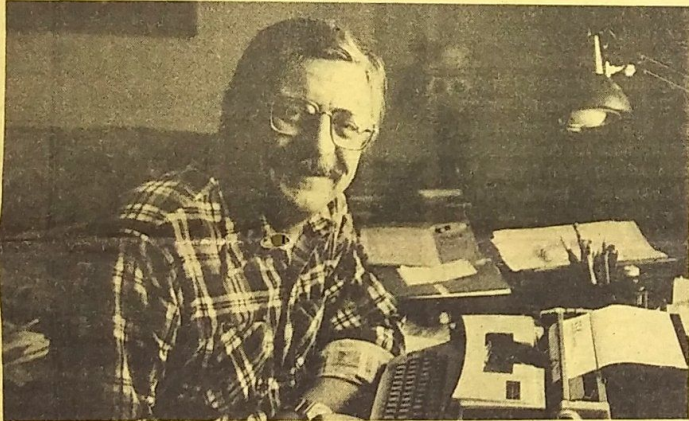




# THE SIXGUNNER



## MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

New York has permitted handgun hunting of big game in "rifle" areas for many years. Recently, New York opened up vast areas of the state that had previously been "shotgun" counties to handgunners. I've received word that Florida did the same thing. ARE YOU LISTENING, OHIO? Personally, in about three weeks after this happened, I've received about 70 inquiries from New York about T/Cs. That's impressive.

Taurus Bullets will now be marketed under the name of Alberts. These bullets are soft swaged, economical and generally give excellent performance at their recommended velocities. For literature and extensive loading data, write The Alberts Corp., 12-B Commerce Road, Fairfield, NJ 07006.

Precision Sports, P. O. Box 30-06, Ithaca, NY 14850 just introduced a Kombli knife that uses five interchangeable blades in a universal handle: 5" butchering, 4" gut and Skinner, 11" bone saw, 5" filleting, and a 4.5" general purpose blade. It's stainless, looks good and costs \$60.00. Write Greg Pogson for an illustrated brochure.

Old West Leather, P. O. Box 2030, Chula Vista, CA 92012 just released their 1981 catalog. I've been using an

Old West rig for a Security Six-K frame for about a year. It's well made, good looking and comfortable. The price is right on Old West holsters as far as I can see. Their catalog with a mini-poster is available for a buck. The mini-poster is guaranteed to arouse your interest in guns, leather, great photography and goodies. Don't miss it . . . and don't forget to request the poster.

HHI was well represented at the Handgunner Awards in Denver, with perhaps two dozen members and wives present. I hope I had the opportunity to meet all of you that attended and wish I could have spent more time with you.

Hal Swiggett, No. 8, was scheduled to do a session on Handgun Hunting at the NRA Annual Meetings. He blackmailed me into joining him to defend myself. I conned Steve Herrett into refereeing. I'd guess over 500 attended . . . at one point, over 50 were standing in the back of the room, also. I wouldn't say we left the audience panting and gasping, but I don't figure we should be embarrassed about it, either. With that kind of attendance for a special interest session, I'd like to see it become an annual affair.

*Continued On Page 2*



Al with friend and Deadly Dan . . . Wesson that is.

## CAPE BUFFALO

By Albert L. Pfitzmayer, No. 607

Whenever another hunter asks me the magic question, "In your opinion, Al, what big game animal do you rate Numero Uno?" I never have to think twice. My rapid reply without hesitation, "Buffs." For simple courage, endurance and keen sense of intelligence, few animals of their size rival the very formidable Cape Buffalo. A mature male bull, squared off and coming on, straight in, always brings to my mind a large Euclid earth mover moving forward with an immovable purpose in mind. The Buff's armor padded skull resembles a steel bucket on a pay loader. With a body to match, very able to sustain constant hits from all of the big bore rifles manufactured today . . . assemble all of these components and the sum total is a magnificent one ton trophy animal that is truly difficult to beat.

Any hunter who fills out a Buffalo license more than once will no doubt relate to his safety factor. Personally, I

have always found the moment interesting to observe the facial expressions of my trackers when we leak the news that our first game animal on the license list is olde "Mbogo" or Cape Buffalo. It seems that the captivating word "Mbogo", causes a slight physical uneasiness among the trackers, their eyes seem to roll from side to side. Sometimes I have noticed their cheeks pucker as if they were blowing out candles on a birthday cake. The filling out of a Buff license always seems to produce mixed reactions with all concerned people on every Safari, but to be sure, always concluded by a deep tone of admiration and respect. Throughout my fast closing few years, I have had the opportunity to take a good number of handsome bulls. However, on this particular endeavor, I would not permit myself the luxury or the assistance of my .460 Weatherby.

*Continued On Page 2*

MC *Continued From Page 1*  
S & W introduced the 'L' Frame .357 Sixgun and a 9MM revolver that is quite innovative at the NRA Show. Maybe I can get my hands on one. It's reputed to give 70-75% of the energy of .357 — 125 grain loads. Some of the 9MM Autos are now available with steel frames.

Your Sixgunner is a little late due to a heavy travel schedule. By the time you get this, I will have been to a couple of gun factories in Spain and attended Pistol '81 in England. Keep those stories coming. From my phone calls and correspondence, we are helping each other and getting a little attention here and there. Handgun Hunting is coming of age and we are going to make it happen if we work together to expand the sport and HHI.

Willey: It's in production at last! Admittedly slow. It's planned about five guns will be shipped each distributor around the beginning of July. Both presentation grade and standard guns are being assembled now. The production guns mechanically are a far cry from the guns previously written up in various magazines. Personally, I have high expectations for this gun.

■ ■ ■ **Cape Buffalo** *Continued From Page 1*  
Mindful that I had resigned my destiny to rely on itself. My distinguished Police Revolver Rating would now be put to the test. I had chosen for the encounter a flawless Dan Wesson Revolver, Model 15P2V caliber .357 Magnum with an 8" barrel. I liked the 8" barrel for the card splitting accuracy it delivered. And, oh yes, bring me a little closer to the Buffalo, should the opportunity arise.

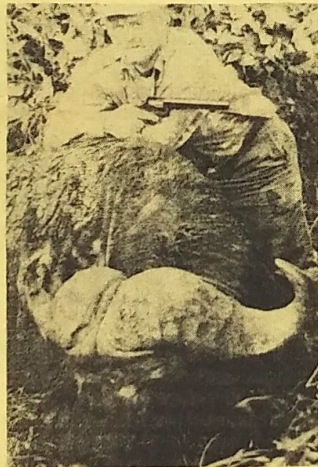
From previous Buff. encounters, after close examination of the skull area, it is evident that the last point of impact should be the horns. But where to place a bullet from a handgun is another question when the subject is a 2,000 pound brute. From past experiences, I have found that during the period from a Buff's standing face on, or inquisitive to the time of motion, the best placed shot would definitely be placed betwixt the eyes or the tip of the nose. The nose shot would be a last ditch effort after all else fails.

In East Africa, there are many areas of open country with small patches of heavy cover. Herd Buffalo that are spooked for one reason or another generally enter these areas of heavy cover as a means of escape. A large herd of Buffs grazing out in the open bush country is by no means hard to detect. Bird activity such as the Ox Peckers or Tick Birds festoon the animals of the herd. Snowy White Egrets chatter and squawk, busy pecking whatever morsels the herd kicks up, but always ready to sound the alert should something seem unnatural to them.

As you can visualize, the birds and herd Buffalo work hand in hand. The birds are a built-in early warning system, eager to warn the cows, calves and bulls of anything of suspicion. I have, on only one solitary occasion, taken a good herd bull. Almost without fail, trophy bulls leave the herd and seek to wallow in the mud-swollen rain holes or plod around close to the riverbeds rather than put up with the nagging cows or yelping calves.

My professional hunter had located an area of semi-open cover, with a small sleepy coffee colored river

winding through it. The trackers had observed four or possibly five trophy bulls resting on the edge of the river. Both the professional and I gave no indication to our trackers that we were about to undertake the Buff with a handgun, save only for the .460 back-up rifle in the hands of the professional. After working our way downwind of three interesting bulls, it was getting near to the time that the 8" Dan Wesson Revolver was about to voice a point shoulder shot. I believe the first shot took the bull in or about the eye area. I quickly slammed in three more aimed rounds. The bull, without knowing what had taken place, sagged and fell onto the muddy river bank. Without exhausting my cylinder load, I saved the last two KTW rounds as we cautiously approached our fallen bull, but they were not needed. He was now among the herd of the happy hunting grounds. After a number of hasty photos, our tracker took a magical mental fix on the location and was off on the spoor of the other three or four bulls that were companions to the fallen bull. The tracker slapped my back and scooted out past us, locked onto the tracks of the elusive Mbogo. It didn't take us all of an hour to locate and converge on another bull, slogging around in the middle of a rather large mud hole. The other bulls no doubt ran smack into our tracker but changed direction quickly, leading us to our proud bull.



**You're right! That's another Cape Buffalo. Al has killed numerous bulls with revolvers.**

I still sport faint scars on my shoulder as a reminder of the thorn bush I crawled through to close the range on our now resting bull. My professional gestured to me that the bull was exceptionally huge, and that the Dan Wesson was not his choice of medicine at the moment.

The bull was now resting on the inside rim of the mud hole, partially obscured with his back to us. Two White Egrets suddenly bounced airborne, sounding the alert that something was about to disturb the resting bull. The ponderous animal slowly stood up, turned and squared off, facing us. He was not ready to repel whatever had disturbed his noonday mud bath. Once again, our trackers proved their weight in gold, and were quick to take notice that the bull we had worked so hard for was sporting a shattered right horn and his left horn was splintered and broomed.

Our retreat was graceful, but hasty. No need to force the issue with the old warrior, but only to leave the old Lord

in peace and to roll around in the mud for the rest of his remaining days. The old bull seemed to understand by issuing a few raucious stomach grunts as he turned and crashed off into the thick cover. Later, we dressed the first bull and passed out the choice cuts to our African followers. We were all pleased with the results . . . certainly a hunt to be long remembered . . .

## SNOW BUCK

By Paul Schwemin, No. 109

It was the kind of morning that you couldn't help but feel good to be alive. Roy Cowen and I stepped out of the pick-up camper looked around and smiled at each other; this was it. One inch of snow lay on the ground and the stars were bright in the clear sky the hunter's God had smiled.

Our boots crunched as we walked down the road. It was the second day of the season in northern Vermont and we were hunting a remote area in the Green Mountain National Forest. We had seen only two does yesterday, but a lot of buck sign. Roy carried his old faithful S & W Mod 28 .357 Mag. loaded with 158 grain Keith type (linotype) cast bullets ahead of 14.5 gr. 2400 which is a very accurate load in that 6" gun barrel. I was using my S & W Mod. 29 .44 Mag. 6½" stuffed with 237 gr. Keith (cast of linotype) ahead of 22 grs. 2400; an old favorite load both for hunting and silhouette shooting.

We walked to the edge of the frozen swamp and separated to still hunt our own way. In an hour I had seen Roy once through the evergreens. I followed a small brook upstream and crossed the trail of three deer — looked like a doe and two springers. Further upstream I caught the flick of a tail and stood still. I could catch flashes of brown through the trees as the deer slowly made their way south toward Roy. I waited where I was as I did not want to spook them. The still air in the swamp was shattered by the single crack of Roy's .357. I waited till I heard the call of a crow without seeing anything and felt sure Roy had scored.



**Roy Cowen and his 5 pointer taken with a cast bullet from his scoped .357.**

I reached Roy's side in a short while and found him sitting on a stump smiling, a nice five pointer that later dressed out at 138 pounds, stretched out in the snow. There had been two deer, the doe leading. Roy was leaning against a tree looking in my direction when he caught the deers movement. The deer slowly walked towards him on an angle that would have them cross about 45 yards, perfect! Roy was ready, using the tree as a hand rest. The doe passed and the buck stopped. Roy could only see the buck's head and neck, his body

was screened by small firs. Roy thought the hell with it and lined up on the neck and squeezed. At the shot the buck dropped like a sack. After dressing the deer we found the bullet had hit and destroyed the neck vertebra and exited leaving a half dollar size hole. This hole was probably due to bone fragments exiting and not expansion as this bullet does not expand even the hollow pointed cast of linotype.

At the checking station we chewed the fat with several hunters and all were impressed with pistol hunting. I introduced them all to HHI and IHMSA.

I didn't get my buck, but can not put into words the enjoyment I had just being out in those great northern woods.

From my experiences, a hard cast Keith style .44 cal. bullet is pretty hard to beat. It penetrates well, leaving a good easy to follow blood trail on those heart, lung and liver shots that do not drop the animal in its tracks.

I once shot a deer through the lungs with a .308 rifle using 150 gr. bullets that did not exit. I had virtually no blood trail and only careful tracking allowed me to find this deer. I know of this happening several times so this is not just an isolated case. Now, if you put a .44 caliber hole completely through a deer, I assure you that you will have a blood trail to follow.

## TIOGAHO

By Steve Gasper, No. 1069

I just came back from the Tioga Boar Hunting Preserve in Tioga County, PA, where I hunted their wild boar. I just had my T/C 14" .44 Mag rechambered to the .430 JDJ and was anxious to try it out. I got there about 1:00 in the morning March 21. Made a phone call to Pete Gee at his home and in about 15 minutes he greeted two friends and myself and set us up for the rest of the night.

Got up about 6:00 a.m. and had a great breakfast of eggs, homemade sausage, toast and coffee, all we could eat and drink. The mercury was about 20 degrees with about 4" of snow on the ground and I was ready to go!

My guide's name was Carl and he told me to take my time and shoot only when I was ready. They don't try and push you so that they can come back and lay around. We were out walking up and down the PA hills for about four hours before I saw a boar that I wanted to go after. Anybody that says game preserve hunting is too easy should try it with a handgun sometime. I found it a real challenge. My .430 was topped off with a Redfield 4X scope and I was shooting the 360 gr. bullet that I cast from wheel weights, using 42.0 gr. of IMR 3031 powder.

The boars don't stay in one spot very long. It seemed like every time I lined him up in the cross hairs, he would move behind a tree or stump. Finally he stood still just long enough and I let the hammer fall. As the gun roared I saw a spot of red blood and my guide said it looked like a good hit. The boar screamed then took off pretty fast. I

*Continued On Page 3*

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**Tlogahog** *Continued From Page 2*  
 thought to myself, if the hit was that good why had the boar moved out so fast, but I figured he knew more than I did. I walked on a right angle to the direction that the boar was travelling and there was a small blood trail. As I looked up in the direction the boar had taken I saw the heads of four other hunters and they seemed to be moving in all directions. I found out later that the wounded boar had charged the hunters and the only thing that saved them was a small section of wire fence that they ran behind. The boar tried, but couldn't get to them. As the boar angled away from me, I saw that my first shot went low and took his right front leg off at the joint. I didn't think much of it, thinking maybe I pulled the shot off. He stopped for an instant and I put the cross hairs on his shoulder and touched the trigger. The hammer fell and all there was, was silence. The round didn't go off. The boar moved off and I reloaded another. After about another 50 yards, he stopped and I aimed again. The gun went off and the boar went down. The guide said, "I think that got him." He went for about 20 yards and turned and faced me. My second shot blew his other leg off at the joint. That shot I know I didn't pull, but for some reason hit about 6" low, he was in some pretty thick bushes and I think this bullet was slightly deflected. By this time he was a pretty mean animal, and I can't say that I blame him. I wanted a one shot kill and I felt bad about what had happened. He was snorting and clashing his teeth at me. I leveled the gun for a final shot, pulled the trigger and again nothing happened. Another misfire. I was hopping mad and frantically loaded another round. The next shot hit him in the chest, went the whole length of his body and out the left rear ham. Surprisingly, not much meat damage. The exit hole was about the same size as the entrance hole. Examining the gun later found a weak hammer spring and some grease on the firing pin. The combination of that and the cold weather played havoc with the gun.

We went back to the lodge for lunch. What a feast! We had a delicious meatloaf, elk meat. That was a real surprise and a great treat. Total cost for room, board, three great meals and the hunt was \$275.00. I think a real bargain compared to the prices of things today. All in all the hunt was great and I would highly recommend it to anyone.

## "AND NOW STAINLESS"

By Dave Ecker with Bob Swirz

Charter Arms "Pound of Prevention"; a 16 ounce five shot .38 Special dubbed the Undercover made its debut in 1965 at a retail price of \$55.00.

The Undercover was unique — lightweight and exceptionally strong framed for its size due to the introduction of an action that did not require a sideplate. This is the first center fire action of this type.

Doug McClennahan was the man who designed and became responsible for a new company — Charter Arms to fill a need for a quality, medium priced .38 Special suitable for police and private usage.

The rest of it is history — written by Dave Ecker, Charter Arms President/

Chairman of the Board/Entrepreneur.

It's definitely interesting, profusely illustrated with excellent photographs and traces the development of Charter and its people to the present introduction of stainless guns. This book will not reek of sex and violence, but will give excellent insight in the development of a firearms firm.

Of particular interest is a section dealing with all Charter guns comparing various ammunitions claimed ballistics and chronograph results of actual firing tests of Charter guns. This 25 page section is very enlightening.

The book is hard cover, 165 pages of quality information, printed on high quality stock and excellently illustrated with an attractive cover. It's available from Charter Arms, 430 Sniffen Lane, Stratford, CT 06497, for \$15.00 prepaid. I recommend it highly — in addition Dave is a nice guy. If you would like an autographed copy I'm betting he will autograph your copy if you ask for it.

## A PAIR OF WYOMING BUCKS

By Gary Geraud, No. 467

The part of the country that I hunt for antelope is not exactly "typical" terrain. One usually encounters these animals in the middle of miles and miles of sagebrush, out in the middle of nowhere. On the Eastern slope of the Snowy Range in southeastern Wyoming many antelope prefer to wander right up into the lower timber areas. Such is the case when I came upon a small herd of about thirty early in the morning of my first day out. The antelope had placed themselves on a high bluff which was spotted with pine trees along the eastern and southern rims. The terrain flattened out to the west for several hundred yards consisting mostly of native grass before a few more scattered pines were encountered. I had spotted the herd as soon as I had crested the southern rim. I put a small clump of pine trees between myself and the antelope and was then able to make it to the pine trees that I was using as cover — I was on my stomach. I couldn't have planned it better, as the first pine tree that I crawled up to gave me an excellent view of the herd and it had a branch growing out to the side about three inches off of the ground. It made a perfect rest for my Contender. I estimated the range to be roughly three hundred yards. My 14" barrel is chambered for .30-40 Ackley Improved and the load I was using cronographed right at 2,400 f.p.s. with a 150 grain Hornady spire point. I had it sighted dead on at three hundred yards, which puts it 8.4" high at two hundred. I looked the situation over carefully for another minute or two, reassuring myself that the range was close to three hundred. I decided to hold just a tad high in case it was a little further than I thought. The buck I had picked out was standing several yards away from the rest of the herd. It was a perfect broadside shot with him facing to my right. There was a fairly brisk breeze blowing from my right to the left, so I decided to hold a little bit into the wind to allow for bullet drift. I wiggled my elbow into the ground ensuring as steady a hold as possible. The cross hairs lay right on the top region of the shoulder. I cocked the hammer, held my breath, and squeezed. The

recoil brought the gun high into the air as the pine needles were scattered everywhere from the muzzle blast. I quickly peered over the limb to see antelope running in every direction imaginable. The buck appeared to have taken only a couple of steps before he piled up in a heap. Letting out a whoop, I paced the distance to the animal. I came up with three hundred yards almost on the nose. My bullet entrance point was exactly where I had held. I felt great! The bullet had completely penetrated both shoulders and the wound looked as if it had expanded quite well.

The following morning I set out before dawn to get myself up into some good deer country. Just as the sun was coming up I spotted about eight or nine deer slowly wandering back up into the mountains after having fed down low in the meadows during the night. I spotted them halfway up a steep hillside while the remainder were still browsing in large pockets of grass mixed in with the brush. To approach them I cut across down below the hill where they couldn't see me and then climbed up a small draw. It took me about 15 minutes to get up high enough to be able to see where I had spotted them earlier. Surprisingly, they had only wandered a few hundred yards further up the hill. I crept closer to them along the edge of a small clearing being careful to keep my profile below the brush level. I was able to work my way to within two hundred yards of two bucks. Not being able to get any closer without walking into one of the open patches, I sat down in a spot that afforded the least obstructed view of the bucks. Just when I did so, one of the bucks abruptly picked up his head and looked in my direction. Fearing that I had been spotted, I quickly picked up my knees and placed the forend of the T/C in the cradle formed by the position of my knees. The Mule deer was slightly quartering away from me facing up the hill. Sagebrush came all the way up to his belly. I knew I would be approximately 8" high at this distance, so I simply placed the crosshairs right on the top of the brushline behind his shoulder and I hastily squeezed off the shot. He bolted, but only went a few steps before he collapsed. He didn't even wiggle after hitting the ground. I found that I had hit him a little further to the rear than I would have liked and a little high, but it was still a good healthy lung shot. The bullet had completely penetrated and the exit hole showed ample evidence of bullet expansion.

That was a great weekend for me to remember as I wait for next year!

## LIVE AND LEARN

By John Musacchio, No. 882

After about four months of shooting a Thomson/Center chambered for the .35 Remington cartridge with open sights and doing fairly well with it, I was very pleased with the performance of the gun. Most of my shooting has been concentrated on 100 meter steel pigs.

I had been reading more and more about handgun scopes and bases, but I was undecided as whether or not to install one on my T/C. Well, the thought of it all got the best of me, and I purchased a Bushnell 2.5X scope

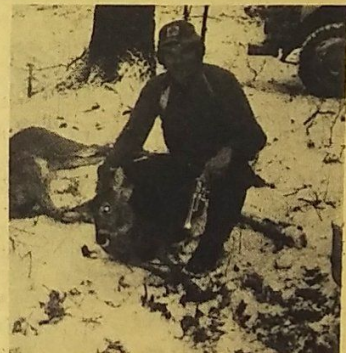
Phantom and a T/C base. Within a few minutes, the base was epoxied and secured to the T/C barrel; the scope was attached to the base, and the screws epoxied, also.

I proceeded to our range with the scoped cannon and began to sight it in. Everything was going just great until the groups started to grow from 2 1/2" at 35 yards to 6" to 8". I started to become concerned about it, so I re-adjusted the scope about a hundred times. Realizing that it was not the problem, I began checking. I made sure that I had a firm rest on the sand bag. Then it dawned on me to check the T/C base. Sure enough, the base had loosened up and all the screws were loose, one even having sheared off.

Although disappointed, I knew exactly what to do . . . I called SSK. SSK assured me that they would install a base that would not come off under the heavy recoil of the .35 Remington. I did as they said, and a few days later, the barrel returned to my shop safe and sound. I was very pleased with the workmanship of it. However, in the back of my mind, I was thinking: will this one stay on, or will it loosen up just as the other one did? I called again and secured a T/C 3XRP scope, Weaver rings, and mounted the scope.

Later, at the range, with handloads consisting of the O.S.S. new Copper-Clad bullet in 220 grain spire-point and a very heavy load, I shot 200 rounds. The base and rings held the T/C scope as tight as could be.

The moral of the story is . . . if you want a mounting system that really does the job, get the SSK rig the first time. I have lived and learned when it comes to handgun bases and scopes.



Bob Cline and his 90 yard through the lungs with a .41 one shot kill.

## "TWO IN A ROW"

By Bob Cline, No. 572

I had taken a six point in the 1979 Pennsylvania season with my scoped DW .357 so for the 1980 antlered season I decided to try to do it without a scope. I chose my S & W 57.41 Mag. It's a nickel plated six inch and groups well.

I had become more involved in silhouette shooting over the past year and felt the practice would be a big help. My silhouette load is not a real wrist wrencher — 16 grains 2400, 220 cast SAECO, CCI Mag., and R-P br WW brass. Off the bags at 25 yards it groups about 1 1/2". I also decided to try another load that consisted of 18.5 of 2400 and the 180 grain Hornady JHP. Shooting standing at a nine inch T-1 gong at 50 meters, I rang it five of five!! Now I had two loads that shot decent. However a gong and a deer are not the same as anyone who has been

Continued On Page 4

**Row** *Continued From Page 3*  
 afflicted with the "fever" can tell you. The only thing that concerned me was whether I would get sufficient expansion from the cast bullet. After recovering several from behind the Pig berm (I miss a lot), I felt they would perform well enough. I also limited myself to a 60 yard maximum shot. The final problem was the nickel plated gun. I decided to take the chance that its reflection wouldn't ruin a shot.

December 1 found my dad, my father-in-law, Red Troxel and myself on the ridge back of Derry where we usually go. After the usual harassment about leaving my Model 88 Winchester 308 in the truck, I headed for my usual stand. For some reason I loaded up with the JHP's and put the SAECO cast loads in the ammo wallet. The 308 was in the truck as "precautionary back up in case of malfunction" or (heaven forbid) temptation! The weather was unusually warm and little shooting was heard.

I was roused out of my reverie about 9:25 a.m. by two shots below and to my left. At the time I was in a rather compromising situation while preparing to answer the call of nature. Suddenly to my left front a deer appeared — no, A BUCK! He stopped broadside at about 50 yards. I slowly raised the Smith and shot. The buck was off and running with two more rounds in hot pursuit. He stopped momentarily about 90 yards away and I lined up on him again. At the shot he took two leaps and disappeared in the laurel.

Reloading, I went to look for blood. I just couldn't have missed him at 50 yards standing broadside. All I could find was a few hairs and no blood, though I checked it out thoroughly. In the excitement and the compromising position, I must have given him too much front sight. I hunted the rest of the day and the rest of buck season with no luck. I still had a chance because I held an antlerless permit for Westmoreland County.

On December 15th, the first day or antlerless season, it was cold and then began snowing. I was again hunting with my dad and father-in-law as they also had "doe" licenses. I decided to go with the cast bullet this time and had selected a different stand for two reasons: One, I felt the deer wouldn't be that low and second, I had seen many deer in the area over the years.

After sitting till about 8:30, I was chilled and snow covered so I decided to drop down to my "buck" stand. That warmed me up and after an hour still hadn't seen any deer or heard any close shots. About 9:45 I heard a single shot from the direction of Red's stand. Hopefully he had scored. I decided to stay put till 10:30 and go see him. About half an hour later I heard another single shot from Red's stand. Well, that did it. I slowly started to work uphill toward him. When I got there he told me of missing two deer. At least someone was seeing something. Neither of us had seen my dad so I told Red I was going to the stand where I started out. To my chagrin I found three sets of tracks about 35 yards from my stand.

It was still snowing as I sat down and we had about one inch of fresh snow. About 12:15 I heard a single shot from Red's stand and started to chuckle. We had been kidding him about missing so he could hunt longer. A second shot came a moment later! Sounded like a knockdown and finisher. By then I was really chuckling! All of a sudden I realized I had better straighten up

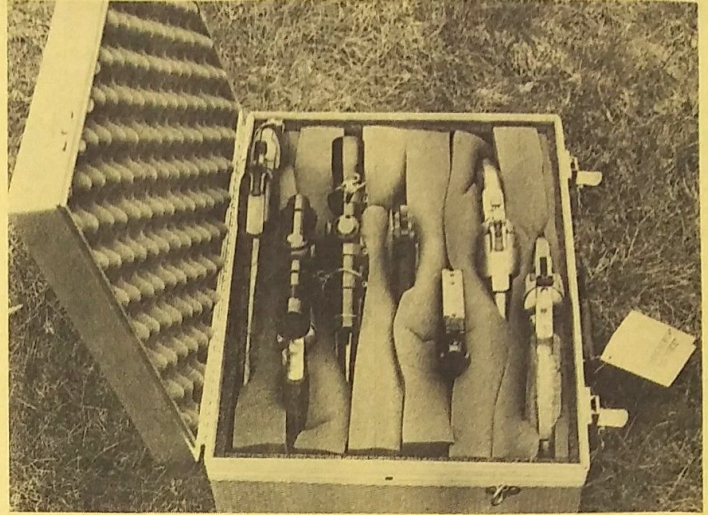
because there may be more than one deer and one could possibly be headed my way.

About 10 minutes later I saw movement to my left. A single deer was angling toward me. When she reached my left front it was either shoot then or not at all. The deer was partially obscured by finger thick birch saplings as I touched off the first shot. She went straight up at the shot and took off. A second shot took her as she was coming down from her leap. Turned out to be just enough to split the hide to the spine but not to break the back — needed about three feet more lead. She turned downhill and I got a tree for my third shot. The deer disappeared below the bench. From my stand, while reloading, I could no longer see the deer so I figured she went straight downhill. I heard some birds chattering in the area where the deer disappeared.

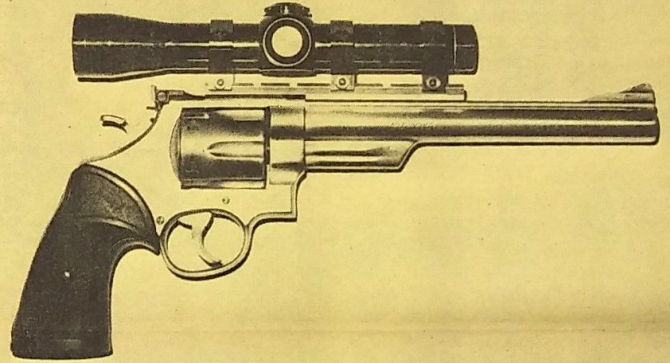
I was sure the doe was hit, so went to where I first shot. HAIR AND BLOOD! Had to be a good hit from the looks of it. As I tracked, I found the hair and blood from the second hit and the blood trail became heavier. About 25 yards from where she turned downhill the doe stumbled, but I still couldn't see any deer. Three steps more and I could see her lying in a shallow depression. The 220 grain SAECO cast bullet went through both lungs and out the other side. Left a hole in the lungs you could put your thumb through. As for expansion, I doubt if the JHP would have done much better.

After the gutting and dragging I stepped off the shot. What a surprise — 90 STEPS! When I got to Red's stand I saw he had taken one with his 30-06. After dragging it to the truck we went to look for my dad. After a short circle back to Red's stand we saw my dad on top of the hill. He had gotten to the truck with his doe about 15 minutes after we left to look for him.

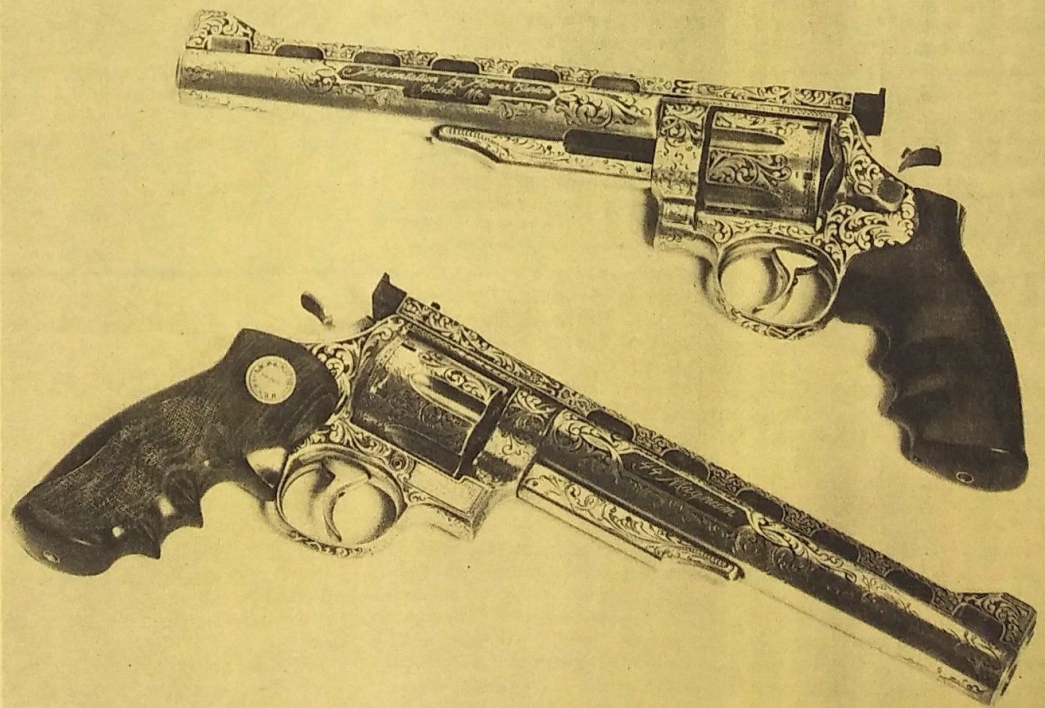
Let's see now — my dad has a M-29 Smith and I wonder how that would do next year.?



How's that for a batch of handguns in ALCO's new aluminum case? Guns are pulled out for visibility. For info: Walt Barker, Ikel Heimer-Ernst, 601 W. 26th Street, New York, NY 10001.



SSK'S T'SOB scope base for revolvers. No holes are drilled in the frame.



Ron Power, P. O. Box 1604, Independence, MO 64055, does some of the finest custom work in the world. This pair of 29s is near the top of the line, but smooth working jobs are affordable to most anyone. His work simply can't be beaten.



## STEVE HERRETT 1981 OUTSTANDING AMERICAN HANDGUNNER

Steve Herrett, stockmaker, handgun hunter, cartridge designer and conservationist, was selected 1981's Outstanding American Handgunner during ceremonies held in conjunction with the NRA Annual Meetings on May 1, 1981. The presentation was made by J. D. Jones, Chairman of the Foundation.

Herrett was selected from among the Ten Nominees by vote of past winners of the award and one vote each from a key man in each of the companies participating in the event. Past winners of the award, beginning in 1973, are Elmer Keith, Col. Charles Askins, William B. Ruger, Bill Jordan, Harlon

Carter, Skeeter Skeleton, Lee E. Jurras and Warren Center.

All nominees were presented guns by participating firms. Col. Rex Applegate was presented a BDA by Ron Power in behalf of Browning Arms. Lucy Chambliss was presented a custom Python by Jerry Moran of Moran Customs. James Clark was presented a Redhawk by Tom Ruger of Sturm, Ruger & Co. Elgin Gates was presented a Rolling Block by Val Forgett of Navy Arms. Roy Jinks was presented an 'L' frame S & W by Bob Hass of Smith & Wesson. Steve Herrett was presented an Abilene by Ron Fine of Mossberg. Larry Kelly was

presented a T/C by Bob Gustafson of Thompson/Center Arms. Frank Pachmayr was presented a Gold Cup by Tom Bass of Colt. Harry Reeves was presented a Pistol Pac by Seth Wesson of Dan Wesson Arms. Hal Swiggett was presented a stainless Undercover by Dave Ecker of Charter Arms.

The purpose of the Awards Program is to give recognition to those individuals who have made major contributions to and achievements in the sport of handgunning. For information regarding the Foundation, write: OAHAF, P. O. Box 45-70, Bloomingdale, OH 43910.

especially careful to have your weapons encased when going through the Badlands as there is no hunting there!

Display your HHI logo someplace and I will hope to see you there sometime.

### .44 MAG PERFORMANCE

By Tom Atkinson

When I bought the Model 29 S & W .44 Magnum, my ultimate goal was to become proficient enough with it to hunt whitetails. Having taken deer with both my Ruger Blackhawks, a .357 and a .41 Magnum, I must admit to perhaps having paid too much attention to the awesome tales of uncontrollable recoil in the big .44's, and of how most average shooters might be unable to tame them. Of course, yarns also served to whet my appetite to own

and master such a gun to the extent that I felt confident enough to hunt with it.

After buying the Model 29, I first tried wringing it out on targets with factory fodder, which, in my estimation, gave more recoil than is acceptable for the amount of accuracy I was getting. I was so unimpressed with factory ammo, that I headed immediately for my favorite sport shop and scarfed up a set of reloading dies.

I had some IMR 4227 powder left over from when I used to load for an M-1 Carbine. While not my favorite handgun powder, it did suffice to get me started, since loading manuals showed that 4227 would give velocities about the same range as Hercules 2400, which had given me excellent results in .357 and .41 loadings. Beginning with a 240 grain bullet and the lightest load listed, 23 grains of 4227 and Max-Fire Alcan primers, I found that accuracy at 25 yards was fair and recoil most acceptable; but accuracy was not good enough that I felt this to be a good working load. Shooting in groups of five, a holdover from being an old single action shooter, I was able to get groups that averaged about five inches. Too many fliers and erratic groups convinced me that it was the load, since even I don't shoot that bad. I decided to stay with the 4227 for a while, and if it developed into decent loadings before I ran out of powder, stay with it. However, subsequent loadings of 23.5 grain; 24 grain; 24.5 grain; 25 grain; 25.5 grain and a maximum load of 26 grains, gave me only fair to good groups, with recoil increasing from acceptable to excessive. Again, none of my groups were what I was seeking as a proper hunting load. The heavier loads gave the best accuracy, but since I like to shoot my magnums at targets for some pretty long sessions, I felt that recoil in these loads was a bit too much for any extended shooting. Being fair to IMR 4227, I must admit that these loads may merely be unsuitable for my gun, and what I feel is uncomfortable recoil, may well be fully agreeable to someone else. But, since I am writing about and seeking a load that delivers results for whitetail hunting, I decided to switch to Hercules 2400 powder.

Returning to my messy old loading bench, I cranked out 50 rounds in bunches of ten rounds at several powder weights, and making one major change in my loads. Since I noticed I was nearly out of the Alcan primers, I began using Remington No. 2 1/2 large pistol primers, mainly because I did not know of any place to purchase any more Alcans.

My first ten rounds were deliberately held below the Speer manual's low listing of 21 grains of 2400, with a load of 20 grains and the 240 H.P. Speer bullet; Remington No. 2 1/2 primer. I did this because it is my feeling that 2400 is giving higher velocities and pressures than what most manuals show. This load gave moderate recoil, but it also would not give any group of less than five inches at 25 yards. The balance of the 50 rounds I had loaded, in lots of ten, had been loaded with 21 grains; 21.5 grains; 22 grains; 22.5 grains; and since this piece is an attempt to pass on my most successful .44 magnum load, I will not list the results from the loads that were poor.

From the 25 yard range, I noted that my loads of 22 and 22.5 grains of 2400 were giving me very acceptable groups, and were not all that far apart with the

Continued On Page 6

## RODENTIA UNLIMITED

By All Illig, No. 22

How about a Spring, Summer or Fall hunt with no closed season? No hours . . . shoot all day! No bag limit. No guides required? No passport to obtain! And only a \$2 non-resident license! Handguns of any caliber allowed but do NOT carry concealed! Many areas accessible by two wheel drive vehicles, but some only by four wheel drives.

Sound like a pipe dream? No. In many parts of western South Dakota, it is for real! The Prairie Dog, a variety of ground squirrel reigns supreme! Hunting on private land, posted or not, requires permission of the owner (1980 law). On Indian reservations approval of the Tribal Council on each reservation hunted is necessary.

On public land and in public shooting areas, this is not a requirement.

The Buffalo Gap National Grasslands is one such public area. This surrounds the S.D. Badlands near the Black Hills of S.D. not far from Mt. Rushmore. So you can combine a hunting trip and still take in a bit of the old west at Deadwood, Leads, and the "museums" in the area. For a large map of the Buffalo Gap National Grasslands, send to: USDA, Forest Service, Box 425, Wall, S.D. 57790 (include 75¢). For an actual map pointing out the Dog Towns, send \$2.25 to: Prairie Dog, Box 26, Philip, S.D. 57567. Licenses may be obtained at sporting goods stores, county treasurers, or from: Licensing Division, Department of Game Fish and Parks, Pierre, S.D. 57501.

It never hurts to check at a Ranger Station upon arrival in the area, and to check the weather there. Flash floods down some small canyon where you might be camped are no joke. Also be

1/2 grain difference in powder load. As I said, I have a habit of shooting five shot groups, rather than three shots, and my measurements showed that the two groups from the 22 grain load were 3 1/2" and slightly over 3 3/4" respectively. Both groups from the 22.5 grain load were almost identical; one of 3 1/4" had and the second would have required a better ruler than I had to measure the difference. Playing one of my sometimes brilliant hunches, I decided to split the difference and load at 22.3 grains of 2400. Old T. R. finally did something right. This load gave me consistent groups in the 3" size, with an occasional bunch that stayed inside the 3" size. These groups, of course, were slow fire and from a damned good rest . . . Hell, I never said I was Wyatt Earp! These groups satisfied me, even though I watched some police combat shooters at the same range, shoot groups an awful lot quicker, and an awful lot tighter. I don't, and hope I never do, have to rely on fast, efficient hits for a living.

After the most enjoyable pastime of emptying several Genesee beer cans, I proceeded to refill them with, if you'll pardon the expression, water. These makeshift targets proved that my best .44 handloads would also do a job on them. Since my quarry was to be larger and much tougher than these beer cans full of water, I moved on to a local farm to test my loads on woodchucks, one tough little critter.

This test gave me four groundhogs for Hasenpfeffer and showed that my .44 loads were quite adequate to tackle whitetails in the fall. The kills were all one shot, and tissue destruction in three proved that the big 240 h.p. bullets were expanding properly. The one exception being the second chuck taken. For some unexplained reason, the bullet apparently did not open up at all, but punched clean through as the entrance and exit holes just behind the chuck's front shoulder were almost the same size.

While I would like to have this part of my piece share with you the thrill of having taken about an eight or ten point buck with my .44, and my own handloads, this did not happen . . . at least not this year, anyway. I did, however, manage to connect with a doe during the antlerless season here in Pennsylvania, and the .44 did its stuff well. The doe weighed approximately 110 to 120 pounds. The .44 bullet hit almost exactly where I had pointed it, knocking the left front leg and entering through a rib just behind the shoulder. The 240 h.p. mushroomed about as I expected it to, leaving the jacket just inside the rib of entrance, the bullet continuing on to heavily damage the lungs, deflect off the inside of the right front shoulder bone and range down along the ribcage on the right side, coming to a stop against the front of the right hindquarter. Mushrooming could have, and in fact might be better for larger game, but since my load is designed for whitetail deer, it performed right fine! Why mess with success?

YOUR  
ARTICLES  
NEEDED  
NOW

## THE SWEET SEVENTEEN

By Jerry Highland, No. 99

The .17 calibers have always gotten my attention so I was really glad to receive my 14" SSK T/C .17 Rem. I topped it with a 3X T/C Lobo scope and got it working quickly. I've loaded for over twenty years and have run the whole spectrum of calibers, but the .17 is a different breed of cat. First, let's talk pressure. The .17 has a very thin red line. Two tenths of a grain of some powders is the difference between everything being OK and a pierced primer. When developing loads, take it no more than .5 gr. at a time and then back off from MAX in order to give a safety margin for temperature, case capacity, powder measure, powder lot, primer and scale variances. The working pressure is over 50,000 psi, which the T/C will hold with no problem in this case head size. The brass is strong but I've had a couple of split necks and a collapsed shoulder on first firings.\* When getting close to MAX book loads the primers tend to flow back into the firing pin hole causing a little shaving upon opening the gun. Not only does this make it hard to open the action, but it can get enough fine shavings in the firing pin hole to cause the pin to stick out and break when you open the action. Learn by experiences!

The following loads are what I consider MAX safe loads in my gun with a little safe margin. These are the only powders I had on hand, but they pretty well cover the suitable range for the .17 Rem. I tried all of them with both 25 gr. Rem. and Hornady bullets with similar results.

19.5 gr. IMR 4198, 22.3 gr. H322, 22.3 gr. H 4895, 24 gr. IMR 4895, all of these will shoot one inch or less, three shot groups at 100 yards, with my gun. Both Hodgdon powders seemed very sensitive, pressurewise. A little goes a long way. The bore of the 17 fouls pretty easy; clean frequently when accuracy testing.

Terminal ballistics are truly amazing with the 25 gr. bullet. Penetration on hard targets is unreal, about 85% on 1/2" mild steel at 50 yard and 75% on 3/8" mild steel at 200 yards. I filled a beer can full of sand and shot at it at 25 yards fully expecting it to explode. Wrong! The bullet went straight through just splitting the can on the exit side. Next was the big one, through a round five gallon can, car fender, car hood, side of car with a 1/2" exit hole and several small holes through the opposite side of the car! Gallon paint cans filled with water were next. It blew the exit side out in 45° angles. I put some cans behind clumps of sagebrush at around 50 yards and shot through the brush to see what would happen. I got about a 50% kill on the cans, with a lot of the bullets opening up as they went through the brush. The next step of course was some game. I have access to a huge jackrabbit population, which now has a lot fewer members. The .17 kills instantly or quicker. You fire, hear the bullet hit and the rabbit falls over — all in a blink. There's no blood and guts flying all over, no wounded rabbit pulling himself along or jumping around, just a stone dead bunny. Any hit in the chest or shoulder area produces about a four inch exit hole with whatever was inside, outside in a spray. It's really an impressive little cartridge in all aspects.

It's accurate, fun to shoot and a challenge to load for: Some things you need to think about when you decide on a .17 are cleaning rod, brushes, funnel, brass and bullets. In some places these items are hard to come by. As usual my SSK barrel is very well made and locks up tight. I've had it on three different receivers and it worked well on all.

\*Editor: The T/C will hold the 50,000 CUP of the .222 case head size. As case head size goes up, the area of the case head goes up at an alarming rate. Let's assume the case head of the .17 is one square inch. Further assume CUP is equivalent to pounds per square inch. Under this assumption the thrust against the standing breech is 50,000 pounds. Retaining the 50,000 P.S.I. in a cartridge that has twice the case head area results in a thrust of 100,000 pounds against the standing breech. This is why it is necessary to hold pressures down in the T/C with cartridges of head sizes larger than .222. The T/C simply will not live with 50,000 CUP in a 308 — 243 — 25-06 — 270 or belted magnum case head size.

## HHI HUNT

Telico Junction Hunting Preserve — November 8, 9, 10. Bring guns, ammo, money. A strong back and weak mind also helps! Steve Wynn is handling this one. Call 419-339-3941. Trying to get another going in January.

## METALLOY AWARD

Tim Turney, owner of Metalloy Co., Inc. (6567 E. 121st Place, East Tulsa, OK 74129, 918/836-3781) decided Bob Robertson's story on 29ing that big brown bear deserved a Metalloy job even if Bob's 29 was Armoloyed. Tim says his job beats his competitors in looks as well as quality. Besides that, anyone in Alaska should have all his guns hard chromed! Congratulations, Bob . . . Thanks, Tim!

## WRITERS GUIDE

Your fellow HHI members want to read your stories. Writing is not hard. Just write the story the same way you would tell it. It doesn't matter if it's a short or long story. It's fine if you have good photos, but they are not essential.

Stories can be submitted in longhand or typed. Please use only every other line either way. This is important.

Don't worry about spelling or punctuation. Just tell us those shootin' and huntin' stories and experiences. Other people want to know what you are shooting and doing!

## HELP PROMOTE HANDGUN HUNTING

By Jim Yeoman, No. 216

Do you have a lot of your friends in the rifle hunting majority? I do — and I am working hard to show them the enjoyment of using a handgun instead of a rifle. This "project" has cost me a lot of ammo and a lot more time, but I am making some headway. The most common problem I have to overcome with riflemen is what I call the "1911 disillusionment". Most guys are introduced to a handgun in the form of a beat-up 1911 Army .45 semi-auto. Don't get me wrong, the Colt Model 1911 .45 semi-auto is in my opinion the finest designed handgun in history.

My friends complain that they had to shoot a handgun in the army and couldn't hit a "damned thing" with it. "The gun was noisy, jumped in my hand and hurt my ears." Result: a turned off handgunner. After shooting my "Gold Cup" with a mid-range load they are pleasantly surprised. Any normal person can do quite well with the proper equipment. After a few rounds that hit at or near where they aimed the person is usually convinced they had the wrong idea about all handguns. You must explain that military .45's are designed for a last ditch life-saving effort and are noted more for reliability than pleasure.

When people learn that a short gun can be accurate and pleasurable to shoot they are encouraged to use them more. The recoil factor has not been a problem very often. I've got two guys shooting .44 Mags that swore that "a .44 Mag would break my wrist," before they tried them.

I have shot against shotguns with my T/C .44 Hotshot to prove a point about effectiveness.

I have spent countless hours, using my equipment, helping friends reload and try to discover the best load for their particular gun. I feel really super when a friend tells me how well he did with his .357. I think back to his comments earlier about how he would never enjoy shooting a gun that was only made to kill people. The newspapers and television have really done a lot of damage to a lot of minds. It seems to me the one-on-one approach works. Take the time to calmly discuss some friends negative ideas about handguns. Chances are that you can turn him around in some of his negative thinking. There many advantages to this approach and no disadvantages that I can see. We gain votes and shooters. Also, while you are at it, show them your copies of "The Six-gunner" and urge them to join the finest group of shooters in existence.

Continued On Page 7

## THE Shooters' Accessory Box from MTM

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

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

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

Add \$.75 to any order sent the company, to cover handling and postage. For complete data on THE Shooters' Equipment Box, see your local MTM Dealer, or send for Free catalog.

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

\$26.69



## VERMONT WHITETAILS

By P.M. Belanger, No. 666

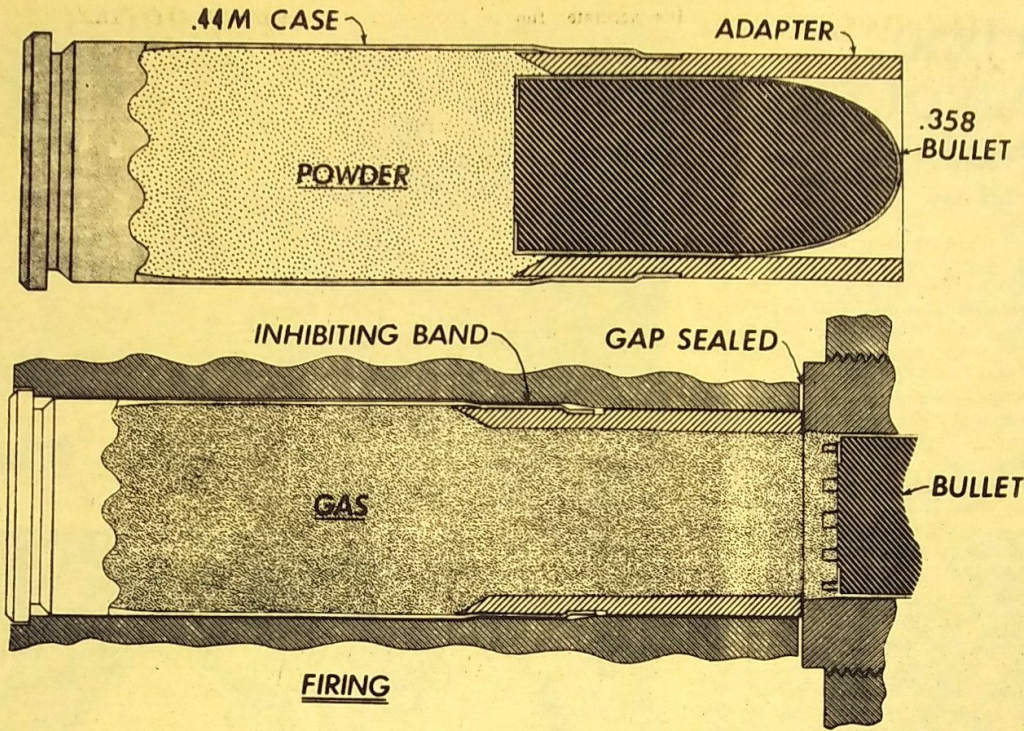
The large whitetail buck was within spitting distance, the scoped .44 Ruger was at full cock; suddenly the hammer falls and the pistol blast shatters the morning stillness.

It all started in November in a small town in Vermont. The sky was clear and the air clean and crisp. Two handgunners were sitting in a small diner, sipping coffee and throwing the bull, but most important of all, awaiting dawn and the beginning of a new deer season. Butch and I met a couple of years ago via CB radio and became the best of friends. Butch was already a handgunner but shot only indoor team competition with a .22 pistol. I would soon give him Magnum fever. Not long after it's onset, Butch was the proud new owner of a Ruger Super Blackhawk. At that time I had fired many rounds of .357 but never had the ability to hit much of anything. My flinch was unreal. Butch would soon put an end to that. With his patience and great ability he soon had me keeping all my shots on the paper. That was a starting point for me. Thousands of shots later I was able to give him a bit of competition, but he outshot me consistently. I refused to give up until I could at least be competitive with him. Finally after many more thousands of rounds, my ability improved to the point our skills were nearly equal. We still don't shoot nearly as well as the shooting in some articles I have read.

The eight pointer was so close all I could make out in the scope was a brown blur. As the hammer fell, the buck took off like a bat out of hell downhill. I thought he was hit and fired two more shots hoping to drop him on the spot so I could save myself tracking him down but did not connect. I found he wasn't hit when not a trace of blood could be found anywhere in the area. I probably don't have to tell you but I was really disgusted with myself and that stupid pistol which was now being called a crowbar among other things. Needless to say, that was enough handgun hunting for one day, so out came my 1100 Auto filled with slugs. He wasn't going to get away twice in one day. He was nowhere to be found, but as it turned out my luck was beginning to change.

Another dawn was about to break as the pair of great white pistol hunters leave the diner for another day of still hunting in the beautiful Vermont woods.

Slowly we hunted up the mountain side for maybe an hour or so when the quiet morning was shattered by the sound of gunfire coming from my left side. Instantly I was frozen in my tracks, waiting and listening for any sign of movement headed in my direction. Suddenly a doe appears, then a buck — my buck, then still another buck which was a small spike. All were running flat out directly in front of me. I could hardly believe what my eyes were seeing. Up went the Ruger without any hesitation crosshairs were on target, a gentle squeeze on the trigger and the big gun fired. The 240 grain slug made contact with meat with a satisfying whoomp. Down went my 200 pound buck as if the ground was pulled out from beneath him. One quick finisher and he's all mine.



## THE INVICTA CARTRIDGE

By J.D. Jones

Olsen Development Lab, 307 Congoga Way, No. 37, Eagleville, PA 19403, claims development of this interesting cartridge variation. It's a "special" .44 Magnum case reduced at the front end with a .357 bullet carried inside a plastic "adapter". On firing, the bullet and adapter move forward. The adapter slams into the rear of the barrel, stops and hopefully seals the cylinder-barrel gap. The bullet con-

tinues on into and through the barrel, hopefully exiting the muzzle at single shot velocities.

The concept is unique and may well work with proper development. Dan Wesson Arms is considering building and testing a few.

Olsen supplies a data sheet comparing the .224/357, .257/357 and .357/44 Invicta cartridges in revolvers with a variety of other guns. If you want a good laugh, send for it. They simply

don't compare apples with apples. It's a shame because the development could be important and showing comparisons that are simply not fair will turn off a lot of people.

I'll be very interested in seeing how efficient the gas seal is as well as how uniform the seal is. A 95% seal on one shot and 50% on another could give some interesting velocity variations.

Send a SASE to Olsen for their data sheet.

Promote *Continued From Page 6*

I had a discussion (?) just this morning with a "rifle only" hunter. He was very convinced that a handgun was not powerful enough to kill a deer. He uses a .30-06 for whitetail and stated that they run even after being hit solid with it. I tried to explain the power of a .44 Mag., but he would have no part of it. "It can't do the job." I then loaded by R.S.B.H. with six of my hunting loads and demolished a cinder block with two rounds at 50 yards. Slightly impressed, he said "not bad". I told him that a neck or shoulder shot on a whitetail inside 50 yards would anchor the deer on the spot. "What about long or running shots?" I don't take them, I explained. After more conversation and a few more shots, I had a man that believed handguns have a legitimate place in experienced hands. Another one bites the dust.

If you are as positive about your position as the anti-handgunner is about his, you can't lose because his position can't hold up against the truth. Anti-handgunners are operating under misconceptions, half-truths and plain ol' bullshit. We are right and let's get off our butts and prove it once and for all. Let's take them on one-on-one until they are educated.



S & W's new 'L' Frame .357. Lower end is strictly K Frame. Upper frame is between 'K' and 'N' in size. Balance is excellent.



Sometimes you get it right. Len Winslow did in 1969. Eight javelina in one day with a Ruger .22 Mag and one of four bobcats with the same gun.



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# (ROO-GETTER) THE RUGER REVOLVER DOWN UNDER

By Charles L. Mower, No. 1027

The New England country of northern New South Wales has a reputation for being rugged, mountainous, sometimes impenetrable, wild but breathtaking in regards to its scenic beauty. As part of the Great Dividing Range of mountains which run along the whole east coast of the Australian Continent, the New England Tableland reaches its highest point in an area south of the tiny township of Tenterfield, "The Town of the Willows", situated just across the border from my home state of Queensland.

Because of the long, hot summers here in Australia, the normal four seasons experienced elsewhere in the world never seems to occur, due to the changes in the sub-tropical climate, where one week can be extremely hot, followed by a cold change influenced by the Antarctic circle which lies south of Australia.

At times when hunting in the New England Tableland, I have experienced days of 35° plus celsius temperatures, where one sweats out the nights in humid conditions, only to shiver the next day as bitter cold winds blow in from the southern Alps caused by light snowfalls on the Mt. Kosciusko slopes, the highest mountain in Australia.

This changeable weather pattern couldn't have been more in evidence than the time my companion and I chose to hunt rabbits and wallaroo one long weekend a couple of years ago. Packing guns, ammo, food and all other sundry but necessary equipment into the four-wheel drive Toyota, we journeyed to one of our most popular shooting properties on the western slopes of the New England, for four days of hunting.

The owner of the property, a long time friend, greeted us cheerfully on our arrival on a very hot Saturday morning. After the initial handshakes and usual gossip session, Jack, the owner, popped the question which I knew he would invariably ask of me. "I know why you're here, mate," he said. "You want to hunt with that bloody Ruger of mine, isn't it?"

"You guessed it," I answered. "After that last article I wrote, I've grown rather fond of that little revolver."

"Yeah, it seems a shame you can't use your own pistols, but I suppose the law is the law and there's no use breaking it, is there?" said Jack, as he reached for a piece of grass to chew on. "Sure you can use it," he continued, "but for ----- sake, don't bloody lose it."

"I won't," I promised. "There'd be too much legal repercussions involved, to say the least."

Jack went into the house and returned with a red and white cardboard box which he opened and carefully took the pistol from the silicone cloth which he used to protect the bluing from fingerprints. Flipping open the loading gate, he checked to see if the cylinder was empty, and satisfied that the pistol was safe, handed the revolver to me. I immediately repeated the same safety precaution before placing the revolver back in the box, then as my companion

and I turned to leave, Jack said, "Oh! One other thing. Don't forget to drop in a couple of 'roo carcasses for the dogs, as they are becoming very partial to 'roo meat." We nodded, then drove on down to the shearing shed where we would spend the next four days.

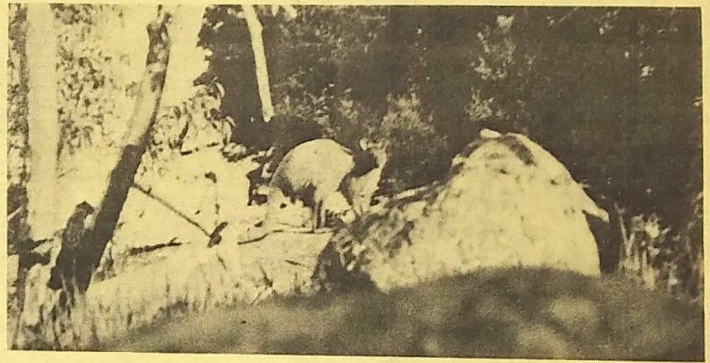
After nearly two days of hot humid conditions, the first signs of relief appeared in the southern skies on the second afternoon, as a long line of heavy black clouds moved across the mountains. These sometimes violent storms usually accompanied by hail and heavy wind squalls would probably hit the area late in the afternoon or evening, making hunting conditions a little unbearable if caught out during the storm.

For two days I had walked the granite covered mountains in search of some good wallaroo skins, only to find that this mountain macropod was always one jump ahead (to excuse the pun), always out of range of the Ruger revolver which I was using for the occasion. The Ruger in question was a 5½" B.B.L. single-six convertible, which Jack had purchased from a Sydney, New South Wales gun shop a few years ago while he was in the city on a business trip. Under the conditions of his concealable firearms license, the revolver could be used for the destruction of vermin on his property, and as I am a licensed pistol shooter, it was with Jack's permission that I could use the revolver for shooting rabbits and foxes and 'roos, the latter being in pest proportion because of the early wheat and corn shoots being consistently and persistently eaten by the black furry marsupials which come down from their mountain retreat early morning and late evening. As the 'roos are classified under the National Parks and Wildlife Services Act, as protective fauna, a license to eradicate can only be granted if the inspector thinks that their acute removal is justified and the necessary tags are issued for the cash sale of both the skins and meat.

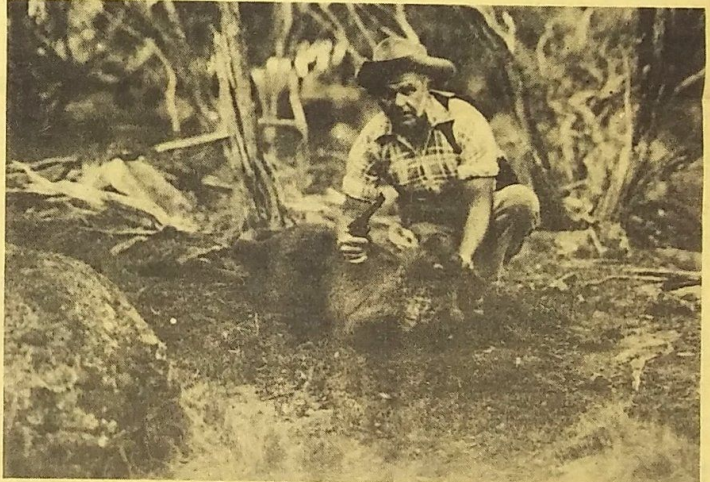
The rabbits, of course, were always number one on my list of "game" animals, and I try to keep a few dozen carcasses in the deep freeze for special occasions at home. Satisfied that I had shot enough rabbits to replenish my supply of game meat, my thoughts now turned to the possible collection of some good quality wallaroo skins to be used as decoration as floor mats.

The Ruger had performed splendidly on the rabbits, using the hypervelocity Winchester X'peditors which I had brought along especially to test in the revolver, but knowing their capabilities and shortcomings, I decided that the magnum cartridge would be the logical choice to use on the wallaroo. Looking at the revolver in my hand and its punitive cartridge, I wondered if it was possible to drop a large 'roo with one shot, as a lot of hunters have much difficulty killing a 'roo with a .222, but it all takes bullet placement, and I was confident that when the target presented itself, I could and would be able to drop the animal cleanly in his tracks.

Osphranter Robustus, the black



This is typical "New England" Australian Wallaroo habitat.



Mower with the large Wallaroo he bagged with the Ruger Single Six .22 Mag.



When was the last time you skinned out a tail like that?



wallaroo, is the mountain dwelling member of the Macropodinae, a family of unique marsupials, indigenous to this down under continent. Included in this unusual family, are the Grey or Forester kangaroos, which mainly inhabit the open coastal bushland, the Giant Red Kangaroo, which has become a status symbol to the dry outback country of Australia, the Euros which seem to be more prevalent in the far state of West Australia, and of course, the wallaroos and wallabies, the latter sub-species very prolific in many parts of Australia. The kangaroo, so beautifully adapted to his many changing environments, has learned to live beside man, but his voracious appetite for man's agricultural products, has led to much debate between conservationists, fauna officers, shooters, farmers and politicians alike to such extreme arguments that very little has been achieved as to his protection as a national symbol (the coat of arms) or his seasonal destruction as pet food.

Hunted by spotlight or in drives, the 'roo is a little sport to most discriminating shooters, but take him in his proper domain under his conditions, turns him into a worthy adversary. Hunted with a rifle and on foot, the 'roo can be taken a lot easier, but with a handgun . . . well, that is a different story.

With my companion preferring to pot rabbits than collect 'roo skins, he chose to hunt the flats near the long winding creek, leaving me the vast area of boulder strewn hillsides which made up much of the undulating countryside. I had passed up a good buck earlier that morning because of the distance involved from gun to target, feeling that he was perhaps a little too distant for proper shot placement, so thinking I would find another in a short while, continued to negotiate the gullies and hillsides.

How wrong I was in believing such an idea, for prolific as they may be, the big bucks just never seemed to be in range of the .22 magnum. I had checked the accuracy of the .22 magnum cartridge early that morning by firing all six shots in the cylinder into a neat 2½" group at 30 yards, and felt satisfied that the Ruger was sighted in for my eye.

The revolver felt comfortable nestled in the Bianchi shoulder holster, all six chambers loaded and ready for Mr. Wallaroo. The male mountain specie of wallaroo sports a beautiful hide of long silky black fur, sometimes lightening to a charcoal colour, while the female, or doe, has a lovely blue grey skin, lighter in texture but still durable enough to make a first class mat or wall decoration. The fur of the kangaroo has been in much demand for the manufacture of quality fur coats on the overseas market for many years, but a ban on the sale of 'roo skins to foreign countries has prevented these skins from becoming top fashion house exports. The wallaroo skins of the northwestern variety are different again, being of a red or roan colour with many of the does a light ginger shade. What the wallaroo lacks in "macho" looks as a top antlered trophy to a big game hunter, is easily replaced by his beautiful furry pelt which commands inflationary prices in European fur houses.

After traversing a rocky gully where a splendid waterfall cascaded some 100 feet into a deep pool, I pushed through a heavy blackberry infested slope and

finally came to a halt on an open saddle which ran between two large granite hills. Scanning the open areas carefully, my eyes settled on a number of dark shapes, some standing upright, obviously looking towards the gully from whence I had just vacated. The sky had clouded considerably and the temperature had dropped sharply as the expected change moved closer to the area. With the sharp breeze fish-tailing through the gullies, it was impossible to determine whether the 'roos had picked up my scent or had merely been alerted by seeing a moving object (me) as I picked my way up the slope.

"Aha," I thought. "Two good bucks among the mob. Now where's the bloody sentry." Cautiously, I began to stalk closer toward the feeding 'roos, making every use of any available cover between myself and my intended trophy. The larger of the two bucks was perched on a large flat topped boulder and with my eyes fixed on his large black furry body, I slowly drew the Ruger from the shoulder holster. As the range slowly shortened to around 60 yards, a small grey doe jerked up her head, slapped the ground hard with her tail and took a few nervous jumps toward the safety of the mountainside.

"Dammit!" I mumbled as the big buck bolted upright, staring straight at me. "It's now or never" I said to myself, as quickly I dropped into the kneeling position, thumbed back the hammer, then as the sights settled on the big wallaroo's chest, slowly squeezed the trigger. As the revolver cracked, I heard the telltale thunk as the 40 grain hollow point projectile form the C.C.I. mini mag cartridge thumped home in the wallaroo's chest. For one horrible moment, I thought the animal would fall down the mountainside, for at the moment of bullet entry, he tried vainly to leap for safety, but I heard him crash on the other side of the huge rock.

Pandemonium broke loose at the shot as the rest of the mob scattered in all directions. I quickly flipped open the loading gate, ejected the empty shell and replaced it with a fresh cartridge, then, with gun cocked, hurried towards the collection of boulders where I had last seen the 'roo. There was no cause for alarm, for the big fellow was dead on the other side of the rocks, the tiny projectile having hit almost centre where I had aimed, smashing the heart and rupturing both lungs, causing instantaneous death.

Little drops of rain began to fall as I skinned out the big wallaroo, being very careful not to nick the hide in any way, folding the heavy furry mass into a ball, dropping the skin into my pack along with several large pieces of meat, including the tail (which, by the way, makes excellent soup), shouldered the heavy load and with the cool rain beating down on my hat, began the long arduous hike back to the camp.

Knowing my companion, he was probably sitting in his chair with a cold stubbie in his hand by now, laughing at the thought of me being caught out in the storm, but cold as it was, what with being wet and uncomfortable, the thought of having taken the wallaroo with the tiny handgun under his conditions, made me warm all over as I trudged the weary trail back to the shearing shed.



Al and his surprise lion.

From the looks of that bullet hole, I'd say that's proof of a head on shot!

## LION? ?

By Al Pfitzinger, No. 607

There is no real substitute for actual down-to-earth hunting experience. Now more than ever, the new era big game hunters must be very selective. Soaring license fees, civilization shrinking hunting opportunities, and most of all, the dedication of responsibilities directed toward the game we collect. Ensuring further hunts is a burden that now haunts us all. There stands a drama in the search of the game we pursue. Part of the very self respect of our hunting heritage lies in the hidden drama that more often, the hunt ends in a skillful one shot, well placed bullet. We all daydream of exactly the moment, the area, the comfortable and carefully placed shot. Hunting is truly the unexpected. The opportunity usually arrives in a lightning split second, one shot proposition, and should you falter, due to some series of events, the lingering memory will taunt you for many years to come. But as a rule, our search for perfection in ourselves and our equipment affords us a moment of truth, and frequently, success. Most big game animals dictate where and how they will be taken; subsequently, we owe it to them to be as quick and calculating as humanly possible. As far as the so-called perfect shot: mine took a long time in coming.

The primary reason for my fourth East African Safari was centered on using my Smith & Wesson Model 29 6" .44 Magnum revolver with the strong possibilities in mind of taking a Masai Lion in his own territory. A veteran dangerous game hunter was quick to say that hunting big "Simba" with a revolver could be compared to hunting the big cats with a stick. But once again, the choice of sticks and stones would be mine. On this particular hunt, I was determined to take four

carefully selected game trophies. For three years past and on separate hunting Safaris, I had taken out a Masai Lion license, only to leave the East African Continent without as much as seeing a lion's tail. My game list included, along with the now elusive Lion, a Cape Buffalo, Grevy Zebra and a "Wartie" or Wart Hog with respectable tusks. My personal opinion at that time was that the Model 29 S & W .44 Magnum was a hard handgun to beat for hunting game if you stand up enough to use one. For years, I had searched for what I considered the right bullets to use on African big game. I was and am still convinced that the commercial available .44 bullets shed the jackets too fast for African big game. I focused my attention on accuracy, and the fine ballistics of the Barnes Bullet Company, of Utah. I soon ordered 250 Barnes 300 grain softs in caliber .44 and another 250 Barnes Bullets in the solid configuration. I also requested that all 500 rounds have a heavy annulure, as I well knew that the recoil would be quite heavy and an extremely heavy crimp would be required.

Failure to index the cylinder due to a bullet jumping crimp during an encounter has sent many good professional hunters up the nearest tree. After countless hours at the outdoor range, compiling a notebook of ballistic results, I decided on 20 grains of 2400 powder to push the ponderous 300 grain war heads through the Model 29. (Editor's Note: Definitely not recommended) Unfortunately, I honestly do not recommend this indicated load for nothing less than a seasoned handgunner. During my testing of the 300 grainers, I found that

Continued On Page 10

**Lions** *Continued From Page 9*  
 it was possible to hold a 3" group at 40 yards. Another important and interesting item was that both the 300 grain softs and solids printed the same point of impact at 40 yards. Also quite notable was very little expansion was noted concerning the soft point bullets provided that they did not collide with immovable objects such as bone or thick cartilage. The poor expansion was due to thickness of the jacket and overall extra heavy construction of the Barnes Bullet. The 300 grain solids performed exactly as expected.

During state side testing, they actually reddened a few bank security officials' faces by penetrating an inch and three quarter block of G. E. "Lexsan", a bullet-resistant material used in most banks as a shield for their tellers and cashiers. Finally, the ammunition and the revolver had been thoroughly tested. The time was drawing nearer to test the man behind the gun. Soon, all of the effort, all of the planning would come to focus on the first day out in the bush. The trackers had taken their leave early in the day and subsequently returned during the noon meal with tales of a "Kubwa Simba" big Lion, not far off in a pride about 15 miles from our camp.

The trackers' voices sang in Swahili, gesturing with their arms outstretched, they related that the pride had been busy during the night and that the Lions had dispatched a large Wilderbeeste. At least eight Lionesses and huge male were busy with their early morning feast. Both Somoli trackers assured me that the group of Lions would be in the immediate area of their kill for about a day. That gave us all the time we needed to plan our approach.

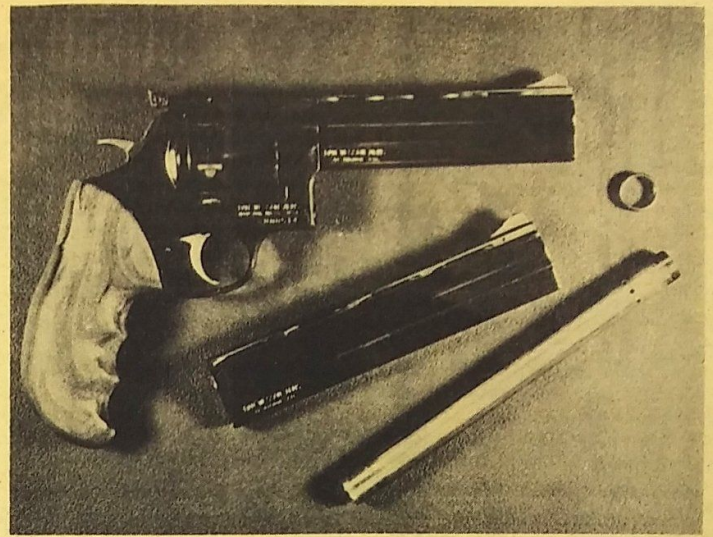
Wind direction and general lay of the land was very carefully covered in our pre-planned confrontation with the pride. Late that afternoon, our Landcruiser raced across the open bush country. Our minds were filled with visions of nothing but big cats. Small herds of Golden Impala seemed to kiss off the ground as they darted out ahead of the Landcruiser. My professional spoke softly of Lions, "So many ladies, they are certain to have a young strong boy friend." Our jubilant vehicle began to work its way to a high point of observation, whereupon my 10 x 50 glasses came to play.

As I carefully glassed the area, I remarked to myself, "After so many long hours of lugging the big binoculars, it was about time they paid their weight. Fortunately, through the big glasses, the tracker was able to pinpoint the forms below in the tall dry grass as the reason for over 14,000 miles of travel. Unfortunately, three females had dragged the remaining structure of the now almost consumed Wilderbeeste carcass to a stand of low covered Accacia trees. The professional and the tracker softly engaged in a fast duel in Swahili. I tried to catch whatever they were so concerned over, but I knew what they saw. Our approach would have to be into the wind, and through that last 1500 yards, we would be in "Bogani" or heavy cover. No chance of having any game spook the big pride as the fragrance of Lions warns even the big Buffaloes to stay clear. Only a possible Rhino or Elephant would spoil our downwind approach. But hunting is the unexpected, and that's what it's all about.

A series of events took place that would be hard to forget for many years to come, and maybe even a chuckle or snicker might be coupled with my name. We circled well below the Accacia Grove and started our way in from the far end. The cover was, as expected . . . quite heavy. Gineau Fowl cackled to my right and soon their sounds faded as they ran out of hearing range. My S & W .44 was waiting patiently with a cylinder full of six 300 grain softs. I seriously doubt if we had gone in over 100 yards when it happened. I saw my tracker freeze and then gesture with his trigger finger that something was not far ahead of us, off slightly to the right, and our presence was in jeopardy. I could hear the loud snap of a branch breaking. Off to my right, movement coming straight at us with his head down and white tusks gleaming in the sun was the biggest male Wart Hog I had even seen. I don't know why he was so damn mad at us, but I had very little time to smoke the peace pipe with him. I forgot completely about the reason for our being in the area, but quickly converted the .44 to my right hand and took a point shoulder position.

My first and only shot was placed directly between the eyes. The Barnes 300 grain soft point dove deep into the thick skinned armor of the Wart Hog. The magnificent animal slammed into a small Wait A Bit thorn tree and came to a final rest. Almost at the same time, both my professional and tracker let out with cheers of elation. My professional congratulated me by saying that under the circumstances, a man with a big bore double rifle could not have done any better. On closer examination of the big Wart Hog, we noticed that the bullet had lodged itself just under the animal's spine after ranging through the brain and on into the neck section of my courageous male Wart Hog. The brute was a shade over 190 pounds, with both upper tusks curving out to 13 1/4". I marveled at the sheer power of the animal, truly a trophy to be long remembered. The mood was quickly broken by the faint whine of the Landcruiser. No doubt the skinner, whom we had left to stand watch over the car, had heard the shot and figured the big Lion was now huggable. Our over-zealous driver brought the Landcruiser almost exactly to the spot where we had seen the group of Masai Lions that by now were somewhere scattered over the next 50 miles of dry river beds between us and the Indian Ocean. The only evidence of Lions near the location was the Wilderbeeste carcass and a few pug marks . . . Oh yes, circling above, the vultures marked the spot. We departed the scene with my trophy Wart Hog carefully stowed in the rear of the Landcruiser. Maybe another day would bring us a little closer to the Masai Lion.

**WANTED!!**  
**YOUR**  
**STORIES**  
**MORE**  
**ARTICLES**  
**NEEDED**



## DAN WESSON .44

By J.D. Jones

The D.W. .44 Mag. is in production and regular shipments are being made. It takes awhile to fill the pipeline and get even with initial orders though. Be patient — and remember new gun models are similar to new car models — they usually need some refinements in the manufacturing process to get everything together the way it should be.

Serial numbers start out with a bunch of zeros and 501. My gun is 514. While it can truly be considered a production gun, it's still probably virtually a handmade gun. And that isn't necessarily good as jigs are being tested and people being trained. Even so, the D.W. is a damn good sixgun.

If you are interested in getting specifics on weights and measurements write Fred Hill, D.W.A., 293 Main Street, Monson, MA 01057. Their brochure lays it out better than I can write it. Personally I find it difficult to get too interested in comparing statistics of a particular gun. 54 oz. versus 52 or 48 in most instances is meaningless in the field — as is the difference between a six and eight inch barrel.

At this point I have about 650 rounds of .44 Mag. factory and factory equivalent or heavier handloads through it. At about 500 rounds the action got a little stiff on S.A. cocking. A drop or two of oil on the hand and ratchet cured that.

I've also had numerous questions about condensation inside the shroud as well as fouling problems. It's not necessarily telling the whole story in the slicks when a writer gets a prototype, does limited shooting and writes 2500 words as representative of the entire generation of guns. That's why I seldom write about prototypes.

In any event, my gun came with a 6" Power Control barrel and several others. First off, D.W.A. tells you not to shoot lead bullet ammo or you will get excessive fouling inside the shroud. That's plain enough. The Power Control barrels are jacketed bullet barrels only. The Power Control consists of eight holes drilled through the barrel about an inch behind the muzzle. I felt sure, and Paul Brothers at the factory, verified that velocity increase stopped when the bullet base exposed the gas relief holes. So, for simplification, a 6" becomes a 5" velocity wise. The loss is insignificant. But 23.0-296-265

Hornady still clocked 1295 at 50' which is better than several other guns I have.

Condensation inside the shroud is reputed to be excessive in conjunction with fouling making a severe rusting and disassembly problem. Horse — feathers. Condensation can be a problem with certain powders and conditions. It's also a problem taking a gun out of an air conditioned house on a hot humid day. In fact, I think it's a worse problem. I found a little condensation inside the shroud at 100 rounds. Checked inside again at about 550 rounds and even though I quit eating Wheaties at age nine, didn't have any trouble removing the shroud. Dirty? Yep, the whole gun is. But no rust — and this barrel is an early one that doesn't seem to be plated as later ones are. Put it back together and it changed impact so radically it wasn't off of 150 meter turkeys. Fooled around with taking it apart and putting it together and ran out of ammo before I had to change the sights. Obviously you can encounter conditions that will change the point of impact at dis- and re-assembly. But, those conditions do not have to exist in all guns.

Power Control — does it work? I guess it does. Haven't used the unvented barrel, yet as a comparison. I'm still trying to get the vented one to screw up. It's the lightest recoiling .44 I've ever shot. I'm sure part of that comes from its weight, Power Control and stock configuration.

Generally speaking, I like the gun with only two complaints on the one I have. The S.A. trigger is a little spongy and the bolt slot in the frame appears to be a little oversize or the bolt is a little undersize. Both are easily corrected and were not present in another gun with a 900 number. It's trigger and lock up were superb. As I said — early ones aren't always the best.

I'm hard to please when it comes to grips and only half pleased with those on the D.W. Come to think of it — the only ones I like are the Ruger, Colt or Abilene S.A. grips on a strictly out of the box revolver.

Shooting the D.W. reveals a very muzzle heavy gun with the vent rib and full length shroud weight. Slimmer, lighter shrouds will be available later and I think I'll probably gravitate to that one for carrying. SSK has a T'SOB scope base mounted on the 8"

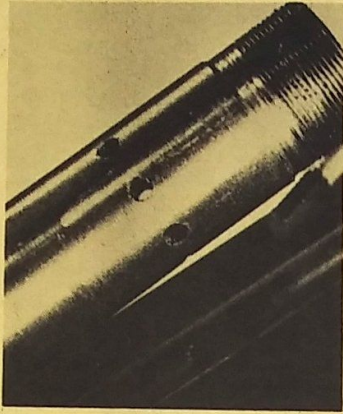
*Continued On Page 11*

# HANDGUN HUNTING SUMMARY

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

# EXIT... STAGE RIGHT

By Bud McDonald, No. 334



Power Control vents gas from the barrel inside shroud then upward through two holes in the shroud.

shroud and that will get the accuracy worked out sooner or later.

As it is, the six incher seems very accurate with the 23.0-296-265 Hornady load. Rear sight adjustments are positive and the frame will probably undergo some cosmetic changes in the rear sight area. What's accurate? Well, I'm not much of a group shooter and don't necessarily trust published groups and always wonder about what was really tested — gun, ammo or shooter ability? Even then, the next gun might or might not be very different. Something else a little different might be said about machine rests, but the doubt is still there. Some rigs, ammo and people just can't shoot good groups. Some can. Almost anything will shoot into 1.5 inches at 25 yards now days. The D.W. was good enough to get a 200 meter chicken every once in a while and 8x10 on turkeys offhand in somewhat less than optimum conditions. It'll shoot better than I can and that's good enough for me.

Fit, finish and blueing of the D.W. guns is probably the equal of or better than any now available.

For about 300 rounds each I used a new 6" 629 and an old scoped 8-3/8 M-29 as control guns when shooting the D.W. All three shot quite well and handling differences between the rigs were very apparent although accuracy was for all practical purposes identical. If we get a few other .44s and run them through the mill — at least 1000 rounds each — we might have some unusual comparisons. Oh, the D.W. double action is far superior to any other factory .44 revolver I've ever used. You won't stick with the .38 wadcutter guns in speed and accuracy, but I think you can stay awfully close to the .357s with factory 158s. The custom gunsmiths are going to turn out some real dandies with this rig. I expect someone like Power to get a fully reliable six pound DA from this gun.

Handgun hunting is really getting into swing. The IMHSA Metal Bangers and Handgun Hunters are the leading lights in the land of the blind (anti-handgun freaks). We in West Virginia are not as fortunate as many other HHI members. Our sage leaders of politics have decided that handgun hunting is too hot of a political issue to deal with.

We barely got a law passed several years ago allowing .22 caliber only handguns for small game hunting. Since then I have campaigned yearly for a large caliber big game hunting law — no special seasons, just the right to use our pieces during rifle season for deer and bear. The bill has been introduced in the State Senate with some success in past years, but it has fallen on deaf ears in the liberal House of Delegates.

Trying a different approach this year, two other handgunners and I have compiled an up to date summary of handgun hunting laws of most states east of the Mississippi. We have presented these statistics to the West Virginia House of Delegates first this year. Only two weeks into the House session has already brought familiar gripes and misconceptions. You know the act — "you'll just have a bunch of cowboys carrying pieces and shooting the hell out of each other"; "no law enforcement officer will be safe with a handgun in each car"; "you'll get half the hunters killed off with all the crazies in the woods with pieces". We were even told by the chairman of the House Natural Resources Committee that the State Police were totally opposed to the bill. A visit to the State Police commander's office by myself revealed that the State Police have no official stand on the bill. They are not opposed to it at all.

Included is a table of the summary of our results. Surprisingly, every state conservation department we questioned returned fully completed forms with the exception of Maryland, who returned a copy of their laws.

Some of the answers we received dispelled some myths that have plagued us handgun hunters in the past and other answers should make us hold our heads high with pride. Uniformity in answers on most questions was surprising. First, and most important, all thirteen states questioned allow handgun hunting. We purposely didn't poll several states which were too far from West Virginia or were unlikely to ever offer handgun hunting.

Most states had only centerfire restrictions, but a few had energy level restrictions or caliber restrictions. Barrel length was not restricted by nine of thirteen states. All but two states did not require the handgun to be locked, but at least carried behind the front seat. Only four states reported handgun woundings of other hunters. That certainly dispells the myth of a bunch of cowboys taking to the woods shooting everything that moves. The anti-handgunners can take that one and stick it where the sun don't shine.

As you can see, all states reporting have a very low percentage of handgun hunters. Not surprisingly, Pennsylvania is the highest at 10%. No state reported increased pressure from out of state hunters.

Here come the surprises. Unanimously, (1) No state saw handgun hunters as a threat to conservation officers. (2) All state conservation departments favored continuance of handgun hunting. (3) All states report favorable experiences with handgun hunters. (4) Most important, all states recommend continuance of handgun hunting.

I hope this information can be of use to members in states not allowing handgun hunting. The air is full of bad vibrations concerning our handgun law in West Virginia. I seriously doubt if we can pull off the bill for several more years, if ever. After all, what can you expect from a state that went for Carter? We'll keep swinging and hitting on the legislators. Any help from HHI members is appreciated. Keep the faith.

## SUMMARY OF HANDGUN HUNTING QUESTIONNAIRE

	VA	PA	NC	SC	MI	VT	ME	FL	KY	NH	TN	MO	MD
1) Is handgun hunting allowed	VA	PA	NC	SC	MI	VT	ME	FL	KY	NH	TN	MO	MD
a) large game	YES	YES	NO	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
b) small game	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
c) varmints	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES
2) Caliber Restrictions													
CF — Center Fire													
* 500 FPE													
**700 FPE													
a) large game	CF	CF	CF	CF	NO	?	CF	CF	*	CF	.357	.357	**
b) small game	CF	NO	.22	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	.22	NO	NO
c) varmints	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO
3) Minimum Barrel Length	NO	NO	6"	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	3.9"	NO	4"	NO	6"
4) Carry Restrictions													
N — None													
NC — Not Concealed	NC	NC	NC	NC	NC	NC	NC	N	N	NC	NC	N	NC
5) Transport Restrictions													
L — Locked													
NL — Not Locked	NL	NL	NL	L	L	NL	NL	NL	NL	NL	NL	NL	NL
6) Non self inflicted shootings	NO	1	NO	NO	FEW	NO	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO	7	?
7) Handgun Hunters	1%	10%	?	3%	4%	5%	?	3%	?	5%	1%	1%	?
8) Handgun hunters as a threat to Conservation Officers	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	?
9) Conservation Officer favor handgun hunting	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	?
10) Increased out of state hunters?	?	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	NO	?	NO	NO	NO	?	?
11) Recommend Continuance	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	?
12) Favorable experience?	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	YES	?

This story is not a handgun type but occurs at very close range, hence its interest is justified. This is as told to me, at least once each year for newcomers, by my best friend, Steve Hockman who lives in Wyoming. I laugh harder each time I hear it, cause ole Hock is one of those talented few who not only tell a story but tell it in such a way that you feel as though you were there with him when it happened.

We had come in early on the third day of some of the hardest hunting I've ever done. We had three tags filled out and was driving thickets for the last tag. At this point we're not only raunchie but down right smell bad... decided to drive into town to grab a hot bath and relax before coming back to camp.

The four of us piled into the Jeep and bounced and swayed the 40 miles of rough dirt road to town. Now jeeps are a fine vehicle, but four big rangy dudes with bulky hunting clothes and extra gas cans are just about all you can get in 'em. This one had a metal top with metal doors. Getting to town we pried ourselves out of the jeep, took a bath at the local hot springs and relaxed for the first time in five days. If you've never had a bath in hot mineral springs, well let me tell you ya feel like a new man, if you don't stay in too long. We all agreed that it was well worth the 80 mile round trip.

Went from the springs to get something to eat, got all topped out on gas, including the spare cans then stopped at the bar for a beer. Well one thing led to another, so around 10:30 we left the bar to head back to camp. We're all feelin' good 'cept me. I'm flat out head bobbin drunk. The guys throw me in the back with the gas cans and the three other pile into the front with Jim driving, Nick at the window and Ron, who has a fair size butt, wedged in between the two seats. I'm in the back, leaning up against gas cans with my head beating me about the chest and shoulders, not thinking about nothing.

About 15 miles out of town, Jim give a hoot "Hey what the...?" Nick chimed in with "watch out...!!" Then I felt the jeep go "thump thump" as it ran over something. Jim slammed on the brakes and threw it in reverse, roared backward, slammed on the brakes again as my head made a bubble window out of the back glass. This woke me up slightly as I watch everybody roll out. The silence hit me then and I dropped off again, only to be awakened again promptly by a big fur rug Ron had thrown in against me. Fur...? Rug...? I glanced up and there was a very dead coyote. Found out later that a jack had ran across in front of the jeep in high gear overdrive and almost right behind came the coyote. The rabbit made it to the other side; the coyote didn't.

The bouncing, swaying, gas fumes and dust began again as we rolled toward camp. Seems like hours since we left town; must have been hours, these guys took a wrong fork or something. Just heard my stomach growling, know I just ate a couple hours ago. I shift position slightly, stomach gives out hell of a growl, 'cept I couldn't feel it growling. Must be one of the guys up front! Then the jeep ex-

Continued On Page 12



**Exit** *Continued From Page 11*  
 plodes with Nick's yell "Jesus Keeeeeey-ricc the SOB is alive!! INSTANT (with a capital "I") sober. Just like that; judge sober and alert. I look up and not three inches from my face is that "dead" coyote standing up, teeth bared, hot breath washing over me, snarling . . . the whole nine yards. Well, my friends will tell you I'm the kind of person who acts upon my first impulses, not thinking about alternatives until later. What I think of first is what I'm gonna do. Being a creature of habit I always got in the jeep on the passengers side and out the same way. My first thoughts was to get out of this jeep. Not in a little while, but right here right now!

Still don't know how I managed, but I was the first person out of that vehicle!! I went out over Nick on the passengers side, steel door and all. (authors note: Try getting out of the back of a jeep with no one in the passengers seat sometime) Not only was I first, but I was 15 yards out in the sage brush before another foot hit the ground. The jeep was still doing 15 mph or so and I hit the ground at a dead run. Gale Sayers would have still been in the starting blocks. Nick fell out behind me and did a perfect parachute landing fall then was on his feet in two shakes following my dust trail out through the sage. Jim, the driver, leaps out the driver side and lit a shuck down the road passing the jeep like it just came off the on ramp.

All this time the jeep is still heading down the road, but hits a rut, veers left into a wide ditch and comes to a stop. We realize that Ron is still in the jeep, but make no move toward it. We listen for some sounds of struggle but none come.

Meanwhile Ron, the one with the wide butt, has settled nicely in between the two jeeps seats and is firmly stuck, knees in his face. He has no leverage, no overhead handholds and just plain can't get out of that vehicle. Ron calmly pulls out his hunting knife in his right hand, leans back grabs an ear with his left hand and jams that knife to the hilt in a bunch of fur. (which luckily turned out to be the neck)

We finally hear Ron say "Hey you guys going back to camp with me or you want to walk the rest of the way." Very meekly we get back in, not saying a word. Ron chuckled all the way back to camp. He still has that coyote hide tanned, hanging in his den. There was no question about its ownership.

Ed: And its gotta be true. Nobody drinks enough to make that one up!

## 315 GRAIN .44S

By J. H. Linke, No. 532

I had a little bit of trouble with my 315 grain .44 mold. Seems that the alignment pinholes were .001 inch out of place. Anyway, the bullets dropped from the mold with the two sides sitting .005 off of each other, giving a cast diameter ranging from .433 to .438. Being impatient to see how they worked in my 7 1/2" R. SBH, I went ahead and cast and sized a quantity fairly hard; weight was around 312 grain to 314 grain. I think that for shooting at revolver velocities, it is not necessary to lube all three grease rings, probably not desirable. Lubing all three rings, I got no leading with the hard cast or with straight wheel weight material at velocities chronographed up to 1360 fps. The thing I did notice was a heavy build-up of grease in the

front of the case in the chamber and sticking to the case mouth when extracted. This extra grease is probably enough to decrease accuracy some and on my next batch, I plan to lube just two rings and see what happens.

For loads I started with 17.5 grain 2400 (CCI 350 for all loads) and 23 WW 680 and extrapolated for H110 and WW 296. Being a chicken and not wanting to destroy my gun and possibly damage my body, I never reached a max load with any of these powders. By maximum, I mean sticky extraction and primers blown flat. The loads are by no means light loads, in fact, recoil was about all I would ever care to feel in any handgun.

The designation of these loads as MAX means that this is as hot as I want to load and shoot in my gun. If you look at the velocity versus powder charge in H110 and WW 296, you see that after 21 grains, the velocity gain per 1/2 grain of powder starts to fall off rapidly. No real point in putting more powder in, you won't go any faster and your muzzle blast and pressure get bigger.

I have just a couple of other observations. The case capacity for H110 measured 21.5 grains, for 296, 22.0 grains, and for WW 680, 22.5 grains. This gives you 100% loading density with no powder compression (WW Cases). Those in the know seem to think this is a good way to load. I got my best accuracy with loads producing 1250-1280 fps. 20 grain H110 gave close to 1" at 25 yards (center to center) hard cast and 1.5" with wheel wts. I lost accuracy at the higher velocities, but have thrown these measurements out because I found the trigger guard screws had worked loose under recoil. I haven't had an opportunity to reshoot these loads as the white fluff stuff fell and the temperature took a dive to the teens.

As far as recoil is concerned, the heaviest recoil is with 18.5 grains 2400 and the least with WW 680. I think the reason is because 2400 burns so fast, by comparison, probably too fast for this heavy a bullet. The primers are indicative of this as the 2400 primers were noticeably flatter at 18.5 grains than the H110 at 21.5 grains. The recoil was significantly different instead of hard heavy rise of the gun, there was a definite impact of the gun on the palm, then it snapped up viciously, not pleasant to shoot at all.

WW 680 was pleasant to shoot, though the velocity was low. 23 grains packed in nicely but I had to put a heavy crimp in the bullet with 23.5 to hold it in due to the compressed powder. I find it interesting that other members have achieved 1350 fps with this load in 10" Rugers and I got 1205 in a 7 1/2". I have never noticed a difference like this in my 6 and 8-3/8 S & W, usually the difference is insignificant and it leads me to believe that 680 is much more progressive than any other handgun powder I have used.

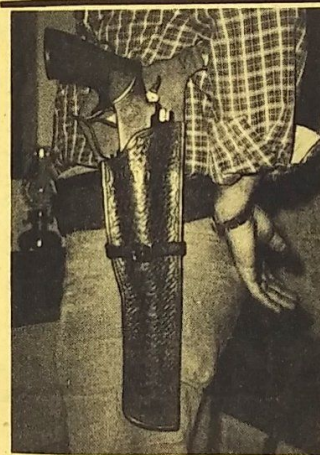
Anyway, to get back where this started, I dropped a letter to NEI about my problems. Within a week, I had a reply, suggesting the alignment pins might be out of adjustment and instructions to adjust them or return to NEI for adjustment. I found that dipping the mold in lead to heat it greatly eased the adjustment procedure but didn't solve my problem. At that point I decided to stop fighting it and dropped it into the mail. It wasn't more than a week to ten days when I

POWDER	CHARGE	VELOCITY @ 20 FEET	EXTREME SPREAD (6 SHOTS)	WW CASES
2400	17.5	1177 fps	20 fps	
	18.5	1250	49	MAX
H110	20.0	1261	28	
	21.0	1336	42	MAX
296 WW	21.5	1359	32	
	20.0	1233	21	
WW 680	21.0	1299	42	MAX
	23.0	1205	—	MAX

had a new mold in my hand via U.P.S. with a statement that the other had been .001 inch out of line, sorry for the trouble, no charge for the mold, handling or shipping, a sample of Vitaflux, their catalog, and a thank you for buying their product.

All I can say is I'm glad there are companies like that still around, and I'm glad SSK picked them to manufacture their molds.

Well, I'm out of words (finally) . . . hope this can help some of the other members.



Dale Crosno's idea of a rig for the T/C 14 inches. Says it works well.

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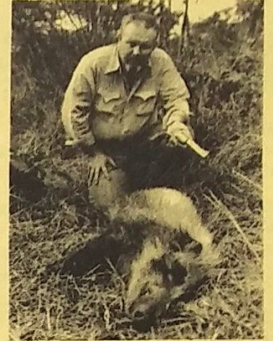
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Steve Wynn, intrepid photographer, handgunner and all around good guy, furnished this Redhawk photo.

## RUGER REDHAWK .44 MAGNUM

By John Taffin, No. 76

Sturm, Ruger & Co., the maker of the best line of single actions ever offered to the shooting public, jumped into the law enforcement market in 1970 with the then new DA Security-Six in both .38 and .357 chamberings. Sportsmen also took to the new Ruger quickly and 1975 saw the introduction of the stainless steel Security-Six.

The new Security-Six was quite a departure from the Colt, and Smith & Wesson DA's which had dominated the market for so long. The frame, trigger guard, crane, trigger, hammer were all machined from investment castings of chrome moly steel. All of the lock mechanism was contained in the trigger guard assembly instead of being exposed by removal of a side plate. All that is necessary to take down a Ruger Security-Six is a coin as the only screws in the entire revolver are found in the rear sight and the grips.

The original grip angle was wrong for double action shooting and the top of the back of the grip strap was changed to closer conform to the Colt/S & W form. This gives a more prominent recoil shoulder and keeps the Security-Six from climbing in the hand.

The Security-Six was and is a tremendous success. Shooters looked forward to a large caliber DA Ruger revolver. Other hoped for a stainless Super Blackhawk. Ruger combined both ideas in a completely new revolver.

The Ruger Redhawk is here! After two years of waiting, this stainless steel .44 magnum is a reality. I first heard of a new Ruger DA .44 magnum from one of the Ruger representatives at the N.R.A. Show in 1978, and the Redhawk was announced in 1979. The revolvers themselves are now being shipped by Ruger on a regular basis, and I obtained a Redhawk in February.

To say I was excited when U.P. delivered the package is an understatement. Upon unwrapping the Redhawk, I found a massive, business looking revolver. My first impression was that I liked its looks and feel in my

hand. It balances very well for its 52 ounces (empty) and this is probably due to its heavy barrel.

Upon examining the Redhawk closely, I noted a number of unpleasing characteristics. The Redhawk definitely needs more polishing as there are a number of scratches present and some long scratches present on the recoil shield. The grips do not fit correctly but over hang about 1/16" over the front strap. Both of these problems can be cured with a little work. For some reason, revolver makers seem intent on finding who can make the ugliest front sight. The Redhawk front sight is very esthetically unpleasing and would look better if set further forward.

However, I did find more positive, than negative, aspects to the Redhawk on my first examination. Metal to metal fit is very good and the cylinder locks up tightly. The grips, which are smooth and look like a cross between walnut and zebra wood are good looking, and more importantly, they feel good.

The front sight is a Red Ramp that has been changed from being held in place by a set screw to spring loaded device. The catalog lists yellow inserts will also be available later. This is one shooter who hopes Ruger also supplies an interchangeable plain front post.

The barrel of the Redhawk is 7-1/2" long tapering from .935" at the breech to .750" at the muzzle with the top of the barrel flat with good looking longitudinal serrations to cut glare. The rear sight is the time proven Ruger with the addition of a white outline. In looking through the owner's manual, I found that both 5-1/2" and 10-1/2" barrels will be available later. The 5-1/2" would be perfect for "woods-loafing" and the 10-1/2" is the ticket for silhouette as witness the popularity of the 10-1/2" Super Blackhawk.

In looking at the ejector rod, one finds a different arrangement than might be expected. The ejector rod does not lock up in the under barrel lug, instead the cylinder is locked at the front of the frame reminiscent of the

lock on the old Smith triple-lock.

The cylinder is massive, the largest I've ever seen on a revolver and should give adequate strength for reloading experiments. It is also longer in length than most .44 magnums presently available.



In comparing the Redhawk to the 10-1/2" Super Blackhawk, I noted the following dimensions:

	Super Blackhawk	Redhawk
Barrel Groove Diameter:	.429"	.429"
Barrel Taper:	.784"-.702"	.935"-.750"
Cylinder Length:	1.703"	1.750"
Cylinder Diameter:	1.730"	1.780"
Front Sight Width:	.121"	.127"
Trigger Width:	.290"	.302"
Rear Sight Notch:	.127"	.140"
Cylinder Wall Thickness:	.087"	.114"

Note that the Redhawk is 31% thicker in cylinder wall thickness and 19% thicker in barrel diameter than the Super Blackhawk. This should make it very strong indeed.

The Redhawk trigger is smooth and the action provides a very smooth DA pull of 10 pounds. The SA pull feels good but heavy and upon measuring the SA pull, it was found to be a heavy 5-1/2 pounds. Therein lies the main problem with the Redhawk. This will keep it from being a top notch silhouette gun because of its heavy pull, and hunters will probably want to invest in an action job by a knowledgeable gunsmith before going after big game. Double action shooters should like it just as it is.

One of the most touted aspects of the new Redhawk in the advertising has been the grip shape. Frankly, I was skeptical that the grip shape was such that no fillers or adaptors would be necessary to tame .44 magnum recoil. Never being able to fire too many rounds from a Model 29 with factory grips without becoming uncomfortable, I was pleasantly surprised to find that whoever designed the grip of the Redhawk knew what he was doing. They certainly cannot be claimed to

make firing full power .44 magnum loads "comfortable"; .44 mags kick and the Redhawk is no exception. But the grip does not sting me like some other DA .44's. The good shape plus smooth finish make the most tolerable combination in a .44 that I have ever experienced.

Firing the Redhawk offhand with full power loads and the 265 grain Hornady, I found I could hit tin cans more often than not at 75 yards in spite of the heavy trigger.

After allowing a friend of mine to shoot the Redhawk with gas checked bullets cast of wheel weights, I sat down to take five shots at iron chickens. All five were misses and my spotter relayed that the pattern was very erratic — the shots were all over the place.

When time was called, I examined the bore and found heavy leading and proceeded to brush the bore vigorously while the target setters were busy. My next five shots saw four hits and one close miss. I finished the match and managed to gather one-half the targets and felt good as this was the Redhawk's first time out.

Although the wheel weight gas check bullets lead badly, my own bullets, plain base Keith bullets, No. 429421 cast of two parts type metal to one part lead did not lead the bore. In all subsequent firings, I have stayed with the jacketed bullets or hard cast bullets of pure type or the aforementioned 2:1 mixture. This has resulted in no leading problems whatsoever. If my sample Ruger is a good example, cast bullet will have to be kept hard.

Firing the Redhawk for accuracy using a bedroll on the cab of the pickup with all groups, five shots at 25 yards:

Hornady 240 FMJ Bullet, 20/No. 2400 Load. Group Size: 1-1/4".

260 JDJ Bullet, 24/No. 4227 Load. Group Size: 1-1/2".

No. 429421 Bullet, 21.2/H110 Load. Group Size: 1-1/2" (3 in 3/4").

Hornady 265 Bullet, 21.2/H110 Load. Group Size: 1-3/4".

315 JDJ Bullet, 23.5 No. 680 Load. Group Size: 1-1/2".

214 Lee SWC Bullet, 20.0/No. 2400 Load. Group Size: 1-1/2".

These groups are larger than the same loads through my Super Blackhawk, probably because of the 5-1/2 pound pull on the Redhawk. Most of my shooting was not done on paper but at cans, rocks, etc. at various distances. The balance of the Ruger leaves nothing to be desired and it also carries comfortably in a shoulder holster.

Ruger continues to improve the Redhawk. The front sight has been changed from a set screw to a spring loaded keeper, the serrations have been removed since the first models and this is a great improvement for many shooters. Also the grips are now furnished in a smooth finish instead of palm stinging checkering.

The polish leaves something to be desired, especially when compared to two other stainless Ruger I have, a very early Old Army, and a '76 production, .357 Blackhawk. Finish is a minor point except for shooters (like me) who like their guns to look good.

The Redhawk will never be accepted as a production silhouette gun unless something is done about the heavy SA trigger pull. Hunters will also have to have a custom action job to bring single action down to an acceptable weight.

Continued On Page 14

# PISTOLS, DOGS, HILLS & HOGS

By Thomas M. Black, No. 1067

The baying of the Plott Hounds was barely audible as their cries drifted eerily across the mountains and hollows to where my guide and I were resting breathlessly on top of the ridge we had just climbed. After getting a second wind and with autumn leaves crackling under foot, we plunged headlong down the opposite side of the hill in an effort to catch up to the dogs but to no avail. With the dogs now out of earshot, we headed back to the 4 X 4 pickup to drive some of the roads that crisscrossed the mountains in hope of locating them.

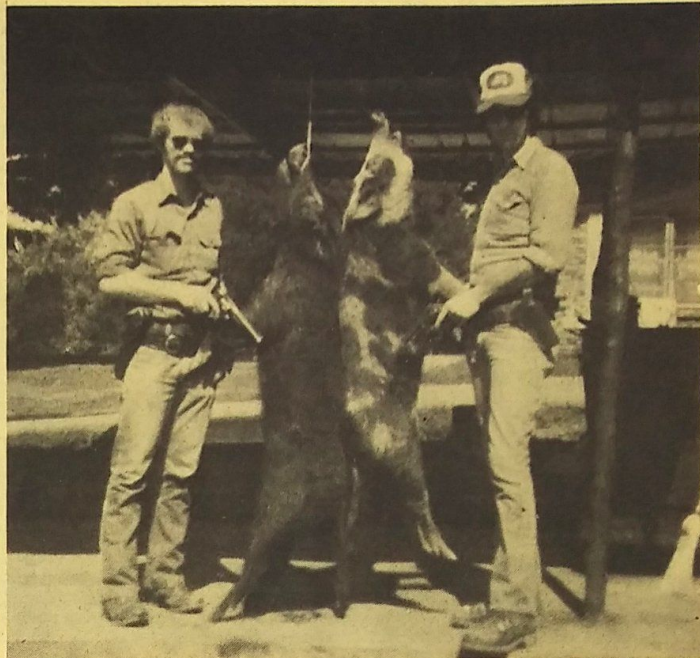
My best friend, Roger Drennan, No. 1090, and I were wild boar hunting at Telico Junction Hunting Preserve, Englewood, Tennessee, owned and operated by Joe Meeks. The preserve is over 1000 acres of steep, rocky mountains and deep hollows forested by hardwoods and pines with much of it covered by dense vegetation known as Kudzu Vines. Both Arkansas Razor Back and Russian Wild Boar are plentiful here with a number of other exotic game animals for the sportsman that opts to hunt them.

While the pickup bounced along the road, in a guarding motion, my right hand moved to my left side where in a Bianchi No. 111 crossdraw holster rode the familiar feel of my favorite four inch barrel S & W Model 29. Loaded with the Lyman/Keith No. 429421 250 grain solid, 22.0 grains of No. 2400 powder, CCI No. 300 primers and W-W brass, I felt confident in its stopping ability. I've used this load in all my .44

Mags. for years with excellent results on game from woodchuck to whitetail deer. It's accurate enough to head shoot squirrels and heavy enough to handle any task that a handgun hunter might put it to. Many people today seem to think that a cast bullet is fit only for close range paper punching, but a well made cast bullet is just as accurate and just as deadly as any jacketed bullet ever built. And until someone can come up with something better than a Keith design slug, that's what I'll be shooting.

After several minutes of driving the washed out roads and knowing my liver had been jarred loose from its moorings, we stopped the truck for an instant to listen and heard the dogs in the distance. Bailing out of the cab, we immediately started to jog in their direction, to an area Jimmy, my guide, called the back side of Middle Ridge. Holding on to vines and roots growing from the hillside, we worked our way to the sounds of the fight. Finally, through the brush, we saw the boar. A large black and white spotted one, that easily kept the dogs at a respectable range from him. Upon seeing us, he lunged through the pack and on around the side of the ridge some 75 yards to where the dogs bayed him again on a small rocky ledge. We watched from above as one of the dogs tackled the boar and was effortlessly tossed over the side of the ten foot high cliff. He landed, luckily, on a blown down cedar tree and scrambled back up into the melee as if nothing had happened. Again seeing our approach from above, the hog broke and ran. At the end of the half mile chase, the dogs cornered him in a small creek bed. As Jim called the dogs back for a clear shot, I unholstered my .44, aimed high on the right shoulder and squeezed the trigger. I never heard the blast or felt the recoil, but before I could bring her back down, the boar was on the ground with the dogs swarming on him. Jim pulled the dogs back as the hog was still kicking so I could deliver the "coup de grace" by slipping a second slug in behind the right shoulder. It exited just forward of the left shoulder. Later, I discovered it wasn't needed, as my first shot had passed completely through, breaking both shoulders and the spine, and was the reason he dropped like a rock.

Unless a boar is hit in the brain, spine or shoulders where he can be broken down, chances of him going down instantly are small. Their shoulders are covered with a dense gristle like armor plating that is very bullet resistant. We were told of one incident where a hunter hit a boar 13 times with a .45 ACP before the hog went down for keeps. An old boar can soak up a lot of lead and still go on to inflict serious damage to an expensive dog or to some part of your highly prized anatomy. Wild boar are extremely fast animals. The tusk found on wild boar can grow to several inches in length and are very sharp, honed by a "whetter" that grows from the upper jaw at a right angle. If a tusk is accidentally broken, its replacement grows up from the bottom gum line. An irate wild boar with tusks popping and bristles raised, is an impressive



Roger and Tom with their Telico hogs.

sight indeed. After a few pictures and several handshakes, we gutted the boar and dragged him about 400 yards to a road to be picked up later and headed to where Roger was hunting.

Just minutes before the hounds began chasing my hog, Roger had wounded a large black boar with his S & W Model 25, .45 Long Colt, using a load of Lyman No. 452423 238 grain solid, 20.0 grains of No. 2400 powder, CCI No. 300 primers and R-P brass. Upon hiking back to the area near the spring where the boar was last seen, Jim and I found Joe, T-Bone, the guide, and Roger, looking for the wounded boar with little luck. We searched until almost dark when a light drizzle set in, so very reluctantly, we gave up for the night.

Early the next morning, another hunter unknowingly shot and killed the wounded boar. After examining the hog, Joe said the other hunter had clearly fired the killing shot. But if he was happy and if Roger agreed to his keeping it, Roger could try for another boar that evening. Like true sportsmen, both men agreed and everyone was happy with the deal. Following a hasty lunch, we got the dogs out and once more headed across mountain and hollow at a fast pace. After about 45 minutes, the dogs opened up on a boar and we set out running in their direction. Reaching them, we discovered they had surrounded another black boar. Carefully working to within 15 yards of the hog, Roger aimed and fired, and except for a large red spot that appeared just back to the left shoulder, nothing happened. The boar broke and ran a short ways and was stopped by the dogs again. Roger fired once more and the hog never flinched from the impact of the Colt slug. After absorbing four heavy .45 Colt loads and running almost 100 yards, the boar went down and Roger had his trophy.

You can use the still hunting method at Telico if you wish, but the best bet for scoring on a boar is by the use of the dogs. At the beginning of the hunt, I had harbored second thoughts about boar hunting with hounds, but believe me, it is a challenging sport. The dogs know their business and all of them carry the scars to prove it. Several have been killed by boar and by careless

hunters, so listen to your guide and do what he says. Your guide is there for your benefit.

A handgun hunter has several distinct advantages over a rifle hunter in this steep, rocky, grown up terrain. Both hands are often needed to negotiate the hills and brush and to drag out the game. Also most shots are at relatively close range. My boar was killed at a range of approximately 20 feet. I most heartily suggest nothing smaller than a .41 caliber, 200 grain Keith style or jacketed bullet loaded as heavily as is safe and accurate for you. The diminutive .357 Magnum is certainly too small as I see it, here if you wound an animal and lose it, you've bought it, so use a gun and load heavy enough for the job at hand.

I highly recommend Telico Junction to handgun hunters. The country is rugged and beautiful, the guides are excellent, the accommodations are top notch, the game exciting, and when you leave Telico, you'll take the memories of places like Heart Attack Mountain, Middle Ridge, The Swamp, and Piece of Pines. You'll remember the dogs . . . Smokin' Joe, Bill, Daisy and Red. If you're good enough, you'll take home some fine eating pork and an animal worthy of any handgun hunter . . . a trophy wild boar.



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## Redhawk *Continued From Page 13*

I like the Redhawk. It is not perfect, but all in all, it is a massive well-built .44 magnum revolver and worth its \$325 price tag. Anyone who pays more than retail because they can't wait for a Redhawk through regular channels is very foolish. Blued models have been promised in the future. I hope this will really come to pass.

In all the firing with the Redhawk, I experienced no malfunctions whatsoever. This is very rare for an out-of-the-box factory revolver and is my first such experience in many years.

and bristles raised, is an impressive sight indeed. After a few pictures and several handshakes, we gutted the boar and dragged him about 400 yards to a road to be picked up later and headed to where Roger was hunting.

# 1980's . . . GOOD MEMORIES

By Bill Buckman

1980 . . . all we have left of that year now are memories. The memories I have as far as handgunning is concerned are great, and I shall share some of them with you.

I had several interesting as well as successful hunts during 1980, in addition to learning a few timely lessons I won't soon forget. The year didn't end as exciting as it began, although it was rewarding from the experience standpoint.

The 1980 adventures started with the big Northeast Texas Boar I took in January. (This story I shared with you in the October issue.) Now for the rest of the year. . .

In March, I interrupted my hog hunting with a Corsican Ram hunt. (Since January, I had really gotten into hunting hogs, although of late, primarily for capture and photography.) The invitation for Ram came from my good friend, George Dvorak of Paris Taxidermy Studio in Paris, Texas. George had made arrangements for a group to go Ram and Spanish Goat hunting in the South Texas Hill country. Everything was set for the first full weekend in March. Now I had worked up, earlier, a new load in my Custom 10", 30 Herrett T/C and boy was I anxious to try it out on medium sized game! The load was a Sierra 125 grain Spitzer, powered at 2240 FPS, by 29 g. N200, sparked by CCI 200 primers. With the help of a 4X EER Leupold, the load was grouping well, and was "popping" my T-1 turkey at just slightly low of center from a lying down, competition type position. Finally, March 7th arrived. A total of five hunters were sitting on go, ready for the long seven hour drive it would take us to get to Hunters Creek Ranch. The ranch is located some 15 miles southeast of the historical German town of Fredricksburg and just four miles from the famous Leukenback, Texas. Three of us had been to the ranch on a Spanish Goat hunt in 1978, so we were aware of the impressively nice people and fine facilities there; nothing fancy, but very comfortable and accommodating.

The ranch is run by an elderly German fellow named C. R. Schultz and his son-in-law, Russell Thomas. Mr. Schultz is a spunky fellow, somewhere in his 70s, who doesn't pressure you . . . he just carries you around on his 2-3 thousand acres, letting you leisurely glass around in search of that possible trophy. You can then go about hunting it in your chosen method. Mr. Thomas guides in somewhat the same way with absolutely no pressure whatsoever. If you can't find anything in particular you want, that's fine. Spend the rest of the day just talking, visiting, and listening to Mr. Thomas. Talk about someone with some tall tales and interesting anecdotes. He is one of the veterinarians for the famed Y O Ranch. Being deeply involved in many of their research projects, you can imagine some of the varied and informative tales he has to offer.

It was nearly 10 p.m. when we arrived at the ranch. We unpacked our gear and checked into the lower cabin which has separate bunks, a shower and a large kitchen. We had used this same cabin in 1978 and it sets on the bank of a beautiful clear spring water pond that is just absolutely loaded with black bass. After getting squared

away, we headed for Leukenback for a cold brew. Nothing much exciting there anymore, so we were back at camp, "hitting the sack", by midnight. The next morning, after a big, hardy breakfast, we were ready to roll by 8. Ray, Jim and George went with Russell, and Mark and I went with Mr. Schultz. We saw several nice Rams in the first hour or so, but it was early, and we weren't in any hurry. Actually, most of what we had seen seemed a little on the "too tame" side for me. This was due mostly to the terribly dry conditions, forcing them into grazing like domestic livestock. As we drove into the main hunting pasture, we met the others coming out. Ray had taken a beautiful deep red and black caped Spanish Goat with nice horns. We continued hunting, and they took the Goat in before going after the Rams. The pasture we were looking in now was near a section in acres with a lot of hills and valleys with heavy cedar breaks and brush. This would make a good pasture to hunt, if I could glass in a Ram that I liked. In one valley, we glassed some beautiful Spanish Goats with a small band of good Rams close by, but we would continue looking for something possibly better.

After a while, George and I teamed up with Russell for the rest of the day. Now at the end of the day, everyone had something hanging in the convenient walk-in cooler except George and me. We had actually seen some good horns, but what we wanted were pretty capes with good Mouflon-Barbados characteristics as well. We would continue hunting the combination the next morning but only after some of that great German food nearby Fredricksburg had to offer and a good night's rest. Driving to the high hills and glassing the valleys, from one hill we looked into a valley nearly a mile away. This was the same valley we had seen the Goats and Rams the morning before, and sure enough, the "Billies" were there with the band of Rams grassing along behind. We loaded up and headed to the valley for a closer look. Before spooking the band off, we had seen two with fair horns, beautiful rusty capes and long black lower manes. George and I set out after the spooked band of six Rams. Moving at a fast pace, they were headed single file, across the ridge above the valley. We hurried up into the hills of live oaks and cedar, trying to get ahead of them, but as they were traveling quite fast, they were still ahead of us. Although they did seem to be slowing up a bit, it was still impossible for me to get a good shot. We decided to keep climbing and possibly work up to a position in front of them. We wanted to be where we could set and glass at them a while to pick out the one of our choice. Now in hunting Corsican, you should be very sure of your choice when you pull the trigger, because I guarantee you, he will look small when you walk upon him after the shot. To make matters worse, they look so different staring at you than they do broadside. They can move around on you, switching places behind bushes and boulders, so you must be very careful and sure before you shoot, or you could be severely disappointed. Anyway, we were just about to get ahead of the Rams, finally, when we noticed we were also moving closer to the Goats,

and we didn't want to stampede them off. Backing up from the Goats, we set the Rams fleeing. They were headed down the hill, but near the ranch's tall perimeter fence, so we were pretty sure they would travel to our left. Off we go again to get ahead of them. The Sheep seemed to sense some sort of predator was after them, for when they stopped, they were really gazing over the entire hillside. We were now able to get within some 175 yards of the band. Seriously glassing them now, we tried to keep a few live oaks and cedar and brush between us and the band to prevent further spooking. My Zeiss 8-20 B Binoculars now revealed the two or three Rams with the pretty capes with seemingly the best horns being on a sandy colored Ram. Somehow I still felt I wanted the dark cape for a wall hanging trophy, so we remained hidden, glassing some more, and letting the animals settle down. Two of them by now were grazing, and two were staring our way. The distance, I decided, was just too far away to try for a shot. I felt that if I could make it to the grove of trees 25 yards or so in front of us, I might get a shot. We put a tree between us and the two staring Rams and started our crawl and slide to a closer distance.

We made it, and the two prospects were now closely mingling around, mixing us up as to which is the best. Letting my binoculars down, I slid into a shooting position. George, only a few yards behind me, constantly held his glasses on the Ram I had decided upon. I put the duplex reticle about 8 inches up in the animal's shoulder, calling the distance about 150 yards. The position felt real good as I eased back on the hammer. I told George to keep his binoculars on the Ram and began the trigger squeeze. The Herrett roared and the Ram was hit. These animals, although small, sometimes are rather hard to kill, so we watched it closely. He wasn't down, but it seemed to be hit good. I wondered now if my 125 Spitzer had done its job as I quickly loaded again. The other Rams were running off and the hit Ram tried to go with them. We got ahead of them in time to watch the hit Ram keep going down, falling further behind his buddies. Finally, he was alone, but was still trying to struggle up on his feet. I caught my breath and moved up on him for about an 80 yard finishing shot, which layed the ram on over. As I walked up on the Ram, I felt what I realized many Corsican hunters must have felt . . . he just was not as good a Ram as I had thought! I even felt I had gotten the two dark ones mixed up before the shot, but it was too late. Fortunately, he had a beautiful cape and an 8 1/2 x 2 3/4 set of horns. I was thinking, "He will look good on the wall, George will see to that, and I will always recall the long and tiring stalk, climaxed with a good 150 yard shot with a handgun." After the field dress and the long tote to the truck, we took some pictures and proceeded with the hunt for the other dark Ram for George, which he finally succeeded in taking.

Here is a good place to tell about the bullet performance on the Ram. . . Since it was beginning to heat up, putting the flies to buzzing, we didn't spend much time examining the internals, but all in all, I was not too pleased with the visual sign of the hit . . . in a word, it was "poor". The first hit was low on the shoulder, busting the leg, and it looked as though the bullet barely made it inside the

chest cavity. I believe the broken leg was what was primarily putting the animal down, being helped some, of course, by internal bleeding and air intake . . . not enough penetration though for me to be satisfied with. It appeared that the second shot busted the stomach after entering the rib cage . . . still no exit. All this makes me believe maybe I had better stick with my .44's for medium sized game, and the .30H for varminting. You know if I'm not mistaken, a fellow named J. D. something may have just assured me of that a month or so earlier. I think I'm understanding J. D., and hope others are listening . . . 30 caliber rifle bullets in bottleneck caliber handguns just don't always do too fantastic on game past 100 yards. Like me, though, I'm sure others will have to learn the hard way for themselves.

Now . . . to continue on with the 1980's. . .

Most all summer weekends were spent on the road with the Silhouette game, but early north winds of October sent me to my range to start serious practice with my whitetail handgun, a Custom T/C .44-14". This bark of this gun had bagged a buck the last two years at my lease at Oakridge Hunting Camp in Northeast Red River County. These hunts I shared with you in the December 1979 and April 1980 issues and I surely wanted 1980 to be another good year. One thing for sure, I don't get any "ribbing" from the rifle hunters, for my handguns have bagged a buck at this camp for me for the last three years, and by 9:30 the first morning, the rifle hunters could chalk up number four for me. This year's Oakridge buck stepped out in front of me while in the stand of three years past at about 65 to 70 yards. I can't tell you all about the excitement of him crashing through the brush and all that jazz because . . . well, because I was asleep. That's right . . . I was dozing. I just happened to look up, saw some horns, cocked the 44, laid it up on a rest and fired. That's all there was to it. The buck took off like a streak of lightning, making me think I

Continued On Page 16

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had been too sleepy-eyed and missed. I remember so little about what had just taken place when I got out of the stand to look for a blood trail I couldn't even remember where the deer was standing. All had happened so fast that about all the concentration was on bullet placement. I remembered laying the crosshairs low on the shoulder for I sight in 3-4" high on a 100 meter pig at my range . . . should have hit him. I looked where I thought maybe he ran, but no buck! I decided maybe he was a little further down. Yep . . . piled up dead as could be, about 40 yards out in the brush. Guess he had to run out that last breath. The 7-point buck was hit about 4" above the heart by the 240 Sierra HC (24 gr. H110-1690 FPS). Only broken bones were one or two ribs, good expansion through the lungs before exiting between opposite ribs . . . all just missing the shoulder blade. (Must have pulled slightly). I surely was pleased with the buck but just couldn't recall much since I had "shot him right out of a dream."

Well, I didn't know at the time that that was only buck No. 1 for 1980 for in about three weeks, I was hunting an old blind in South Texas for buck No. 2. Here the handgun is strictly a maybe. My handgun stand there was a cedar bush on a ledge overlooking a dry river bed just to the side of the Nueces River. I could see 200 yards in some places, but the location seemed as though it would offer some good shots at less than 100 yards if a buck came by. Hunting was poor due to a heavy drought of summer, killing hundreds of deer, plus the weather was very foggy. Finally, Friday afternoon the fog lifted slightly, and a buck showed himself to me at about 200 yards. I gave him plenty of time and sure enough, he started toward me. He got about 60 yards from me, but I just couldn't get a shot at him before he disappeared in the brush. Seconds later he turned and stepped into the dry river bed at about 90 yards. I set the 44 up on a dead limb and laid the duplex of the Leupold on him. I fired and he staggered about 10 to 15 yards and fell. This buck was a little more exciting, for I had seen him come, thought I had lost him, and then took him with a good shoulder shot at an impressive 85 to 90 yards. The 240 Sierra JHC again busted the lungs and went through two shoulders. A very successful handgun hunting year 1980 was . . . a trophy boar, Corsican ram, and two bucks. Bet I can't top it in 1981, but I'll have fun trying, and I'll still have these 1980 memories. Hope to share more with you soon . . . happy handgunning.



## FIRING LINE

Pachmayr sent me a set of improved T/C grips to try on the 45-70. They are much stronger than before, 100% at least. The shape is the same but they have added some metal inside. I shot 70 rounds of heavy loads with the new grips on, without damaging them. After 70 rounds, I took the grip off and the only thing wrong was the screw was just starting to twist. The old style grip would have never made it 20 rounds of these loads. Thanks to Pachmayr for improving their product to help improve our shooting. By the way, SSK T/Cs work, over 700 heavy

loads through my 45-70 and it still locks up tight!

Jerry Highland, No. 99

I have hunted from upstate New York, Auburn, NY where I was born and raised, through 30 or so states, Germany, Austria, Japan, Korea, Viet Nam, Cambodia, Hawaii . . . but the Pacific N.W. rates as good as any hunting anywhere I have been.

Bob Vibbert, No. 1161

Having read "My Corner" in the most recent SIXGUNNER, I was somewhat upset about your comments on the 6X Burris Pistol Scope. First off, I had one on order; secondly, it arrived that same day. It was tagged indicating optimum eye relief of 14". I also sent to Wally Siebert for his literature per your suggestion.

Your comment about, "12-20-24X conversions to pistol scopes", must have been an unintended error and the 12X you claim to have is perhaps one converted to 6X.

I placed my 6X Burris and a 4X Leupold side by side. By my eyeball, the 4X Leupold has 4" more optimum eye relief than the 6X Burris. I do have to agree with you that the eye relief becomes strained beyond 16", while the 4X Leupold does have "unrestricted" eye relief per the NRA. My reference to "optimum" eye relief is that point where the maximum viewing area of the scope equals the physical dimensions of the objective lens. At closer distances, you appear to look down a tunnel, at further distances, only the apparent view of the reticle shrinks in the 4X Leupold. In the 6X Burris, there is an obvious reduction in viewing area with clouthing of the outer perimeter. This is much like ordinary rifle scopes appear under the same conditions.

Siebert does not claim more than 15" — but what are his criteria/definitions, etc.? Your bias for Siebert products is probably warranted and in comparison, the negative comment on the 6X Burris.

I've since used my 6X Burris on an XP100 and I can live with its limitations. To purchase a Leupold 12X and have it converted by Siebert would cost me 2½ times that of the 6X Burris . . . I can live with the 6X Burris.

Sorry to be so critical, but some of your comments do not agree with the Siebert literature and must certainly have caused others the confusion it caused me. Earl Propher, No. 25

**Editor's Note:** I'll stick by my opinion that a scope that isn't useable at full arms length on a pistol is not a pistol scope. It can be used, of course, but not effectively. Effectively to me means on moving game, offhand and on hard kickers in the field. I would consider 12" to 16" eye relief on an XP .308 or 45-70 T/C and many others to be hazardous to the shooter in recoil, of limited value in offhand shooting, and positively a handicap on moving game. For load testing or some variations of varminting, eye relief isn't of critical importance. Siebert's literature does not mention the 24X Leupold converted to 12X with adequate eye relief. I haven't measured it and eye alignment with the scope tube is critical — but eye relief is not. Siebert's rig isn't perfect, but it's the best I've seen for testing. Maybe Gary Geraud will tell us about it in detail — How 'bout it, Gary? . . . JDJ

In Sierra's manual, in fastest to slowest burning rate chart, they list H4227 and IMR4227 together and the same for H4198 and IMR4198. Are they interchangeable?

Got .411 barrel and put a few rounds through it even though I don't have any sights on it. Regular .411 dies would make reloading easier, but can't afford it now, so will stay with .41 Mag. dies for a while.

I worked from 32 gr. to 40 gr. W-W 680 with a 210 gr. Sierra H.P. Ought to see what it does to water filled paint cans and Clorox bottles at 20 feet. After shooting one can, I heard this clanging sound overhead and saw a gallon paint can lid falling down through a 40-foot Ash tree. It blows cans into one flat jagged piece of sheet metal.

Recoil is about the same as hot 30-30 150 gr. loads, not bad at all. Of course, Pachmayr helps here. Got slight primer flattening in hotter loads. Primer set back was apparent in higher loads, but not in light ones. All cases fell freely from chamber. If anyone else has a .411 JDJ, I'd be glad to hear about your load development. Dave A. Kline, No. 545

**Editor's Note:** Generally, I think the H and IMR series powders are interchangeable except in possibly max loads. Lot to lot variation must be watched. The 210 gr. 41 bullets will totally blow on one gallon water cans from the .411. Primer set back is due to excessive headspace. Don't size too much. . . . JDJ

Being a charter member has been and always will be a privilege. The magazine is worthwhile and educational as well as entertaining. My two boys get a big kick out of the hunting stories. I feel they learn from the true experiences written about and by everyday, ordinary folks. Here is my renewal dues for membership number 871. Jim Brayton, No. 871

I've been hunting with a handgun for several years, mostly for small game and varmints, but also for deer and our native wild boar, in season. I have a small pack of Plott hounds I run on the boar and coon, and I hope to turn them loose on my first black bear this year. Maybe you could give me some clues on a good place to bear hunt in the East. (Editor's Note: How about it, guys?)

I really enjoy the SIXGUNNER. I read it front to back as soon as it arrives. I hope to send in a tale or two before long. Thanks for a good magazine and fine organization.

Frank Davis, No. 88

Mr. Welsh,

I enjoyed your article in the Feb. '81 SIXGUNNER. I have a custom Super Blackhawk .44 Mag (shortened to 4-5/8" and mag-na-ported). I'm looking for a belt holster to carry it hunting, fishing and on general outings. I have on order from El Paso Saddlery a Model 1920 'Threepersons' holster for my Ruger Single Six .22 and perhaps the same model for the .44 would be fine. Will try the .22 first. Anyway, I would appreciate knowing what type of belt holster you have the best luck with. J. L. Rhodes, No. 1169

J. L.

I carry my "short" Ruger .44 Mag in a No. 120 Keith Holster ordered from George Lawrence Co., 306 S.W. 1st Ave., Portland, OR 97204. It's a handsome, high ride, fast draw, well made holster originally designed by Elmer Keith. It fits the 4-5/8" Ruger as though custom made for the revolver. Tom Welsh, No. 31

Just finished reading my April '81 HHI and I really enjoyed your article about a possible hog hunt in Georgia next year. I didn't know that they had wild hogs there.

Comes this October, a friend and I will be heading down to Georgia for a deer hunt. This will be my first try for a deer or any big game with a handgun. I have hunted small game such as rabbits and squirrels for years with a handgun. My three favorites are old model Ruger Single Six in 22/22 Magnum, a Colt Woodsman 22 Sport Model, and an S & W Model 10.38 Special. The .38 Special when loaded with a 155 grain hardcast Keith type semiwadcutter in front of 5 grains of Unique makes a hell of a fine rabbit gun. The hardcast bullet does not expand and even with a body hit, it will not damage a lot of meat. But most of the time, I like to use the Colt Woodsman.

For my deer hunt, I plan on using my Ruger Super Blackhawk 44 Magnum. Again, I plan on using a hardcast 250 grain Keith semiwadcutter. My usual heavy loads are that bullet with either 23 grains of WW 296 or 23 grains of H-110, and CCI 350 primers for either powder.

I talked to the man in Georgia who we will hunt with and he told me it will be hunting from blinds or a tree stand. The ranges average 30 to 60 yards. So I plan on doing a lot of practice at long range shooting this summer. The only trouble is that here in the Chicago area, there are not that many outdoor pistol ranges. We have one that has a 50 yard range, but it is only open a couple of days a week.

I guess this will be it for now. Take care, and keep the SIXGUNNER coming. Richard Manka, No. 331

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