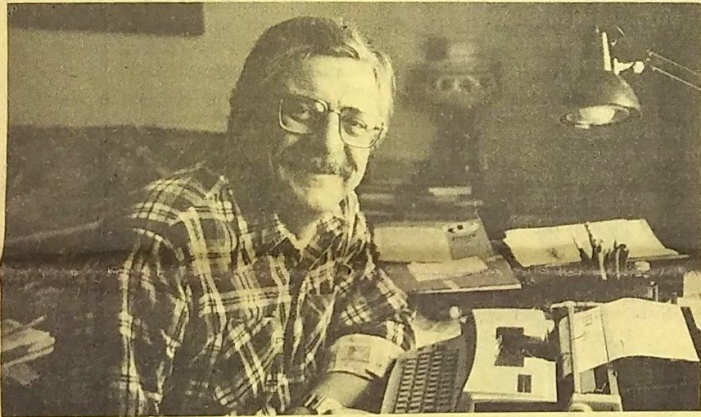




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

Soap Box Time:

An awful lot has happened since I sat down to write this for the last issue. Much of it had at least the potential of affecting you directly; if not now, in the future.

I cannot help but wonder what kind of shape we, as handgunners, would be in had Reagan not been elected and Carter, with nothing to lose as a second term President, been in office again in view of the anti-gun movement stirred up by the anti-gun media and individuals using the Halberstam and Lennon killings to their best advantage. Certainly we cannot relax one bit simply due to Reagan's being elected, but I fear many feel shooters have it made for the next four years. Nothing can be further from the truth.

The anti-gun anti-hunting individuals and media are not stupid. They very effectively use their money and tools of communication to reach out for the support of the average individual sitting in front of the tube or reading.

No one can be knowledgeable about every issue. We are influenced by what we see and hear much more than we are by our own individual critical analysis of fact. Face up to it . . . the average person sits in front of the TV and is directly influenced by a rapid, no fact, glossed over, probably highly biased 30

second synopsis of an issue. Look at your local news program critically if you want a demonstration. Our anti-gun, anti-hunting opponents have very demanding pressures exerted on them, too. Pete Shields of Handgun Control, Inc. says he is only opposed to handguns and long guns are ok. At what point . . . and why . . . or when will that attitude change and "control" become "confiscation".

One leading anti-gun proponent told me, with the understanding I would not reveal who he was, that during a fund raising function in California primarily attended by individuals in the musical entertainment business, he stated he was not in favor of disarming the police and military in answer of a question from the audience. He was "booed", screamed at, and a majority of the audience walked out on him over this issue.

The truth of the matter is that there are presently laws against murder in an effort to "control" murder. I fail to see how anyone can believe that anyone who had decided to take the life of another is going to be stopped by a "gun-knife-club-stocking-finger law."

Halberstam's killer was an escaped convict of six years duration. The gun he used was stolen from an F.B.I. agent's home. D.C. laws are very

Continued On Page 2



SUPER SPOOKY

By Larry Kelly, No. 2

1980 was a year for hunting. The shop was running smoothly. The times I could get away just happened to coincide with a few trips that came up at the last minute. I thought I was going to have to give up on a Wyoming antelope hunt for the year when Bill Wicka, a friend who is very active in the Detroit Chapter of the Safari Club dropped into the shop one day and said, "Let's go antelope hunting."

I said, "Bill, you must be crazy. I can't just drop everything and go antelope hunting right now."

"When can you go?" he asked.

I thought for a few seconds and

replied with a big grin, "Tomorrow morning."

We got to Casper the next day at 4 o'clock, saw the town and met outfitter Dick Page at 5 the next morning. I hadn't met Dick before, and having met quite a few guides and outfitters, to say I was impressed was an understatement. Dick runs a huge outfit; working 35 guides throughout millions of acres in the Casper area. He was definitely in control of the operation and knew what was going on with each of the parties he had booked. As I watched Dick conduct his business, I thought to myself that if our military

Continued On Page 3

tough. The gun that was used in the Lennon incident was legally purchased in Hawaii which has very tough gun laws. It was illegally transported to New York, and illegally possessed and used there. Unfortunately, neither the highly restrictive D.C., Hawaii, nor New York laws have saved anyone's life.

Bill Clede, who handles S & W public relations for Charles Palm Co. furnished a transcript of David Brinkley's comment on NBC Magazine aired December 13, 1980. That is probably the most realistic comment on the subject to appear, other than in the "Gun Media". . . Quote:

"John Lennon, of the Beatles, of course, did far more than sing their marvelous songs. Those who, as the French so delicately put it, those who are of a certain age grew up with Frank Sinatra singing his songs — but he only sang, he did not lead a whole generation of young people to let their hair grow and to change their way of dressing and to change their way of thinking and behaving, and Lennon's murder therefore has angered the world. To quote the *London Times*, "once again, in America, an assassin has found it a matter of absurd simplicity to destroy a life at a whim." And there are again calls for gun control. None would oppose gun control if he thought it would work. But this country has tried to control alcohol, gambling, prostitution, narcotics and failed in each case. Gun control, if anyone knows how to do it? But how many public and private persons have been shot by killers with criminal records covering page after page but who nevertheless are still free to roam the streets?

"Thank you and good night."
So far, you probably generally agree with this column. The following is a quote from the *New York Daily News*.

Guns For Sportsmen, Of Course . . . Of Course Why?

By Bob Greene

It was a busy morning on the radio talk show. The topic of discussion was the murder of John Lennon, and most of the callers wanted to express their opinions on gun control. Many were for it. "Of course," one voice said, "we're only talking about handguns here. No one is suggesting that rifles be taken away from hunters and sportsmen."

Of course. Every time the subject of gun laws comes up, people are quick to exclude the "sportsmen" from any possible sanctions. Hunters aren't in the same category as street killers, the theory goes; hunters are solid, decent, respectable Americans. Well, maybe I'm a minority of one, but I've never agreed. Hunters, it seems to me, are sick — sick in a different way than street killers are sick, but sick just the same.

A person who murders another human being is usually doing it while filled with some sort of emotional passion. Ten minutes before he pulled the trigger, he might not have done it, and 10 minutes later, he might not do it. For an instant, though, he is filled with the awful killing instinct, and he takes a life. Often he regrets it later.

A hunter, on the other hand, plans months in advance. He reads up on his subject. He prepares his weapon. He joins friends. And then, sanctioned by the law and by public opinion, he goes

out to kill an animal he has never seen before, and that has done him no harm. Why? He likes to kill, that's why. He enjoys the sight of seeing an animal bleed to death. He is turned on by the extinguishing of another life. If that sounds perverted, you understand me precisely. We are talking about perverts here.

Maybe it's because I can't conceive of having fun by killing something that I have such contempt for these people. But the day is long gone when hunters truly hunted for food — an infinitesimally small portion of hunters are out there because they need to be to sustain themselves. Most hunters are there because something inside them makes them feel good to watch a living thing die.

They call themselves "sportsmen." What a joke. Unlike other sports, hunting takes little agility, no physical conditioning, no speed. Any slob with a gut full of booze can go into the woods and — if his weapon is powerful enough, if his telescopic sight is strong enough — stands a good chance of making a kill.

In a way, the hunters are much more pathetic than people who arm themselves to the teeth in the name of "self-defense." The latter are acting out of genuine fear; it might not be wise to keep loaded guns around the house, but at least the people who are doing it have no real desire to see anyone else die. They just have become so frightened by the times that they have succumbed to the perceived need for protection.

Hunters, though, unlike the nervous homeowner who keeps a pistol in the drawer of the night table, do not talk of fear. They are the aggressors. No one is out to get them, and they know it. They wake up on a weekend morning, have a hearty breakfast, say good-bye to the wife and children, and go out in the hopes of seeing something die.

They polish their weapons and select their bullets with care and talk about which rifles have the most killing power. Their fetish becomes ritual; it is twisted in the textbook meaning of the term, and only because their pursuit has become so all-American do they escape the scrutiny of their neighbors.

Now you see how you are seen by many of your enemies. The fact that those enemies still eat meat that has been killed and processed by someone else and that they themselves may not have the guts to kill, gut and eat what they themselves killed means absolutely nothing. The handgun fight is political and individual. It is up to each of us to set good examples, write letters to newspapers, TV stations and politicians and in individual conversations attempt to retain our right to keep our guns.

Here in Ohio we have many friends in the Ohio Department of Natural Resources. Last year I asked the ODNR to conduct a feasibility study on allowing handgun hunting for deer. Presently, any rifle or handgun is legal for hunting small game or varmints. Only shotguns with rifled slug, muzzle-loaders and bow and arrow are legal for deer. I quote in part the ODNR reply:

"We have researched and discussed the possibility of handgun deer hunting in Ohio. We have contacted seven eastern states which currently allow the use of handguns. One factor in common to all these states was that

handguns were only permitted for deer hunting in conjunction with their rifle hunting season and only in those areas open to rifle hunting of deer.

Ohio has never allowed the use of modern high powered rifles for deer hunting. In reviewing handgun requirements necessary to effectively and efficiently kill deer, we feel that the bullet range and trajectory would create a safety problem in Ohio, as would modern rifles.

The Division of Wildlife will not be proposing a handgun deer hunting season at the public fish and game hearings."

Steve H. Cole
Executive Administrator
Wildlife Management
& Research

Coincidentally, I'm sure, the letter was dated a couple of weeks after the Lennon murder. I'm not about to try to argue with or pick apart the logic of the letter here. The letter gave the ODNR answer to a question I had asked them, explaining their answer and outlining my options clearly and concisely. I lost a "battle", but I'm not about to concede loss of the "war". In fact, I'm optimistic of winning it!

Washington is the last Western State not allowing handgun hunting of big game. Bob Vibbert sent the following letter from the Washington Department of Game which he received in reply to his inquiry concerning handgun hunting.

I quote in part:

"Handguns are dangerous in most hands. We do not have pistol seasons because it would encourage "fast draw" artists to shoot themselves and their hunting partners. Also, the pistol was not designed as a hunting weapon. It is used for law enforcement and self protection. Most pistols are extremely inaccurate, except at very close range."

L. D. Parsons, Manager
Big Game Management Program

Now, do you think you have problems with your Fish & Game people? I think in this age of communication, uninformed, prejudiced officials of this caliber are few and far between. Ted Krauss, Route 1, Box 326, Spokane, WA 99204 has something going in Washington. Write him and offer him help or encouragement instead of writing the Washington Department of Game.

Well, that's enough of that. Olin Corp. has decided to sell the company's Winchester Sporting Arms business in the U. S. Colt is discontinuing the Single Action again, although some will be produced throughout 1981. There is no plan to re-introduce it later, but Colt states that if it ever happens, there will be significant changes in the features and characteristics of the guns. The Python will soon be available in .22 rimfire. Sterling Arms is showing a prototype one-shooter that clearly resembles the T/C in profile. Hornady's new bullet board looks good and will soon be on dealers shelves. Their new loading manual is right around the corner.

Pacific's upcoming 007 press is a workhorse 07. Bigger, stronger and more rugged than the 07, it will provide additional leverage for resizing and bullet swaging. Its frame is cast from a strontium alloy. Norma has assigned the plus P rating to the .38 Special Magnum round. The performance of the cartridge is unchanged, giving 1225 FPS from a 4" revolver. They have also made the 7.62 x 39 (Russian short-AK-47, etc.)

available in the U.S. Texan Reloaders 444 Cips St., Watscka, IL 60970 is now in the silhouette target business. S & W has gone hog wild with new products. There is a new hunting type holster, a series of four inexpensive knives, a new "slimline" holster for small and medium frame revolvers, a folding knife with a screwdriver blade, a swingblade "work" knife, a Commemorative belt buckle and a .38 Special round designed for the Chiefs Special. It uses a 125 grain nyclad bullet at 825 FPS. Old West Inc., P.O. Box 2030, Chula Vista, CA 92012 has a new catalog for a buck. I've been using an Old West rig for a Security Six for about a year and it's a good rig for the money. Mixed reports on the Redhawk. Some like it, some don't. Some say poor fit and finish, gritty action; others can't praise it enough. Uniform reports on heavy single action pull. Some comment on rough bores and leading. I expect normal Ruger quality when production is stabilized. Dan Wesson's .44s were delayed a little. Should be some on the way now.

Sierra's new catalog shows Mike Bussard's touch. It's a dandy and several new bullets are offered. Write for yours. 10532 S. Painter Ave., Santa Fe Springs, CA 90670. WW has a new .25 ACP Lubaloy round with a steel ball hollow point nose. At 835 FPS from a 2", it give 70 ft./lbs. energy and should expand.

S & W will introduce their new "L" Frame, Python "Look Alike at half the price" at the NRA Show in May.

HORNADY SUCCUMBS

Joyce Hornady, President of Hornady Manufacturing, and two Hornady employees, Edward Heers and James Garber were killed in an aircraft accident while attempting to land at New Orleans on January 16, 1981. All three were well known and widely respected in the firearms industry.

OAHA

The Outstanding American Handgunner Awards Dinner will be held in conjunction with the NRA annual meetings in Denver, May 1, 1981, at the Hilton Hotel.

You'all are all invited. Don't know the exact details yet but drop a line to OAHA, P.O. Box 45-70, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910, and I'll see you get a personal invitation.

Looks as if about ten HHI members are planning to be there already. Don't know what's going to happen, but you can be sure we'll have a good time.

This is your opportunity to meet some of the greats in the Firearms Industry. Many will be there and available to talk with.

If enough HHI members go, we'll try to set up a luncheon, breakfast, or beer bust.

If you have never attended the NRA Show, the Show itself would be a worthwhile experience. The displays of guns and accessories are mind boggling.

The *Sixgunner* is published bi-monthly by J.D. Jones, Director of Handgun Hunters International and circulated to members of the organization. Rates are \$12.50 per year. Second Class Postage ISSN: 0199-8943 paid at Bloomingdale, Ohio. For change of address, mail new address, old address and membership number to: HHI — P.O. Box 357 Mag, Bloomingdale, OH 43910.

Super Spooky *Continued From Page 1*
was run like this, I'd feel much safer.

Dick introduced us to our guide, John Stevenson, who is a taxidermist in Casper when he isn't hunting. We got to our hunting area about day-break. It was very near the end of the season, and the antelope were super spooky. Some antelope were spooked by the truck at a distance of a mile. I started getting worried after seeing several bunches run at the sight of the truck.

John must have been reading the look on my face as he said, "I don't want to insult you, Mister, but can you shoot that thing?," referring to my .375 JDJ T/C with a 14" barrel and a scope and carrying strap hanging on it. I said, "Yes, but not if the antelope are running at 200 to 300 yards."

Within an hour, Bill shot a 13" antelope at about 200 yards with his Remington 700 chambered for the 7MM Remington Magnum. I knew I couldn't have made the shot with a handgun and got a little more discouraged.

Late in the day we were working a hilly area — much better handgun country than the flat rolling hills we had been hunting.

We spotted a single buck out about 300 yards that looked as if he was watching another band a half mile away. We laid there and glassed him for over half an hour, thought up and rejected several plans to try for him and were about to give up on him when he started going toward the others. We figured he was gone and watched him as he moved out a hundred yards toward them, stopped, turned, and started toward us at an angle. I eased my cap off, put it on a clump of sage and rested the T/C on it when he dropped out of sight a few seconds. As I was laying down, I couldn't see him all of the time and sometimes only his horns or head was visible. I knew he was going to be a long shot if I got a shot at all. He started angling away a little but was still shortening the distance between us. It seemed like he was taking forever, just going slow and unaware of any danger. He was on my right and I either had to move to use the sage as a rest or move and lose it to shoot. I scooped around on my belly when all I could see was his horns. I knew he wasn't going to get any closer and made up my mind to try him if I got a chance and cocked the T/C. He suddenly threw up his head and horns. If I had been kneeling, I could have seen his whole body. I held my breath and tried to line up the crosshairs. No good, I just couldn't hold on him in an awkward position. I moved the gun to the right, looking for a hole he might be going through. I swung back on him and he started going at a half trot, half walk. I could see glimpses of his body and was about half lined up when his neck and shoulders came into view. The crosshairs automatically lined up on the shoulder-neck junction and I snapped one off. As the gun recoiled, I saw him going back and down like he got hit with both barrels of a .470 Nitro. As I jumped up reloading, I became aware of all the hollering the guide was doing. "I saw it but I don't believe it. I never saw anything like it . . . let me shoot that gun!"

Well, I wasn't too sure I believed it either, and went over to make sure it was for real. The 270 grain Hornady Spire Point had hit right at the front edge of the shoulders, taking the spine

out on its way through. The exit will require a little extra work for the taxidermist but it'll be ok. We paced the distance of the shot at 125 yards. My one day antelope hunt was over.

It's unusual for me to recommend an outfitter, but I'm impressed by Dick's operation. I spoke with several other of his hunters and all were very well pleased. He also books deer, elk, and moose hunts. I think he offers good hunts at reasonable prices. No guarantees. Handgunners are welcome, and for what I saw of Wyoming antelope, a flat shooting gun is helpful. For information, write: Dick Page, Inc., 1625 Holly, Casper, Wyoming, 82601.

Book Review **Handloading For Handgunners**

By Mike Slaybough, No. 807

The late Major Georé C. Nonte, Jr. was one of America's best known and most prolific gun writers. This is the last book on the subject of handgun handloading that he wrote.

This is one book that will be of value to both beginner and the old pro alike. A sampling of the contents include chapters on such things as: Why Handload?; The Basic Tools; Selecting the Right Load; Propellant Selection; Bullet Selection; Handloading for Maximum Accuracy; High Performance Loads; Chamber Pressure: How and Why?

I'd like to quote the statement from the cover of this book. "The science of reloading for the handgun is a world apart from that of the rifle. Here, for the first time in one book, is the information necessary to produce optimum performance, accuracy and economy in your handgun handloads." That hits pretty close to the mark as far as I'm concerned. It's an easy to read and understand book that deserves a place in your library.

It's published by Digest Books (No. 1 Northfield Plaza, Northfield, Ill. 60094) and retails for \$7.95.

ENCOUNTERS

By Tom Welsh, No. 31

It seems that we always enjoy reading hunting stories about men facing dangerous game in Africa, Alaska, or the Western U.S., where the outcome is often doubtful due to the nature of the game being hunted, close encounters, or surprises. Here in the land east of the Mississippi, we feel that we are remote from such excitement or risk. Well, maybe we are and maybe we aren't. There is always the chance that an unexpected happening in the backyard, or the next step around the bend of a creek will start the adrenaline pumping through the arteries. How would you like to open your basement door some night and find yourself standing nose to nose with a bear with bad breath? Or, be attacked by a dog that is enraged because you interrupt the act of a deer being torn apart? (Editor's Note: Pennsylvania has its problems, too.)

This summer my neighbor had left the outside basement door open during the day and about the time he was getting ready to go to bed, a small noise reminded him that the door hadn't closed. Thinking that his cat was up to mischief, he started for the basement to put things in order — imagine this,

no shoes, no shirt, armed only with a pair of faded blue jeans, you set forth to investigate "things that go bump in the night." Like I said, he opened the inside basement door and there was the bear ready to kiss him! First, his wife gave him hell for slamming the door so hard and screaming. Second, when he finally could speak, she didn't believe him, but she also wouldn't open the door to see if he was pulling her leg. Thirdly, there was no means of defense in the house as these people don't believe in having guns as someone may shoot themselves or their spouse in a moment of temporary insanity.

In any event, the bear evidently left as quickly as the door was slammed and everyone laughed a lot about the whole thing; but, in the back of everyone's mind was the unanswered question of what may have happened had he gone through the basement and closed the outside door with the bear somewhere inside. If the bear had become frightened and gone after him, the man's wife would have had to come to the aid of her husband with a fly swatter.

On another occasion, one of my shooting and hunting partners was in his backyard cutting firewood in preparation for the cold winter months coming when he became aware of the barking of dogs running the nearby woods. He had heard them before, but they had always gone over the divide. (He lives near a point here in Pennsylvania where water running off one side of the divide wanders to the East Branch of the Susquehanna to the Atlantic, and the water on the other side goes, eventually, to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico.) This time, however, the dogs seemed to be raising quite a ruckus just a few hundred yards back in the forest. He laid down his woodcutting tools, and thoughtfully, went to the house and loaded his Ruger Blackhawk .44 Mag., strapped it on and hiked back toward the noise. What he found was two dogs in the act of tearing the insides out of a small doe, bawling and trying to defend herself from her tormentors. He drew the big Ruger and without hesitation fired at the closest animal 25 yards away, instantly killing it. This immediately got the attention of the other dog. It didn't turn and run as was expected, but with raised hackles and bared teeth, the dog came snarling across that very small piece of God's Country with full intent of killing the man!

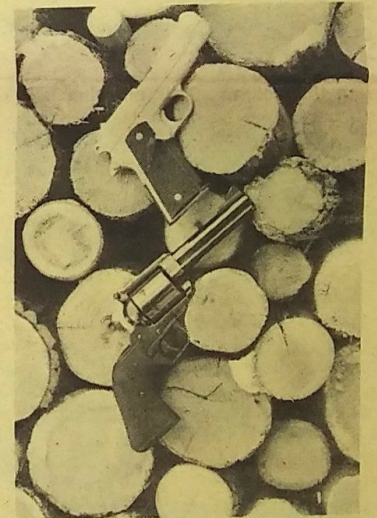
The hurried first shot was a bit off and didn't deter the maddened animal from its goal that appeared so within reach. The second shot, fired at spitting distance, almost stood the dog straight up as the 240 grain bullet tore through the animal, finally bringing to an end four seconds of lethal intent.

Now, I'm going to explain why I didn't name my partner. As law requires here in Pennsylvania, the incident was reported to a Game Commission Officer who came to the scene as quickly as he could. He found the deer disabled so badly that it had to be destroyed. Also, he found a license on the dog that had done the attacking and it wasn't long before the owner was located and charged with violation of the Game Laws of Pennsylvania. When the family was advised what had happened to their dog, they became very irate. Besides contesting the fine in court, they pressed charges for the killing of the dog. The Game Warden took money from his own pocket to help my friend put up "security" which the court levied to guarantee his

appearance at the hearing. With the officer's testimony and the animal being caught in the "Act", it didn't take the court long to dismiss the charges against my friend. But, the dog owner didn't fare so well, he paid some pretty stiff fines to the court. Some very bad feelings came out and my friend left the hearing shaken more than he was during the attack from the dog.

Talking with the Game Commission Officer proved that the attack wasn't that uncommon when dogs are in the "kill" state of mind. He had been attacked by dogs that he had stopped while they were pulling down deer. One was actually biting the muzzle end of his rifle with which he was trying to ward off the dog. He reported that one little squeeze of the trigger ended that uncomfortable affair.

When I go out for a stroll in Penns Woods to enjoy nature's wonders, I enjoy it a lot more when I have the Colt .45 Auto tucked under my vest, or the customized (by Mag-Na-Port) Ruger .44 Mag on my belt. It beats the dickens out of lugging around a big walking stick. I like to use the Remington 185 grain hollow points for the .45 Auto and the five inch Ruger works best with a handload of ten grains of Unique, pushing a Speer three quarter jacket 240 grain soft point. Both of these loads can be used for informal target practice and I believe there is still enough stuff there if I really need it. There is a myriad of handguns and ammo that may suit others better, but I really like those big bores. They are a joy to shoot and their solid weight makes you feel real good.



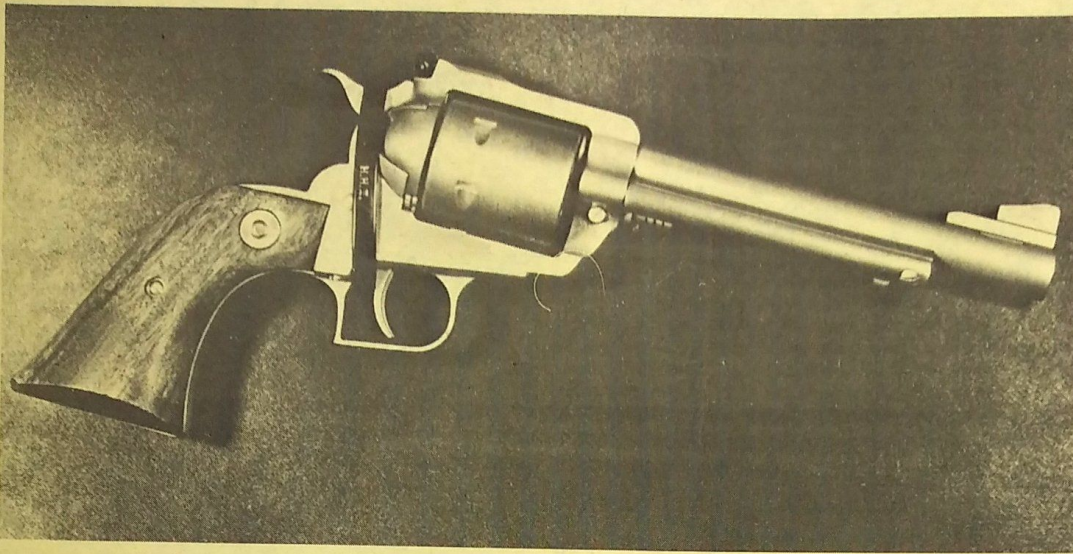
Tom's choice for woodwalking guns; a Colt Combat Commander and a custom Ruger .44.

**BACK ISSUES
PATCHES
\$2.00 Each**

OHIO SHOOTERS SUPPLY

Jim Yeoman won the O.S.S. Award of 1000 bullets of his choice for his article "44 Fun Load". Selection is strictly by personal opinion of whoever is making the award. Write! Your chance of winning is as good as anyone's.

HHI SIXGUN



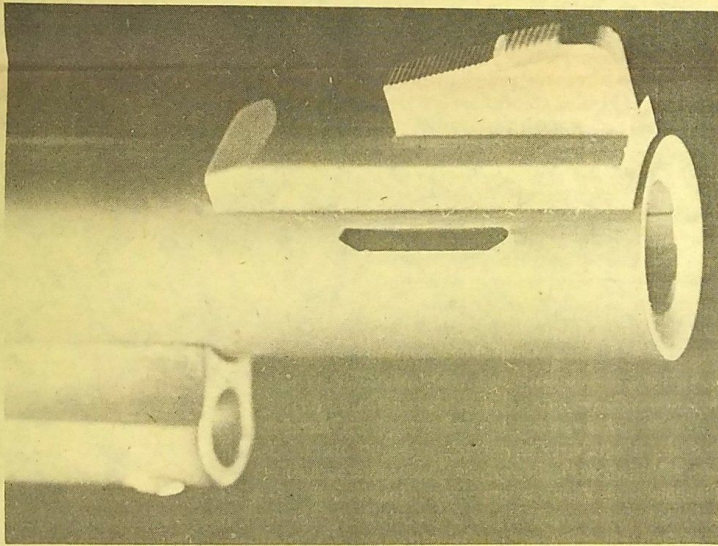
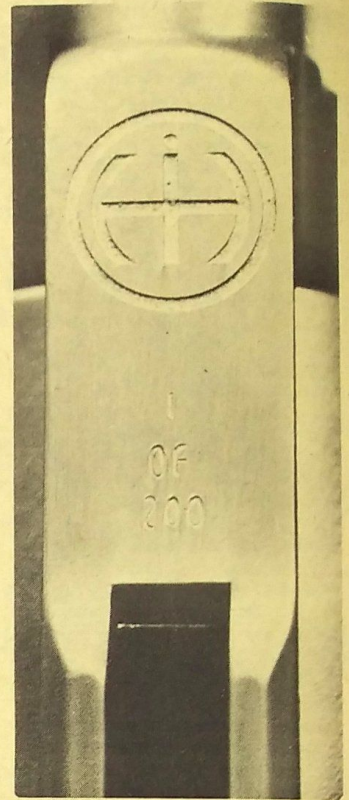
The HHI Sixgun is reality. The first 25 have been completed.

Here it is. The HHI Sixgun in living black and white. Photos show some of the more obvious features. A few of the first 25 are available for immediate delivery. If you have a special number in mind, we'll try to accommodate you, but quite a few of the higher numbers have been reserved. Write for full details on the gun or call (614) 264-0176.

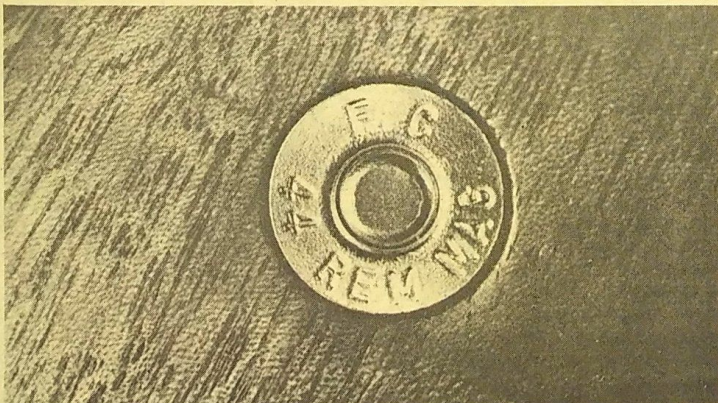
The quality and value of the guns are excellent. Publicity in major magazines is in the mill. This will assure rapid increase in collectors value. There will only be 200 of these made. A \$250.00 deposit is required. If you have a problem coming up with the bucks, call and I'll try to work with you. \$550.00 total price for one of these guns is a

fantastic value. We don't have a price on it yet, but anyone wanting a gun box to match the knife box can have one made. Some knives are still available, also. The Ruger Collectors Association does not have any information on these as yet. I expect the remainder of the guns to sell fairly rapidly when their existence becomes common knowledge.

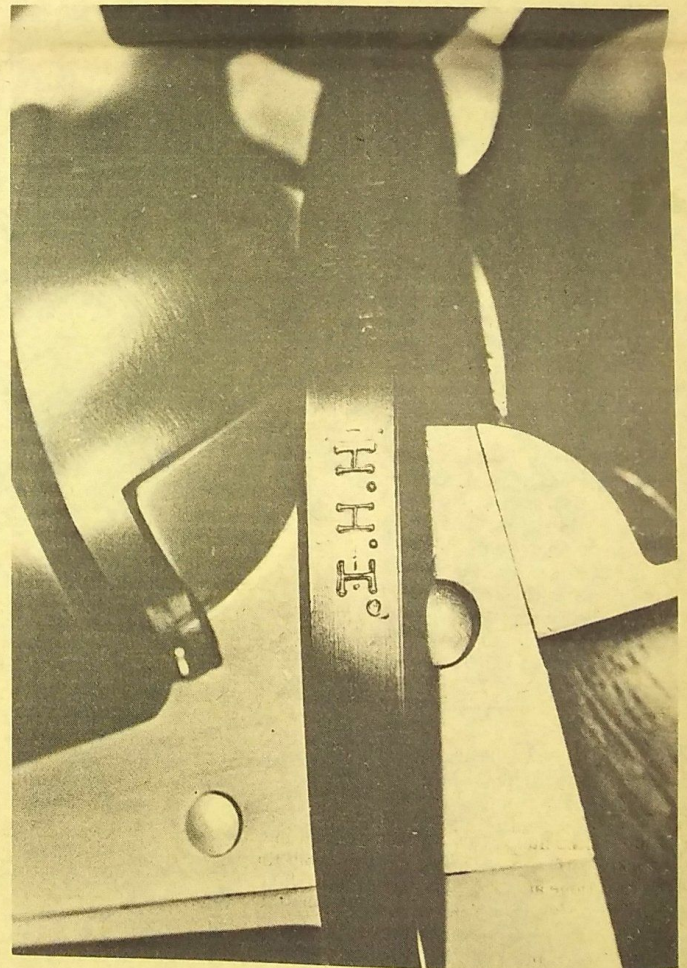
The HHI Logo is EDM'd into the top strap. HHI numbers are engraved. All logo, lettering is gold filled. Finish is Metalife SS.



A lot of attention is given to the front end. Barrel is shortened, recrowned, Mag-Na-Ported, front sight refinished, beaded, inserted, and relocated. Aluminum ejector housing replaced with steel and retainer staked in place.



Federal .44 Mag casehead complete with inert primer cup replaces the Ruger insert.



HHI initials are stamped into the "action lock" strap to assure the action remains uncycled unless the owner removes the strap.

SUB ZERO PRAIRIE BISON

— VS —

.44 MAGS

By Albert L. Pfitzmayr, No. 607

About two years ago if someone told me of the high performance special SSK penetrating round KTW (modified) I would have surely been puzzled, thanks to J.D. Jones, I was furnished with six of these unbelievable rounds. I had previously mentioned to J.D. that I was about to embark on my eighth African Safari, and shooting exhibitions performed for the enjoyment of the East African tribesmen at their governments request. I always bring along my 29, S & W, 44 Mag. as a back up on mbogo's (Cape buffalo) or whatever heavy stuff that might be encountered. On prior East African hunts I had the good fortune to collect all of the big five, (rhino, Cape buffalo, lion, elephant and leopard). However, the 44 Mag. seldom came into play, save only a few tight moments when the situation was close in shooting. I guess olde J.D. knew better than I, as shortly after my mention of the African up coming hunt, he sent, in a cute package six green tipped cartridges along with a letter of what to do should a rogue bull elephant appear at tent side. Along with my usual armament the six Special SSK-KTW rounds fitted in my speed loader joined the hunt.

Two record class masai lions, plus a very respectable Cape Buffalo were destined to fall to three one shot kills, all dispatched with J.D.'s knowledge and trust in a bullet that is in a class all by itself. Since that time, I cherished the remaining three rounds of KTW's, subsequent East African Safaris presented little opportunity to use the 44 Mag. A few months ago, I was notified by my life long hunting partner, Kenny Gerstung, of Mequon, Wisconsin, that he had booked a bison hunt out in frigid South Dakota. Naturally it would be my pleasure to join Ken again, and as always as in the past, the 44 S & W would go along. We were advised by Mr. J. Houck of the Triple U Ranch that they would reserve the right to the second shot, should our fingers be too cold, guns not sighted in, or whatever the usual excuse be. Four of us departed from N.Y. with the heaviest artillery we could muster, two three hundred Weatherbys, one seven Mag., and a Colt Sauer 458. Oh yes, three S & W revolvers, of 44 Magnum bore.

We arrive at the Triple U Ranch, along with an Artic snow storm. The wind blasts brought the thermometer down to minus twenty. We were all but eager to get out of our cosy rented car. Mr. Houck greeted us and after a brief exchange of bison frequents, we were off. Riding in back of an open pick up truck is one way to quickly acquire frost bite, so two of us elected to hunch in back of the cab, while our guide drove the pick up and tried to locate our reason for the hunt. Ray Mancuso neatly picked off a magnificent bull standing on a ridge at about two hundred and fifty yards. We made our way cautiously up to the spot where the now almost frozen bull rested. On the way up, I asked Mr. Houck if he had ever dispatched a bison bull with a heavy caliber handgun? His near frozen eyebrow raised and he looked down at the snow, stammered a bit,

replied "Nope!" I fished into my DeSantis shoulder rig and eagerly produced my 629, the presentation given me by Smith & Wesson as one of the top 10 in the 1980 Outstanding American Handgunner Awards.

Mr. Houck inspected the new shining 629 with keen interest. We held our breaths as he replied, "Can ya make a sixty yard shot in the ear with that pretty thing?" I replied that I thought I could. He stated that you can see by the movements of the bison, they are pretty spooky. Ok, I'll try to get you in on the far side of a draw, then you will have to sneak up on 'em. It was Kenny's turn to shoot. I fumbled around in my snow filled pockets and came up with one SSK-KTW Special. Fancy shooting Kenny caught his big bull with three cows moving along an ice covered stream bed. The bull started to gallop up the draw and Ken let one go with his 29, smacking the bull a shade low. The SSK-KTW broke both jaws, ricocheted down and came to rest in the bison's chest. Kenny's next round, a handloaded Barnes FMJ 300 grain solid slammed into his neck and he dropped abruptly into the drifting snow. Mr. Houck seemed very impressed. Kenny cursed at having to use two rounds. After a full inspection of Kenny's trophy of a life time, we were off again. Ed Vanderhyde of police combat shoot-fame was also given one SSK-KTW for his 29, and after two long, frigid hours we came upon another small group of standing bulls, E.Q. elected to take the biggest bull in the herd and after stalking to about sixty five yards his 44 let go, the SSK-KTW drove smack into the bull's ear and he dropped into the snow, stone dead.

He came to rest on all fours, hesitated and slowly rolled onto his side, finished. It was now my turn to complete the group of excellent one shotters, not to mention Kenny. I could see it wasn't going to be easy, the wind had picked up and the day was about to close. Traces of darkness haunted the draws and after another miserably cold hour passed our guide decided to turn back as we had a long way to go before we reached the main ranch house. On the way back we stopped on a high ridge and glassed the low ridges in the area Ray had taken the first bison. Out in the distance the bison appeared to be tiny specks of black pepper, but as we closed the range there could be no mistaking one of the largest bull bison of the Triple U Ranch. I dropped off the back of the pick up truck and hunched up in the most inconspicuous way I could. I guess the Sioux would have been hysterical watching me, but I was so damn cold I just couldn't get down any lower or move any different. Luck was with me, the bull we spotted was probably the old herd master, and it was his duty to investigate whatever that was trying to crawl up on his herd of cows. The last of the SSK-KTW's went on its way, meeting the bull behind his left ear, and for all I know is now circulating over Peking, China because a buffalo head won't stop them. Anyway, the last of four magnificent bull bison was now a legend. We kidded Kenny

over his having to take two shots, and very quickly climbed into the pick up truck for the long ride back to the main ranch.

All three SSK-KTW rounds had penetrated over sixteen inches of very formidable bison resistance, truly a bullet of special performance.

Editor: The Standard KTW is now manufactured and distributed by Sage International, LTD., 2271 Star Court, Auburn Heights, Michigan 48057. (313-852-8733) This bullet is turned from architectural Bronze and Teflon coated. It is designed as a metal penetrator for police use and is available only as loaded ammunition in a variety of calibers — including 25 ACP. The SSK-KTW special round is highly modified and, from limited testing, apparently almost doubles penetration in some mediums. It penetrated 22 inches of Elephant skull from a 5" barreled .44 Mag and has killed Cape buffalo with shoulder shots. SSK will not disclose the exact modification of the bullet but it is very expensive. Each bullet cost in excess of \$5.00 over a year ago.

HANDGUN HUNTING 1980

By John Taffin, No. 76

Three of us spent this summer getting ready for a handguns-only hunting season. Much time was spent trying different loads, shooting at different ranges, trying out different bullet weights, and shooting silhouettes. When the season rolled around, we were ready. Two of us carried .430 JDJ's, one a custom 12" barrel by SSK on a T/C Action with 2X Leupold Scope; the second a 14" T/C .44 Mag. rechambered to .430; and the third a Super 14 .30-30. Both of these last two were topped off with Leupold 4X Scopes.

The hunting season for mule deer in our area of Idaho lasts for four weekends, and this year, the first two were extremely dry with none of us even seeing game. Then we got a little rain and things livened up. On the third weekend, one of my hunting buddies spotted a small buck at around 250 yards and was getting ready to try to get closer when another hunter spooked the buck and sent it back straight at him. He made one big mistake . . . he let the deer get too close and wound up shooting it at 10 yards. The deer was so close he had trouble picking it up in his scope, and as a result, hit it low in the chest with the 320 grain .430. There was tremendous damage to the chest area, plus the bullet tore the leg off on the other side as it exited.

The same weekend, I jumped four deer and believe the first one of the group was a nice buck, but when they jumped up, I could not see the top of his head because of the trees, so had to hold off. Later, a nice doe walked within 20 yards of me, and walked slowly up the hill. She never even saw me.

My other friend spotted a nice four-point buck at about 300 yards and decided to try for it with his 14" T/C .30-30. Taking off his pack, he laid down, using it for a rest, and squeezed off a shot with the crosshairs about 18" above its back. The Good Lord must have been with him as he hit it in the neck and it dropped instantly. The 150 gr. .30-30 never expanded as it made a tiny exit hole.

The final weekend came with me still with an unfilled tag. I spent all day Friday hunting by myself in a down-pour, seeing only one set of tracks, and getting thoroughly soaked in the process. Saturday morning dawned clear and cool, and we started out with high hopes.

Our strategy was to work our way up a ravine, hoping to jump deer or have some other hunter jump a bunch over the ridge to us. We slowly worked our way up the creek bottom, stepping through bear sign every 50 yards or so, and had just about reached the end of the trail when we heard a shot in the next ravine. Both of us ran to the end of the trail in time to see seven deer come over the ridge for us. My partner hollered, "Seven deer, all does." When they heard us, they headed back the way we had come about 50 yards above us. Without hesitating, we took off running back down the trail to intercept them in a clearing. Sure enough, we beat them to the clearing and counted five does walking slowly. They looked at us and just milled around like they were lost. After watching them for a while, I turned around and spotted a patch of white up on the next ridge about 500 yards away. We took turns putting the glasses on it, and concluded "It's a doe," "No, it's a buck," "No, you're right, it's a doe." Then it stepped out of the shadow of the trees and it was just as if a spotlight had been turned on a very nice buck. As we both sat there looking at our .430's and then at him, we thought about shooting, but that would have been foolish at that range. If I would have had my .25-06, there is no doubt we could have taken a rest and nailed him as he was just standing there watching us. However, that would have been a real shame as we would have missed what happened next. For the next 45 minutes, we watched as one by one, those does worked their way down, across the bottom of the ravine and up to the buck. When all six of his does were back to him, and not before, he herded his does over the ridge. We spent the rest of the day working up to the top and looking for the small group, but never found them again.

So of the three of us hunting with Scoped T/C's, only two connected. Unfortunately, my only shots would have been at does. So I struck out . . . or did I? I spent four weekends out in the beautiful hills of Idaho; I jumped deer on five different occasions; I had the chance to watch does and a buck communicate until they were all back together; and most important of all, I had a great time of fellowship with good friends. After all, isn't that what hunting is all about? There's always next year, and the bear, or bears, that left all the sign is probably still around. Maybe I will still connect before they hibernate.

YOUR
EXPERIENCES
MAY HELP
SOMEONE
ELSE

WRITE TODAY!

PHIDEAUX

By Steve Jurko, No. 381

Wildlife lovers take heed! There is a vicious killer of our wildlife on the loose in our woods and fields. A killer so ruthless I have seen it eat deer alive! Some anti-hunters like to dwell on how cruel it is to shoot an animal. How can you commit such an inhumane act as to shoot a poor brown-eyed deer? These people may have no way of knowing the instrument of cruelty and destruction they may have lying outside on the porch or curled up under a shrub in the backyard. The killer I am referring to is the family pet, "Rover".

In southeastern Ohio, there is a tremendous problem with dogs running and killing deer. The problem is twofold. The farm dog that runs loose or just your house dog when you let it out in the evening for a run, may be chasing and killing deer and you may know nothing about it. Two hours later, "PHIDEAUX" scratches at the door to be let back in and you think he has been out in the yard all the time. The most common comeback is, "OH! Not my dog! He never leaves the yard!" . . . BULL!

The main problem begins with unwanted pups. It is the easiest way out for the owner to take the pups out on some lonely back road and dump them out. I guess some of them think that some kindly person will happen along and take them in. It does not cost much to have the female spayed to begin with, but some think it is better to dump the pups, for whatever reason. The end result is wild dogs . . . dogs that have to fend for themselves and find food however they can.

These animals are not domesticated. They are wild in every sense of the word. They may run alone but will usually run in packs. Like any member of the canine family, the more members there are in the pack, the easier it is to make a kill. I saw one pack of 17 . . . all sizes, shapes and breeds! To a wild dog, anything it can find dead or kill is food. A person out picking berries or sighting in that new T.C. could find himself in real trouble if confronted by such a wild dog pack. I know grown men who have been run up trees in fear for their safety. Don't laugh. These are wild dogs, capable of killing a full grown deer. Maybe you do not worry about your own safety . . . but what about your child?

I see quite a few deer each year that have been pulled down and killed by dogs. Anyone who thinks that a slug or bullet or an arrow is a cruel way to kill a deer has never seen one killed by dogs. The deer may be "hamstrung", the dogs bite through the tendons of the back legs until the tendons break. The deer can not use the legs and is doomed to a very slow death. The deer may be killed and partially eaten or just killed (for fun?) and left to rot. What a waste. . . I have seen dogs chewing on a deer that was hamstrung and still alive. The deer could only watch. Hunters are inhumane? No! The fellow that dumps out the pups because he doesn't have the time to take them to the pound or the guts to destroy them is the inhumane one. Let me relate one true example and maybe you will understand my concern.

A lady called one day and said that a deer had evidently broken through the ice on a nearby lake and could I help it get out? I thought that was a little

strange because the day before, my ice fishing auger said there was five inches of ice. I went to have a look see. When I arrived, I saw the deer lying on the ice about 50 yards from the far bank. Might have a broken leg, I thought to myself. I walked out toward the deer and hadn't gone far when I noticed a dog just to the right of the deer. The dog, a long legged beagle size, saw me and moved off about 30 yards from the deer. I got to within 40 yards of the deer and a large dog got to his feet from behind the deer. I couldn't believe I didn't see him sooner! My only excuse is that he was about the same color as the deer. He moved off very slowly about 10 feet from the deer and never took his eyes from me. I walked to within 50 feet of the deer and the second dog began to growl and bare his teeth. I yelled and rushed at the closest one, thinking to scare them away. To my surprise, they both came at me with the apparent intent to do me harm. The dogs had claimed the deer for themselves and I was an intruder. The hair stood up on their backs, they bared their teeth and both began to growl full time. I don't like to be growled at!

On most occasions, I carry a S & W .38 cal. snubby. This was one time that I was happy that I do. I put two 158 gr. lead WW plus P Hollow Point bullets in both dogs. By the way, this bullet does mushroom very nicely. Neither dog was wearing a collar or tag of any kind. After inspecting the entrance and exit holes, I turned back to the deer.

It was hard to believe, but she was still alive! There were cuts, scrapes and puncture wounds over the entire deer. Both ears were in shreds. The left eye had been punctured and blood ran freely from what had been her nose. The neck, shoulders and back looked as if she had been drug by a train! Most of the rest of her carried baseball size patches of raw flesh with little or no hair, only cuts and bite marks. It would take a man with an ice pick an hour to put that many punctures in a deer! The hind legs were both in shreds from the hooves to above the tail. The dogs had actually eaten some of the hams and each time her heart beat, blood could be seen issuing from torn blood vessels. I rolled her onto her side. Her belly was torn open on the left side and shredded intestines were hanging out. I ended her suffering quickly with one shot from the snubby.

It is not my intention to make you sick. I tell only what I saw. The doe looked to be about two years old and could very well have been carrying fawns. Death in nature is rarely a pretty sight, but to see that deer torn up that way and still be alive made me want to throw up! Harvesting deer with a gun or bow is a necessary and vital tool of game management with the meat going in the freezer. The deer herd benefits and the hunter benefits. The hunting seasons are set so that no hunting is allowed when the females may be carrying young and there is no waste of valuable natural resource. Death by gun or bow is, in my opinion, much more humane than death by dogs.

That cute furry dog that sleeps on the porch by day may be the cruel killer of our wildlife by night. Keep him tied! If you don't want pups, have the bitch spayed. If you own a dog, keep him under your control. Make sure you know where he is.

Editor's Note: Steve is employed as an Ohio State Game Protector.

VIRGINIAN DRAGOON

By Tom South, No. 696

In the fall of '79 I purchased an Interarms Virginia Dragoon .44 Mag and proceeded to have a nightmare with it. First, the rear sight came off of it. At 150 rounds (21 gr. 2400-240 Hornady) the barrel came loose. Then the ejector housing sheared off. Another 50 rounds bound up the cylinder 'til it took two hands to cock it. To say I was irritated was putting it mildly. A lot of work was done on the gun to keep it going and I did not contact the company because I didn't think the cost of having it repaired was worth it. Instead, I wrote a short column for *The Sixgunner* warning all members about this gun.

Instead of printing the letter, J.D. sent a copy to Interarms. They contacted me and asked to have the gun shipped to them for inspection. I marked all major parts of the gun for identification and shipped it to them. Four weeks and two days later I got the frame back. Barrel, cylinder, rear sight, ejector rod and housing and just about everything else was replaced. It's really a new gun. In all fairness to the company, I must take a lot of the blame for my troubles for not contacting them at once. I was quick to condemn them by writing to HHI, so I feel equally obligated to write about the good job they did for me at no cost.

I can't help but wonder though if I

would have gotten the same good service if HHI hadn't gotten involved. I'd like to think Interarms is that good with all their customers problems.

I know this might be boring to a lot of you, but I feel we owe it to each other to inform each other of the good and the bad of the tools we use. There is no better way to do it than through *The Sixgunner*.

Editor's Note: Generally speaking, the gun companies give at least acceptable warranty service. Some of them actually seem to care about the customer and their product and go far beyond what I would call fulfilling the conditions and obligations of their warranty. Others are total rats. Frequently guns are returned to the dealer and the dealer either brushes off the customer, doesn't send the gun to the factory or warranty station for three months if at all and blames the factory when the customer complains. On other occasions customers write asking questions that are either none of their business or the company has been advised not to answer by their legal department. If the customer can't understand this situation, he is out of line — not the company.

HHI's general policy is to try to get both sides of any question concerning a product problem prior to publishing anything on the subject.

VISIT TO MAG-NA-PORT

By Tom Frick, No. 23

Several issues back I was lucky enough to win a free Mag-Na-Port with my story of a "Hunters Heritage." The opportunity to write the story and see it in print was reward enough — being picked story of the issue was frosting on the cake.

The problem presented was selecting the gun for the 'Port job. I go through a lot of guns — borrowing, swapping and buying different models trying to find that one which will make corrections for my vision and sighting defects or have a built-in flinch control. One of the better .44's for me was a fine old 3-screw Super B. As whitetail season up north was soon coming and the HHI .44 was still over the horizon I had to make a decision.

Mag-Na-Port is located just a few hours drive north on the interstate so a phone call to Mr. Kelly set up an appointment for my next day off. Ken Witworth's directions brought me to the Mag-Na-Port shop around 11 a.m. where I was greeted by Larry's daughter and introduced to the man himself. We wrote up the production order and sent the old Ruger out to the shop.

Kelly's shop is full of hunting photos and trophy mounts, with a cabinet full of his collection of Mag-Na-Port conversions. We looked over some of his latest custom guns then took a look at the HHI Super B's which were just coming through production. Couldn't talk him into finishing mine up on the spot; I guess wishing it through won't get the job done.

As we full figured fellers need our nourishment we took advantage of a cancelled appointment and lit out for

lunch while the Ruger got the works. Kelly sure can spin a yarn! His hunting tales soon had the old blood stirring. I hope he gets the time to write them up for the "Sixgunner". Larry is just plain folks like most of us, but has the unique opportunity to make the hunting trips we always just dream about. As always time was shorter than the tales so back to the shop, picked up my Ruger and a souvenir belt buckle and headed for home to try it out.

My favorite hunting load (22 gr. 2400/240 Sierra JHC) is a little below absolute maximum but still fairly stiff tho quite accurate.

Mag-Na-Porting is intended to reduce "felt" recoil and muzzle lift and as previous articles by HHI members show, some can notice it and some shooters do not. As for my results something I didn't expect happened. There was really very little noticeable difference in the Ruger's recoil, with perhaps a small increase in the noticed torque, possibly due to a decrease in muzzle lift. The greatest noticeable change was in accuracy; it doesn't increase the gun's inherent accuracy but it did improve mine. I can flinch as much with a .22 as many do with a .44 Mag. Possibly Mag-Na-Porting reduced enough recoil to decrease my flinch. Who knows? Who cares? I'll take it!



RENEWALS

Charter members No. 744 through 866 must renew now. This is your only notification. Please renew today. The rate is now \$15.00 per year.

ELMER KEITH'S DISCIPLE

By Brian Bielema, No. 183

As I sit here recounting my current activities pursuing the wily bushytails in northwestern Illinois, I feel the urge to once again share my experiences with the readers of **The Sixgunner**.

As squirrel season approaches every year, I ponder over my selection of armament to decide which of my wheelguns will be my companion in the field. Many years ago, I hunted squirrels with a .410 shotgun and .22 rifle. After several seasons of good success, I craved more of a challenge. To satisfy this craving, I began hunting with a .22 Ruger automatic. This gun served me well during my early years, but I still found that I wanted more. After graduating from college, I went to work as an armed security officer. This job introduced me to the center-fire revolver and I purchased a S & W Model 27 with 6" barrel. With this gun loaded with .38 Special Semi-wadcutters, I found that there were definitely fewer instances where a second shot was needed to dispatch a bushytail. This was a very accurate handgun and would still be serving me well for hunting except for one thing. Call it **Magnumitis**, **Elmer Keith Syndrome** or whatever . . . I wanted to shoot and hunt with something with a 4 in front of it.

Every day it seemed like I was reading about the ineffectiveness of the .357 for hunting and self-defense. Bill Jordan's book **No Second Place Winner** showed the .41 Mag to be the epitome of self-defense handguns and I ordered a Model 57 with a 4" tube. When I picked up my 57 from Gil Hebard's shop, I also bought some of the SWC Remington lead bullets. These proved to be dirty and not very accurate. I tried the factory hot loads also, which I had difficulty controlling. I went to reloading and for several years used the Speer 220 grain JSPSWC over 9 grains of Unique. Bushytails beware! They had no idea what was in store for them when I hit the woods with my 57. Needless to say, I hesitated to tell any of my acquaintances that I was hunting squirrels with a .41 magnum. After a few seasons of relative success, I began to explain to my friends that I was not insane and that I did have enough of the squirrel left to take home and cook. Carrying this one step farther, this year I decided to put my .41 into semi-retirement and trot out my newest addition, **THE MODEL 29 SUPER SQUIRREL GETTER!**

Let me tell you, when I took the 29 out of my cabinet and my thoughts drifted to the fall woods, every squirrel in the woods felt a shiver run up and down its spine. Half of them were already deaf from close encounters with the .41 but a new chapter was ready to be written in the annals of bushytail beleaguerment.

My 29 came with 6½" barrel but I wanted the ultimate challenge so I had the factory replace the 6½" with a 4" barrel. While it was there, I also had a smooth combat trigger installed as I do a lot of double action combat style shooting. After I got it back and ran some factory loads through it, I knew I had perhaps bitten off more than I could chew. Only one solution . . . **Mag-na-port** it. After the **Mag-na-port** job, I found I could control the recoil much better. A set of Pachmayr

Presentation grips completed the package. Oh, I also had the factory replace the sights with the standard blade and Baughman ramp front sight. I had experienced some trouble with the red ramp in bright sunlight so I decided to sacrifice some dim light visibility with an improved sight set-up for good light conditions. My 27 had always served me well without the white outline blade and red ramp front so I knew I would not be handicapped by this sight arrangement.

My load for this beauty was the Speer 225 JSPSWCHP over 10 grains of Unique. These did well for me until I hit some of those bad bullets which tend to separate from their jackets and lock up the cylinder. After losing a game animal with these problem bullets, I decided it was time to go back to factory cartridges. Federals have always been good in my Smiths, so I chose the 240 grain Hollow Soft Points. These cartridges are beautiful. They are very accurate and controllable in my 4" **Mag-na-ported** .44 Mag. Shooting factory shells is definitely expensive but for hunting, I felt that dependability was more important.

I also set out to test my 29 as a steady diet of these big boomers has been known to loosen them up. I have experienced cylinder float with these in that a double dent is seen on the primer and the cylinder slips its notch. The more I shoot though, the less I find this float to happen (?) maybe the gun in some strange way is adapting itself to the load.

Well, after getting the 29 sighted in with the Federal 240's, I was ready to do battle in the autumn timber. I was confident that any squirrel that came close would die from either a direct hit, broken ear drums or from the shock wave coming from that gaping muzzle. With Elmer Keith at my side, I couldn't lose.

Before giving some of my actual hunting experiences, I must explain the psychological effects of big bore squirrel hunting. Think of the most frustrating hunting experience you've ever had. Got it? Well, now picture this happening to you regularly over a period of two months each hunting season. Sounds discouraging, doesn't it? Remember, we hunt with the handgun for the challenge, so we all have to learn to forget our misses and cherish our successes.

When I hit the woods, I turn into a vengeful gunfighter, seeing each encounter as a closely contested match of wits and skill. When I win, I feel great and elated, and when the squirrel wins, I sink into a state of nastiness that carries through the rest of the day. With this kind of psychological ups and downs, I find that it keeps me sharp and gives me greater concentration when I finally get a chance to make a kill.

When you feel a personal vendetta against each squirrel, you tighten your grip and clear your mind of everything except making your shot good. In case the reader thinks I'm going off the deep end, rest assured that this mental process is directed solely at sharpening my hunting and shooting skills and I really don't feel that the squirrels are all out to get me. This one on one "**vendetta**" I find helpful as you cannot casually hunt such a small

target with a heavy recoil handgun and expect to have much success. Getting a little angry increases your adrenaline flow and sharpens your eyesight so you get a good sight picture. As I said, it also helps you bear down with a good tight grip.

If you decide to try this form of small game hunting, you may find it helpful to practice what I do. When you score . . . quit! Yes, leave the woods with your one squirrel and go home. This way, you feel good as you have successfully matched your hunting and shooting skills with a fast moving elusive animal. If you score early in the day and decide to stay out awhile longer, you may be sorry. Seldom is it possible to score two perfect kills on squirrels with the big bore. Blowing the second encounter usually results in a sour attitude the rest of the day, so quit while you're ahead. I've had some two kill days, but these are few and far between. You'll definitely be amazed at how easy it is to miss one of these critters and you'll kick yourself for missing an "**easy**" shot. It helps some to carefully look at a skinned carcass and you'll notice how small your target really is. Point blank misses happen, especially when a previous kill has pushed you into over confidence. Take each shot with great care and precision.

Keeping a log book of your experiences also helps you keep tabs on your improvement and is great for reminiscing. I keep track of all my handgun hunting trips, recording weather data, mosquito intensity, natural history notes, and a record of shots taken, distances, techniques, misses, hits and kills.

One more note on meat destruction. When I shoot at a squirrel, I go for center of mass. Almost all my hits are through the front half of the squirrel. This area is mostly rib cage and there is little meat damaged with hits there. I seldom lose the back legs or back where most of the meat is.

Finally, we get to the field full of hope and camouflaged from head to toe. As I enter the woods, I stop and load up with the hot 240's. Even I am amazed at the size of those slugs. As I click the cylinder carefully home, I know that every squirrel is kneeling on its perch, saying a silent prayer that it won't be seen by the moving leaf creature with the thunder stick. I liberally cover my face and hands with Muskol insect repellent and ease into the trees. The sun is just breaking over the horizon as I take up my position along a ridge of oak trees where many squirrels have been seen in previous seasons. The trees here are not as tall as in the main body of the woods, therefore giving me closer shots.

As the mosquitoes hum around me, I am thankful for the Muskol which works well. After about 20 minutes, I hear the sound of toenails on bark and see a big fox squirrel moving along a limb about 25 yards away. To me, this is a long shot, and I wait until the gap is closed to about 15 yards or less.

As the squirrel is moving toward me, I freeze. When it's around the other side of a limb, I put on my ear protectors and draw the 29 from its Safariland holster on my right side. It still keeps coming, barking now, because it has spotted me, but is not sure what I am. It now is in a tree, about seven yards away and as it moves down the opposite side, I thumb back the hammer and assume a two-hand hold over my knees. It finally comes around

and is perched about two feet off the ground seven yards away with its head down and its body vertical with the tree. As I watch the front sight, it is motionless, contemplating its next move. The trigger is tightened and there is the satisfyingly thunderous blast of the Hollow Soft Point Federal 44. I see a puff of hair fly off into the air and the squirrel is whipped around and off of the tree. I rush over as I've lost some in past years on the ground. I needn't have hurried as the 240 grainer had done its job. A thumb size hole entered and exited the chest. Hooray! A one shot kill! These are the ones to remember.

The next time I went out, I had one barking at me for about 30 minutes, gradually working its way closer and closer. If possible, I'll wait until the beast peers into the 44 barrel perhaps thinking about dropping an acorn into that cavity before I blow it away. It stops about five yards straight above my head which is tougher than you think. It looks like an easy shot so I rush it a little more than I should have. The limb it was sitting on is disintegrated with the roar and it dives for the tree and scrambles away to safety. Now I'm mad. I hate like hell to blow these close shots even though I know they happen. My anger stayed with me all day and the next chance I had to go out, I went. I sat in the same area, hoping to even the score with the barker. Sure enough, before long a squirrel came along fitting the description of the one that got away. It even barked the same way. This time it danced from tree to tree right above me, but I waited for that one best chance. After 45 minutes, it presented itself on a branch about 12 yards away. Barking like crazy, it just wouldn't give up on harassing me. This is it, I thought. I would prefer another five yard chance but at least this time I could assume a two hand right hand barricade position around the tree against which I was standing. I could just see its head as its body was shielded from view by a big oak leaf. I decided to go through the leaf estimating where its chest should be. I watched that front sight against the green of the leaf and squeezed. The 29 held court once again in the fall woods and the big 240 went rocketing through the leaf to find its mark. The lightning struck squirrel remained clutching the branch as it had been killed instantly. It finally relaxed its grip and plummeted to the ground with a resounding thud. The bullet had entered the neck and exited the rib cage on the opposite side blowing away the lungs, heart, spine and detaching the right front leg. No major meat damage, but one mighty dead squirrel. I had my revenge and it was sweet.

These are the ones to recount time and time again as they are as satisfying to me as the big game kill with the rifle, maybe more so.

So if you are ever in the northwestern Illinois woods and think you hear a sonic boom, it may be the old **Mag-na-ported** 29 shaking the trees and giving one more bushytail a fitting end.

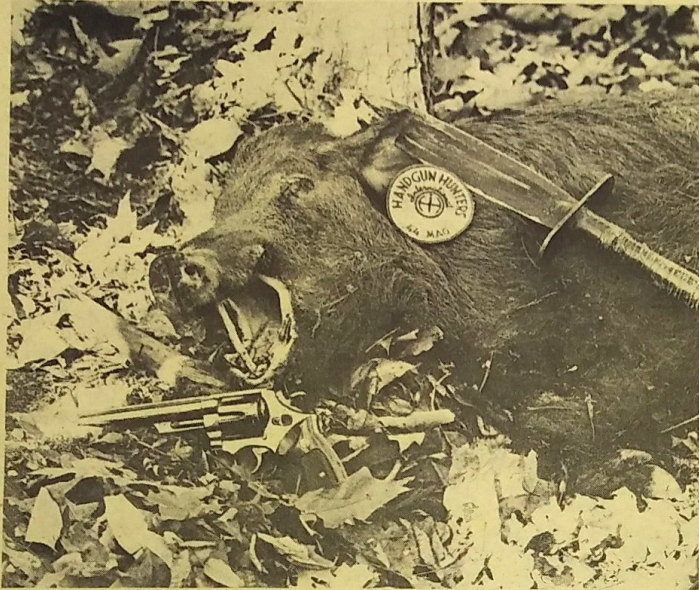


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EX SPEAR CHUCKER

By Steve Wynn, No. 14



The objects of Steve's affections at the conclusion of the party.

I didn't have a say in the matter, or so it seemed. I was going to go after my boar with a spear. It wasn't all my idea, but at least my buddies had a game plan, and that was a heck of a lot more than I had. And by the time it was over, even I was laughing . . . at my "supporters."

It started about ten months earlier when three of us from the Lima area were talking over the approaching November boar hunt at Telico Junction. One guy remarked that he would like to try and lasso one. Not to be outdone, my mouth running ahead of my brain, I said that if he'd lasso one, I'd finish one off with a knife. Before I knew what was going on, he had a lasso and I'd better start looking for a good blade before I had to use the Smith & Wesson Folding Hunter that usually accompanies me on a hunt. A good knife, sure, but it was a little too small for the job that it might have to do. My only hope was that he had to lasso one first and it had to be worthy of being called a boar.

By the time that the November hunt had arrived, I realized that the lasso was not going to be used. Whew! But good ole Steve was going to get his with the spear. That seemed to be decided by Chuck, Lark and Joe. They seemed to have decided that it was the only way that I was going to get mine . . . and it wasn't going to be any small boar that was to simply be approached and run through. No Sir! It was to be one that was going to get it while charging . . . ME! About that time I remember a lot of people saying that a boar would seldom charge, or rarely charge a human. (Once again, Whew!) Maybe the worst thing to happen would be to have a sore arm from carrying that darn spear around all day again.

Well, maybe somebody else decided that I was going to use the spear, but I was just crazy and wild enough not to refuse to. That night before getting some shut eye, I took a file and stone to the edge just to make sure that it was ready, just in case.

The next day after lunch, Joe, Lark, T-Bone and dogs were ready. Me? I guess I was ready, too. We had a few

wild goose chases, too small, not enough spunk, not a fighter, you name it, they found a reason to reject quite a few boar. Then, the sound of the dogs a couple of hundred yards away bayed up with something, and then T-Bone (one of Telico's barely able guides) came to fetch up Chuck Gross, Lark, (the guide that I have always hunted with) and me.

On the way to the site of the action, T-Bone explained that they had a good hog, full of fight, bayed up and this was my chance. When we arrived, I was really out of breath and insisted on some time to regain it. "OK," replied Lark, "but don't take too long. The hog just might decide to move on to some different scenery. "Fine!" I said to myself. Then maybe I'd be off the hook, at least for a little while longer, and in that time maybe we'd run across a big hog which I just had to have — with the use of the Model 29 with my favorite handloads of 23.5 grains of H-110, CCI magnum primers and new Federal cases. The previous day and a half, I had been hoping to use the new .430 JDJ which I had picked up a couple of weeks earlier. But no such luck.

After what seemed like only seconds, Lark was practically dragging me into a clearing about 10 to 12 feet wide, between a couple of trees. Some hasty review of the instructions, "move in close, keeping the spear pointed low and keep yourself braced. Don't try to stab or jab at the boar, but let him run into it. The blade will be between you and him." (Easier said than done!)

I started moving in, VERY slowly. When I was within about 25 or 30 feet, I had his sole attention, and he was ignoring the two or three dogs that had kept him at bay. And unluckily he was ignoring Joe, who was about even with him on the hill but off to his left about 40 or so feet. The last I remember, Lark was somewhere off to my right and slightly behind me. Also behind me were Chuck Gross, Chuck Hoff, Bruce Smith and Dick Deardurff. (My cheering section and reserves, who had been fully briefed by Joe that no matter what was taking place to forget any thought about shooting the boar if

even he really had me down and working on me).

About this time, the boar made his first charge. Head down, tusks a snappin' open and shut. He reminded me of a locomotive. Swift, streamlined and headed straight for me! He covered the distance between us in what only seemed to be a second or two. He hit me and down I went. My only thought was to get back on my feet, and I scrambled back up. Lark was already pulling me into a new position on over to our right. In fact, the whole darn hill was an open field except for the 90 degrees we were occupying. He had close to 270 degrees that he could have chosen to run and yet made his decision to come directly at what he may have considered his biggest threat. Man! . . . More precisely, me!

When he saw us readying for the action again, he moved over some more, forcing us to move with him. I tried to stand behind a tree with the spear out, but Lark insisted that I had to move in closer and about 25 feet away from him I saw that the first charge had cut the end of his nose open from the top to the bottom. What I had already chalked up as the first round going to the hog suddenly reverted to my favor. Hog 0, Hunter 1. (He might have taken me down but he drew none of my blood.)

Then he came again. He seemed even faster and narrower. I didn't do like I was told but unconsciously was jabbing at him which was exactly against the game plan. I went down again. What the hog did while I scrambled to my feet, I don't know. I just had one thing on my mind while sitting there in the dirt, and that was to get back on my feet and worry about the hog later. When I realized where he was, Joe was yelling to get the hog out of there! It seems that after he knocked me down, he treed Joe (no respect for the unarmed preserve owner) and Joe had shinned up a branchless remnant of what used to be a tree. Rescued by the dogs, Joe came down only to be treed again, the boar making a lunge upwards at Joe while he hung on just out of reach of the tusks.

Now the score was tied 1-1 and it was getting to the third round. But he was the only one bleeding. Everybody was yelling but I had blocked out everybody but Lark, "Closer! Don't Jab! Stand your ground!" About then, my feet did not move, and I knew they had to, but they weighed a ton. After what seemed like an eternity, he came again. Why this way? Why couldn't he just turn 90 degrees and go up and over the hill and let me out of this gracefully? Down I went again, and hard! "Oh, boy, what have I got myself into now?" I was told later that after I was knocked down the third time, I kind of spun around toward the direction that the hog had gone after he hit me and the hog went back for me, but thanks to the dogs hot on his tail, he only ran across my feet and legs.

Everybody was really shouting out plans now. Gross was yelling, "You've got him worried now!" To this day, I think that he was yelling to the hog, although he denies that. Lark was tugging me into position again. But I was moving much slower. I had twisted my ankle the last time. Joe yelled out something about blood, turning toward him, he asked if I was hurt. I looked down to see my left leg smeared with blood below my knee. I answered that it had to be from the boar, it

wasn't me. Hog 2 — Hunter 1. I wasn't aware of any blood drawn from me, but deep down, I thought I was almost bleeding to death. I had twisted my ankle, my lungs were burning, I could hardly lift my feet, and no matter how much encouragement was shouted out, I told Lark I just didn't have any more of it left in me. He responded that I could do it. "Just move in closer." Closer. Hell! I knew when I should quit. Just let me shoot him. "One more time, and then decide what to do," was Lark's remark. What have I been doing to deserve this? I said, "No, I haven't got anything left." I shuffled and limped my way to a clearing uphill from him. I thought this would be a safer area. Then he saw me again, but he didn't charge. I drew my gun and got ready to pull the trigger, then I began to rehash all that had gone on so far. It had been a real good time so far as injuries went. I wasn't badly hurt as things could have gone and it was a shame to have to end things this way, and you may think that I took the easy way out, but I was going to have him in my freezer, so think what you may, I dropped the hammer on him and he fell. One shot, clean through the heart. It may have been a shame to end it this way, but it was a good sporting hunt, he did what we were hoping that he would do and that was to put up a good fight. It wasn't any easy kill and I readily admit he was more than I could handle. But, I know when I've been licked. He won the battles, 2 to 1. But I won the war.

That evening back at camp, I found my back scratched and cut up, my foot was sore, I had managed to walk off the slightly twisted ankle, and the scabs and scars would disappear in about three weeks. I had the time of my life. I'm not quite ready to attempt it again, but I sure hope that when I'm ready to attempt it, I can complete what I set out to do. But if things get down too far and it doesn't look that good, I'm not too proud to pull a gun and end it there. I just want to be around to hunt again next year.



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CZ-75

By J.D. Jones



The CZ-75 delivered excellent overall performance. It may just be the best military type 9mm in the world today.



That's it! Not much to field stripping the CZ. Note differences in barrel from Colt and Browning.

The CZ-75 is an extremely well made double action 9MM semi-automatic 16 shooter. It's profile resembles that of the Browning Hi-Power. It has much of the feel of the Hi-Power as well as possessing many of its shooting characteristics. The influence of several other designs are also readily apparent. It appears the Czech's, who don't have to bow to anyone in arms production have simply put a gun together utilizing the best features of some of the superior designs previously available. In doing this, they have developed a very superior pistol for military, police and sporting use — in fact this may just be the best center-fire semi-auto available in the world today. Unfortunately, it is not available in the U.S. but is readily available in the rest of the world — even England. We do not allow importation of CZ pistols, but CZ motorcycles are OK.

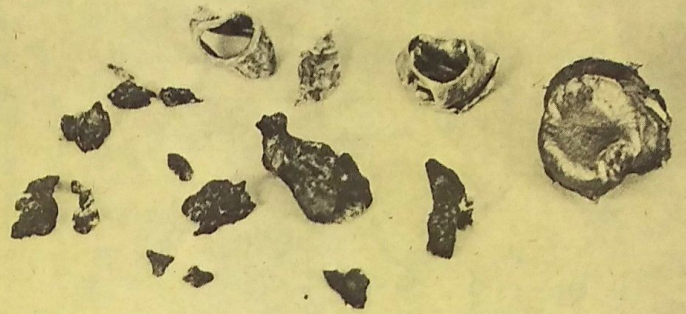
One of the more unusual features of the CZ is that the slide fits inside the frame. This seems to allow good mass production fitting and should eliminate "loosening" of the slide-frame fit in a rapid manner.

The double action trigger mechanism is the lightest and smoothest of any I've seen. Single action pull is also excellent and little trigger over travel is apparent. I have a

fairly large hand and the gun points very well for me. Double action trigger pull seems to be somewhat of a long reach. For those who prefer single action; the gun can be carried cocked with the safety on. The safety lever is easily thumb reached and seems positive in operation.

Sights are fixed. They quite closely resemble many of the popular "combat competition" sights now available. The front sight looks too low but it obviously is set for Czechoslovakia military ammo.

9MM ammo exists in an astounding number of variations. I tried out quite a few of them and all functioned perfectly except the 90 grain Super Vel. This round is simply too short for the CZ. It malfunctioned several times with this ammo. Accuracy was just what I expected — excellent to horrible; depending on what I fed it. The best ammo from a sitting position made it possible to remove little white rock chips from a bank about 100 yards distant with amazing regularity. I would expect 5-6 inch "groups" were about what the best ammo produced. (112 Super Vel, Federal 115 and handloads with the 115 Sierra). Some of the worst stuff wouldn't stay in 4-5 feet at the same distance. (Military and handloads)



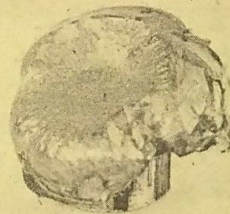
Two 9mm WW Silvertips from finishing shots. Bullet that disintegrated was from impact with neck bones, bullet that held together hit the heart.

The WW-9MM Silvertip is probably the most frangible 9MM bullet available now except for Jack Cannon's "Glaser Safety Slug," and I used it to finish a couple of animals on hunts. Expansion has always been good with this round, but at close range it blows up on heavy bone. 'Course it doesn't do the bone any good either. For an all around factory load for defensive purposes I suppose I would have to give this load a high priority.

I would expect a couple of "Accuracy" modifications to the gun would make it very, very accurate with the right ammo. This is one gun that there just isn't much left to do in the area of customizing. It has darn near everything right from the factory. It's a pity we will probably never be able to buy one. What's worse is that I've got to give this one back to its owner!

was worth it. At the range, it sits on the shooting bench very solidly. The rest weighs about seven or eight pounds, is constructed of cut steel stock, welded together. It looks as though it will last a lifetime.

I've tried out my whole arsenal, and the revolvers do burn the carpet; a simple leather mask solves the problem. It adapts low enough to shoot a Derringer, my Webley Premier and Ruger .22 LR auto can be benched at the same height. I am now really sure how different loads are shooting in the T/C. I tie the front end to the fore-piece with surgical tubing and rotate the butt off the rest to unlock and load, then swing it back over. The height of the rest is adjustable. This is the closest thing to a machine rest I've found for the T/C. The price is now \$24.95 plus \$2.00 for shipping from Formula Mfg., 11505 Douglas Road, Rancho Cordova, CA 95670. Mention **The Sixgunner**.



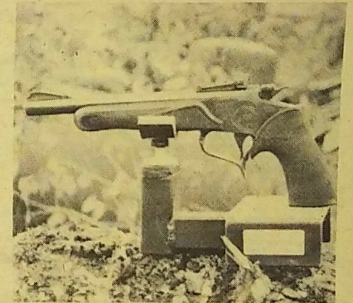
9mm WW Silvertip recovered from chest shot on a sheep — point blank.

FORMULA PISTOL REST

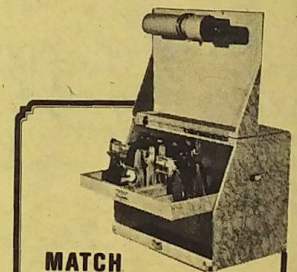
By Ken Hooper, No. 821

Just saw the one ad, in *Gun World*, August, 1980. The price was right, just \$19.95 and \$2.00 shipping. This plain style rest is functionally the best to use with my Pachmayr stocked T/C Contender .223 Rem. The front lift and main body are padded with synthetic rubber backed carpet. It is soft and resilient, and it won't rot. In the Puget Sound area, this is a necessity, as are the live rubber stocks, they go together like hand and glove. The fit on the FPR looks as though it were made for just this combination. The wood grips can also be used without damage to front or back stocks.

Time flew by, and I didn't get around to sending for it until October. About three weeks later, I received a nice note from the company, saying they were overwhelmed with orders for the rest. I figured that this was a pretty good company and hung on. The wait



Formula Pistol Rest with a 10" T/C in position.



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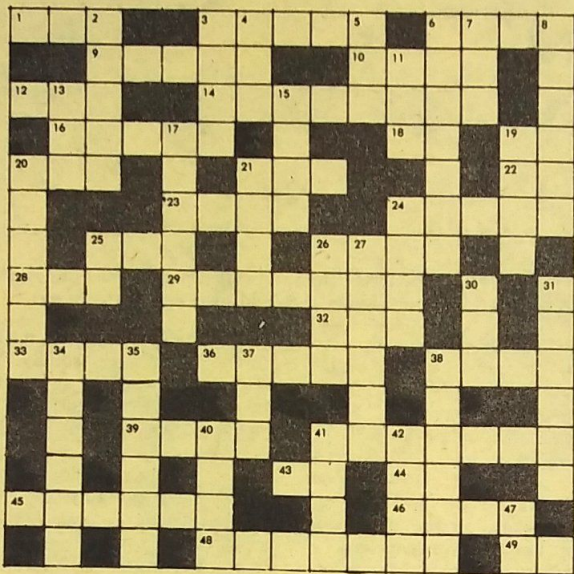
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PAUL'S PUZZLE

This puzzle was totally put together by Paul Norberg. 1047



ACROSS: 1. Browning pistol; 3. Steel critter shooters; 6. Primitive ignition device; 9. Ammo grade; 10. Interplanetary pistol; 12. Browning rifle; 14. Hi-Standard 22; 16. Snake gun; 18. Metric caliber designation; 19. Bullet metal abbr.; 20. Bullseye score; 21. Main Charge Primer; 22. Rim fire abbr.; 23. Handgun stock; 24. Gunsight mfg.; 25. Firearms importer; 26. Trigger connection; 28. Cartridge headstamp; 29. _____ block; 32. P-18 mfg.; 33. Black powder equivalent; 36. Ammo mfg.; 37. Cheap gun metal (slang); 38. Multiple mold; 39. Patch wetter; 41. Rocket pistol; 43. _____ no-go gauge; 44. Shot size; 45. Silhouette measure; 46. _____ and under; 48. Obsolete powder; 49. Powder size.

DOWN: 2. Peculiar Norma; 3. Collector organization; 4. Hunter organization; 5. Stainless 45 mfg.; 6. Hungarian 9mm; 7. Military marking; 8. WW1 Luger mfg.; 11. Hold on target; 13. Colt 22; 15. Shotgun sport; 17. Bearcat and Hawkeye; 19. Magazine misnomer; 20. Dardic ammo; 21. Blue _____ (Excessive Load); 24. .357, 41, 44 etc. slang; 25. Cartridge headstamp; 26. Firearms and accessories dist.; 27. Metricly speaking, kpm; 30. Accuracy unit; 31. Peep, partridge, etc.; 34. Illegal if not done to handgun barrels; 35. Muzzle loader; 37. _____ load (favorite); 38. Opposite of land; 40. Pistol packing organization; 41. Inlay metal; 42. Sidehammer revolver; 47. Ammo type.

TELLICO TUSKERS

By Tom Frick, No. 23

"Here they come! Take the one with the blaze on his nose — he's the best of the bunch! Watch out for the dogs — wait till the others get clear." Lark's excited whispers showed the lanky Tennessee guide was getting into the hunt as much as the hunters. The boar he indicated hung back — long black hairs raised up along his backbone like a mad dog's. His humped snout curled back from his jewels as he popped his tusks angrily. The hounds barked and growled as they herded this bunch of Tennessee wild boar along the ridge; but this critter just stood his ground as he had spotted us crouched on the hillside beside a small tree: the classic picture of a bayed Russian boar — coal black and head down — tusks bared.

The annual early spring hunt of the Lima SABRES and Handgun Hunters Int. was in full swing. What better way to clear the cobwebs and ashes of winter out of your system could there be! We hit the interstate at dawn and pulled into Joe and Maizy Meek's Tellico Junction Hunting Preserve in late afternoon. The change from northern Ohio's winter to SW Tennessee's spring alone is enough to purify the blood.

We occupied the largest of the well furnished guest trailer-bunkhouses and stowed our gear. "Who's that mustashoed gent pulling in with the pickup load of handguns?" Guess.

Camp was soon rocked with the blast of .44's, .338 CJMK, .375 JDJ's and various other heavy handguns getting the winter dust blown out of the barrels. Billy Ray (B.P.) Barton was booming away with the 50-70 and the 375JDJ.

Shortly a couple of rifle hunters showed at the practice range to see what all the racket was about. "You don't mean you're hunting wild boar with only pistols!" After hearing all the tales and stories they decided to try it themselves with the .357's they carried as "back up."

Monday morning — oh-dark-thirty the alarm buzzed us awake to hear a March drizzle setting in. Breakfast down, the guides rolled in. With the rain washing out scent the hunt started on foot without dogs.

I chose to stand along a well used hog trail in a deep notched ravine leading well back into the preserve. No more hill climbing this morning for this old winter softened body. Milk and crackers handy in the fanny pack, 4" nickle M29 Jackass rigged under the rainsuit, a nice soft bolder to snuggle up to and I assumed my favorite hunt-

ing position — ears and nose on high, eyes on low (snooze position). I could see the other Buckeyes struggling up the slippery hillsides through the opening spring leaves and dogwood blossoms. The sun was breaking out and warming things up as the boom of forty-fours echoed across the hills. Contact! No hogs showed up past my stand so back on hold. A small war broke out somewhere behind — close. Put the rocks and trees in the way but no stray rounds came near. Another fullisade!

Soon the Virginians and their .357's came by dragging the largest feral hog I'd ever seen. Took over a dozen hits from their .357's to put him down for the count. I'll bet some eastern gun dealer sold a couple of .44's within the week.

This was my second trip to Tellico. The first trip last year (Hogs, Dogs and Handguns by Steve Wynn, Issue II) was a dry run. Preserve hunting was a new experience and quite different from bowhunting whitetails. By the time I made up my mind it had its own different kind of excitement and really got into the hunt, the only boar that crossed my path were not of the saber-toothed variety so I didn't drop a hammer. Later seeing the other hogs taken up close I decided too late that the huge trophy tusks aren't any more common than a ten point buck. This year would be different.

With lunch secured behind our belt buckles we shed the raingear and headed out again in shirtsleeves with the dogs. This is hog hunting at its finest! We hunted the high ridges where Steve picked up a beauty of a Spanish goat. The hounds worked the valley and soon had hogs pushing up the steep rocky hillside ahead of us. Running the ridge top, cutting across behind then around the boar brought us to the hillside standoff.

Several smaller boar both black Russian and ferals surrounded the bayed blazed boar I wanted. The dogs worried the others on, but the feisty one stood his ground. "Now!" It's funny how you can split your drums on the target range but don't seem to need muffs on game. High but solid! Down the hill! "Don't shoot the dogs! There's people down below." Lark warned. Cornered again! Once more the 8-3/8 M29 muzzle jerked skyward. Another high hit.

Full speed down the Smokey Mountain foothill in hot pursuit! Didn't care if the guide did yell to watch out for his tusks — I wasn't about to let him get away. Missed! Slipped on a rock — bounced once on my butt and kept going. My ole pappy taught me to keep the muzzle up and out of the dirt when I fell — guess it sunk in over the years.

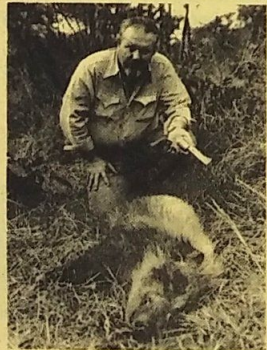
Who needs dogs?! I cornered that black beauty against a car sized rock. No shot — might ricochet. Circled below and he started away. Don't recommend it, but instinct, desire and training brought that big "29" up one-handed, low behind the shoulder — skin dimpled — holed — blood sprayed! All in slow motion! Center shot — heart and lungs.

The big 240 grain JHP Sierra must have blown apart after doing its job. We could only find small pieces. Later recovered complete slug from the second hit. Entered along the spine between the shoulders and came to rest in the rear ham. Brother Ted, HHI No. 799, nearly broke a tooth on that one. Little expansion — nose opened to base diameter in nearly two feet of

Continued On Page 11

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HHI SUPER B, LTD. EDITION

By Tom Frick, No. 23

Several days ago, J. D. (Santa Claus) Jones called to say my HHI .44 was finally on its way! Three days before Christmas my long awaited Ruger was in at the Griffith Brothers Gunshop and quickly I had it in my hands.

The story of this special gun starts some time back, even before HHI got started. I have always wanted a special shortened Ruger for hunting which should have several features not found in production revolvers. Craig Holman of Holman's Gunshop and Gunsmithing, Ayersville, Ohio cut off an older NM .44 to 4-5/8" — red ramp, white outline, trigger job, etc., but that still didn't quite fill the bill. I wanted the whole works but not enough to lay out the cash for a Tomahawk or such, and didn't want to do all the expensive conversions to a well used gun.

Shortly after trading off the short .44, HHI's first ad appeared and Charter No. 23 was hanging on the wall of my den. With the desire for the ideal hunting .44 revolver still hot, I wrote a letter to **The Sixgunner** and soon the ball was rolling as many other members responded, both pro and con. With several other HHI and local club members, a trip to Tellico Junction was made in March of 1980. We had the opportunity to discuss the possibilities of the Limited Edition HHI Ruger with J. D. further. The rest was a long agonizing wait as J. D. and Larry Kelly ironed out the details and production began.

With the HHI Super B finally in my hands, another problem raised its

head: To shoot or not to shoot; that was the question. Production is limited to 200 and as any school boy knows, any MNP limited edition (especially one with sales exclusive to HHI) increases greatly in value. Several days have been spent just looking over and playing around with the .44. I changed the grips to Pachmeyer and replaced the rear sight assembly with one of Jimmy Clark's very fine flat blade white-outline sights. That did it!

Carefully releasing the sealing strip, I watched \$500 fly out the window. The Metalife SS plating (.0003" thick plating and Metalife "wears in") so the first few cockings were a little stiff. A good dousing with Triflon soon helped to smooth things up and the trigger consistently tripped crisply at 2-1/4 pounds.

Today was bright and clear and warm (40°) for the first time in weeks, the Christmas tree had been taken down, and everything cleaned up and put back in the attic; and who cares about the NFL playoffs when there is a new gun to be fired?

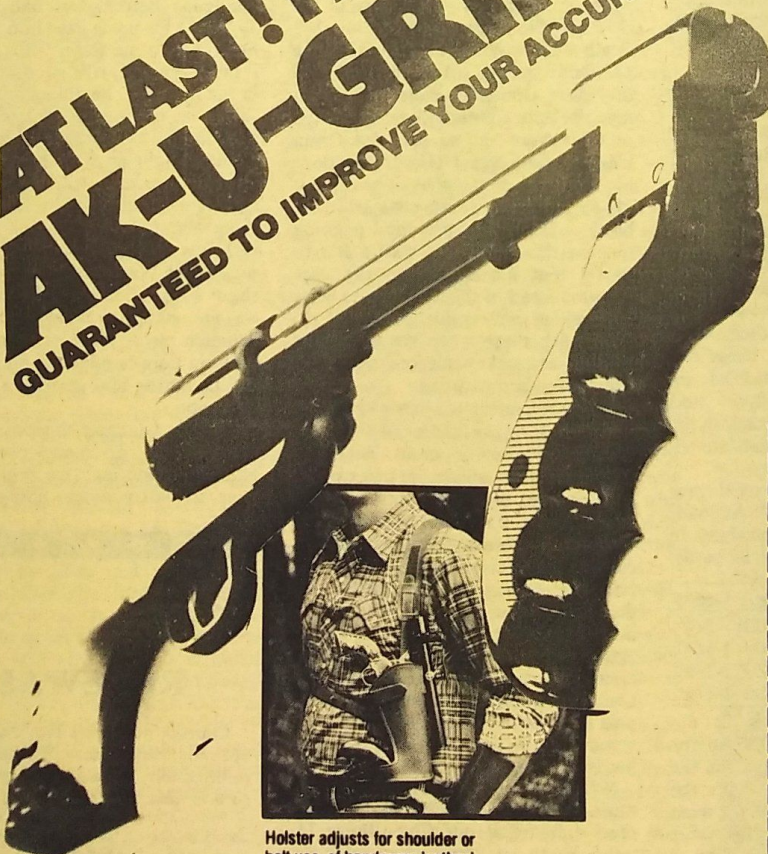
Larry Watson was waiting at the SABRES range and kindly offered to break the new .44 in for me. He reluctantly settled for taking a photo of the first shot. (Another \$500 in collectors money gone). That over, I settled down to try out my favorite .44 loads. First down the tube was my old favorite: 10 grains of Unique under a Lyman 429421 swc. First shot high left — second after sight change high right — brought the Clark down and back



Tom with the first HHI Sixgun that we know of that has been shot and a prototype HHI knife. Both are still available.

Continued On Page 13

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HHI Sixgun *Continued From Page 12*
then put last three in the NRA 25 yard 9 ring in a 1-1/2" vertical string, 1/4" horizontal. Range was 25 yards offhand standing, no wind. Not the best target ever fired, but I've read some of the "big guns" test reports on other new guns that didn't do nearly as well, and that was ME behind the gun.

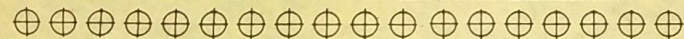
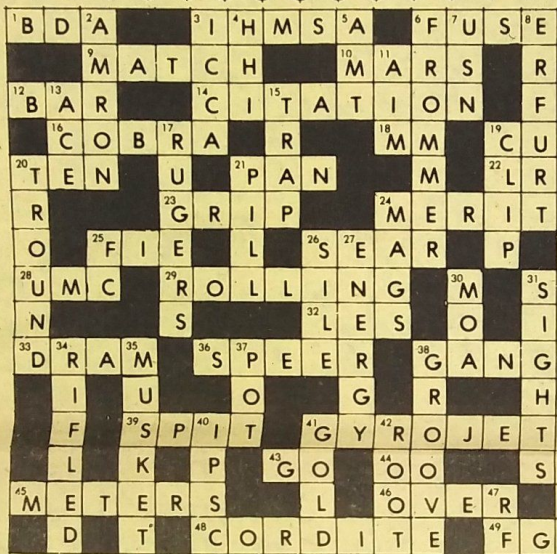
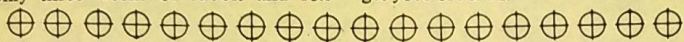
Hunting load — 22 gr. 2400 under Sierra 240 JHC scattered left and wide — some work needed there; likewise 20 gr. 2400 with 265 gr. swc. Sierra 180 JHC over 25.5 gr. 2400 naturally was low but not consistent — could be me with the hotter loads. Best and a little hotter than the Unique load was 20 gr. of 2400 with the 429421 240 grain lead SWC — kept over a dozen rounds well within the 4" black. Will have to get out the sandbags for a critical test some day and try other loads. For now with only three weeks of rabbit and fox

seasons left, I'll stick with the 20-2400/240 lead load.

Observations: trigger pull smoothed considerably as I went through over 100 rounds, still weighs in at 2-1/4 pounds but seems lighter. Grip frame and ejector housing screws loosened as per usual with most .44 mags.

All in all, I'm more than pleased with the HHI Super B Sixgun! This revolver with all the custom work done at retail would cost considerably more than \$550. You get the added value of the Mag-Na-Port conversion as well as a limited edition of only 200 with sales limited exclusively to HHI members.

If you haven't got yours yet, order yours NOW. There will be coverage in some of the major monthlies soon on this fine piece, and you Charter Member HHI's have the inside chance to get one. Renew now if needed and get your order in.



.375 DAK

By J. D. Jones

Dale A. Kelling has put together a wheelgun wildcat that makes a lot more sense than most. Necking the .44 to .357 and .357 to .30 as well as a couple of variants on the .41 case have all proven interesting but usually failed to deliver promised velocities without giving problems of one sort or another.

The .375 DAK isn't going to draw worldwide attention and make Dale a rich man. It is, however, a sensible wildcat that gives magnum sixgun velocity, energies and accuracy. And it isn't too hard to make.

The parent case is the .375 Winchester Big Bore. Simply cut it off to 1.275" and inside ream it deep enough to accept a bullet. 30-30 cases will also work. I converted a Forster case trimmer to utilize a 1/4 drill for power and it makes the job relatively easy. It's necessary to inside ream the case to achieve space for the bullet and a straight case wall inside the case to prevent bullet base distortion and attendant problems associated with jamming the bullet in the case.

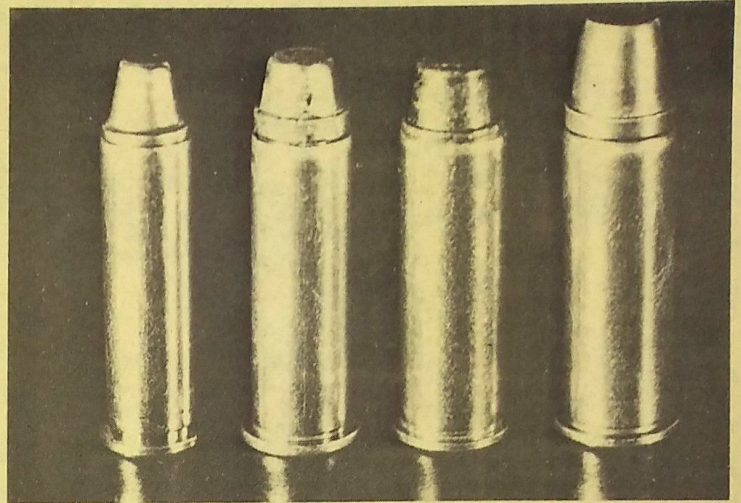
Kelling had NEI (2516 Wyoming Street, El Paso, TX 79903) whomp up a custom semi-wadcutter bullet mold that drops a bullet that reminds me of the Lee designs and weighs about 185 grains cast of linotype. It is the only satisfactory bullet now available and

while a good bullet certainly limits versatility of the cartridge.

Kelling started with an "N" Frame S & W and had Redmans Gunshop (3015 South Ill., Caldwell, ID 83605) rebores a \$15 38-44 barrel to .375 groove diameter. Clymer chambering reamers were obtained and a .357 cylinder reamed by Kelling. He also assembled the gun and was kind enough to loan it and its accessories to me.

I've been a .375 fan for years and certainly enjoyed working with the DAK. It did not give any surprises and was quite docile. Rifle primer cups are longer than pistol and consequently pistol primers when properly seated to the bottom of the primer pocket have free space to fly backwards excessively when fired. It doesn't seem to hurt anything but gives erratic looking primers and normally can look as if pressures are quite high, when in fact, they are moderate. Pistol primers were used as this particular gun wouldn't reliably fire any rifle primers I tried in it. CCI Magnum primers did nicely, though.

Case capacity being what it is; it looks as if any powder suitable for any of the other straight wall magnum pistol cases would work ok. I limited myself to three powders — WW 296, WW680, and 2400. Primer appearance was disregarded as an indicator of excessive pressure and the ability to extract six fired cases easily considered a maximum practical load.



.357 Norma, .375 DAK, Remington .41 Mag and .44 Mag with 250 gr. Keith bullet. The .375 DAK fills the caliber "gap."



The .375 DAK in full recoil with the heaviest practical load it will take. It's very pleasant to shoot, moderately powerful revolver.

Having cast some bullets from a hard mix containing tin base babbitt, I found they weighed only 164 grains average. 296 also behaved as usual, giving excellent results with the right load and poor with the wrong ones. For example, 16.0-WW296 — 164 averaged 1343 F.P.S. with an extreme spread of 267 F.P.S. 17.0-WW296 — 164 gr. averaged 1449 F.P.S. with an extreme spread of 78 F.P.S. This isn't too bad for a revolver, but the heavier 185 grain bullet averaged 1437 F.P.S. with an extreme velocity spread of only 33 F.P.S. with the same charge. This is an excellent example of proper and improper usage of 296. I cringe when I see WWs recommended 24.0-296-240 JHP reduced to 21 or 20 grains. Uniformity of velocity simply usually goes to pot. 19.0 WW680 under the 185 grain averaged 1333 F.P.S. with an extreme spread of 41 F.P.S. WW680 is useful in this cartridge but not good.

2400 was predictable as usual. 15.0 grains under the 185 averaged 1322 F.P.S. with an extreme variation of 41 F.P.S.

Accordingly, the .375 DAK will have a trajectory and penetration very similar to the other magnums using bullets of similar construction. Its energy level of 850 ft. lbs. puts it precisely where it would logically be — in between the .357 and .41 magnums. (158 gr. .357 at 1400 F.P.S. equals 687 FPE — 210 gr. .41 at 1400 F.P.S. equals 913 FPE).

Again, shooting the .375 DAK doesn't give any surprises. Recoil is more like a .357 than a .41. Muzzle blast doesn't seem as sharp as a .357's

but certainly isn't as heavy as a .41's. Overall performance in the field is as acceptable as the other magnums with the same type ammunition. The gun feels somewhat lighter than a 6" .357. Most people who have seen it think it is a .357. Generally, it's pleasant to shoot and accurate. I shot a few targets at the local silhouette range and it seemed to hit harder than a .357. Maybe it was my imagination, but that's how it looked to me.

I can't see any purpose in loading down any of the Magnums for my usage and primarily used the 17-296-185 load for testing. I load just about every caliber to max or near max and if I want less power, I use a less powerful gun. Didn't get a chance to shoot anything with the .375 but I figure it'll be a little better than a .357.

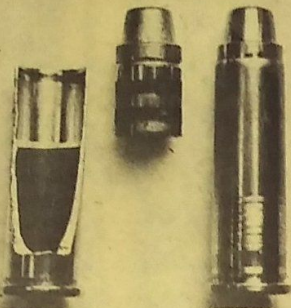
The .375 DAK is a nice little cartridge but unfortunately it doesn't do anything that other cartridges can't duplicate. It's only claim to fame is that it uses the .375 diameter bullets. The 220 Hornady .375 bullet could be made to work in the DAK case but the Forster inside reamer isn't long enough to ream the case enough to utilize it. I would guess that around 1000 F.P.S. would be tops with it. I can't see any reason to chamber the .375 DAK in a T/C as it simply won't perform like the moderately powerful .375 Bear Banger or .38-55 and is a lot more trouble to make.

Essentially it boils down to being a very interesting conversion for fooling around with. I would expect cost-wise such a conversion would run in excess

Continued On Page 14

CALIFORNIA SHEEP

By Delbert Roberts, No. 161



The .375 Win Big Bore case must be shortened and inside reamed to allow proper bullet seating.

of \$250 if a gunsmith did the work. Opening the chambers from .357 Mag. to .375 DAK is a two step job and time consuming. "N" Frame S & W, .357 Blackhawks and the .357 Mossberg S.A. would be suitable for conversion.



175 lb. 5 pointer was taken by Kjell Nilsson, No. 642, with his M-29 and handloads near Port St. Lucie, Florida.



Delbert's very successful trip culminated with these three trophies taken with a S & W .44 Magnum.

I met Dick Bailey and Jim Patapak at Dick's office in Long Beach prior to flying to Livermore, California to meet Richard Benbow for a sheep and goat hunt on the Benbow Ranch. Richard picked us up at the airport and drove us to the ranch where we met our guide, Paul Fry. After steaks and a good nights rest, we headed out at about 5:30 a.m. We drove uphill to about 2000 feet to begin hunting. Dick and Paul went on up to the top. Richard, Jim and I began working our way around the side of the hill. After an hour or so, I saw something move out of the corner of my eye and froze as a white animal moved into the open. I asked Richard what it was. He said it was a white Corsican Ram and a good one. I slowly eased out my custom 5" M-29 by Mag-Na-Port and got into a solid sitting position. I was shooting handloads of the CCI 350 primer under 21.0 grains of 2400 and the 240 grain Speer S.P. I took very careful aim and at the sound of the shot, the ram took off across the hill like the devil was after him. I was shooting downhill and shot over him. As he ran across the hill, I jumped up and fired again. I could see him hunch up and stop. We later found that bullet had hit him in the balls. — I shot again and killed him instantly with a neck shot. — He sure was a fine looking ram! We worked on around the hill to see if there were any more ahead of us so Jim could get a shot. Jim and Dick were hunting with rifles.

We worked our way through the brush and out into the open to a switch-back. I looked back the way we had come and there in the open about a fourth mile away stood a fine Barbados Ram. I told Richard I wanted to try for him, so back we went. As we were coming back out of the trees, I heard one shot and then two more. Dick and Paul had spotted the ram from above and had worked down to him. These rams die hard. Dick had hit him with a .308 twice in the heart. The last shot was in the head, ruining it for a trophy. The shots and our movement spooked five Merino Rams out of the trees about 400 yards ahead

of us. We ran as fast and quietly as we could to cut them off and got within 60 yards of them. My heart was beating so fast I couldn't hold the gun steady enough to shoot. Jim shot just as the rams went over the top of the hill. We ran to the top and saw the rams going over the next hill.

Richard and Jim went after them. I was done for a while . . . my feet were killing me . . . had new boots on, and I'll never do that again! Well, the rams got away without a scratch. After scattering out during the afternoon, an Angora Goat appeared about 150 yards out. Too far, but I tried him anyway. He was out in the open and I shot over, under and on both sides of him . . . but never hit him. Just poor shooting!

Dick spotted the Merino Rams and I worked around out of sight of the rams to get behind them and work them toward Jim. Well, my feet were about to let me down. They hurt so badly I was afraid to take my boots off. I finally worked up over the knoll where the sheep were supposed to be and they weren't in sight. I worked down to the next knoll and as I got near the top,

they came over at a dead run, not over 35 yards out. I shot the lead ram and slowed him down, the next shot dropped him. I ran over to him on sore feet and as he still appeared to be breathing, I put a finisher in his neck. These sheep seem to take a lot of killing.

In the meantime, Dick had taken a Spanish Goat at about 200 yards with one shot from his .308. I wanted to see Jim get his ram, so down the hill I went. I found Paul and Jim about the time the rams broke cover. Jim shot and knocked down a nice ram. As we started down, the ram jumped up and ran. Jim was behind some trees and could not get a shot. I was to Jim's right 60 yards and when the ram was clear of the trees, I shot and knocked him down. My ram had one broken horn and I wanted another one for mounting. We went after the bunch and soon gave up. When we got back, Jim's ram was gone. He had a .30-06 through the shoulder and a .44 through the neck. He looked dead and I'll never know how he moved. There was a small spot of blood about 25 yards from where he had been. Paul found another spot about 30 yards further down. The wool of a sheep soaks up most of the blood from a wound.

We were running out of daylight so we scattered and went in the general direction the ram had gone. Jim found him about 100 yards further on, dead.

After a days hard hunt, getting the animals taken care of, dinner, working on the silver dollar size blood blisters on my feet — 5 a.m. showed up almost too quickly. We ate and headed out again. Later, Jim dropped a black ram with his '06. I saw a white Merino Ram going through trees below the black one. I ran uphill to get a clear shot. As he came out in a clearing, I held on his shoulder and fired. Down he went. He was nice, but the tip of his left horn was broken off. Disappointed, as I wanted a good head to mount, I told Richard I would not shoot any more till I saw both horns. After field dressing the two rams, we went up the hill to look for a better head. My feet were getting worse. Well, about three-quarters of the way up the hill, Richard spotted some Ramboulette Rams about a quarter of a mile below us. We worked our way above them and approached them from above. We got to within about 40 yards of them using tall grass for cover and were looking them over when something moved on

Continued on Page 15

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Cal. Sheep *Continued From Page 14*
 my right. As I looked to the right, a Barbados Ram stepped into the open. His horns were perfect. I aimed for the top of his shoulder and fired. Down he went. The other rams moved about five yards and stood looking around. They didn't know where the shot came from. Jim moved up beside me and took aim at a nice ram further down the hill. At the shot, I saw a puff of wool fly and the ram went out of sight. We stood up and the rest of the rams took off downhill. We caped out my ram and I

BARREL INSERTS

By Tom Shippy, No. 26

In a previous issue of the *Sixgunner* I wrote an article detailing the unique cartridge adapters Harry Owen makes for the Thompson Center Contender. These adapters enable one to shoot subcaliber cartridges in standard T/C barrels. Those available include adapters allowing 22 LR and 22 WMR to be shot in 221, 222, 218B, 223 and 22 Jet barrels. Also centerfire rounds such as the 25 ACP, 32 ACP, 30 carbine, 9mm and 380's may be shot in centerfire barrels having approximately the same bullet diameter if the correct adapter is utilized. The tests I conducted with some of these adapters were enlightening to say the least. Besides allowing good accuracy, they enable one to utilize several cartridges in the same barrel, thereby eliminating the need to carry several Contender barrels in the field.

The adapters are for subcaliber cartridges having similar diameters. Harry also manufactures insert barrels for the T/C that make it possible to shoot cartridges of different diameters in the original barrel. These insert barrels are just what the name implies. A smaller diameter barrel chambered for a smaller cartridge is inserted into a larger barrel. The inside of the insert barrel is rifled in the normal manner and is available in 6" or 9" lengths. Near the insert barrel's muzzle an "O" ring is located which allows the barrel to maintain its position centered in the larger barrel. This insures that the barrel doesn't have any slack inside the larger barrel and it also protects the rifling of the original barrel as it is inserted and withdrawn. This device then allows the firing of 22 LR's for example, in practically any of the larger bores. With the adapters outlined in a previous issue, one could fire cartridges such as the .32 ACP in a 30-30 barrel. Now, by sticking an insert barrel in your back pocket you can also fire .22 LR cartridges. This would be handy for the handgun hunter wanting to do a little inexpensive plinking before heading home. If you have a buck down and need to finish him off with a minimum of fuss and wasted meat, it would take just a few seconds to slide a 22 insert barrel in the chamber and do the job. Also, you could use a subcaliber round to take a cottontail, squirrel or blue grouse for the pot. Many times blue grouse stay just a few feet in front of a person and you about have to kick them out of the way. Using a large caliber cartridge or even a 44 hot shot would destroy a lot of meat at this range. It would be far better to head shoot one using a 22 insert barrel which incidentally takes a lot less time to use than changing barrels. This brings up another advantage to these insert barrels which is obvious but sometimes overlooked — you don't need two scopes as you would if

hobbled down the hill to the truck. Richard and Jim came down later with Jim's ram.

We had a good hunt and have to say Richard worked hard to see we got what we wanted. We came home with six nice heads to mount and a whole lot of meat. If anyone is interested in a hunt where the guides don't mind working hard to get you in handgun range, you can call Richard Benbow at 415-657-4533 or write Benbow Ranch Recreation Hunting Preserve, 2077 Burham Road, Fremont, CA 94538.

you had two separate barrels.

Let's take a possible barrel — action combination and see what kind of possibilities we can come up with. The 44 magnum had always been popular and I believe Thompson Center lists it as their No. 1 seller. The ventilated rib 44 Hot Shot barrel is a versatile one — let's look at what can be fired through it. First, by removing the internal choke you could fire all of the standard 44 magnum and 44 special factory loads, handloads and regular 44 shot shells. With the choke installed you could fire T/C's hot shot loads which come in several sizes. These as you probably know allow one to hunt birds at ranges comparable to those you could use a .410 shotgun. Through the use of three of Harry's insert barrels, which incidentally weigh less than one regular .22 LR barrel, you can also fire 22 long rifles, 22 WMR's, or 22 Hornets. By sticking your choice of any or all of these inserts into your hip pocket you greatly extend the versatility of that one barrel you started with. With the 22 LR alone, you have a large selection of choices when you consider hollow points, semi-hollow points, 22 shorts, longs, 22 shot shells and the new yellow jackets, expeditors, etc.

In talking with Harry, he disclosed another aspect to this I had overlooked — you could put a 22 Hornet insert barrel into your 22 magnum barrel, use it and then if you wanted to shoot 22 LR's merely place a 22 Hornet adapter chambered for the 22 long rifle in the insert and you're off and running. In other words you're adding an adapter to an insert barrel which is already in another barrel. It boggles the mind, doesn't it? That's a lot of choices and chances are, I left out some possibilities.

Those of you looking for a survival type of weapon would be hard pressed to better that combination of versatility in such a light weight package. If you've ever backpacked into out of the way places wanting to travel as light as possible, it would be comforting to know you had such a dependable firearm along.

The following standard T/C barrels have inserts available allowing 22 magnums to be shot in them: .357 mag., .45 ACP, .45 Long Colt, .45 Winchester magnum and the .45-.410. 22 Long rifle insert barrels can be obtained for all of the preceding plus the .30 Herrett and the 30-30. Those who would like a more potent round can get a .22 Hornet insert from Harry to fit the following barrels: .357 Herrett, .41 Mag, .44 Mag, .45 ACP, 145 Long Colt, and the new .45 Winchester Magnum. Incidentally, Thompson Center's catalog lists the .22 Hornet as being the most accurate centerfire cartridge they chamber.

Even though I've been dwelling on the adapters and insert barrels Harry has for the Contender, those certainly aren't the only ones available. Those

who have a government model .45 auto can get an insert barrel enabling them to fire .22 LR's without paying an arm and a leg as you would have to if you bought a custom conversion unit. A similar device can be used in all 9mm pistols. These of course, would allow single loading and since these pistols are set up for centerfire wounds, a centerfire to rimfire device is inserted after the 22 cartridge is loaded. I would think this would be a natural for those in the military — parachutists or survivalists who have a definite need for traveling light could throw in a box of 22 LR cartridges and an insert barrel and have the use of either centerfire or rimfire cartridges.

Insert barrels are available in various lengths and configurations for any number of shotguns whether they be single, double, O/U, pumps or automatics. Thus you could fire many of your popular pistol loads thru your shotgun as well as such cartridges as the .222, .223, 30-30, and the 45-70. Most of the inserts are 6" and are used in breakopen shotguns. Quoting from their literature, they also manufacture special 2-3/4" insert barrels that can be inserted through the breech of any pump or bolt action. In spite of their short length, the 2-3/4" barrels develop more velocity than the snubnose revolvers and small autos in the same calibers.

Longer barrels are available in all calibers for shotguns. The extra length barrels cost more, but have several advantages. They develop more velocity, hit harder and also reduce the noise of the shot. A 14" .45 ACP barrel is much quieter than when fired in a .45 auto and the accuracy, velocity and hitting power are much greater. Extra length is useful for calibers such as the 45-70 and the 30-30. The use of such a barrel makes an effective double rifle out of your shotgun. Two insert barrels used in a double barrel shotgun make a nice double rifle that can be converted back in seconds.

Just the other day I received some material depicting new developments available from Sport Specialties. Owners of Dan Wesson .357 revolvers can now purchase a unit to convert it to 22 LR. The conversion unit consists of six adapters to fit in the six chambers of the cylinder and a 22 LR insert barrel which will fit the Dan Wesson shroud. The barrels plus six inserts are available in any length from 2-1/2" to 15" and cost from \$70 to \$110. If you purchase the six adapters for the cylinder and desire more than one length of barrel these extra barrels cost between \$20 and \$60 depending on the length desired. These insert barrels may also be had in stainless steel for a slight increase in cost.

There is a fairly new and distinctly different pistol on the market called the C.O.P. (Compact off-duty Police) which with its four barrel arrangement shoots 38 special for 357 magnum cartridges. Now through the use of insert barrels you can shoot three additional calibers: 22 LR, 22 WMR, and the .25 ACP. Those people in law enforcement desiring a hideout gun could do a lot of inexpensive practicing with this combination. Even though its a good idea to shoot "full house" loads frequently, the ability to plink with inexpensive 22 LR's is appealing. Many home defense guns get relegated to a dresser drawer never to be heard from again.

For more information on any of these products call or write: Harry Owen, Box 5337, Hacienda Heights, California, 91745. (213) 968-5806.

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FIRING LINE

Dale Crosno, 9 Pajoro Way, Salinas, CA 93901 (757-5993) owns HHI Sixgun No. 44 and would be interested in selling it — for a profit, of course. He would also like to meet other HHI members.

I've now gotten the bug to go to a hunting preserve in search of a Rocky Mountain Ram. About three years ago, I bagged a 220 lb. Russian boar at the Tioga Boar Hunting Preserve, RD 3, Tioga, PA 16946. However, at that time I was not yet into handgun hunting. Now the urge burns hotter and hotter as I'll be using my 14" T/C .44 Magnum (250 gr. Keith, 21 gr. 2400) with Pachmayrs fore and aft. With reference to William Aurdand, member No. 992, who wrote of his enjoyable experience in the December 1980 issue of *The Sixgunner*, I would like to know if any member of the HHI has ever hunted at the Hocking Valley Hunting Preserve, Logan, OH? I would like to know how this preserve compares to the one at Tioga, PA in terms of lodging facilities and quality of trophy game. Any help from the membership will be greatly appreciated.

Lane Meinert, No. 1038
 8075 Remington Dr.
 Pittsburgh, PA 15237

I know the .223 Rem. or 5.56mm brass can be sized down into .221 Fire Ball, but can 5.56mm Blank ammo as used by the U.S. Army for training also be sized down into .221FB or are there some inherent weakness in blank brass?

Will the reformed brass stand up to the high pressures apt to be found in standard .221FB loads? There is a cannelure about 1/4" above the rim on the blank brass.

I've heard that any case based on the 30-06 series can be cut down for 45 ACP cases. If this is so, can 7.62mm (.308 Win) Blank ammo be cut down into 45ACP?

After 5.56mm brass is sized down to .221FB what is the most easy and economical way to neck ream?

David A. Kline

Editor's Note: As far as I know, if you want to go to the trouble to make .221 from 5.56mm blanks there isn't any reason why you shouldn't. Case capacities are likely to be different (smaller), requiring a slight reduction in powder charges. I use RCBS set up to inside neck ream. Use a 3/8" drill (1/4" will work) on the reamer with plenty of oil. It's the fastest and easiest way I know of.

Although several dimensions are slightly different in .45 ACP and 7.62, the 7.62 case can be made to work. I've done it for a particular, purpose and made a lot more of them into .44, .41 and .357 auto Mag cases. I assure you even if you get them free it isn't worth the trouble. The 5.56 to .221 requires only one pass to move the shoulder back, cutting off and neck reaming. I don't have the time to do it but it's a relatively simple operation. Either shoot the blanks or use a non-sparking tool to open them up. Do not use the powder for any purpose.

JDJ

Just want to mention how much I enjoy reading the *Sixgunner*. Send me the first five issues of Vol. 1 and you'll put me up to date with the richest, most enjoyable reading I've ever had.

I especially got a charge out of Larry Kellys "Hard Way Elk" in the December issue.

John Taffin had been supplying "ammunition" to the cause of HHI like a loyal patriot. By the number he carries we can all see that he's been touched by the Spirit of '76.

From the three issues I've received so far, I have found the comments and experience coming from "My Corner" most enlightening to the where, why, and how of handgun hunting. Keep up the good work.

All your calibers make my mouth water; although I've been shooting .222, 30H, 30/30, and .357 your new .358 JDJ sounds good to me.

Will Renaud No. 939

How about a scaled down version of the front sight found on the military M-1 or M-14 rifles for hunting handguns? Hooded front sights are available but they look kind of fragile and can pick up all kinds of debris when carried out in the woods or field. A naked front post sooner or later gets marked or bent at the most inopportune time. Holster guns are pretty well protected when carried in the right model for outdoor use, but what about those 10 to 15 inch barreled singleshots that lend themselves better to slings than to holsters. They make up a pretty elaborate sight with "ears" for PPC guns and something similar or even simpler would do very well on a T/C or XP that's going to see some rugged use. I just did some trading for an XP-BR and I sure would like to put a mini-M-1 front sight outfit on it. What do you think, is there a use for such a sight?

Tom Welsh, No. 31

Editor's Note: How 'bout it — what do you think?

To Ohio HHI Members

My name is John Reinhart, 402 North St., Wapakoneta, Ohio 45895, HHI No. 495. I'm interested in contacting other Ohio area members for a possible get together hunt. Drop me a note if interested.

A note on the SSK Ramslammer 315 gr. .44 cal. bullet. At the Lima range recently we had a ram set full foot,

with muddy feet, bowed considerably. In a shooting spree to get it first, it was hit twice, but didn't go, with a 30-30 (don't know load) before I could get on it. But when I did, one hit with the 315 SSK took it down quick. (10-1/2" Ruger, 21 grs. 296) Impressed Me. JR

I rebarreled a .45 Colt Blackhawk to 10-1/2", Williams shorty ramp front sight, cut front sight to .22 from .28, Mag-Na-Ported, Mag-Na-Port peep rear sight, Mustang grips, 35 oz. trigger, (my work) 260 Speer JHP/23.0 gr. of 296/CCI mag primers, WW cases, heavy crimp, approx. 1300 FPS per Mr. Oehler's model No. 12 with sky screens at 10 ft.

Mr. Al Siegrist, 2689 McLean Rd., Whittemore, MI 48770, did the barrel work using a model 1927 Thompson Machine Gun barrel which he had laying around. Does great barrel work. Everything else ain't so bad either. Good Gunsmith! Shoots 6" at 100 yards when I can hold it that well.

444 Marlin case cut off at the end of the cyl. and chamfered inside and out, 4.5 gr. bullseye powder, 410 shot cup with sides trimmed off makes a fine over power wad, 220 gr. of No. 9 shot (218-1/2 oz.). Thin piece of cardboard (or heavy paper) on top of shot with a dab of silicone bathtub sealer to hold it in place. I tried wax, it doesn't work. Ended up using bathtub sealer. Works swell. Prints point of aim at 15 yards, two foot circle. I'll let you know how No. 5 shot does on rabbits after I try some. No. 9 is a slow killer and tastes awful.

Mark D. Taylor, No. 629

My .44 Mag load is 21.5-2400-200 Hornady H.P. CCI 350 primer. Shoots like a target load in my 8-3/8" M-29.

I think Ed Wegryznek No. 305 put it very nicely in the last *Sixgunner* regarding the special PA handgun season. If we need a special handgun season, let's open one on slob hunters and game law violators. Neither are on the endangered species list here in PA.

E.C. Coombe, Jr. No. 676

The *Sixgunner* is the best publication I have seen on handgun hunting.

My 357 mag. loads are not as hot as some would like but there are super accurate in a Colt Python.

Using Lyman bullets No. 358 495 and 358 477 I use 6 gr. of Unique and 6.5 Unique with Lyman bullet No. 358, 429 in Remington brass.

My favorite 44 Mag loads are: Lyman bullet No. 429360 with 18 gr. 2400 and Lyman bullet No. 429421 with 21 gr. 2400 and Remington brass. My best deer load is 21.5 gr. of 2400 and a 240 Remington softpoint, which completely penetrated a 140 pound croch horn at 30 yards from a Ruger Super B. for a one shot kill.

My deer load had taken 23 deer from a rifle. Most of them one shot kills, or one and a finisher at most. Never had a deer go over 30 yards after a hit with this load. Up here in Maine most shots are under 75 yards and it's a great place to handgun hunt deer.

Petri I. Hills, No. 691

December 17, 1980

As you must know by now, since the demise of Rock Star John Lennon by a nut with a .38, the newspapers and TV media are all out for blood — unfortunately not the blood of the killer, but ours, the innocent handgun owners. Sound familiar (Deja vue)? Well, here in Philadelphia, Pa., we have four newspapers and seven TV stations all

very anti-gun in general and anti-handgun in particular. There is no one organized to combat the slurs and trash that they print.

My idea is to form a group that could fight that "cancer." I am sure that I am not the only HHI member in Philadelphia and the close vicinity. Perhaps we could meet each other and come up with something. I would like to hear your comments and if the other members in Philadelphia are interested. Maybe if it is a good idea, it will catch on in other cities.

We handgunners are an endangered species, and I have the cold feeling that, if worst comes to worst, the big national organizations will throw us to the wolves as an alternative.

I enjoy reading the *Sixgunner* — it's a great paper!

Robert E. Riquet, No. 158
3202 Salmon Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19134

RENEWALS

Charter members No. 744 through 866 must renew now. This is your only notification. Please renew today. The rate is now \$15.00 per year.

My principle interest in handguns is as a hunter. My first handgun was a Savage 101. Some years ago I loaned it to my brother and he really did a number on it. No front sight blade, no trigger, knicks, knocks, flakes and corrosion on the barrel. The guts are good and it shoots stingers better than anything I've tried in it, albeit that you have to 'fan' the hammer. In early days I took many fur and food animals with this light little single shot .22 LR. Do you know a particular gunsmith who could restore it? (Ed: I know what it is and would like to own a good one. Don't know of any parts available). Gunsmiths I've talked to don't even know what it is!

In the last 15 years or so, I've used various handguns in the field to repel bears, the odd feral housecat or take fur animals such as racoon or mink that would be dangerous quarry for my falcons. My .38 special derringer and blanks have been used as a last ditch means of flushing quarry from cover, under the hawks, as well for camp security, with live rounds. I am a master grade falconer and I hunt with a pair of Prairie falcons. No large game animals can be hunted with a handgun in Washington state, in this respect it is similar to falconry.

Last fall I was flying a new bird — a tiercel (male) prairie falcon (*Falco mexicanus*). He's extremely agile and fast, but there are so many quarry to large for him. I'm used to flying my six year old falcon (female) who takes on about anything. The females are about a third or more larger than the males. I decided that an accurate long range handgun was going to be included this year. I've been watching T/C work the

bugs out of the contender since it came out. The split locking bolt and hammer pin safety makes it just about perfect; to wit I purchased one last winter, before the price went up. My inquiry about a .17 Remington barrel was my introduction HHI, and I'm still determined to get one some day. The barrel on the pistol was a 10" bull .22 LR. I learned to shoot the T/C very accurately. Pachmayr grips and front end have enhanced my ability. There also hangs the nostalgia of the little Savage 101. When I fire my new single shot .22 LR.

When my local dealer got in a new 10 inch .223 Rem. barrel I couldn't resist. This is the .45 auto of the .22 centerfire world with reloads at \$15.00 for 50. They were pretty poor by comparison with my handloads made with a Lee Target Loader, made with a scale, powder measure and micrometer caliper. My problem in working up loads is brass. I live on the doorstep of Ft. Lewis but I can't find out what they do with the spent brass. I'd like to buy or scavage some of it, but no dice. They probably don't like my hair or beard and that's the real reason I get the run around. I'm working with about 150 of various LC and TW cases from the reloads. I've shot about 350 handloads to date. One very accurate load so far is 60 gr. Hornady SHP-CCI BR-4 (20.8 gr.) 4198 DuPont — COL (2.429") this .05mm from seating on the lands in this barrel. I need suggestions of a dealer of spent brass in the west or northwest I can UPS from. I saw one ad in AH July/August but it's UPS collect from Tennessee. I'm prepared to deal with the primer crimp and the full length sizing situation provided I can get some cases. With good fortune I'll have a story about this falls hunting and maybe a short piece on developing accurate loads.

I'd like to pick your brain for some other info. Can .17 Rem. cases be made from spent .223 brass? Who makes a neck down die? I have access to a press, but I'll probably do the other operations with hand gear. It sure would be a convenient and cheap way to run a .17 Rem. contender. What is the best 35mm film to use to take pictures for *Sixgunner*? I've developed a unique shoulder holster scabbard for use with the Pachmayr front end and I'd like to share a picture of it.

Ken Hooper, No. 821

Editor's Note: Unfortunately brass from out of state cannot legally be shipped to individuals who do not have a Federal Firearms license. Nominal cartridge length of the .17 Rem. is 1.796 inches an the .223 (5.56) is 1.760. Case made from the .223 would be a little short and probably require neck reaming, depending on brass and chamber; but it would work. Any black and white film is best for reproduction. Some color prints reproduce adequately if there is enough sharpness and contrast.

JDJ

HANDGUN HUNTERS INTERNATIONAL

P.O. Box 357 MAG
Bloomington, OH 43910
Annual membership is \$15.00

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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