can sometimes be a problem. After four hunts to Alaska I swore that I would never return. On one sheep hunt I only hunted a day and a half out of sixteen days. I sat in small airports waiting for my outfitter who was a very disorganized man to say the least.

Being a member of the Safari Club International, a organization of dedicated hunters, I asked around for good outfitters in Alaska and Clark Engle and Hal Alward's names were mentioned many times.

In 1980 Jerry Kraft, Mag-na-port's Gunsmith and I booked a hunt with Clark Engle for sheep and moose. We arrived at Clark's main camp with three other hunters, and I was very impressed with the facilities. Jerry and I had our four handguns in a rifle case and Clark said "Take your rifles and check them out with the other hunters at the 100 yd. range." I said, "OK, but we don't have any rifles" and opened the rifle case showing the handguns. Clark's jaw dropped as he said, "Oh my God." and he walked away. Clark felt a lot better after the guide told him that Jerry and I grouped better with our T/Cs than the three rifle hunters had. After lunch Jerry and I went our separate ways to spike camps. I hunted everyday except for six days that I was snowed in at the sheep camp. A small caribou was the only animal I took

with my .375 J.D.J. Jerry took a good ram with his .44 mag. T/C and a record book moose with his Mag-na-ported S&W, .44 mag. with a 5" barrel. The hunt was excellent even if I didn't get the game I was after. The following fall I booked another hunt with Clark for brown bear.

In September I was back in Alaska hunting with outfitter Hal Alward. I was after sheep, moose and caribou. Hal was as excited as I was, as taking a sheep with a handgun is not easy. Other than Jerry I didn't know of anyone being successful bagging a sheep with a handgun. My guide was Bob Wright and like all guides, he had a long beard and legs up to his neck. The first thing I told him was that I wasn't in shape for sheep hunting. "No problem, we'll take it easy. There's no sense in me getting to the top of the mountain without my hunter," he said. When we left main camp for spike camp with our packs I went light, taking only my T/C .375 J.D.J. which I call my "SUPER GUN" having taken over fifty head of game in Africa and North America the year before. I felt very confident that if I got within 200 yards with a rest I would have my sheep. We would not hunt the area Hal had planned because a heavy snow storm had made hunting there impossible. At 4 a.m. we left spike camp, waded a river then put on our leather boots leaving our hip boots in some alders. Then we started our climb. The guide and I must have really taken it too easy because we didn't reach the top of the mountain until 4:30 that evening. As we peeked over the top, to my amazement and disappointment there was 62 sheep on the next mountain. We didn't watch them for more than 10 minutes when they all got up and went over to the opposite side of

that mountain!

"Larry if it's alright with you, we should go down to the next valley and sleep. We'll make our stalk in the morning," Bob said. I kind of grunted, "OK". Knowing that we didn't have any shelter or food for the night. When we reached the creek in the valley it was dark. I put my hat, gloves and rain gear on and laid on the ground wondering why I didn't bring my 5" .44 Mag. S&W which I then used for my back up gun. The creek was making so much noise a bear could have swatted me over the head before I would have known it. It rained all night and I was happy when it was time to climb the second mountain for the sheep just to get moving and warm.

You can imagine how I felt when we reached the top of the mountain and not a single sheep was in sight. They had just vanished from the area. At midnight we arrived back at spike camp very tired very hungry and very disappointed. The next morning we packed up our gear and left for main camp. After resting a day we flew to a different area. "We're going to pack in and if we are lucky it will be a minimum of five days," said Bob. "We'll go as light as we can. We'll have an air drop of food up the valley and we should get there by night fall," he said.

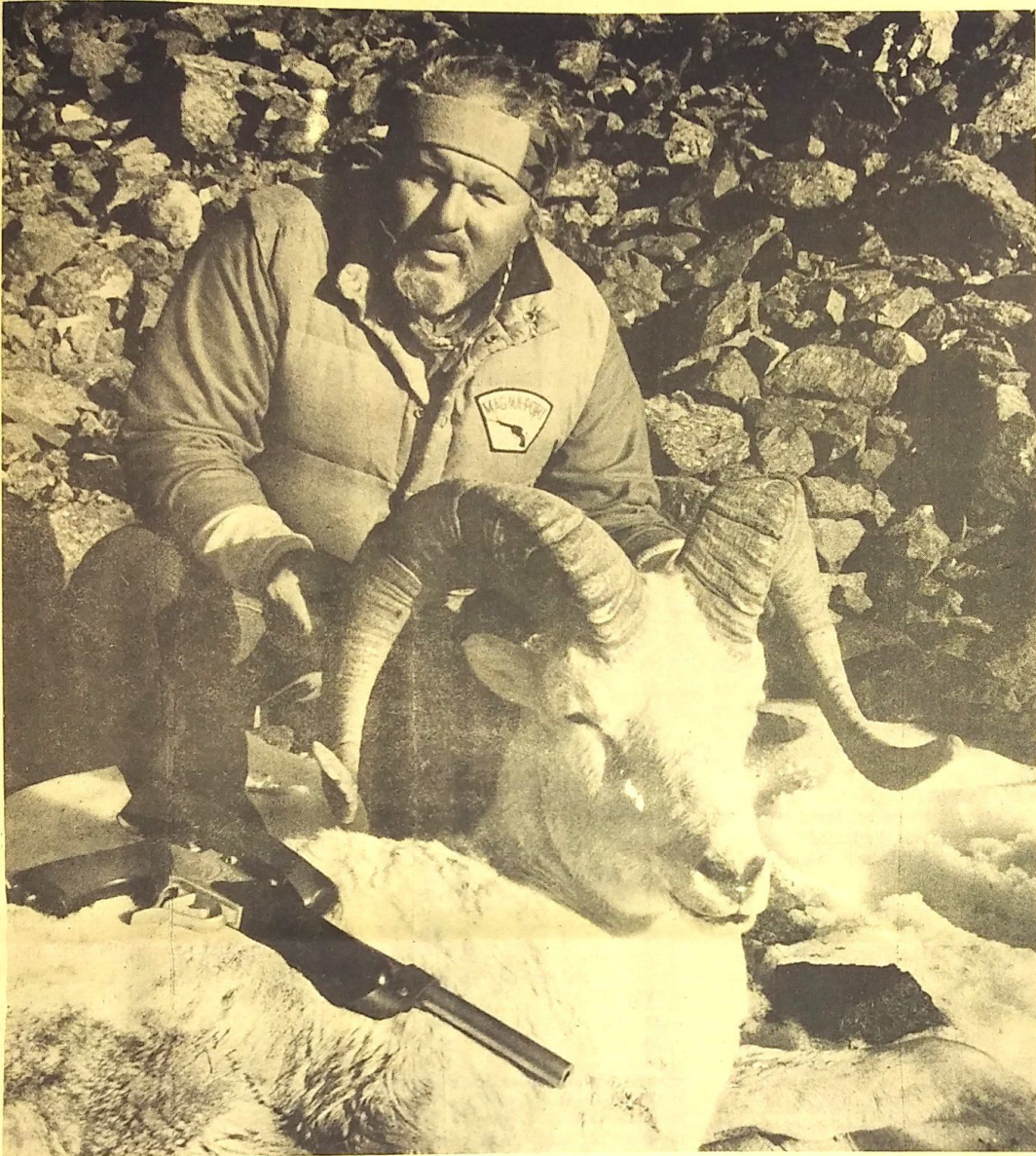
Upon arriving we couldn't find the air drop of food. Everything looked different on the ground then it did from the air. Bob and I rolled out our sleeping bags and went to sleep, not knowing that the food was only 200 yards away. The next morning we found the food as we headed up the valley taking only freeze dry food with us. We reached the head of the valley around 4 p.m., put up our two man mountain tent, had something to eat

and then headed for the top of the mountain. Our plan was to get up as high as we could, sleep up there and get in position for a shot after day break. Sleeping on the side of a mountain in the rocks is terribly cold and very uncomfortable. Before daybreak we were up and moving, hungry and cold. As the first rays of daylight started Bob said, "Get behind that rock. The rams should come right by us. Pick out the biggest one and shoot." Everything went according to plan except for two things. There weren't any big rams and if I had let go of the rock to shoot, I would have slid down the mountain. After clinging to the rock for two hours I told Bob that I had to move as I couldn't stay there any longer. I crawled up to Bob and we decided to go down in the basin and wait until the smaller sheep moved on so that we could stalk three good rams that had never joined the smaller ones.

Once we got down the mountain we had to lay in the boulders until 4:30 p.m. cold and stiff and hungry. We waited until the smaller sheep moved. Then we could start our stalk from below the sheep which is not the right way to do it if you have a choice. The wind was in our favor as we dropped our packs and started to climb up. It wasn't long before I was huffing and puffing. When my ram heard us, he ran to the ledge and looked down at us at 50 yds. I just flopped down and put the scope of the .375 J.D.J. on his chest. The T/C was weaving all over as I tried to hold it steady and squeezed the trigger. "BAM!" I hit the rock underneath him. A complete miss at 50 yards by only two feet! All my hopes of a trophy sheep were gone. All that ran through my mind was all the work and torture I had gone through to get a shot and I blew it, "Run!" Bob hollered as he took off up the mountain. I did and was puffing so hard I was gagging. I'll never make it, I thought to myself, I'll die up here in these rocks. All of a sudden out of the corner of my eye I saw the sheep heading down on the side of the rim to my left. I fell to the ground and placed the barrel on my knee, holding my breath I squeezed the trigger and saw his right front leg come out from underneath him. He spun behind the rim heading up. I ran behind Bob to the top and laid beside him. There was my ram with two others, limping as he ran. At a 100 yards they stopped and looked back. With the cross hairs on his shoulder I fired. The 270 grain Spitzer Hornady bullet plowed through both shoulders and kept on going. The ram dropped instantly, then rolled and rolled. I thought to myself how those horns were going to be a mess. When we finally climbed — slid — fell to where he was there wasn't any damage to the horns. I just sat there for awhile and looked at my beautiful trophy, thinking that after three sheep hunts it was over. I had bagged my sheep with a handgun.

It was getting dark so we packed the ram down to a glacier pond and slept there until morning. After taking photos, caping and boning the meat, we headed down to spike camp. We were very hungry as we hadn't had anything to eat since we left. It ended up being a total of five days when I stepped back on the runway at the sheep camp.

The next day I left for moose camp. The first of day moose hunting we stalked to within 60 yards of a 60" bull. As I pulled the hammer back on my 8" scoped Mag-na-ported Ruger



Three hunts and days of cold, hunger and pain paid off.

happy hunters. The buck didn't fall to a handgunner's bullet, but he fell because of a handgunner's determination.

Back at the cabin, all was smiles and laughter, with everyone pitching in with the deer.

On the last day, going home, the deer is in the back of dad's pickup, things are great and life is great.

That night, back in Connecticut, my dad helps me hang the deer off my backporch. We talk a while more, and then he goes home. At 2 p.m. that morning, my phone rings. My father has gone to be with the Lord. Time with your father, hunting with your father . . . it's every kid's dream.

ABILENE REWORK

By Rich Winters, Zanesville, OH

I just want to let other handgunners know how some gun manufacturers handle their defective products.

I recently bought a 4-5/8" Abilene .44 magnum. The cylinder would not lock up every time the gun was cocked and in less than 100 rounds it went completely out of time. The chambers were rough and screws seemed to shoot loose easily.

I sent it back to the factory for repairs and never had such good service and workmanship on any gun before from anyone except SSK. They received it on January 6 and I had it back January 19, repaired.

The gun now has very smooth chambers with tight even lock up on all six. Cylinder gap is .003". They even fitted another set of grips to frame and fitted them very nice. The action was rebuilt and front sight remounted straight.

The gun's fit and finish is very nice. It works smooth and handles the recoil of .44 mag. ammo with ease. I have fired over 300 rounds of heavy loads since it was reworked with no screws shooting loose or any other problems.

I'm not much for paper group shooting, but fired six shots on a rock in a high wall at 30 yards off-hand that was one inch wide by 2-1/4" high; all shots touching each other. Vertical stringing was mostly due to glare on the front sight and my unsteady hold. This gun will shoot with most any .44 mag. I have shot.

The people at U.S. Arms build a fine product in these revolvers and stand behind it. That is if they can ever get me from behind it again. I like it!

Super Blackhawk in .44 magnum, Bob whispered, "We can do better Larry, it's only the first day out." I very reluctantly let the hammer down. "OK," I said, "But he really looks good to me." I really regreted that moment and still do. Fifteen days later I had seen bulls everyday, but never got close enough for a shot at any of them. I did take a good caribou at 70 yards with the Custom Ruger, using 240 gr. Hornady FMJ loads. Flying back to Detroit I thought, even if I did pass up that bull moose I had a fantastic hunt. Good people, lots of game, fine scenery and good hunting companions. I couldn't wait to start back in three weeks to begin my brown bear hunt with Clark Engle.

TRULY A HUNT TO REMEMBER

By John H. Medling
Cheshire, CT

Opening weekend in Vermont, thank God we can hunt someplace with handguns. My dad and I and about six close friends, (myself and my best friend with handguns — .44 SBH). Dad and I look forward to this time each year as a chance to catch up on things we haven't talked about for a while. People who haven't hunted and spent time with friends, and especially their fathers, don't know what they are missing.

Well, opening morning and out we go to the cold; first a day and a half scouting time, and my dad, cousin, friend and I find a very nice swamp with obvious buck signs all around it. Only one fool brought his high rubber boots, so in I go to flush the deer. A rifleman wouldn't have gotten 20 yards in before he'd have to quit. But the old .44 SBH was no problem. Matter of fact, it was downright reassuring, as we'd heard stories about a bow hunter who'd spent the night in his tree stand because of dogs about three weeks before the gun season.

Well, the swamp was thick and wide so to cover as much area as I could, I began to zig-zag. Having already

figured the direction of the wind, and the deer's most likely escape route, we had planted my cousin (by the way, his first time out), my friend and dad along an old logging road on the far side of the swamp. Back to zig-zagging. About the fourth zag, I heard the deer splashing through the swamp, heading for the three men. Boom — Boom — a long pause — Boom — short, a very short pause — Boom — Boom — Boom — I thought Armageddon had started! All quiet, so I yell out! The answer — a nice 5-point buck! My cousin, his first time out, experienced an extreme case of buck fever and missed at 30 feet. He fired again after he regained some sense of reality and broke the buck's front leg, and didn't even slow him down. The buck ran the gauntlet, passed my cousin right to my friend. His first shot broke his spine and the buck was done instantly. My friend, having never shot anything before, saw the buck's legs twitching and fired three more times to finish him. Never fear . . . no meat was ruined. He missed all three times! (Nerves of steel, my friend has!)

Well, to say the least, we were four

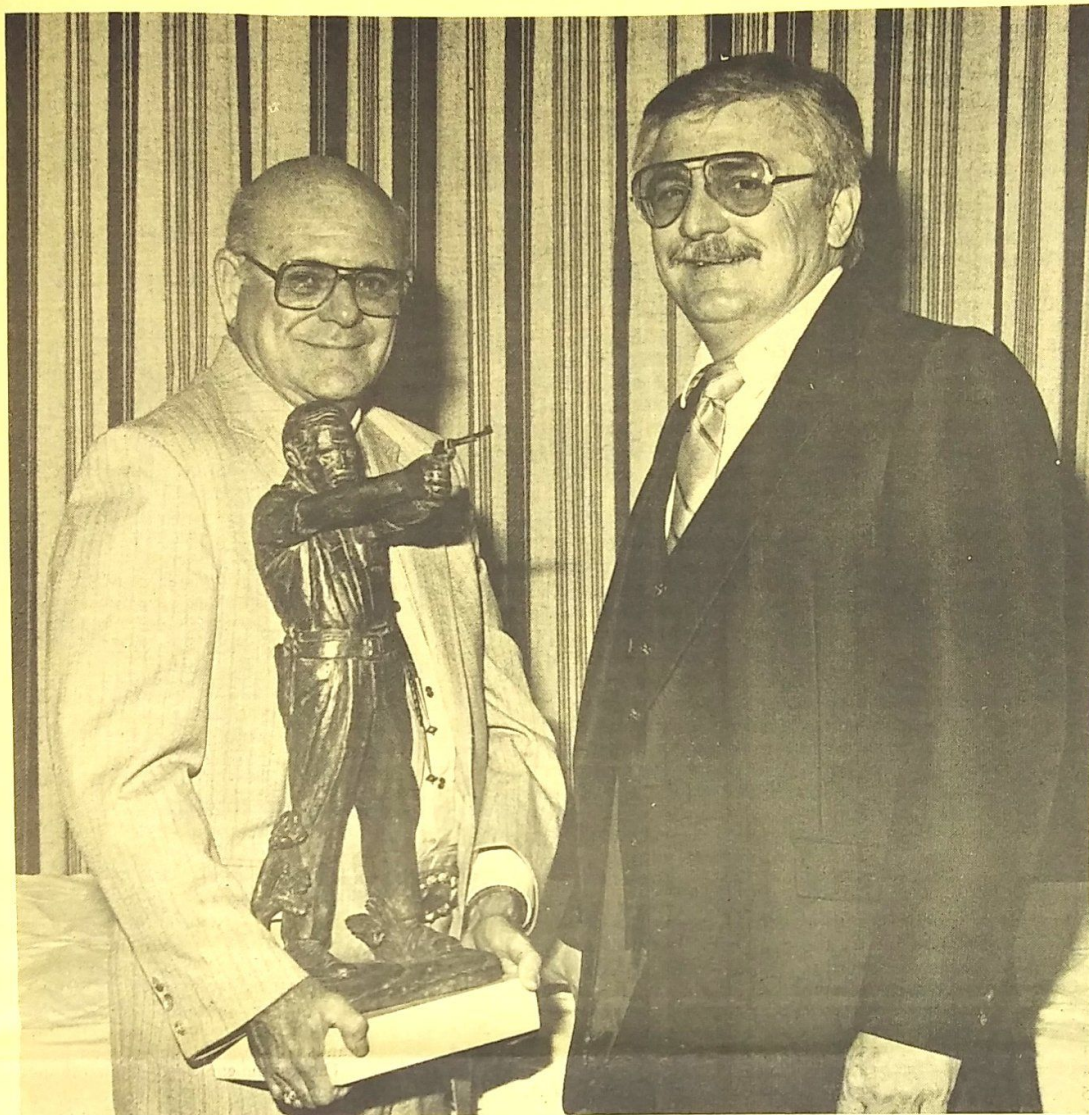
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Hal Swiggett, HHI 008, being presented the 1982 OAHA by J. D. Jones Chairman of the Foundation.

SWIGGETT 1982 OUTSTANDING AMERICAN HANDGUNNER

Hal Swiggett, HHI 008, noted handgun authority, handgun hunter and author was named 1982's Outstanding American Handgunner on April 3rd during prestigious ceremonies held in conjunction with the NRA Annual Meeting in Philadelphia, PA.

Ten nominees for the award are selected yearly. Nominees for the 1982 Award in addition to Swiggett were: Congressman John Ashbrook (R-OH) in recognition of legislative activities, Lucy Chambliss, former NRA Director, national champion and author, James Clark, holder of 64 national records and custom pistolsmith, Keith Gaffaney, current NRA President, Dean Grennell, Managing Editor of GUN WORLD magazine and experimental ballisticsian, Larry Kelly, HHI 002, inventor of Mag-Na-Port gas venting system and handgun hunter, Senator James McClure (R-ID) in recognition of legislative activities, Frank Pachmayr, "the pioneer" in .45 accuracy and holder of over 100 firearms patents, and Harry Reeves, national and international champion and NRA Director.

Each nominee received a handsome engraved plaque and a handgun in recognition of their contribution to the sport of handgunning. The various manufacturers contribute the presentation guns.

Congressman Ashbrook (in absentia)

was presented a Dan Wesson .357 by Seth Wesson. HHI member Lou Sliva accepted the award in Ashbrook's behalf. Lucy Chambliss was presented an ornate pre-production stainless Charter .38 Special by Dave Ecker. James Clark was presented a 7BR XP-100 by Tom Rawson of Remington. Keith Gaffaney was presented a stainless Ruger Old Army by Tom Ruger. Dean Grennell was presented a Colt Python by Steve Ferber in behalf of Col. Larry Kelly was presented a S & W 586 .357 Magnum by Roy Jinks of Smith & Wesson. Senator James A. McClure was presented a Thompson/Center Contender dual caliber handgun by Wayne Brockney of T/C. Frank Pachmayr was presented a Limited Edition Harrington & Richardson by Ted Rowe, President of H & R. Harry Reeves was presented an Abilene .44 Magnum by Art Hill of O. F. Mossberg. Hal Swiggett was presented a Navy Arms Black Powder revolver by Jean Claude Kappler of Navy Arms.

Swiggett's presentation as Outstanding American Handgunner was made by J. D. Jones, Chairman of the Foundation.

Jones announced his retirement as Chairman and introduced Joseph P. Tartaro as his successor. Tartaro, President, Executive Editor and Publisher of GUN WEEK assumes

Chairmanship of the Foundation immediately. Inquiries and business concerning the Outstanding American Handgunner Awards Foundation, Inc. should be directed to Mr. Tartaro at P. O. Box 411, Station C, Buffalo, NY 14209.


It was good to see a large number of HHI members there. Some won fine door prizes. Some, like Tom South, blow out tires.

Cedars, Fog . . . (Cont. from Page 10)

As the distinct sounds of a human moving down the hillside became clear, the snorting and pawing faded away. When Ron reached my stand, he, too, confirmed the sounds of deer movement and tried to stalk to within shooting range. To no avail, the deer was gone.

A close inspection of the area revealed numerous fresh tracks and runs that were muddy with use. They were there, but managed to escape us this time. But we will be back next year, because part of that ringing in my ears is a reverberation of that snorting whitetail that I never saw. Once you're hooked on handgun hunting, you'll never give it up, even when the game gets away.





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.44'S: OF BULLETS AND MOULDS PART IV: THE LIGHTWEIGHTS

By John Taffin
Boise, ID

This has been a very interesting and informative project for me to say the least. I've now made it through the Keith bullets (Dec. '81), the Heavyweights (Feb. '82), the Gas-checks (Apr. '82), which brings us to the most pleasant of chores, Lightweights. That is, the bullets in the 200 grain range.

While recoil is a factor in firing the 250-350 grain bullets in the .44 Magnums, the lightweights are capable of extra-ordinary speeds with little noticeable recoil. This coupled with a break in the winter weather made testing the lightweights a most enjoyable task.

For the lightweights, seven different bullets were selected with over 1000 rounds being fired. All bullets were cast of type metal with weights being less than manufacturers advertised weights which are normally cast of lead-tin mixtures. The bullets used were:

Number	Weights		Manufacturer
	Grains		
1) 429-214 SWC	202	Lee Precision	
2) 42798	193	Lyman	
3) 429215 GC	210	Lyman	
4) 429303 GC	195	Lyman	
5) 220429 PB	207	N.E.I.-S.S.K.	
6) 200429 PB	187	N.E.I.	
7) 185429 WC	180	N.E.I.	



John's .44 lightweights. Lee 429214, Lyman 42798, Lyman 429215GC, Lyman 429303GC, SSK 220429, NEI 200429, NEI 185429WC.

Bullet # 1 is probably my favorite lightweight bullet for both the .44 Magnum and .44 Special. It is a semi-wadcutter "Keith" style with two grease grooves, one excellent crimping groove and just plain looks good loaded in Magnum and Special brass. While the design is a favorite, the mould is not. Being a Lee design, the double cavity mould and handles, while a real bargain at less than \$20, just are not conducive to volume casting. Lee moulds are great values for the price, but I prefer to pay more and get more. The blocks and handles are so light that there is little resistance when the sprue plate is tapped and they just bounce away from the mallet. I have a good friend who prefers Lee moulds so I talk him into casting these bullets for me. This bullet's in a top quality four cavity mould would be a welcome addition to my casting equipment. (Lee Precision, Hartford, Wisconsin 53021).

The oldest design tested is bullet # 2, which is normally used in the .44-40. This is a conical design for use in tubular rifles and duplicates factory lead .44-40 bullets being supplied with two grease grooves and crimping is accomplished over the front band. This bullet was a very pleasant surprise as you will see by the results of firing for accuracy in the accompanying tables.

Ray Thompson's design is bullet # 3 and was also covered in the Gas-checks. An excellent design for both the .44 Magnum and .44 Specials, of "Keith" style with one grease groove and one crimping groove.

Bullet # 4 was designed in the '50's by Carl Hudson for penetration, and is a spire point with a gas check, one grease groove, and a very deep crimping groove. When loaded in a revolver, the cylinder looks like it contains needles. The original load worked up by H. P. White Laboratory for this bullet was 27.5 grains # 2400 for 1814 feet per second. I could not get this much powder in WW brass, so case capacities may be less than originally provided in .44 Magnum cases. Top loads with this bullet punch through 1/4" steel plate easily, almost making it through 3/8" steel. A fascinating bullet which is no longer available.

Bullets # 2, 3, and 4 were all cast from Lyman DC moulds which gave excellent casting results as can be expected from Lyman.

Bullet # 5 is the "baby" of the .44's designed by J. D. weighing in at 207 grains, (the others go 252, 327, 354 cast from type metal). This bullet is the same design as the other JDJ bullets, just shorter in the body. The design is a modified-truncated cone with a flat nose and a long straight body with one grease groove and a crimping groove. The mould is made by N.E.I., but is available only from S.S.K. (Rt. 1, Della Drive, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910).

Bullet # 6 is a new design from N.E.I. and will probably be used a great deal in the future. This is a design that starts out as a conical with a very large flat nose, one grease groove and a crimping groove.

The last bullet tested is the N.E.I. version of the standard target wadcutter design with one grease groove, and a crimping groove, with a flat nose that is almost .44 caliber and with the proper load will cut one hole groups at 25 yards.

Sixty-six loads were assembled using these seven bullets. The first six designs were loaded with powder designed for maximum charges: # 2400, H110, WW296, and H4227. The .44 wadcutter was used only with Bullseye and Unique in moderate doses.

Here are my test results:
Test Gun: Ruger Super Blackhawk 10 1/2" Barrel (my silhouette revolver).
Ammunition: WW cases, CCI Magnum primers, all bullets sized .430".
Chronograph: Oehler Model 12. Temperature: 40°-60°.

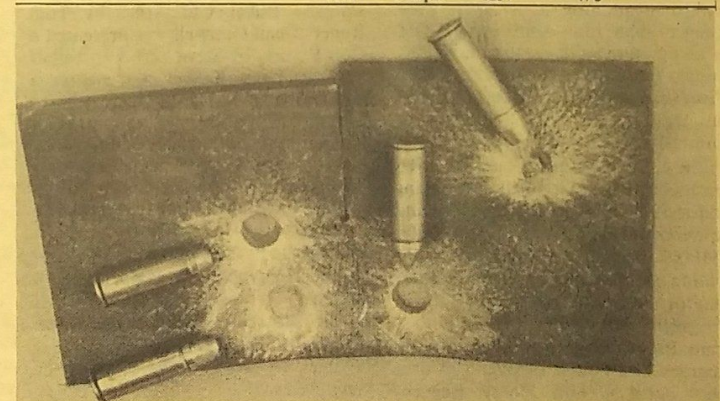
All groups were fired from a padded rest at 25 yards using a rolled up piece of carpeting on the roof of my Luv 4x4. See attached comparison tables which follow.

All loads included on these charts extracted easily, but top loads showed very high pressure signs on the primers. Loads using # 2400 and H4227 were pushed to the absolute maximum while H110 and WW296 could probably be loaded to higher velocities.

One surprising result was the consistency of # 2400. Although the oldest powder used, it gave the most consistent velocity readings followed by H4227, WW296 and H110 in that order. H110 is very critical, and needs a very stiff crimp and a hot primer for best results. I'm surmising that the lightweight bullets do not afford enough resistance to obtain the most efficient loads with H110 or WW296.

Bullet	Weight Grains	Seating Depth	Charge Grains	Powder	M.V.	Group Size (25 Yards)	Comments	
Lee 214 SWC (Length .660")	202	.378"	23.5	# 2400	1699	7/8"	Punches Through 1/4" Steel 4 Shots 5/8" 3 Shots 1/2"	
			24.5	# 2400	1839	1-3/4"		
			25.5	# 2400	1831	1-1/2"		
			24.5	H110	1489	1-3/4"		
			25.5	H110	1517	1-1/4"		
			26.5	H110	1697	1-1/2"		
			26.0	WW296	1618	1-3/8"		
			27.0	WW296	1713	1"		
			.247"	26	H4227	1525		1"
			.247"	27.0	H4227	1641		1"
Lyman # 42798 (Length .647")	193	.352"	23.5	# 2400	1752	1-1/4"	One Hole Group One Hole Group 4 Shots 1-1/2"	
			24.5	# 2400	1822	1-1/2"		
			25.5	# 2400	1755	1-3/4"		
			24.5	H110	1518	3/4"		
			25.5	H110	1636	5/8"		
			26.5	H110	1620	1-1/2"		
			26.0	WW296	1575	7/8"		
			27.0	WW296	1680	1-1/2"		
			.263"	26.0	H4227	1638		1-1/2"
			.263"	27.0	H4227	1754		1-1/2"
Lyman 429303 GC (Length .810")	195	.363"	23.5	# 2400	1682	1-1/4"	One Hole Group	
			24.5	# 2400	1771	1-1/2"		
			25.5	# 2400	1721	1-1/4"		
			24.5	H110	1365	1-1/4"		
			25.5	H110	1584	7/8"		
			26.5	H110	1564	1-1/4"		
			26.0	WW296	1514	1-1/4"		
			27.0	WW296	1580	1-3/4"		
			26.0	H4227	1574	1-3/4"		
			27.0	H4227	1706	1-1/4"		
S.S.K. # 220429 (Length .658")	207	.213"	23.5	# 2400	1600	1-3/4"	Extreme Pressures Primers Flowing	
			24.5	# 2400	1711	2"		
			25.5	# 2400	1766	1-3/4"		
			26.5	# 2400	1838	2"		
			27.5	# 2400	1812	2"		
			24.5	H110	1333	1-3/4"		
			25.5	H110	1449	1-1/2"		
			26.5	H110	1471	1-1/2"		
			26.0	WW296	1412	1"		
			27.0	WW296	1510	1-1/4"		
28.0	WW296	1602	1-3/4"					
29.0	WW296	1687	1-3/4"					
26.0	H4227	1599	1-1/8"					
27.0	H4227	1713	7/8"					
N.E.I. # 200429 (Length .585")	187	.260"	23.5	# 2400	1630	1-1/2"		
			24.5	# 2400	1726	1-1/4"		
			25.5	# 2400	1836	2"		
			24.5	H110	1399	1-1/2"		
			25.5	H110	1399	1-3/4"		
			26.5	H110	1464	1-1/2"		
			26.0	WW296	1505	2"		
27.0	WW296	1562	1-1/2"					
26.0	H4227	1674	2"					
27.0	H4227	1691	2"					
N.E.I. # 185429 WC (Length .498")	180	.307"	5.0	Bullseye	881	1"		
			6.0	Bullseye	993	3/4"		
			8.0	Unique	1034	1-1/2"		
			9.0	Unique	1170	1-1/2"		
			10.0	Unique	1237	7/8"		

Comments: Power Plus Penetration Punches Through 1/4" Steel.
Almost Punches Through 3/8" Steel

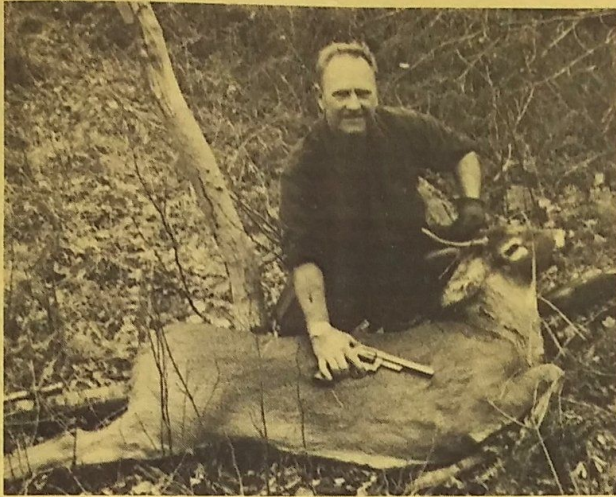


Hole Punchers DeLuxe! Velocity is the most important aspect of metal penetration with lead bullets.

Through all my tests for the four part series of articles, I've come to the conclusion that if I were to be limited to only one powder for all .44 Magnum shooting, it would be # 2400. My

favorite silhouette load is still the Hornady 240 FMJ over 20 grains # 2400.

(Continued on Page 13)



Paul and a good eatin' spike!

BUCK SCENT AND SCRAPES

By Paul Schwemin, Quincy, MA

As we drove slowly down the mountain, I turned to Ray Cowen, my longtime friend and hunting partner, and said, "No deer, but it surely was a beautiful day to be in the woods." The road twisted and turned down the mountain and finally after 12 miles, we hit the highway and headed for Ray's home 30 miles to the south from our favorite hunting area in Vermont's beautiful Green Mountains. We have hunted this area for the past ten years or so and have always filled at least one tag, and most times, both tags. . . some doing in this bucks only state.

We had started hunting with our handguns after obtaining AAA rank in IHMSA competition. I have written in my last article how Ray shot his "Snow Buck" with his .357 S & W. I filled my tag that year the last day of the season .44's . . . (Continued from Page 12)

The lightweights combine speed, and flat trajectory, with a noticeable reduction in recoil. They make excellent varmint bullets and are starting to be used for silhouettes as witness the popularity of the Sierra 220 grain silhouette bullet. The Lyman 429215 GC is an excellent bullet for both silhouettes and hunting.

Of the sixty-six loads tested, ten group into 1" or less at 25 yards and only went over 2". Many of the groups fired formed one ragged hole. There are a number of loads that went over 1800 fps.

No problems of any kind were encountered with any of these loads, but many are much higher than any published data and you are definitely on your own using these, although they are safe in my test gun.

With about 3,000 cast bullet loads fired for this four part series and well over 400 pounds of type metal run through the various bullet moulds, I've learned a great deal about powders, cast bullets, and moulds. Every mould and bullet tested gave excellent accuracy with proper loads for it.

The Lightweights especially when loaded to 1800 fps give unbelievable penetration. I couldn't stop them. They shoot through 14" of wood and 24" of wet newspapers like they aren't even there.

I now have at my disposal 25 different .44 bullets, ranging from 180 grains to 354 grains, for everything from hare to bear. That alone has made it worth the effort.

with a rifle. I don't like to use a handgun in the last light of the day because of the chance of a poor shot wounding the animal. Such a shot without snow will surely result in a lost animal. Sorry about that rifle, J.D. Anyway, I hoped this season to get my chance.

The day had started early with Ray taking a stand in a swamp as I still hunted around him. On my first swing, I found several fresh scrapes which reeked of deer you know what. I made a mental note of them and completed my swings toward Ray. Two hours later we met. I related my observations to Ray and we decided to scout the whole ridge area and establish the line of scrapes this buck was running. The nubs alongside the scrapes showed the buck to be small, but who can tell for sure what will come down the trail.

Ray and I met again about 1 p.m. and stopped to rest, compare notes, boil water for coffee and munch sandwiches which his lovely wife, Ruth, had made up for us. Ray had found a stand he liked and after lunch, we planned to still hunt till 3 p.m. and then take stands at our chosen scrapes. Good plan, but the buck did not cooperate and we left the woods at dark.

The next morning, we devoured Ruth Cowen's breakfast of oatmeal, bacon, eggs, toast and coffee and

turned the Subaru 4X4 onto the blacktop for the drive to the mountain.

Daylight found us still hunting slowly toward the scrape line two miles north. I came upon the scrape I had found yesterday and looked for the black thread I had placed there. It was not broken. I placed some scent near the scrape. It was now 8:50 a.m. so I looked for a place to sit. I was sure the buck was due to visit this morning and I was determined to meet him no matter how much I disliked waiting on stand. I stopped and leaned against a beech tree 50 or so yards from the scrape and 30 yards from another scrape.

I was standing there, amazed at how the wind changed directions so often when I caught a movement . . . sure enough, it was a deer, heading right down the run. Just as I saw the large spikes, he stopped behind a large beech tree. I raised the .44 S & W 29 6 1/2" and cocked the hammer; with a two-handed hold, I was ready. The buck came out from behind the tree in stiff legged bounds, his head held up high. He no doubt had scented the buck lure and was fighting mad. He turned to my left. I whistled and he stopped dead. The front sight settled on his shoulder and I squeezed. The recoil surprised me. The spike stumbled and took off — flag waving! I usually marked the spot where he had been standing and flagged the tree next to me. Then I walked to where he had been standing. I found no blood, no hair, nothing! I was taken back as I was sure the hold was good. I made a fan type search pattern out about 70 yards and back again — nothing! I did the same thing four times to no avail. I went back to the spot I had fired from and pictured the whole thing over again. I just could not believe that I missed that deer at 60 paces! I started another zigzag pattern. This time, I would go out 100 yards plus. I passed the area I had stopped in the other search patterns and went 25 yards further, and there in the ferns lay my deer, a fine fat spike horn. I dressed him out and found the bullet had broken the shoulder bone, passed through the heart and lower tip of the lung, turned down and came out the other side low in the brisket. The chest cavity was full of blood for a complete bleed out.

I was using handcast Keith 429421 237 grain (linotype) ahead of 22 gr. 2400 Remington cases and CCI 350 primers. I had expected a real good

blood trail from this bullet but when the bullet exited through the fatty brisket area, the wound closed up effectively sealing in the blood. I am sure if the exit wound would have been higher in a non-fatty area, the blood trail would have been excellent.

I returned to the car to fetch the deer carrier and Ray. The two mile haul out was easy with our newly designed one wheel carrier.

I have taken 51 head of deer with various rifles and shotguns. Some were real trophy bucks, but I have never been as thrilled as I was with this spike which weighed in at an even 125 pounds. No, Ray did not fill his tag, but just wait till next year.

A few observations should be noted here which I have learned the hard way many years ago.

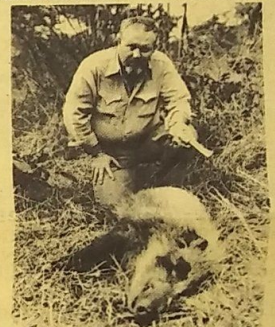
(1) The position of a deer's tail should never be used to determine whether or not he has been hit.

(2) If you are sure of your hold and let off, don't give up, search some more.

(3) Always mark where you shot from and where the game was last seen. I use fluorescent orange surveyor's tape for this. Keep a small roll in your pocket.

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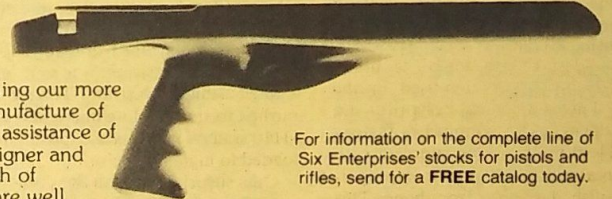
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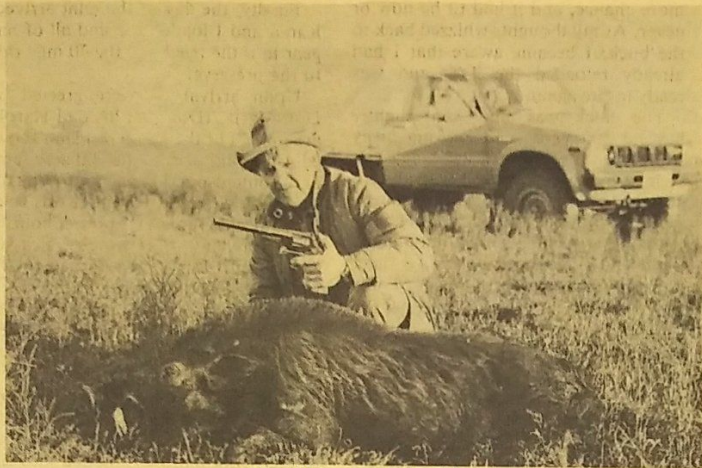


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Me, the boar and the .44.



Down goes the boar as I administer the coup de grace.

AUSTRALIAN BOAR AND A .44

By Charles Mower, Carina, Australia

A heavy frost lay on the green carpet of pig weed looking like early snow from a southern ski resort, as I emerged from the comfort of the crackling log fire in the shearer's quarters where my hunting companion and myself had spent a most warm and comfortable night. The sky was crystal clear, blue and the sharp crispness of the cold morning burnt into my sunburnt face as I pulled my "squatters" hat down over my head just a little further to protect my ears from the frosty air.

I checked all my gear to see if I had misplaced any of the shooting necessities which I have accumulated over two decades of hunting. Camera, extra lens, knife stone, ammunition and oh, yes my 44 mag., which I slipped into a custommade "Dirty Harry" style shoulder holster made especially to take 8-3/8 barrel of the Smith & Wesson MOD 29.

It was just too cold to even consider riding the trail bikes, so Cliff my companion and myself decided to motor in comfort in the Toyota Hi Lux 4x4 ute. Once through the gate I thought, we could cross the high levee bank, then the bore drain, from where we could follow the track across the high country all the way to the swamp, where a large channel had been delved to allow water from the river to flood the lower extremities of the property thus creating a perfect slough where feral pigs, roos, foxes and waterfowl mixed it with the domestic stock and where grass a plenty had thrived since the floods.

According to Bruce the owner, he could have a bumper season if follow up rains occurred early in the spring. He had suffered severe losses for the past two years, but now with good grass and abundant water, he visualised top prices for both wool and beef providing no natural disasters occurred to rob him of his first big season.

I had not visited my friend's property for a number of years and although I knew I was welcome anytime I desired to hunt the channel country it was only courteous to prearrange permission of entry by phoning the owner, thus assuring him of my intentions, and his fears as to who would be accompanying me, for he does take a pretty dim view of strangers even if they are friends of mine — Paranoia you might say, but put yourself in my host's position. Unknown shooters with bikes and guns allowed the freedom of his 10,000 acres is cause for certain alarm seeing as he would be working stock during our

stay. Thankfully our host agreed as to which areas would produce the best results so we were "persuaded" to hunt beyond the high country which encompassed the swamp and the channel.

Having kicked over the motor of the 4x4, Cliff let the cold motor idle for a spell before slipping it into gear. With the heater/demister on full the warm air began circulating through the cabin.

"Thank goodness for that" said a relieved Cliff. "I was bloody freezing." "Well I wasn't exactly feeling warm either" I replied. The Toyota moved forward, picking up speed as we eased through the gate and on towards the high country.

The weather could only be described as perfect. Cold nights, warm days. The countryside a picture of green, likened to a typical publicity photo one would expect to see in an overseas magazine or travel brochure depicting glorious views of inland Australia sort of "come to the big country. Australia the land of plenty". Rude awakenings for the unwary, for this outback landscape can be more barren and desolate than some of the Northern Hemisphere deserts.

The Toyota lurched over the levee bank, bounced across the bore drain and came to rest at the metal gate, the entrance to the high country. With cold hands I pushed open the large gate to allow room for the 4x4 to pass. As I stood there, with large clouds of vapour coming from my nostrils and mouth, I surveyed the surrounding countryside. Heavy clumps of briar bush grew profusely on the plain, broken here and there by several stands of lignum. The soil where I was standing and out for a considerable distance was typical gilgai black soil plains, heavily melonholed, a trap to the uncomfortable bounce in a four wheeled drive vehicle. Further out were stands of timber, wilgas, sandalwoods and the occasional coolibah, but mostly briars.

As the ute rounded the curving bore drain, a fox rocketed from a nearby stance of lignum and dashed across the plain so fast that by the time Cliff had reached for his .222 mag. Sako, the fox was lost to view.

"Cripes did you see that" exclaimed Cliff. "I think he may have been shot at before." I nodded in agreement, my eyes taking in every square yard of the countryside. I recall saying to my companion when as he'd about sighting

any pigs. In this lush green carpet, said pigs will stand like the proverbial dogs b - - - s". I had hardly finished the sentence when a large black pig suddenly materialized among the briars around 100 to 150 yards out to my left.

"Cut the motor quick," I anxiously shouted to Cliff, indicating with my hand pointing towards the now alerted pig. "Good one" answered Cliff. "Gonna take him with the maggie?" "If possible," I replied as I eased the big barreled revolver from the holster under my jacket.

Opening the cylinder I checked the cartridges. Six 240 grain. Hornady hollow points backed by 21.5 grains of Hercules 2400, Remington large pistol primers, Norma once fired cases heavily crimped to prevent any projectile moving under the sharp recoil. I knew the loads were capable of fine accuracy over 100 meters for I had knocked off 5x5 steel pigs consistently at my local range prior to this hunt; so I was confident of emulating this perfect score by bowling over the distant live target, providing I didn't get a bout of buck fever. I knew I had no hope of closing the distance so I dived from the cabin on to the frosty ground, hastily assumed a kneeling position to see over the long grass, and quickly aligning the sights on the long 8-3/8 barrel squeezed the crisp trigger.

"Blast it the bloody pig's on the move." I muttered cursingly as the bullet passed harmlessly behind the moving target, for just as the 29 roared, the boar decided that this was no time to be seen in these parts. The sound of the 44 reverberated around the plain, as I thumbed back the hammer and swinging the sights along the boars stomach, passed the shoulder, to just in front of its snout.

"Keep those sights moving" I whispered to myself, "don't stop through the swing." The .44 roared again only this time the unmistakable sound of metal hitting flesh came back through the early morning stillness. The big bore nosedived, rolled, thrashed clicked the heavy ivory in its jaws as it tried in vain to rise. I wasn't exactly sure of the bullets placement so I decided to fire again, missed! The 240 grain Hornady passed harmlessly over the pigs back. Settle down Charlie, I told myself this is no time to get the shakes. I had the boar down at my mercy, but I wanted to make sure that it didn't conjure up ideas of charging hence the extra shots. As I closed the distance to the downed pig I was relieved to notice that my shot had immobilized its rear legs, although its chances of charging were possibly futile, the boar was still full of fight. Up it jumped, staggering

like a drunk after a night out with the boys. I stepped back, partly conscious of someone yelling at me to fire again as Cliff clicked the shutter on the camera.

The 44 came up and as the pig turned I fired. Pulling the gun down out of recoil I saw the boar quiver for a moment, then in slow motion drop straight down, roll and kick a few times then lay still.

I walked to the boar and stood looking down at the lifeless animal, a sudden relief that it was over. I opened the cylinder of the Smith & Wesson, extracted the empty cases and replaced them with fresh cartridges. Who knows, there may be another boar further along the track and I just may need those extra rounds.

RUNNING DEER

By Lew Schafer, Boise, ID

As the old adage goes . . . Better late than never! We had been holding off writing an article for THE SIX-GUNNER in anticipation of having a neat article to submit about our 1981 hunting season escapades, but, much to our chagrin, we were among the unfortunates who drew a blank on scoring any kills. We were even fortunate enough to draw permits on the Idaho special elk hunts over by Yellowstone Park, but simply could not get on any elk, although we did encounter 11 head of moose at different times during our three day hunt. Seems we were just a little too early for the approximately 1200 head migration which usually boil out of Yellowstone when the heavy snow comes. The moose made it thoroughly exciting, though, as sometimes you didn't know if you were looking at elk or moose. It didn't take as long, though, to realize the difference. Those moose were thoroughly belligerent, and there were a couple of times when we were almost sure that not only would we get an opportunity to test out the ".444 Schafer Magnum" on some really big game, but that we would probably be looking at some very expensive moose meat as there is no open season there on moose, and the going game warden rate is \$1.00 per pound on moose meat! Moose can surely shake your nerves; especially when plodding along in 1½ to 2 feet of snow and mentally you are 500 miles away, thinking about the excitement of last year's hunt.

So, we decided to take you with us back to last year's hunting season and to our favorite hunting area, "The

(Continued on Page 15)

Owyhees" in Southwestern Idaho, in our search for trophy mule bucks!

We were running late getting away from Boise the night before opening day. It seems every d - - - thing was going wrong that could possibly go wrong! I had gotten out of the office about 6 p.m. and it was 10 p.m. by the time everything was packed. Finally after thinking we were all ready to go, I realized I still had to get the propane bottles filled. So, I jumped in the old Binder 4x4 and roared down the street toward the truck stop for propane. I got all three of the bottles filled as this was to be a week-long hunt and roared for home, thinking I about had it made. As I pulled into the driveway, my son, Kellew came out and said, "Dad, there are no lights on the camper." I thought to myself, "Why now . . . just when we are trying to get going and get the h - - - on the road?" By this time, it was almost 11:30 p.m. and we were still sitting in Boise. It's a good 3 1/2 hour drive over to our hunting spot. By this time, I could see the writing on the wall. No sleep for me, and we'd be lucky to make it to our hunting area by daylight. I hurriedly got out all my electrical equipment: volt meter, wire-strippers, soldering iron and the works. Boy, that did it! My wife Gladys, said, "I'm going to bed, wake me when it's over!" On into the night I worked diligently with the lights. Success finally came at about 3:30 a.m. and I was literally frantic. I knew I could just barely make it now!

I got all the sleepers up and into the old '67 International and finally, we were on our way. By this time, I had calculated that I should arrive at my favorite hunting spot with about 15 minutes to spare before daylight. The time passed quickly and I soon found myself pulling off the beaten path and into the place where we parked in order to hunt. I had made it! It was ten minutes to seven and daylight would start to break about 7:00 a.m.

By this time, all the sleepers were up and alert and chompin' at the bit! I felt like I'd been drug through a knot-hole, but I got myself a cold drink of water and took a couple of Excedrin and talked myself into believing that I was as good as new!

Mentally, I came alive like a bomb, for this was to be my first year out hunting with the ".444 Schafer Magnum". The week before this hunt, I had concluded getting the customized Thompson/Center Contender all fine-tuned and ready to go. I had even decided upon a new and devastating load for the ".444 Schafer Magnum" cartridge. I had the gun all sighted in and consistently printing 1" to 1 1/4" groups at 100 meters. With this gun, cartridge and load, (265 gr. Hornady at about 1900 fps) I was ready!

I snapped at everybody, "Grab your gear and let's go . . . we've got about 10 minutes to get to where we need to be!" That really got everyone excited. Instantly, we were all in the camper, bumping into each other, trying to get our gear and get going. I was the first one to go and off through the sagebrush and rocks I went. It was still dark, thank heavens, for one of the best ways we have found to score on those big Owyhee mule bucks is to make it to a good high observation point and simply get down and be absolutely quiet and then, keep your eyes and ears open!

I had gotten to my favorite rock and had been there no more than 5 to 10 minutes when greyish dawn started to

fade away to be replaced by wind and small hard driven snow flakes. This was going to be a very cold and miserable hunt.

I heard a very faint snap and eased myself up slightly to peer over a small clump of juniper. There, about 75 yards out was one of the biggest mule bucks I've ever seen. I immediately found myself trembling a little bit and it seemed that my blood was literally pounding through my veins! I had loaded the T/C with one of a couple cartridges which I had previously been shooting and carrying on my wrist band, thinking that I might just as well go ahead and shoot these first and have them done with. These were not the cartridges for which the gun was absolutely sighted in for. Now, I found myself trapped, as there was no way that I could possibly break open the T/C, change the cartridge and then lock it back up again without that big buck hearing me!

So, I said, "Well, here goes, and let's hope the point of impact of the cartridge in the gun is not too much different."

The buck was standing just slightly down in a shallow swale. He was directly out from me. It was still pretty dark, the wind was blowing, and the snowflakes were driving in at me hard, as I brought up the Contender and very slowly and carefully rested my forearms on my knees. That buck was looking straight at me and he must have known something was wrong. The only shot I had was for a straight on head shot. I brought the crosshairs down on his forehead, the gun recoiled and I rolled back slightly, just in time to see that buck explode into motion! I thought, "Oh, Lord! What have I done? How could I have missed him?" I'm sure that buck was now moving at about 20 to 25 yards per second. He was fantastically beautiful. I immediately broke open the T/C and in one movement, slipped another cartridge out of my wrist band and into the chamber, slamming it solidly shut. By this time, I estimated the buck was probably out to 150 yards or so. I brought the T/C down on him again. This time he was angling out from me and was at about a 45° angle and moving like lightning! Once again, the Contender recoiled from the awesome power of the ".444 Schafer Magnum" cartridge. As I brought the T/C back down from the recoil, already having the action open and reaching for another cartridge, I couldn't believe my eyes! The buck was still up and going, only I think a little faster now! Incidentally, it's not hard to miss a running buck at 150 yards. But, I'll tell you, by this time I was totally frantic!

That big buck was getting away from me and there seemed to be absolutely nothing I could do about it! I finally managed to get a grip on my nerves and my mental attitude long enough to tell myself, "Lew, get a hold of yourself and you'll be able to do it! After all, look what you are shooting. You have all of the capabilities of a rifle at your disposal! You're shooting a scoped and well sighted in firearm and you have adequate range with the weapon to do the job." I think probably that it was this moment of soul searching and meditation that allowed me to get back to square one with my nerves.

It seemed to me that my trophy buck was at least a half mile away now. He was rapidly nearing the crest of a little ridge and once he made it there, it would be good-bye forever! I had one

more chance, and it had to be now or never. As my thoughts whizzed back to the buck, I became aware that I had already reloaded the T/C and was ready to fire again.

The buck was now out slightly beyond 200 yards and moving away from me at about a 75° angle. It seemed like eons before I was able to get the crosshairs of the 3X Burreis scope to come on the buck. Suddenly, there they were just above him, and as I somehow managed to bring them down onto the top of his neck, I was already squeezing the trigger. As the T/C recoiled for the third time, I thought almost aloud, "Lord, help me, please!" And I believe He did; for this time, at the recovery of the recoil, the buck was nowhere in sight and I knew d - - - well he hadn't quite had time to make it over the ridge top. I quickly loaded again just in case he was to get up on me. Then, I saw him thrashing round a little in the sagebrush. I could see that he was definitely not going anywhere. I hurriedly made my way over to where he was and with a second shot, also in the neck, applied the finisher.

I had my trophy buck and he was beautiful. It was a running 215 yard neck shot, taken with the ".444 Schafer Magnum." ED: Contact 3K Ind., P. O. Box 2020, Boise, ID 83701 for further info on the .444 Magnum.



Bill, Liz and three pheasants bagged with the T/C .444 Hots Lot.

HOTSHOT PHEASANTS

By Bill Aurand
Lewistown, PA

In March, while suffering from a severe case of cabin fever, I got the urge to go on a hunting trip. Since there isn't much to hunt here in PA that time of year and I didn't have the funds for a Boar hunt, I decided to try a Pheasant hunt at a game farm.

After making some inquiries to several farms I decided to set up a hunt at the Gap View Hunting Club (R.D. No. 1, Box 85, Dalmatia, PA 17017) and being a loyal H.H.I. member I planned to hunt with my T/C .44 Hot-shot. Over the past few years this gun has accounted for numerous pests, (everything from snakes to opossums) quite a few Gray Squirrels and a nice Ringneck Pheasant with a long 30 yard plus shot. One of the reasons I was taking the T/C on the hunt was to prove to myself that this pheasant shot wasn't totally an accident.

To prepare for the hunt I talked Karen (my wife) into throwing some clay birds for me so I could get a little target practice with the T/C. After awhile I was hitting about 50% of the birds despite the gusting March winds. I also took daily walks in the fields behind our house with my dog, Liz, to try to get in shape after the long winter layoff.

Finally, the day of the hunt arrived. Karen and I loaded Liz and all of our gear into the truck for the 70 mile ride to the preserve.

Upon arrival we were greeted by Don Martz. (Don and his dad Harold are owners of the preserve.) Don showed us around part of the 700 acre farm and pointed out several spots that he said should hold birds. After this brief tour I decided to hunt about an hour or so before my birds were released. Agreeing to this Don returned to the farm house and left us on our own.

After about ten minutes of hunting we heard a Ringneck cackle as he flew from his perch in a nearby Pine tree. Suddenly, Liz locked up on point in a brushpile. As I approached I could see the outline of a nice rooster through the tangle of briars. When I was about 15 feet from him he exploded into the air. Instantly, my gun was on him. As I dropped the hammer I saw his wings fold and I knew I had my first bird of the day. It was a large bird with 20 inch tail feathers, at least twice as big as the average bird stocked by the state. I quickly field dressed the bird and we hunted on.

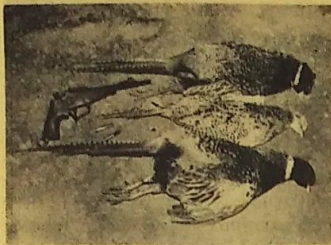
Before long Liz was on point again. This time we were in the middle of an untimely hay field. I carefully scanned the area in front of Liz for the bird, but I couldn't locate it. I was just about to give up on the bird as I figured it had run away when I spotted a single tail feather about two feet from the end of Liz's nose. There under the grass was an average size hen pheasant. Why that hen didn't fly was beyond me, I nearly stepped on it twice! Finally, the game of nerves became too much for the bird and she took to the air. I quickly raised the T/C and fired. Down she came with a broken wing. The chase that followed would surely have been reminiscent of an old Laurel and Hardy movie had we gotten it on film. You see these birds aren't only good flyers, they're also great runners. I chased that bird for several minutes dodging and weaving through that field until finally Liz was able to pounce on it and hold it until I got there. In the meantime we managed to flush out two more birds with all the commotion.

Seeing as I was only allowed 4 birds for my fee and since the weather man was calling for rain and snow we decided to head back to the farm and have Don stock my birds. As we approached the truck a large rooster took flight and sailed out of range about forty yards to my right. I didn't even bother to raise my gun.

Soon Don had my four birds stocked and we took to the fields again. The first bird we encountered was a hen, so I decided to just flush her out and have Karen take some pictures as she flew off. It was a nice bird, but I wanted roosters if I could get them. A few minutes later Liz locked up on a nice rooster. The bird was about 50 feet away and he seemed very edgy. When he flushed he flew straight up about twenty feet and started angling to the left. Just as he leveled off the T/C roared. Down he came in a heap. Three birds with three shots, I could hardly believe it! I guess I started getting a little over confident and cocky after this because the next two birds I shot at (both roosters) I missed by a mile.

Right after lunch it started snowing and the birds wouldn't fly. They would just run along about 50 yards in front of us. We chased one rooster for over half a mile before we lost him in the brush!

(Continued on Page 16)



Nothing wrong with these birds! Some preserves stocked birds have practically no tails and excessively clipped beaks.

Even though I didn't get a fourth bird it was still a super hunt. We saw at least twelve different birds and Liz managed to have good points on eight of them.

I'm sure that if the weather would have held up we would have seen plenty more. As it was, I only hunted about three hours.

The Gap View Hunting Club is only a part of the Martz's business. They also own Martz's Game Farm which is one of the largest and most reputable Pheasant breeders in the East. According to Mr. Martz they raise from 25,000 to 30,000 birds annually and only about 5,000 of these birds are hunted on their farm. The rest are sold for eating and for hunting elsewhere. Because of this the Martz's are able to offer the finest quality birds with the longest tails to their hunters.

The farm is located along the Eastern shore of the Susquehanna River between Harrisburg and Sunbury. The hunting season runs from Sept. 1st to March 31st and is open everyday except Sundays and Christmas.

The minimum fee for hunting at Gap View is \$48.00 from Sept. to Dec. and \$50.00 from Jan. to March. This fee entitles you to bag 4 birds of either sex and guarantees you that 4 birds (2 roosters and 2 hens) will be released for you upon request at a desired time. There is no bag limit so additional birds can be taken for an extra fee. Season hunting rates are also available for 18 or more birds.

If you're planning on hunting Pheasants with a T/C like I did, I suggest you use at least number six shot. I gave up using anything smaller on game some time ago when I discovered 7½'s wouldn't always bring down squirrels on 25 and 30 yard shots. If you want the best gear available, S.S.K. offers choked barrels chambered for the 3 inch .410 in any length. I feel a 12 or 14 inch S.S.K. barrel with a rib and maybe an orange bead on the front would make a super wingshooting outfit.

I don't know if it would be feasible or even legal, but I would consider the 28 gauge with a bore size of .550 and it's standard load of 3/4 ounce of shot to be the ultimate for wingshooting in the T/C. But, even if it can be done I'm sure the price would be quite high.

In closing, I'd like to say that preserve hunting is what you make of it. It can be easy or it can be very hard. If you go on a hunt, I suggest you make it a practice to hunt for at least an hour or two before you have your birds stocked. This gives you an opportunity to hunt for the wiser holdover birds first and it also helps stretch your hunt into a full day. This is what I plan to do when I make my next trip to Gap View this fall.

DENVER BULLETS

By Wayne Randall, Lake City, MN

Recently, I received a shipment of cast bullets from Denver Bullets Inc. There were 158 gr. .357's and some interesting 290 gr. .44's. A general inspection showed that the bullets were hard, SWC and well formed. They also contained an unusual looking blue lubricant in the grease groove. I weighed 10 each of the .357's and .44's.

The 158 gr. (advertised) .357's averaged out at 164.3 gr. The weights varied from 165.1 to 163.8. The .44's averaged out to 289.9 with a high of 291.2 to a low of 289.5.

I selected Hercules 2400, WW 296, Remington cases and CCI Magnum Primers to use with the Denver 158's. All powder charges were carefully weighed.

The accompanying tables show the results I obtained with the .357 which incidentally has a .004" cylinder-barrel gap. Using 2400, every half grain increase resulted in a significant gain in velocity. Although grains of unburned powder remained in the gun after firing, even when I used an undersized expander plug and applied a heavy crimp. 2400 was not burning completely in the short 4" barrel.

2400 proved to be a more efficient powder for use in my 4" .357 requiring 15.5 grains for 1301 F.P.S. versus 16.5 WW 296 for 1279 F.P.S.

Velocity with WW-296 jumped considerably between 15.5 and 16.0 grains but the next half grain increase in powder charge only increased velocity by 14 F.P.S. I stopped at this point. Cases still ejected okay.

The 16.0-296 load was the most uniform of all with only 24 F.P.S. deviation and no unburned powder.

After loading 50 rounds each of the 15.0-2400 and 16.0-296, I fired three groups of five shots each at 25 yards. The average group size for the 2400 load was 1½". The average group for the 296 load was 1¼". Not being one to waste a lot of time on paper, I turned my sights on other targets.

Both loads were accurate out to 100 yards. Unburned powder from the 2400 load built up under the extractor and prevented the cylinder from closing. (EDITOR'S NOTE: Preventable by ejecting cases with the barrel pointed up.) This was not a problem with the 296 load exclusively and based my decision on the following points: excellent accuracy, acceptable velocity and shot to shot consistency.

I've shot a few of the .44's but haven't done anything worthwhile with them. There was never any sign of leading with either the .357's or the .44's. Contact Denver Bullets, Inc. at 1810 W. 13th Avenue, Denver, CO 80204 for the product sheets.

.357 Mag. 4" M 28 S & W

Hercules 2400 Rem. Cases CCI Mag. Primer				
Grains	Bullet	Velocity	Dev.	
14.0	164 gr.	1204	85 F.P.S.	
14.5	164 gr.	1222	106 F.P.S.	
15.0	164 gr.	1276	56 F.P.S.	
15.5	164 gr.	1301	51 F.P.S.	
W-W 296 Rem. Cases CCI Mag. Primer				
15.0	164 gr.	1205	69 F.P.S.	
15.5	164 gr.	1219	91 F.P.S.	
16.0	164 gr.	1265	24 F.P.S.	
16.5	164 gr.	1279	59 F.P.S.	

.358 JDJ HAND CANNON TIGER OR PUSSY CAT?

By Dan Harper
San Antonio, TX

Several months ago, J. D. had an article in THE SIXGUNNER about hunting antelope and deer in Wyoming with Hand Cannons. I had been thinking about the T/C Hand Cannons for some time — but not too seriously, as I didn't think I needed one — and to be honest, I didn't like the style of the T/C. After reading the article, I decided I was going to have J. D. put one together for me. Since I had too many wheelguns anyway, I would just sell a couple and get one Hand Cannon, which would be easier than explaining another gun to the little woman.

But which caliber, .338, .358, .375, .411 or .430 was a problem I needed help with. I read through all back issues of THE SIXGUNNER but there was not much written to help. Knowing the caliber, size of case and bullet, those things had to kick like two mules. That was a definitive concern. So, one evening I got J. D. on the phone and that silver tongued rascal convinced me the .358 would do a job on any game and did not kick any more than a .44 Magnum. Sure, J. D., that's what you say. But, being a sucker for tall gun stories, I told J. D. to get one made up and in the mail as soon as possible. I ordered it with a muzzle brake (thank goodness) and a 4 power Leupold scope.

Boy, it was like Christmas Eve for some two weeks until I received a call from my gunsmith. He informed me that my big ugly whatever had arrived. You would have to know Dan Bottoms of San Antonio to appreciate his humor — but he is a great gunsmith; just ask him.

When I first saw J. D.'s monstrosity, it was a thing of beauty and completely different from other handguns. I wanted to use a sling when carrying it hunting, so had Dan install a swivel in the bottom of the hand grip, in place of the screw holding the grips on, and another under the barrel where there was a threaded hole.

.444 Marlin brass is hard to find as it is not a regular stocked item in most gun shops here. To neck the .444 case to the .358 is simple and easy, just run the case through the resizing die that J. D. sends.

Every time I looked at the "Cannon", the brass case, the 250 grain slug, or the loaded rounds, I wondered just what the hell I had bought the thing for. A loaded round is only ¼" shorter than a round for my 7MM Remington Magnum. And I am going to shoot that in a pistol? Of course it did weigh 4¾ pounds, with scope, so maybe that would help.

Well, it was time to go to the range and see just how bad the recoil was going to be and how well it would shoot. I had loaded up four different loads to begin working up TOWARDS J. D.'s maximum loads, using H322, 250 grain Speers and large rifle primers. Boy, did I feel foolish asking for a 50 yard table carrying only my MTM Shooters Accessory Box — which easily held the pistol, ammo and other goodies.

Well, I had to shoot the darned thing sooner or later, so trying to act very nonchalant and as if it was an every day occurrence, I removed the Hand Cannon and placed it on the sandbags. To say that I received some strange looks from nearby shooters is a definite understatement. After some last minute adjustments — to stall for time as I was still very apprehensive about the recoil — I touched off the first round.

Expecting a bone jarring recoil with the muzzle rotating some 90°, I was extremely surprised. J. D. was right, it doesn't kick as bad as a .44 — sure, there is recoil with the .358, but it is definitely not bad when you consider the size of the cartridge and I was pushing the bullet some 1800 feet per second with some 1800 pounds of muzzle energy — out of a pistol.

With my Cannon, remember, it has the muzzle brake, 90% of the recoil is straight back — a good solid jolt for sure, but really not bad — a pleasant shooting experience all in all.

My best group of five shots — 41.5 grains of H322 — at 100 yards has been a nice two inches — better than many can do with a rifle. The .358 Hand Cannon is NOT a tiger — NOT a pussy cat, just something in between. It depends on how you feel about recoil. But I'm glad J. D. talked me into the .358 JDJ.

Editor's Note: Increasing the velocity will usually result in increased accuracy. It should get under an inch at 100 from a bench assuming the scope is parallax free and bench technique suits the gun.



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