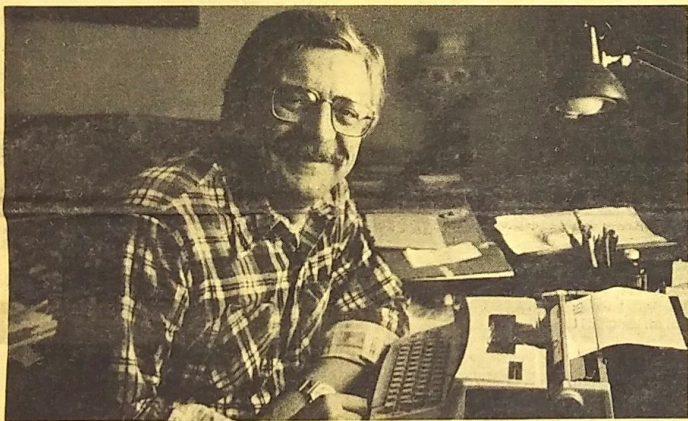




THE SIXGUNNER



MY CORNER

By J. D. Jones

The 1982 SHOT Show was notable in several respects. Most outstanding — only because it affected everyone — were the combined effects of -10° temperatures followed by a slight warming trend that brought snow and almost total temporary paralysis to the South.

The show was huge. I probably didn't see 50% of it. For handgunners, the Stoeger OMNI 9mm and .45 ACP were probably the most significant items.

Manufactured by Llama, the OMNI is the residence of numerous new design features and promises to be an excellent gun. I received a test gun yesterday, fired it a couple a dozen times into the trap. This is the gun previously reported on from Spain.

Colt has updated the Trooper MK III. It's now the MK V and is considerably improved. The basic revolver remains; it has major changes in three areas. First, double action pull has been smoothed out and lightened by about 15%. This improvement also results in a shorter hammer arc and faster lock time. It will be noticeable in offhand shooting. The grip has been redesigned, resulting in a 1/8 inch less distance from backstrap to trigger and the bottom of the grip is shortened 3/8

inch. Colt invited a number of individuals to test the new MK V in Atlanta. I found each of the demonstration guns I shot to be very close in action and trigger "feel". Although the range was indoors, it afforded a good opportunity to give the MK V's a good workout on targets and bowling pins. There were no malfunctions to my knowledge. The Rampant Colt trademark is tastefully changed for the MK V. If the production guns are as good as the pre-production units, Colt definitely has a winner here. The .22 New Frontier is also reintroduced for 1982!

The Eagle gas operated .357 Mag. semi-auto was on display. Unfortunately when I visited the booth, no one was there that could answer my questions about the gun. It's big and probably just what the world has been waiting for.

Leupold's "Silver" is a white colored pistol scope that looks decent. It's supposed to be available around April first. At this writing, I haven't found a jobber who can guess when the Weaver will be available. I had one of the experimental Weavers to mount for a customer and found it about 7 ounces

Continued On Page 2



A fantastic trophy taken with a S & W M-29!

GOATS ARE TOPS

By Bob Robertson, Fairbanks, AK

I don't know what is so special about mountain sheep and mountain goats, but I'm as guilty as anyone of holding them in awe. Maybe it is the country they inhabit. You feel you are on top of the world and can see miles of fantastic country. Without a doubt it is the most beautiful part of our shrinking world.

I think the reason I love sheep and goat hunting so much is that during the hunt you usually see the animals for long periods of time during the stalk (usually hours) and the indescribable feeling we all get while hunting lasts longer than with other game, I'm referring to the heart racing, dry mouth,

weak knees, etc., feeling that I get when the stalk is underway and everything seems to be up in the air and success depends on things that for the most part are out of my control! I think this is why I've hunted with a bow and for the last eight years, a Smith and Wesson .44 mag. That special period of time is prolonged and even more so with mountain game than with other game that is shot soon after sighting.

Our Dall sheep and mountain goats in Alaska are generally found in different areas. The white sheep inhabit the South Central and interior parts of the South Central and interior parts of

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My Corner . . . Continued from Page 1
heavier than a Leupold. It couldn't be sighted in, so I couldn't shoot it and test it for durability. It looked about 15' to the right at around 100 yards.

H & H Cartridge Co., P. O. Box 104, Greensburg, IN 47240 is now marketing a casemouth lacquer for handloaders. In addition to being a waterproofing compound, the mouth lacquer usually gives a very uniform bullet pull and aids in the ignition of hard to ignite powders. Packaged to seal 300 to 500 cases, it costs \$1.00 plus \$1.00 shipping for any number of packages.

I've been using a Streamlite — it's tempting to call it a flashlight, but that wouldn't do it justice. It's a tough, police type, quartz-halogen bulb pre-focused in a spun aluminum reflector and rechargeable nickel-cadmium battery powered hand-held light. It's light is a clean white and it just puts out an unbelievable amount of light. It's now my No. 1 nightlight! It's 20,000 candlepower output is beaten only by its 35,000 candlepower big brother. There are several other models. For info: Streamlite Inc., 1030 W. Germantown Pike, Norristown, PA 19403.

HHI antelope hunters for 1982 are Blackie Sliva (OH), Chuck Richardson (MI), Max Knepple (MI), Dennis Kirkpatrick (OH), Ken Whitworth (MI), Bob Hector (MI). Gary Geraud, Tom Shippy and I will probably be hunter-guides.

The new T/C frame featuring the new trigger group that is not interchangeable with the old went into production at SN # 195001. Barrels will remain interchangeable.



Colt's new MK V in bright nickel is a highly refined MK III Trooper. On a dollar-versus-performance basis, it seems to be a better buy than a Python.

HHI Record Book is in the mill. More next issue, but it looks favorable to join with another organization and it's already established criterion and measurers to set up a Record Book for Handgunners. Nothing finalized as yet as to minimums, etc. Let's have your comments.

The Army has now rejected all bids for a new 9mm pistol as none of the guns met military specs. Tune in next week or month to find out if the .45 caliber 1911s will be converted to 9mm at a cost of \$70 per unit.

CCI Blazer is a new non-reloadable case factory load at lower cost than reloadable case ammo. All performance specifications are the same as for reloadable ammo. If you don't reload, there isn't much point in buying the higher priced ammo. Blazer is now in production and is available through your local dealer.

Tom Shippy, P. O. Box 361, Hudson, WY 82515 showed up antelope hunting with the best holster for a scoped T/C I've seen. It's light, soft, doesn't squeak, has a flap and is comfortable. It can be worn cross-draw, conventional or as a shoulder rig that carries sort of cross-chest. I liked it and talked him into making me one. One thing led to another and Tom is now offering a template to make it for \$3.50 prepaid. It's very simple — trace it out on thin leather, cut it, punch it, lace it together with rawhide. Shouldn't take an hour. Specify scope or iron sights when ordering. Talk to him real nice and he might even make the holster for you!

Thanks for all the comments on how well done the last issue of THE SIX-GUNNER was. My eldest, Keith, was primarily responsible for editing and laying it out.

Kennesaw, Georgia: Mayor Darvin Purdy and the City Council unanimously passed an ordinance requiring the head of each household to own a gun. The ordinance goes into effect March 25th. Exempt from the new ordinance are persons with physical disabilities which prevent the use of a gun, those who conscientiously oppose the use of firearms because of religious beliefs and convicted felons. No house or house searches to determine compliance are anticipated. Hooray Kennesaw!

Secrecy Department: Since no one has told me officially or unofficially about this development, here it is: Ruger is working on a new revolver for the .357 Remington Maximum cartridge. This is simply a stretched .357 with a heavier load. Its intended use is silhouette as the standard .357 is somewhat anemic in ram knockdown. A long cylinder and heavy bullet factory load will be available. Release Date: I anticipate by no later than mid-summer, however, remember it took two years to get the Redhawk out after release date. The T/C .357 can be re-chambered. I don't know of any revolver that can be re-chambered. Gates is undoubtedly the motivating force behind this one. Look for Federal to release the ammo the day after Remington announces it and barrels to be available from T/C long before you see a .357 Maximum revolver.

Soap Box Time: Have you heard about the design of the memorial for Vietnam vets? It's below ground level and consists of essentially a 'V' shaped trench with a black marble wall listing the names of those Americans killed in Vietnam in chronological order of their death. Maybe I don't understand it, but to me, it's an affront to their sacrifice, memory, families, other vets and our nation as a whole. I'm all for a memorial to these men, but let's have one we can look up at and be proud of. Write your Congressman, Senator, President and local paper if you feel the same way.

Our country may not be perfect with inflation and unemployment, but it's still lower in inflation and unemployment than the rest of the world excluding Russia where you would be told where you are going to work. It beats the hell out of whatever is in second place and I think we should all remember that and talk about it.

Goats . . . Continued from Page 1
the state, while the goats are mostly in the Southeastern-coastal portions of the state. The goat's habitat is far more rugged with more snow, more rain, more ice and more wind, but warmer temperatures. Sheep are in generally colder areas, with less moisture and related ice.

Sheep have been the number one trophy in Alaska for years, but as hunting areas shrink due to Federal Government land grabs, native land claims etc., opportunities for hunting sheep are becoming less and less and tremendously expensive, particularly for the non-resident. I believe the goat is becoming more and more sought after and will partly replace the sheep as a mountain trophy. It is without doubt worthy of anyone's time and expense. In fact anyone who has previously hunted sheep will probably be very surprised at the difficulties involved in goat hunting or I should say the outright dangers involved in goat hunting! I have never been goat hunting without feeling my life was in danger for periods of time during the hunt. The goats are usually found in extremely steep terrain and it is usually raining, sometimes freezing rain so the rocks all have ice on them. I would be willing to bet that more hunters are killed while goat hunting than any other type of hunting in our state; yes even including brown/grizzly bears!

Last year roughly half of the goat hunters I flew out injured themselves. There were various types of semi-serious injuries; twisted knees and ankles, bruised shin bone, dislocated shoulder, etc. I'm not trying to discourage anyone, just attempting to point out that the goat is a worthy game animal and if taken in the latter part of the season, he is a beautiful animal with very long fur-like hair and as a bonus, good eating.

While planning a goat hunt it must be kept in mind that Alaska law requires salvaging the meat on all meat animals and this adds to the hunter's logistic problems. It is not uncommon to shoot a goat and then find that it is not humanly possible to pack it out or ever to get to it! This should be taken into consideration before shooting as it is not a valid excuse for wasting the animal. With a maximum of \$5,000 fine and one year in jail for wanton waste, there is a good incentive for planning before shooting.

As a balance to the usual type of goat hunt I should say that I killed a goat in November of 1978 with my M29 6½" and had a relatively easy time of it. At least I didn't have to climb thousands of feet up a steep mountain. However, it did rain and the rocks were slippery and there was no doubt that the least little slip would have brought disaster. The reason I say that this goat was relatively easy is that it was killed only 500 feet above the beach and I was only wet for 1 day out of 5. That is another story that is better told another time after you hear of the more typical goat hunt.

I was unable to get time off for a sheep hunt this year. Something that I swore would never happen to me and I sincerely hope never happens again! Some good friends went though, and did real well with their XP-100's. Hopefully, Jim Bickman will write about it.

I was planning a late season goat hunt all year, but I had to be flexible on dates as I could not plan on any set days off because of my hectic seasonal flying schedule. I called a friend at the

air taxi that would be flying me out and he said that conditions were perfect with 6 inches of fresh snow which would help move the goats to lower elevations.

I made several calls trying to get someone to go with me on short notice. Everyone wanted to go, but because of various reasons no one made it. The closest anyone came was trying to board a jet in Juneau which overheaded (didn't land) because of weather problems. (Very common this time of year!)

I was dropped off the morning of November 12th at a Forest Service Cabin airstrip. I had enough gear and food to last at least two weeks. It is imperative that you go prepared to stay awhile because of weather delays. The cabin where I stayed is well known for high winds in the winter time. In fact the cabin and outhouse are both wired to the ground with large cables and buried stakes. My friend lost a Super Cub there when drainage winds came up while he was out hunting. The Cub was well tied down, but the winds were so strong that they ripped everything loose and rolled the aircraft up into a ball.

After unpacking my gear, I got out the spotting scope and began glassing the mountains around camp. After an hour or so I spotted three goats that appeared to be billies. I say appeared to be because it is next to impossible to tell the difference between nannies and billies unless the nannies are accompanied by kids. Longer beards, thicker horns, etc. help, but it is difficult!

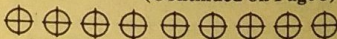
While glassing I also spotted a black bear on the slopes that appeared to be digging. I spent the rest of the day packing my daypack and keeping an eye on the animals. This time of the year it is only light from 8:00 a.m. to approximately 4:30 p.m. so I would have to make it up the mountain and back down fairly quickly.

I left camp on the morning of the 13th at 7:30 and carefully picked my way through the brush around camp until it got light enough to see well. Then I made a beeline to the base of the mountain below where I had spotted the bear digging. The walk to the base took approximately one hour, but the next two to three hours were much slower going through brush and devil's club that was growing on the very steep mountainside. The best way I've found to motivate through the ugly mess is a walk-stumble similar to the breast stroke in swimming!

I finally arrived at the area where the bear was last spotted. Realizing that only a deaf, blind, cripple bear would still be around after all the noise I had made, I decided to at least look around for his diggings. Surprisingly, I found where he had covered himself up in his den. As I was alone, armed only with my M29 6½.44 I decided that "descretion is the better part of valor", so I left the bear to his dreams.

I worked my way to above brushline and across the mountainside towards the three goats. I arrived at a spot approximately 250 yards below where they were bedded down in what can on-

(Continued on Page 3)



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Goats . . . Continued from Page 2

ly be described as a sheer cliff. It was already around 1:00 p.m., but I had no choice but to wait for them to start feeding and hopefully work their way down and out of the rocks. I was alone and did not even consider trying to climb up after them.

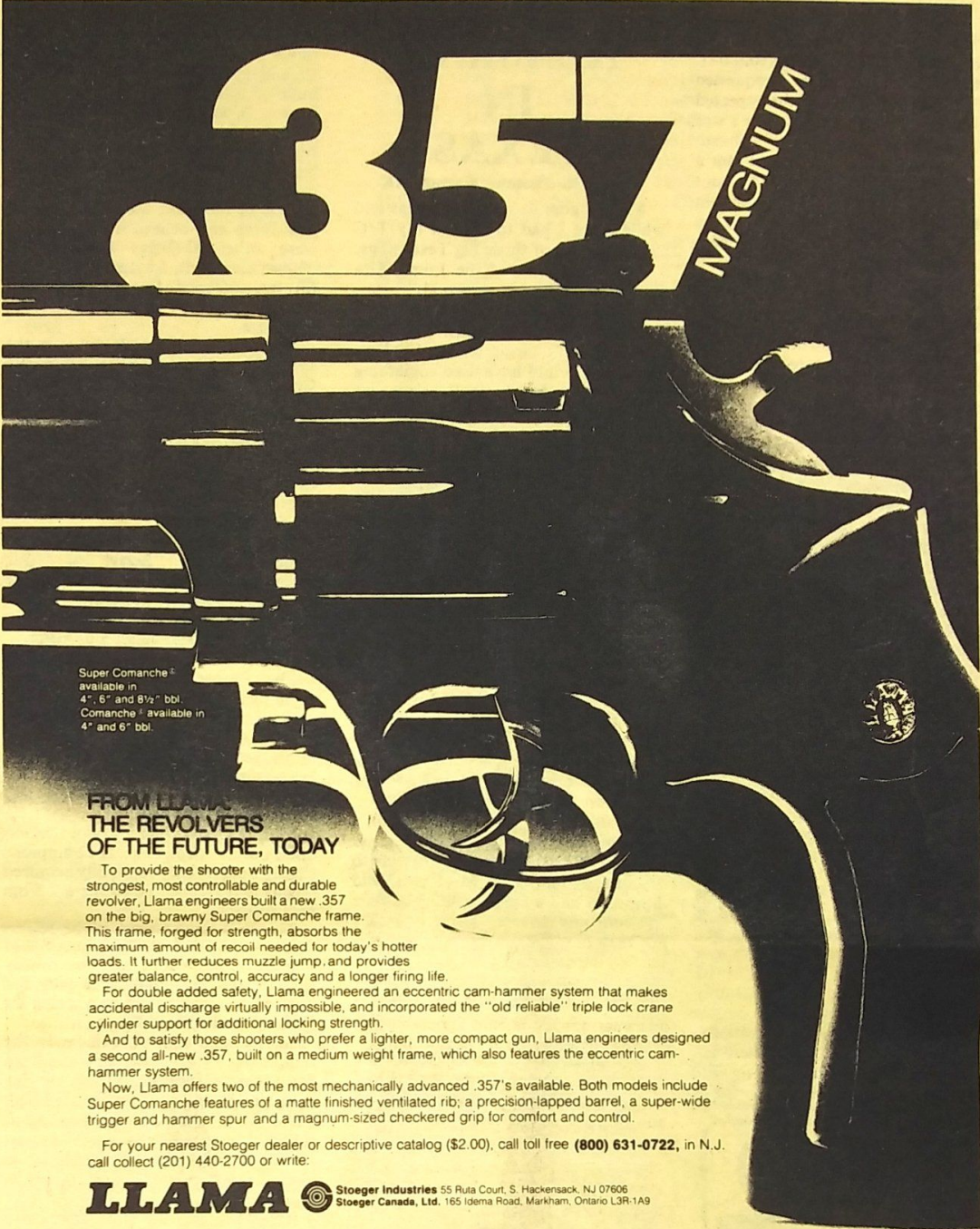
During the next two and a half hours I watched the goats feed down hill towards me. I learned a lot about goats' habits, but I was sinking further into the first stages of hypothermia. I had gotten a little damp while climbing earlier and now the cold mountain breezes were blowing. I decided to wait as long as possible and then make a mad dash back to camp.

A nanny and a kid appeared on the ridge approximately 150 yards from me. Any chance I had of crawling closer while the billies were feeding was gone now. Two of the billies worked their way towards the nanny and then all four, (two billies, nanny with kid) slowly came down the ridge that was parallel to the one I was on. By the time they were level with me they were in and out of scrub brush that was thick enough to deflect a bullet, but not enough to offer stalking cover especially when dealing with the sharp-eyed goats.

They eventually fed out into the open at what I estimated to be 125 yards. They were bunched fairly close together at times, so I had to pick my shot carefully. I was leaning against the rocks, which because of the steepness of the ridge placed me almost in a backrest position. The biggest billy was slightly facing me when I held for his neck-meets-shoulder area. I squeezed the shot off, at least I squeezed it as well as I could under the circumstances *and was surprised to see the goats all standing, staring in my direction. I had obviously overshot him as a shot in any other direction would have hit another goat. I realigned the sights a little lower and at the shot the billy dropped so fast I missed seeing it fall. The other goats were so surprised that they alternately watched me and their companion as I hiked towards them. When I was within 50 to 60 yards they departed up the cliffs and over the hill.*

I quickly gutted the billy and took a few pictures with my Olympus XA2 camera, a very good camera for hunting by the way as it fits into a shirt pocket and takes excellent pictures. It has a self-timer for solo hunters and I carry mine in a zip lock baggie to protect it from moisture. I started towards camp with only 30 minutes of light remaining. The only reason I was able to go straight down was because the brush was thick enough to stop my fall. I was honestly dropping from one alder bush to the next. When I got to the base of the mountain I could barely see 50 feet. From then on it was a matter of taking a heading and stumbling through the brush towards camp. I make my living by finding my way through the Alaska bush by air, however it is very easy to get disoriented in our coastal rain forests while on foot. I arrived at camp almost two hours later. It was a five hour hike up to the goats from camp, but going downhill I made it in a record two and a half to three hours. I had a good incentive though. I didn't particularly want to spend the night out without a good meal, tent and sleeping bag.

The next morning I started early towards my goat kill. On the way I picked the best route possible for packing a heavy load down the steep mountainside. I skinned the billy and fleshed



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the hide as closely as possible to keep the weight down. I boned the meat out and tied everything to the pack frame. I slowly picked my way down the ridge, holding onto the brush as I went. I had taken the precaution of wrapping my previously injured knees (bad ligaments) with ace bandages. I made it approximately half way down the mountain and had to leave the pack and make another mad dash to camp, arriving one hour after dark. I got up early the next morning and retrieved the pack and arrived at camp before dark for once.

Most of the next day was spent fleshing and salting the hide and cleaning hair out of the meat. The hide is very beautiful and I'm having it tanned with hair on for a furniture throw. The billy had 8-7/8" length x 5-1/2" base horns. The bullet was a Sierra 240 gr. HC. Load was 24.5 gr H110 CCI 250, Federal cases. The bullet hit the neck and broke two vertebrae and continued along the neck into the right front shoulder and was found under the hide against the muscle. The bullet did not expand, but was deformed due to its

contact with the bone. I should mention that goats are known for being extremely hard to put down and I believe that to be the case. It is possibly because of their extreme hardness which is very necessary to live in their icy world.

In closing I should also mention that it is not very smart to hunt goats while alone, but I've never been too rational when it comes to sheep and goat hunting. The fact that I'm scared of being in tall buildings and still will go after goats should be proof of that!

**YOUR
EXPERIENCES
MAY HELP
SOMEONE
ELSE
WRITE TODAY!**

THANK YOU, LYMAN

By Tom Shippy, Hudson, WY

I've used Lyman products for a good many years. Recently, they showed me why they've been a leader in their field for so long. I had a Mold Master XX furnace that I've used and abused for years. The aluminum outer shell that acts as a heat retainer had broken loose and slipped down and I had tried to force it back up into the top ring. Unable to do this, I snipped the edge in three places allowing it to be compressed enough to fit. Needless to say, it looked like hell with this wrinkled, snipped out shell of aluminum. Then sometime last year the thermostat quit also, due in part, I suppose, to having to work harder because of the heat escaping around the broken outer shell.

I left it sitting on my workbench for several months almost throwing it away on two occasions. Finally, deciding I had nothing to lose, I wrote


(Continued on Page 4)

Lyman . . . Continued from Page 3

Lyman asking if they could rebuild it. They said sure, send it in. I requested that they notify me as to the expected cost before they started work as I was prepared to sink only \$40 to \$50 into the furnace. At the same time I sent a 429421 single cavity mold that was out of alignment. It never had thrown bullets as well as a 4 cavity I had of the same Keith 44 bullet and I asked them to take a look at it.

A few short weeks later a package arrived containing what appeared to be a brand new Mold Master XX. Upon closer inspection I could see that a few of the old parts were retained but at least half were replaced. A new thermostat was added, both the inner and outer shell were new, the handle that controlled the flow had been updated and the old parts were cleaned to an almost new appearance. Thinking that they should have contacted me before running up such a bill, I found the invoice and to my surprise saw 'no charge' stamped all over it. A little note asked that I please remit \$3.50 for handling and shipping. This I did immediately.

Elated over my good fortune, I forgot about the single cavity mold. About three weeks later another package arrived from Lyman. In it was a brand new double cavity 429421 mold and a brand new set of large mold handles. A note explained that the old single cavity mold was scrapped and since they no longer manufactured single cavity molds (at least not in this designation) would I please accept this new double cavity mold. They took the liberty to include a set of large handles since my old smaller handles wouldn't fit the new mold. The note went on, "we hope we solved your problem in a satisfactory manner"! Did they ever! I think you'll agree that this is certainly service above and beyond a simple manufacturers warranty. Actually, I've dealt with several good manufacturers recently but Lyman gets my vote for going the extra mile.



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PLL

Gary Geraud and Doc Rogers win the Precision Loaders Logs for their articles in the last **Sixgunner**.

ALASKAN IN TEXAS

By M. R. Thomas, Kassan, AK

My son goes to school in Texas and while there I had to try out my T/C .50-70 on one of those big Texas hogs.

Jerry Campbell of the Loma Alta Ranch met me in Brownwood.

I had loaded the .50 with 70 grains of Pyrodex under a soft cast 500 grain bullet. I didn't expect to shoot at long range or I would have used something besides the .50-70. Well, since we would be hunting with dogs, I set the sights for 15 steps.

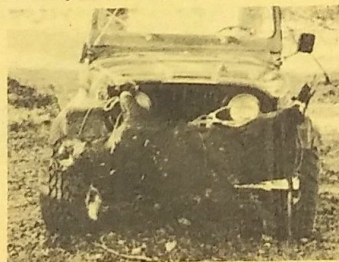
Jerry took me and my son out with four dogs. The dogs bayed nice sized black boar (hog) in the second pasture we came to. Just as we came up on them the boar broke away and I gave it a dose of .50-70 through the left shoulder. It dropped like a hog hit between the eyes with a sledgehammer.

The bullet didn't go all the way through so he soaked up all the energy it had.

After field dressing we got the hog tied on the front of the jeep. After washing and hanging it to cool, we had a very tasty Texas dinner prepared by Mrs. Campbell. The next day we took the hog in for processing and I forgot to request the return of the bullet.

An attempted javelina hunt didn't work out and we ended up near Paris, Texas with friends where I was able to try out my new S&W M-41 on a wild house cat and a Bernardelli M-80 on a 'possum and coyote. These two .22s are both nice guns. I was so impressed by the Bernardelli that I ordered two more of them. I should have gotten one in .380 to give my wife for a berry-picking gun and gotten my Diamond-back .38 back.

It's kinda crowded and one doesn't have much room in Texas, but we had a good time before I headed back to some open country!



M. R.'s boar was a good one!
Warm weather hogs with easy forage tend to run larger than most mountain hogs.

COLT'S MK III

By Butch McCort, St. Clairsville, OH

I've only been a member of HHI for two years now, having just renewed for the third. In this period I've noticed few articles and letters in some hand-gunning areas. I'll attempt to remedy some of this over the next few issues.

The Colt Trooper MK III in .22 caliber seems like a good beginning and I have some good — as a matter of fact mostly good — and a little bad to say about it.

The majority of my shooting with this particular gun has been in silhouette competition with a little plinking and paper punching on the side.

I would have to say the gun is certainly a fine piece of craftsmanship. Its fit and finish are excellent and being built on a heavy .357 frame, it would have to be considered a man-sized gun.

This revolver will shoot considerably better than the shaky handed fellow telling you about it. On a couple of occasions when it didn't feel like I had the DT's; the wind wasn't blowing at gale force and believe it or not there were other shooters available to witness the event, I actually have shot (2) two offhand five shot 25 yard groups that could be covered with a 50¢ piece.

The gun will shoot! It did it at the 1981 Ohio State Rimfire Silhouette Championships, winning the freestyle revolver AAA class and high revolver score also.

It makes one wonder how a firearm capable of such accuracy on one day makes you want to talk to yourself on another. Some days are better than others.

I know people that name their guns names such as, "Betsy" or "Old Smokepole". I really couldn't name my guns because yesterday it was "Sweetheart" and today I might want to call it Mutha something or Utha.

I know it isn't the pistol's fault when I miss. Proper execution of the shot, sight picture, trigger squeeze, stance, concentration, etc. will result in the bullet going where it was supposed to in competition or potting a squirrel for the evening campfire. The MK III's accuracy is as good or better than any revolver I've ever shot.

Mine isn't at all finicky about ammo and I normally fire Federal Champions simply because they're readily acquired locally and seem to be consistent from shot to shot.

The first time I fired it the trigger was very crisp but heavy at nearly 4½ pounds. Colt actions are notoriously smooth and the quickest remedy for this heavy trigger would be a spring kit from an outfit like SSK.

The second squawk I have is the ramp front sight. Its simply a handicap for accurate shooting under varying light conditions. I first noticed this while shooting silhouettes. I found as the light changed my point of impact started varying up and down enough to cause a fair degree of concentration on my part.

After winning the state championship with this gun, I sat down and wrote a letter to Colt regarding this problem. In essence, I asked why they built what I thought was the finest .22 caliber revolver available (certainly one of the best) and then put a two bit front sight on it? They returned a letter to me, thanking me for a shooter's input, etc., sent me a brassard that was sorta pretty and so far that is about it.

While talking with J.D. the other day, he advised me that it would cost Colt a sizeable amount of money to tool up, even for just a front sight, probably more than they could ever get back marketing it as an accessory. Maybe while they're tooling up for the new Mark V they'll use the same design sight, but make a partridge type available.

Is the MK III a shooter? You bet! If you're into .22 rimfires and just happen to like revolvers too, this will be the one for you! It's big, it's heavy, it's accurate, it's pretty and this one? Well — it's mine! I like it and I think you would too!

BACK ISSUES
PATCHES
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HHI AFRICA

Paul Merzig of International Sportsman's Adventures, Ltd. finds the idea of a Handgun Safari interesting; to say the least. Paul is willing and able to set it up. ISA's reputation in the safari booking business is unexcelled and I know Paul as well as many of his satisfied clients. Obviously, I wouldn't be willing to go unless I was satisfied with the deal.

Briefly, it runs like this: \$4,150 from New York — transportation included.

ITINERARY

- Day 1 Depart New York
- Day 2 Arrive Johannesburg (overnight)
- Day 3 Johannesburg/Salisburg transfer to hunting area
- Day 4-12 Hunt plains game (Zimbabwe)
- Day 13 Hunting area to Salisbury (overnight)
- Day 14 Salisbury/Johannesburg (overnight)
- Day 15 Johannesburg Tours & Leisure P.M. departure
- Day 16 Arrive New York

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DEAF — DUMB — BLIND

By Nelson Willingham, Mexico, MO

My first center fire pistol was a K38, .38 Special which I bought about 1948. Ruger came out with the .44 magnum in the mid 1950's and I immediately acquired a Blackhawk. I only shot it about 100 times, shot it and bought a Super Blackhawk in the 5000 serial number range.

A friend of mine owned a newspaper and when he changed his printing methods I bought a ton of linotype metal for 17¢ a pound. That's when I really started shooting the .44 mag.

In 1977, I was still working as manager of a Rural Electric Co-operative and started shooting the pistol at least 15 times every day. As we live in the country, I only had to step out of my shop and bang away at a six inch metal target hung on a stand 50 yards from my shooting point. Some days I could hit it four out of five shots, other times, not so good. For quite a while, I shot 10.7 grains of Unique, CCI # 300 primers and a 214 grain hollow point Lee bullet, from the two handed standing position. I decided to use the load for deer hunting as it seemed to be very accurate and smacked the target rather sharply.

My wife, Ruby, and I had taken our trailer into the woods on land that was formerly our property and set up camp there. The next morning, a Saturday, deer season opened with a light rain. Ruby said for me to go to her stand and she would stay in the trailer until it stopped raining. Her stand was a fallen tree, down for so many years that all the limbs were gone. I put on my bright yellow rain suit, orange waterproof cap, LL Bean rubber bottom boots and took off. It was now 7:30 a.m. and full daylight. Her stand was roughly two hundred yards from the trailer. Halfway there, a buck trotted out ahead of me and disappeared over a slight rise. Walking on over to the log, I sat down, took the Ruger from its flap holster and laid the gun across my lap. A light mist was falling and I covered the pistol with my hands.

Fifteen minutes later, an eight-point buck came wandering through the woods toward me. I believe it was the same one I had jumped earlier. I had decided beforehand to not shoot at a deer over 50 yards away. He kept on coming as I slowly raised the revolver in both hands to line up the sights on his chest area. When he was in range, later measured at 45 yards, I pulled the trigger and he slowly sank to the ground. Rising from the log, still holding the pistol ready to shoot, I approached him carefully. He was not moving but was breathing erratically, so just to make sure, I put one in his neck just behind the head.

This was my first deer with a handgun and I was really excited and thrilled. The first shot had hit him in the neck where it joins the body. When I later boned him out, I found this bullet which had broken into several pieces which were lodged against the vertebrae. The finishing shot had also broken up, so I decided to not use linotype for hunting deer in the future.

In 1978, Ruby went to the same stand and took a nice doe at 30 yards. She uses a Ruger .44 magnum carbine with a peep sight. Her load was 20.5 grains H240, RWS large rifle primers and a 236 grain Norma H.P.

In 1979, I retired, but neither of us hunted very hard, and did not even see a deer.

In 1980, Ruby sat on the same log and took a 10-point buck at 15 yards, same rifle, same load.

I told her anyone could shoot a deer that cannot see or hear!

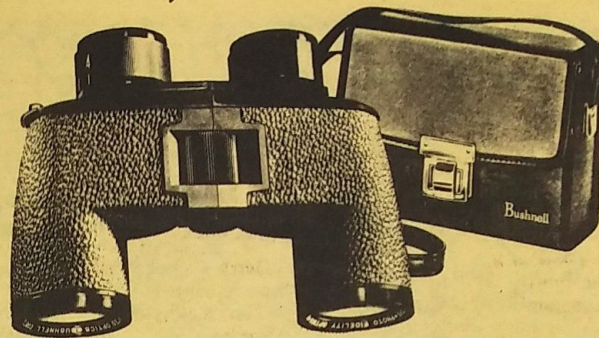
I had been shooting a T/C with 256 Win. and .218 Bee barrels on various varmints and small game. When I retired in 1979, my employees and the Board of Directors gave me a T/C Super 14 in .44 mag. I put a Leupold 2X on it and shot quite a few cast bullets. From my bench rest, I could shoot a 2½" group at 50 yards, so in 1981, I opted to take the T/C deer hunting. I also had a 14" .30 Herrett but figured the .44 mag was a better choice. My load was 16.0 Blue Dot, CCI # 350 and a 200 grain Speer magnum H.P. bullet. Practice with this load gave very tight groups and seemed to have sufficient wallop to take deer efficiently. Actually, though, bullet placement in my estimation is the key to one shot kills.

In 1981, I went back to the same log as my wife elected to not go hunting due to a bad cold.

Opening morning, I was in the woods before good daylight and seated on a boat cushion which I had carried with me as I knew the log would be wet from recent rains. About 7:30 a.m., a movement some 300 yards away caught my eye. It was a deer slowly walking along a terrace in the wheat field that joined the woods where my stand was located. It came closer and entered the woods close to 80 yards from me. I had the T/C on him and kept in shooting position. My arms were beginning to tire. I could only pick out now and then what appeared to be a horn but having drawn a doe permit, I knew I would not be in trouble if I shot the deer.

When he was roughly 50 yards from me, someone shot five times in rapid succession in the distance. The deer did not seem to notice and kept on slowly walking along, following almost the same line of travel as the buck I had shot in 1977. When he was 40 yards from me, I carefully squeezed the trigger and completely missed him. He took several short mincing steps and turned to face directly at me. Breaking open the T/C, extracting the spent case, slipping it into my pocket, a habit no dedicated hand loader can break, and inserting a fresh round, closing the T/C ever so gently, I put the cross-hairs on the white patch on his throat and fired again. Would you believe a second clean miss? The deer ran about 20 yards, stopped and turned back toward me, advancing 10 yards in my direction. He stood behind two trees each about 10" in diameter with his chest area between the two trees with his body broadside to me and intently looking around one of the trees in my direction.

I followed the same procedure with the T/C. Lining the cross-hairs up on his lung area, I thought, I will either hit you direct or bank it off one of the trees. At the shot, he gave a tremendous leap and ran about 40 yards, cleared a 5' woven wire fence and disappeared in high weeds in an abandoned field. I noticed his right front leg seemed to be sort of out of joint when he jumped the fence. To myself, I said, "The first deer you ever crippled . . . now you have all day to do a tracking job!" Picking up my boat cushion, I headed for the fence and



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hung the cushion on a post nearest the point he had jumped over. Climbing over the fence, I noticed quite a bit of blood and a distinct blood trail away from the fence. I started following it while looking some distance ahead in case he jumped. Eighty yards down the trail, I located him. He was dead and had apparently died running. Needless to say, I was relieved. I field dressed him there and found the bullet had really done a good job on his lungs.

After field dressing, I went back to my pickup and got my yard tractor and small trailer from its bed. Down the old road, through the abandoned field and right up to the deer I went. After loading him into the trailer, I drove him right onto the pickup.

He weighed about 150 pounds and one of his horns was 3" long, flattened out and broken off. The break appeared to be old and there were bits of bark on it. The other horn was 6" long and was kind of palmated.

When I told one of my friends this story, he said, "You were correct in telling your wife anyone could shoot a deaf, dumb and blind deer. That one you shot was not rubbing trees with his horns, they were all messed up from his blundering around in the woods, running into trees!"

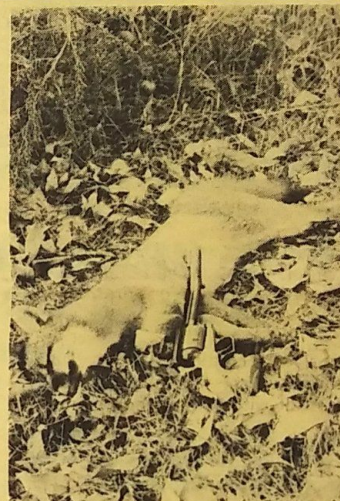
EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED

Jimmie Smith, Trenton, TN

We are finishing one of the best handgun seasons that we have ever had. Varmints, small game and deer seemed to have been everywhere and for once I didn't forget the camera.

I usually try to turn most of my scouting trips into some kind of hunting trip, rather than just walking around trying to find a likely looking place to hunt later. This year, as deer season was getting ready to open, I decided that I would get in a little fox hunting, while I was looking for a place to deer hunt. After looking for deer sign, I decided to try to collect my first fox hide of the season. I had walked until I was hot and tired, so I decided to sit down in the shade of a large oak tree to rest and cool before trying to call up a fox. I had been sitting there

used a pair of these since about 1964-65 and they haven't given me any trouble at all. I still use them and consider them an excellent value. Suggested retail of this binocular is \$280. At \$125 it's practically a steal. Only 25 pairs are available. Order direct from HHI, P. O. Box .357 MAG, Bloomingdale, OH 43910. (614-264-0176) COD's O.K. (For information on Bushnell Products, Don Robertson, Bushnell, 2828 E. Foothill Blvd., Pasadena, CA 91107)

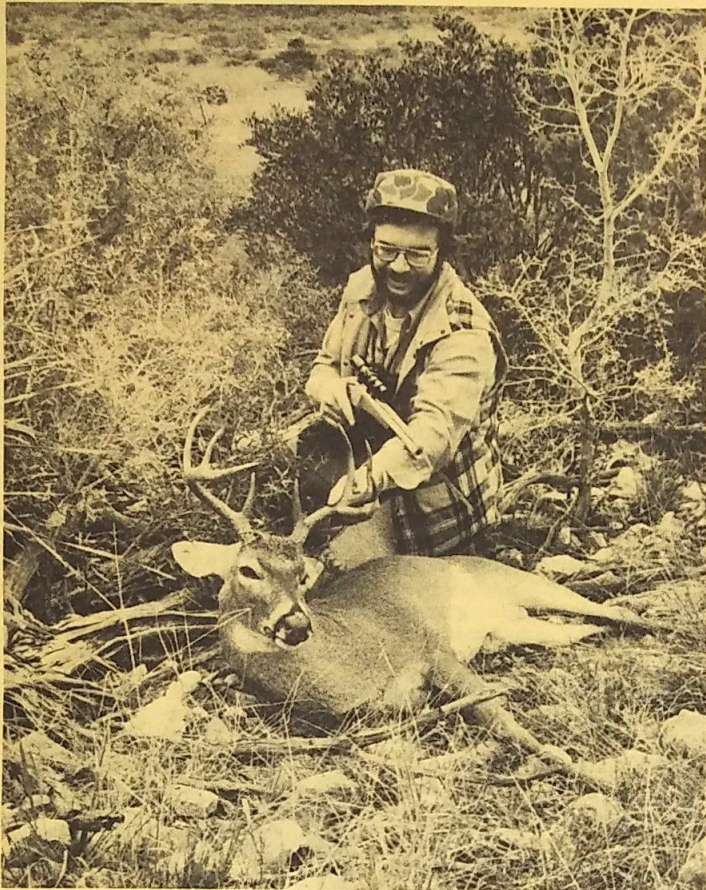


Strange things happen! Jimmy harvested this fox when it had a live rabbit in its mouth.

for about thirty minutes, when I heard a rabbit squeal. I said to myself, "I don't believe it, after all the walking and getting hot, someone else is calling the exact spot I had intended to call". As I sat there disgusted, I noticed that the squealing seemed to be getting closer. The closer it got, the better the call sounded. I decided, that whoever this guy was, I was going to sit right there until he came up and try to find out what type call he was using and try to either buy it or find out where to get one like it.

Then, there in the honeysuckle, stood a gray fox with a rabbit in his mouth. Why he hadn't killed it, I don't know; he just walked along carrying it and every so often the rabbit would squeal. I eased my .44 Ruger into position and fired. Something was wrong. I thought I saw the fox fall but I could still hear the rabbit squealing, although it seemed to be getting farther away. When I got to the fox, the rabbit was gone, but I had my first fox hide of the season.

The shot was at twenty-two steps, with a stock Ruger Super Blackhawk using 240 grain Federal Hollow Soft Points and the hide damage was minimum.



Bob Good with his buck that hit the ground so hard it bounced.

THE GREAT COLORADO-TEXAS SHOOTOUT

PART II

By Bob Good, Denver, CO

As you will recall, dear readers, we left you about this time last year in the same edition of SIXGUNNER. The Colorado Team had just swept to a stunning victory on our last minute collection of an ancient six-point buck with a single running shot from the Model 57 Smith. The leader of the Texas Team had then been badly bamboozled into expending a cylinder full of .44's into a well staked out but previously frozen buck of momentous proportions. (The Phantom of Pasture 16.)

The same gang met again at Loma Alto, Texas in December for our annual re-match and sour-mash sipping shoot-off. As usual, the first evening's get-together consisted of swapping lies, placing side bets and ogling ostentatious displays of the new armaments acquired during the preceding 12 months.

In the proper spirit of psychological foreplay, each piece came out of new leather only after its owner was well stroked and properly pleaded with. Then amidst the appropriate and required "oohs" and "aahs", the new wheelgun or single-shooter blinks its way from the depths of concealment into the full gaze and wonderment of the circle of admirers. Once in the open, each piece is pawed and petted like a virgin school marm abandoned amongst a band of despicable ruffians.

But in this game of "before-the-first-cap-is-busted" one-upmanship, my meager offering stole the show. The duel was over before the first blood was drawn. Out from the depths

of my duffle she came, settling sensuously to the table like a Cheryl Tiegs amongst the masses, her soft satin chrome finish as responsive to the touch as a James Bond blonde, her mere presence overwhelming. Lying there in all her glory, her sensuous lines demanded to be touched, yet the awesomeness of her presence demanded respect, recognition. This was not your ordinary girl-next-door, lady-off-the-street entry; this was a genuine honest-to-God SSK Custom-Built hand-honed honey of a Hand Cannon.

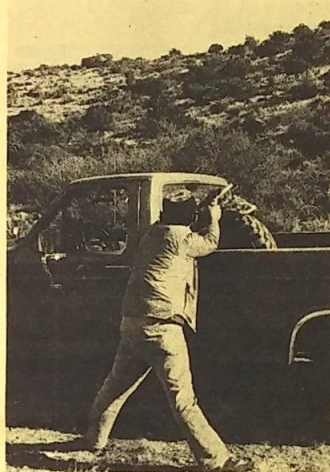
By herself she dominated the show, but when I casually scattered a handful of fodder beside her, you could just feel the opposition quiver. There's something downright overpowering happens when you see a handful of Marlin .444's with that sleek 25° shoulder and 220 grain .375 slug that tops it off.

The combination of the .375 J.D.J. cartridges and the vent-ribbed Leupold topped feminine beauty alongside created a real stir. As one of the Texas boys commented, "She reminds me of a beautiful woman I once knew, a great big red-headed gal. When she was good, she was very good. And when she was bad, oh lordy . . . she was dynamite!"

Well, as the next few days of deer hunting proved, the lady in satin chrome lived up to her unspoken promises. I've killed deer with .357's, .41's and .44's, but I don't think I've ever really killed a deer before until I used the .375 J.D.J. By comparison, all other deer just expired.



The 220 grain .375 leaves an impressive exit even after breaking both shoulders. Expansion of the 220 grain Hornady appears reasonable even at long ranges.



A dead rest is essential to capitalize fully on the capabilities of the .375 JDJ. This may not be the author's most photogenic side, but the shot was impressive.

Hit with the J.D.J., deer just up-ended, crashed and burned. I filled out all three tags, plus dispatched a cripple for another hunter. Two were 100 yards plus neck-shots that dropped like the proverbial sack of potatoes. The third took a high right-shoulder shot quartering, that exited the opposite third rib. The shot of the week though was fortunately witnessed by Frank Russell (H.H.I. member) of the Texas Team. Driving in for lunch one day, we spotted a buck climbing out of a rock strewn steep-sided canyon. Just under the rim the buck hesitated, feeling secure in his distance and elevation. I offered Frank the shot with his iron-sighted Model 29 but all I got was a glare in response. Rolling up my jacket on the spare tire as a cushion, I nestled "Lil Honey" in place. At the hammer fall, the buck lifted completely into the air, turning completely over, hitting the ground with a thud. With the binoculars, we detected no movement. I won't tell you the range because Frank said he'd deny it anyway. Suffice to say, three football fields would have settled nicely between the buck and the muzzle with room to spare.

An old javelina sow filled out my scorecard and the Colorado contingent emerged victorious one more year. But after all, it's all in knowing how to treat a lady.



REMINGTON'S 240 SJHP

By Fred Sleezer, Chicago, IL

There probably have been more articles written recently on reloading the .44 mag. than any other cartridge. While most bullet/powder/gun combinations have been tested, one bullet has been generally overlooked — and deserves more attention.

I'm referring here to Remington's 240 Semi-Jacketed Hollow Point (catalog No. B22940). Frankly, I stumbled onto this bullet by accident myself a few years ago while looking for Sierras and had to settle for something else. I have conducted some initial testing and feel the results are interesting, if not conclusive.

Before summarizing these tests, let's take a look at a few unique features of the Rem. SJHP. First, it is double cannelured. The top cannelure shallower and functioning as the crimping groove. The bottom cannelure is much heavier and seems to act positively in holding the core/jacket combination together under impact, but more on that later. Remington sizes this bullet at .430. The jacket is made with six scallops, thinning it near the nose to give a lot of exposed lead and a big hollow cavity.

After reading the late Bill Caldwell's material on reduced pressure and increased accuracy from long seating (i.e. minimal jump from cylinder to forcing cone) in a revolver, I decided to try the Remington B22940 seated at the bottom cannelure. There were some problems, however. At 1.75" cylinder length of my M29, it was impossible to seat the bullet to the bottom cannelure with standard length .44 mag. cases. Out came the case trimmer and I ended up 1.15" .44 mag. cases as "go" for a permissible 1.73" overall cartridge length. Needless to say, this required a lot of screwing around with die settings and since I only had .16" of bullet base in the case, it was a challenge to seat the bullet straight.

The upshot of the grand experiment was a round which, with 22.0 H110, gave only 1138 instrumental. . . but exceptional accuracy (1" or less for 10 shot groups at 25 yards) and only 10 F.P.S. extreme variation. Accurate — consistent — and slow. Further increases up to 23.5 H110 opened groups and caused stiff extraction, seemingly offering no advantage over conventional loads.

Being an inveterate Sierra fan, I put
(Continued on Page 12)



Ray Caione and his handgun record black bear. Ray harvested him with one shot from a S & W .41 Magnum.

BIG BEAR VACATION

By Ray Caione
Downey, CA

The day had arrived for me to leave for my bear hunt. For months this hunt had been planned, my bags had been packed, everything checked and rechecked. This week had been a planned dream of mine for years. At last it was here! My work day ended, I got in my car and headed north to Redding, CA. This, I said to myself, is going to be the longest 640 miles I have ever driven. The excitement grew with every passing mile. I had thought of all the stories that I had heard and read about bear hunting with dogs. I had never hunted with dogs, except for birds. I arrived in Redding about five in the morning and found the Motel that my guide had for me.

The first thing I did was call Elvin, my guide, who was waiting for me. He came right over and picked me up. We had breakfast, then headed north of Redding to Horse Ridge. At the break of day, we were on the top of the ridge. Horse Ridge . . . what a mountain, I thought to myself, I couldn't even see the bottom of the canyon. Elvin had a pad built on the hood of his pickup. I was wondering what it was there for and I soon found out as Elvin stopped the pickup, got out and took two of the dogs out of the truck, Tuffy and Snoop, put them on the hood and hooked their leashes to the truck. We got back in the truck, driving very slowly on down the road. Sometimes, Elvin told me, he puts the dogs out in front of the truck on the road, and they scent bears this way.

Soon Tuffy and Snoop started

putting their noses up in the air, sniffing, then started barking and acting kind of crazy, jumping all around, wanting to get loose and down off the pickup. We stopped the truck and took them off the hood and away they went, barking with every breath. Elvin took the rest of the dogs out of the dog box and they, too, took off barking. They went completely out of hearing and we waited several hours before hearing them again. We were drinking coffee and having sandwiches with Gene and Barry (two of Elvin's friends who wanted to come along) when all of a sudden, Elvin said, "Listen! I hear them." We hit the side of the mountain and ran down full bore. Gene and Barry went one way, Elvin and I went another. Elvin wanted me to stay with him. What a run! Elvin is 58 years old and runs like a deer. I kept up with him, but it wasn't an easy job. We could still hear the dogs treeing, their barks were getting nearer all the time.

We took a few minutes to catch our breath. Elvin said we must hurry as he could tell by the tone of the dogs' barking they were having a hard time keeping the bear up the tree. The sun was sinking deep in the west and the canyon was beginning to get dark. We went as hard as we could go, but it was after dark when we reached them. Elvin said, "I am sorry, Ray, but we will have to try tomorrow as it's too late." We gathered up the dogs and started back to the truck, leaving the bear treed. It was a big one, too —

guessed about 300 to 400 pounds. Of course, that was a guess with a flashlight and it was dark. We got the six hounds and started back up the canyon to the truck.

We found Barry. However, he didn't know where Gene was. Barry had lost his flashlight during his run down the canyon, and I had left mine in the truck. Barry said, "Well, I last saw him down by that creek," so we went that way. Then we saw Gene, laying on the ground, partly in the creek. Elvin ran over to him and grabbed him up out of the water, shook him, washed his face in the cold water and he came to. He had fallen and hit his head on a rock. He was okay, just a bump on the head. Elvin said, "Boy, I thought you were dead!" We looked around for his light and couldn't find it, so Elvin said, "Looks like we'll be spending the night in the woods, boys, as with only one light I don't want anyone else getting hurt."

We told them about leaving the bear in the tree, and decided that we would get that bear tomorrow. We found a spot under a tree and built a fire out of pine cones and dead wood. We sat around the fire, talking and dozing for a while. It felt pretty good to rest. Gene had a good headache, however, he was okay. No supper that night . . . no coffee, no nothing. I never knew the dark could be so dark, so black I couldn't see my hand in front of me. Elvin checked the dogs, making sure they were tied up so they couldn't get loose and go back after that bear.

All was well until early morning, then the rain started falling. The big tree kept some of it off us, however, we got wet, and cold. Morning came and we got back to the truck. What a sight to behold! There was food, coffee, and yes, dry clothes! We saw the tracks of the bear the dogs had been after and it was a big one . . . Elvin said he thought it was a trophy. It was early in the afternoon, so we decided to go home. We could start again early in the morning. The snow was coming down very fast by then, too.

We got up early on Thanksgiving morning and started on a short run as Elvin's wife said to be home by one or two for dinner. We did just that. We found a huge, fresh track in the snow. It was all we could do to turn away from it. We went home and had a good dinner, and just rested the balance of the day, planning what we were going to do come tomorrow.

Friday came early and back to the woods we went. We found that big track again plus another near it and put the dogs on them. Part of the dogs took one track and some took the big track. Gene and Barry went one way and Elvin and I went for the big one. The dogs ran the big one until late afternoon. Elvin and I went back to get the truck and drove to the other side of the mountain. We caught the dogs as they came across the road. Again we saw the bear tracks. Huge . . . just huge!

Gene and Barry called on the truck two-way radio that they had the other bear treed. Elvin told them we were going to hold out for this huge one and to come to us with the other dogs. This one was too big to tree and we would need the dog power. So they pulled the dogs off the tree and came on in to us. I started feeling a little sick. I thought, what if we can't get this big one? I've lost the other one. I had only a couple of days left of my vacation. Elvin said we still had time to tree that bear

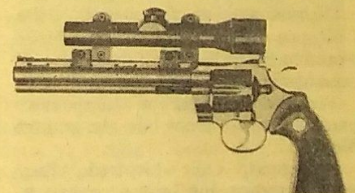
before dark. I decided that Elvin was the guide, so he should know best. As I stood there looking at the track, my heart pounded so fast I thought it would beat right out of my body. Then we heard the dogs bawling all over the place, up one canyon and down another.

We looked across the mountain on the ridge and saw the bear with the dogs trailing close behind. We stood there watching the chase for a few minutes, with the dogs barking every breath. It looked like the bear was coming toward us. Elvin said, "They're coming," and sure enough, they were. Elvin said, "That bear is too big to tree. Get ready, Ray, the dogs will bay it on the ground and we'll have to be ready or we'll have a bunch of dead dogs." In what seemed only a few minutes, we heard branches breaking and noise which sounded like trees being knocked down, then I saw him. Oh-my-gosh! He looked like an elephant . . .

He saw us and just kept on going, the dogs right on his tail. Across the road they came and we hit the trail after the dogs and the bear. Soon the dogs caught the bear. Gene had turned the other dogs loose, too. The dogs had him bayed on the ground; Elvin could tell by the way that they were barking.

We got there and the dogs had the bear bayed just like Elvin said, with dogs all around the bear. "Ray," Elvin said, "make your first shot count or I will have some dead dogs. Hit him in a vital spot." The bear was standing on his hind feet with both front legs up in the air. He looked 10 feet tall. I thought right between the eyes, or under the left arm. I knelt down, took aim and dropped him in his tracks. He fell dead and not one dog got hurt. The track had led up a hill just above the truck. How lucky could we be, with all the other bad luck we had. There were four of us and we couldn't budge that big bear. Elvin gathered up the dogs and Barry and Gene took them back to the truck.

We decided to roll the bear down the hill to the truck, which is what we did. We rolled him right up to the truck. It took all of us to get him up on the tailgate of the truck. He was so big his body filled the bed of the pickup. I looked at my trophy, my heart pounding like a drum! I was so happy. I had my trophy. I had been so high on a cloud I hadn't even felt the cold, but coming down off the cloud, I began to really feel the cold. I sat there looking at my trophy. I don't think I was ever so happy in my life. We had really hunted hard with night closing us out so many times. Not today, though! My trophy was bagged and in the pickup. We got back to town too late to get it weighed. It was a very big bear. The skull scored 20-1/8 which is probably the largest black bear taken with a handgun in North America. I had the bear mounted in a full mount. It looks great and is a trophy I'll never forget.



B-Square "clamp on" scope base and rings for revolvers with vent ribs. Python shown. Note extreme muzzle heaviness of this rig.



Remains of the lion's victim.

MAN EATERS OF ZIMBABWE

By Larry Kelly, Mt. Clemens, MI

Vultures perched as sentinels in the trees as daylight broke in the Zambezi Valley.

"Lions are at the bait," Ollie Coltman explained. "Those birds would be down feeding if there weren't lions about, keeping them away."

Two males lay near the bait about 45 yards off as we crept into the ground blind.

"No good," Ollie whispered. "They are full grown, but have no manes to speak of."

A bird flew into the blind with us and, startled by our presence, fluttered noisily away. One of the lions heard the bird's commotion and lazily

strolled toward the blind to investigate.

"Don't move," Ollie whispered, as the lion ambled within five feet of our blind.

My .44 magnum was on my lap, pointed toward the right. The lion was on my left, its head the size of a bushel basket.

My whole body began to shake, remembering the accounts of recent lion attacks Ollie had described, and me, here, at that moment, armed with only a handgun and face to face with an African lion.

The lion drifted off, apparently not liking what he saw, luckily, for he

wasn't the trophy I wanted. We also left the blind for another several hundred years away as soon as he cleared out.

This was my third safari to Zimbabwe, formerly Rhodesia, and the second trip hunting almost exclusively with a handgun. Both the 1978 and 1980 hunts were very successful, but I had not taken a lion with a pistol. This time, I had a lion permit.

Oliver Coltman, at 35, is district game warden for the Zambezi Valley, one of only five district wardens in the country. Ollie has been employed in one capacity or another for the game department all his adult life, working

himself up through skill, knowledge and wisdom of African animals and their environment to a post of revered authority among the villagers of the bush, and respect among his peers.

Tall and lean from constant rigors of the job, Coltman bears scars from numerous brushes with Africa's dangerous game — including a 45-minute wrestling match with a Cape buffalo six years ago in which he lost a lung and had to spend more than a year in a hospital.

My wife, Barbara, and I met Ollie, his wife, Sue, and their two children at their home where, over tea, we talked of past hunts and planned our trip. It was there Ollie told us of the man eaters.

"Incidents of man eaters are very rare," Ollie said, "but we have had three documented attacks over a four week period. They were in different places, but all in the Zambezi Valley here in northern Zimbabwe bordering Zambia."

"Actually, lion attacks are not that uncommon. Usually they are provoked by something or another. But circumstances of lions actually eating their victims are very rare. They have a natural aversion to man. That's what makes these three incidents so interesting."

It was April 24, 1981, Ollie said, when two African men went fishing in a waterhole near the Zambezi River at Chirundu. At dusk, the younger of the men left to go home, leaving his elderly grey-haired friend still fishing.

The next morning, the younger man found his friend had not yet returned and went back to the waterhole to look for him. He found a hat and a fishing pole, nothing more. He fled and called police, who in turn called Ollie when they determined, by a grunt and a flash of amber in the brush near the waterhole, that they would have a lion to deal with.

Ollie arrived about 9:30 a.m. with three assistants from the Department of National Parks and Wildlife Management. The hat and fishing rod were untouched.

Ollie and his senior ranger stepped into the bush to investigate. Ollie carried a .470 double and, he said modestly, "hit it a little higher on his hip" as he made for the thick brush.

There was a grunt, then a flash of tawny fur as the police had seen.

"That's it. She's gone," Ollie said he thought, but the lion had merely angled off at a "Z" to gain speed and deception.

Ollie suddenly heard another grunt and, whirling, saw the lioness' shape hurtling at him, head low, intent on another kill.

He fired from the hip, instinctively. "It was not an aimed shot," he said. "I hardly knew I had fired."

The lioness dropped at his feet as Coltman drew his Smith and Wesson Model 29 and, with hands shaking, put a .44 magnum slug through its skull. But the lioness was already dead.

"The bullet had entered her left nostril, split her palate and tongue and lodged in the back of the brain," Ollie said. "She was a fine, healthy lioness, clean and in peak condition. Why had she killed a man?"

They found the victim dragged into a small bush nearby, chest split open, ribs exposed, extensively fed upon.

"He was an old man and it was sad that he should have died so violently," Coltman said. "I hope the lion killed

swift and clean so the last thing the old man knew was the beautiful African sunset and the birds singing as the day ended."

One explanation for man-eating lions may be laid on the Civil War which plagued Zimbabwe from 1972 until 1980, when black rule was instituted. Thousands of casualties, mostly innocent black villagers, were claimed by guerrillas and terrorist bands roaming the bush. Those human bodies fed numerous scavengers, including lions. Human meat became accepted fare for the animals.

Only a week after the death at the waterhole, Ollie said, another lion wreaked a night of terror at a village 300 miles away in the tribal area adjacent to Zimbabwe's safari areas.

A mother had left her four children at home while she visited friends at a nearby "kraal," a group of huts which constitute a family home. At dusk, the eldest child, about nine years old, went to the edge of the kraal to pick berries. A lioness, old and sick, had been seen stealing chickens and ducks nearby in recent days. This time it pounced on the child.

In terror, the remaining three children ran into their hut while the lioness fed on their sister. The sobbing of the children in the hut seemed to attract her, though, and in a few minutes, she broke inside the hut to investigate, dragging out yet another child, killing and feeding upon him. Again the lioness entered the hut, dragging out a third child, killed and feeding upon the body.

By this time, it dawned on the fourth and remaining child that his turn was likely next. The youngster bailed out of the hut and hid in the bush.

When the mother returned, unaware of the tragedy, she became the lion's fourth victim.

Ollie and his men were called the next day. They set out poisoned baits and several rangers sat in ambush for the lion. Two days later, the lioness was found dead, poisoned by the baits. She was in rough shape, with wounds and abscesses all over her body, Ollie said.

The third incident of man-eaters also occurred in the tribal areas. Ollie said two natives discovered a Cape buffalo freshly killed by lions. Seeing an opportunity for free meat, one of the natives went back to his kraal for knives and bowls in which to put buffalo flesh while his partner guarded the buffalo.

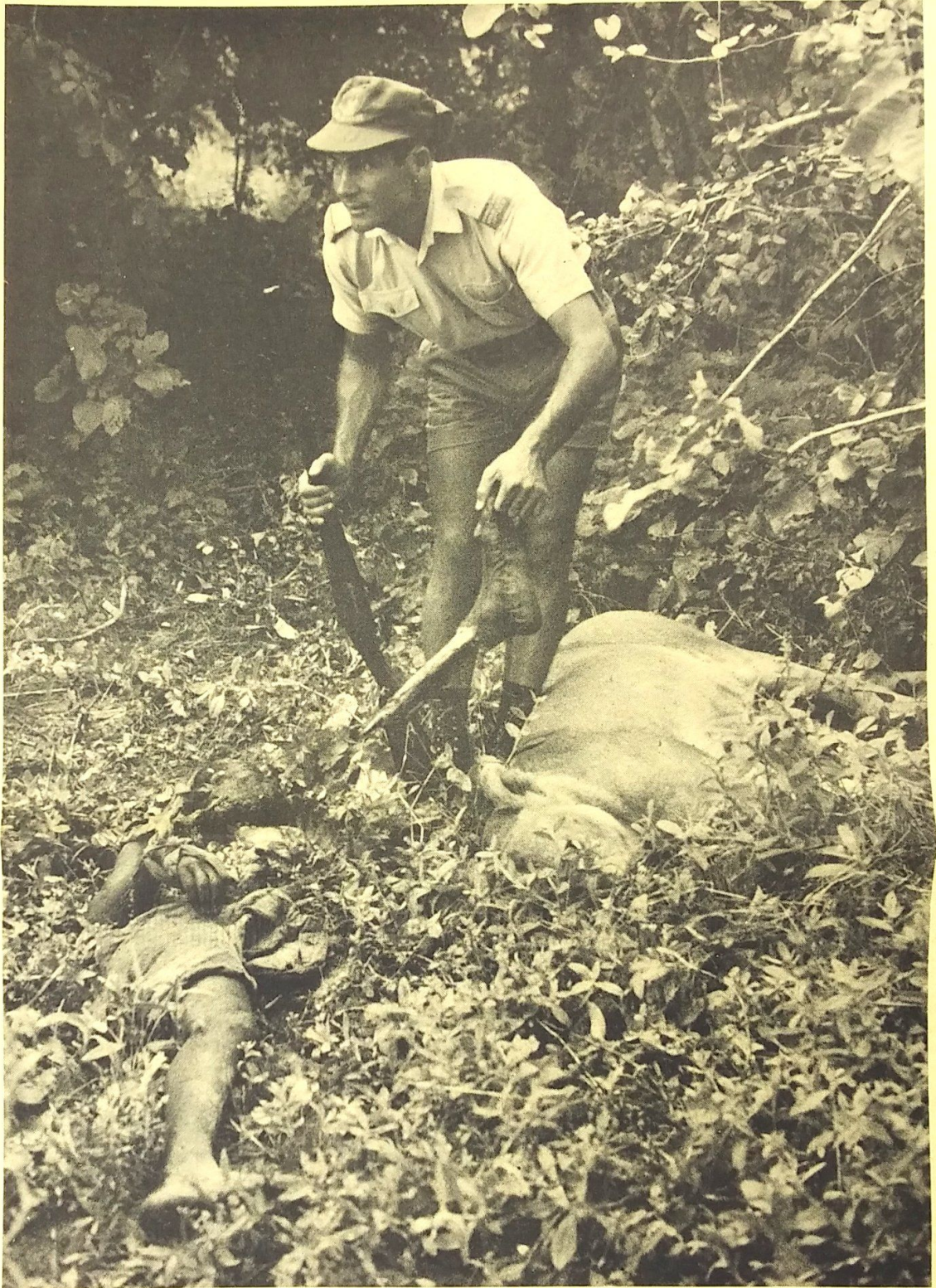
"When he arrived back at the kill, the man was dismayed to find his friend had been killed and partially eaten by the very lions they were going to steal from," Ollie said. "By the time we heard about the incident, it was too late to do anything about the lions."

Stories of man-eaters glow in the retelling. Ollie appropriately noted that local people will embellish these tragedies until they are legends and the areas will become noted for their man-eaters long after the perpetrating lions themselves are dead.

"That's part of what makes Africa magical, exotic and exciting," Ollie said.

Barb and Sue left the Coltman home by truck with game scouts, skimmers and camp boys while Ollie and I went up the Zambezi River by jet boat to get started on our base of operations.

"It's about 125 miles to H and G camps," Ollie said over the engine roar. "There hasn't been any hunting there since the war started in 1972.



Oliver Coltman, who killed the charging man-eater, with remains of the victim and man-eating lion that attempted to take him.

There are lots of lions and they are very aggressive."

Ollie already had labor people at the camp and it was fairly well refurbished when we arrived. Noticeable, however, were the bullet holes terrorists had pumped through the three buildings during the war. They, and the roaring of nearby lions in the night, gave me chills as I slept, but hope, too, as I listened to the chesty roars.

"This is going to be an easy hunt," I thought as I drifted to sleep. But it was not to be as easy as I expected.

Ollie had already ordered two baits set out and a blind built. Each daybreak for four days, we sneaked to the blind to find no lions had discovered the baits. Ollie explained there was too much game in the area on

which the lions could feed and suggested we hunt closer to G camp where, using a trophy bull buff I had taken with my eight-inch scoped Ruger Super Blackhawk and deep penetrating KTW ammo for bait, Ollie spent a full day fussily selecting a site and setting up a new blind.

Though we lost a hunting day, we felt ready. We had both fired the prototype Sterling Arms EXP-4 single shot pistol I'd brought along for lion, and were impressed.

This was the first time I had fired the EXP-4. When the gun arrived at my business, Mag-na-Port Arms in Mount Clemens, Michigan, I only had time to port it before I left. With a 2X Leopold scope and shooting 240 grain jacketed soft points, I found the gun pointed very well, the grips were attractive and

the gun felt very good in my hands. The action closed very smoothly, but the hammer was very hard to pull back and the trigger pull was heavy. Had I taken time at my shop, I could have solved that heavy trigger.

The problems were minor and if the factory gun is of equal quality to the prototype, it will be a fine firearm.

As a backup, I also brought my old five-inch S & W Model 29, with a Thad Rybka cross draw holster I prefer when hunting. I didn't know then that I would need it.

The next morning, on our way to the new bait, we decided to take a look at one of the old baits first. That's when the lion tried to crawl in the blind with us.

(Continued on Page 10)



Coltman killed this proven man-killer with a hip shot from a .470 as it was charging him. The distance was so close there wasn't time to shoulder the rifle. Compare incisors with frame of the M-29.

It wasn't more than 15 minutes later as we crept toward the new blind that we found our way blocked by eight lions, five males and three females which had eaten half the buff and were now just lazily strolling or laying around like a family after a Thanksgiving dinner.

Ollie pointed to one male. "It's huge," he said, "the largest I've ever seen!"

But the lion had no mane and very little beard. Desert lions — or those in zoos — have very good manes. But in the brush and thorns of the Zambezi Valley, finding a well-kept mane is more difficult. I'd taken a blond-maned lion with a rifle in 1978. This time, I wanted one with a black or dark tone.

Ollie said, "We'll have the scouts bring in the other half of the buff and as the lions leave, we'll slip into the blind."

It was a good plan, working to perfection. The lions backed off as the scouts drove up, dropped the bait from the Land Rover, and drove off. We slid into our blind and could still hear the engine of the vehicle as the lions converged again.

"That's the one!" Ollie whispered excitedly as the first male approached the new bait. It was a large lion with a thick, dark mane.

I pulled back the hammer on the EXP-4 and poked the barrel out a hole in the blind, using the bottom of the hole for a rest. Ollie had told me many times my first shot had best be a good one. He was backing me up with his .470 double, but neither of us wanted a rifle bullet in this lion. I wanted him with a handgun only. Ollie would shoot only if necessary. There was no rush. I had all the time I needed.

The lion was angled toward me so the bullet would enter the shoulder and then the lungs. As soon as the scope was on the shoulder, I squeezed. The instant the .44 exploded, the lion was on its hind legs, roaring. It spun and disappeared in the brush.

I reloaded and looked at Ollie.

"How do you feel the shot was?" he asked.

I replied, "It should be good. The squeeze was perfect."

"Let's wait a few minutes," Ollie said, so I lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and we waited.

The smoke crushed out, we approached the bait. We could hear some of the lionesses nearby grunting their disapproval of us disturbing their meal.

"Be very careful," Ollie cautioned unnecessarily.

At the bait, there was blood all over and a blood trail leading into the brush. It was bright red, usually the sign of a heart shot. The blood trail led to a clump of small trees about 20 feet in diameter.

"He's probably dead in there," Ollie said.

But as we approached the copse, we saw the trail continued on. It was then I realized my shot had not been all I had hoped. Now we had to deal with a wounded lion.

A single shot pistol is not all the gun I felt I wanted to trail a wounded and potential killer cat. I put the EXP-4 away and pulled out the Smith.

Slowly, cautiously, we followed the blood another 40 yards. Labored breathing, sounding wet and hollow, could be heard ahead, apparently from some thorn bushes about 35 yards distant. With hammers back, we stopped and listened for what seemed at least five minutes.

I'd taken only two more steps when I was startled by the lion, laying in the grass facing me only 20 yards away. I felt certain it would charge.

The sights came up under its chin as I fired. The lion took off to my left. The second shot hit him in the side, but well behind the shoulder. The third was solid in the shoulder, anchoring the big cat in the grass facing away from me. Its chest was still in view, so I put another .44 round in it to be sure.

At that shot, the lion got up again! He spun with a roar, again facing me, ready to charge. Another shot took

him under his chin and into his chest. He fell back, finally, dead.

I reloaded the 29 before we approached the carcass. I'd been calm and businesslike up until now. But then I got the shakes and it seemed to take an eternity for my clubby fingers to

manipulate new cartridges into the cylinder.

I was also embarrassed. I'd told Ollie I would need just one shot to take my lion and ended up using six in what could have been a prickly situation. As we examined the lion, we saw the first shot had severed its jugular vein. Had we waited a little longer, the lion would have bled to death. I felt a little better, but a neck shot is a far cry from the shoulder at a mere 50 yards. I can only speculate that I must have pulled the shot, for later tests showed the sight to be right on.

The second shot, taken as the lion faced me in the grass, merely pierced the cat's right ear.

"It's a good thing he didn't charge!" I thought.

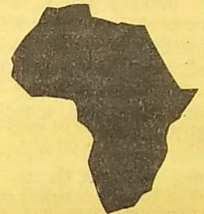
We recovered three of the .44 Remington slugs. The jacketed portions of the bullets held together, but the lead at the tips had broken off.

"It's a good lion, Larry," Ollie said as the Land Rover arrived.

"Yes, but I didn't get him with one shot," I replied, half apologizing.

"Well, let's hunt leopard," Ollie said. "You'll only need one shot for them."

Beneath my breath, I muttered to myself, "I hope so . . ."



Kelly and his close encounter lion.

CAST BULLETS AND ACCURACY

What You See May Not Be What You Get

By Philip C. Briggs, Phoenix, AZ

There are three important factors to attaining skill with a handgun — practice, practice, practice.

And practice, in turn, must be careful, methodical and realistic. You can't learn much about the field performance, say, of your mighty mag. by shooting a look-alike .22 LR. Once you learn the basics of sight alignment, sight picture and trigger control, you've got to shoot the real stuff.

Now burning 2,000 to 3,000 rounds a year of jacketed, full power loads will put a dent in your budget, in fact, it may be prohibitive for many. How to shoot that much, and afford it?

Well, how about cast bullets? They're cheap, alright — if you just count the metal — but if you amortize the cost of the casting equipment necessary to get decent production rates, they're not as attractive. Besides, casting yourself takes even more of your time, and that, as well as dollars, is often in short supply.

Okay . . . another idea . . . How about commercially cast bullets? No time or equipment invested — just buy them at your dealer. Most of these are machine cast, and often look as nice as good home cast ones. How about that, huh?

Well, okay, but do they shoot? Remember, practice has to be realistic, and that includes real accuracy, too.

So — let's find out. Let's acquire a couple of batches of commercially available machine cast bullets, load up some full power loads, and test for accuracy.

For a test gun, I selected my accurized .45 ACP, as it's my favorite cottontail gun, and if I did find a load that shot as well as my jacketed load, I could use it on the fur balls as well as practice with it. Sounds good to me.

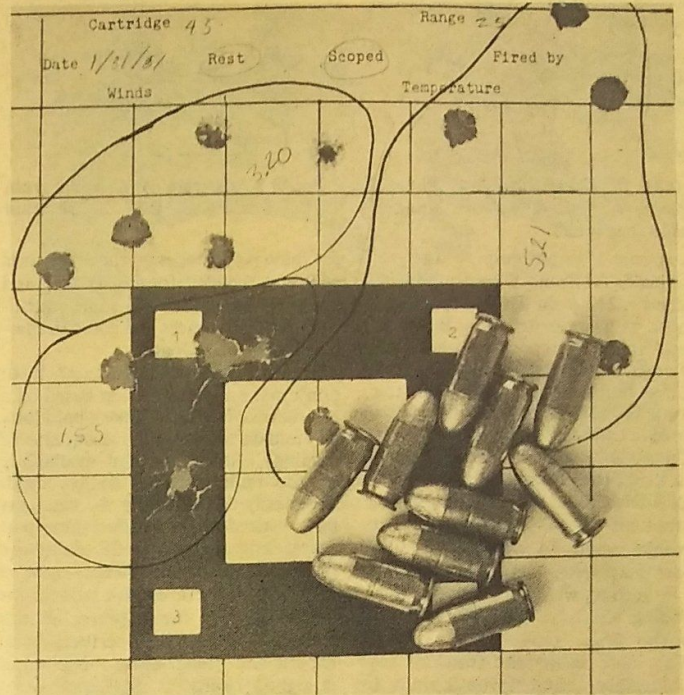
Bullets from firm X are cast from virgin lead, tin and antimony in the proportions of Lyman's number two alloy on Magma Engineering's (P. O. Box 881, Chandler, AZ 85224) Bullet Master casting machines. These machines are robots, actually; they hold eight sets of double cavity molds at the ends of a paddlewheel sort of arrangement which rotates to fill, cool, knock off the sprue, open, drop the bullets, cool, close, reposition the cut-

off plate and start again. The machine can produce excellent uniformity of casting, which is the secret of uniform cast bullets.

But in sorting through that first box of 500 bullets, I was disappointed. Many of the bullets were wrinkled, looking ever-so-much like the metal was too cold for casting, and all had prominent fins from the molds not being completely closed when filled. Obviously, the operators weren't paying much attention to the task at hand when these were cast. I considered melting them all down for my own casting, but decided to sort out the good ones first.

After sorting a couple of hundred, I had another idea. Why not shoot some of the good ones, versus some of the bad, versus a random grab sample to see if there really was a difference in performance.

With that decided, I obtained some similar bullets from a local caster for a comparison. Firm Y's bullets are also cast on a Bullet Master, but the molds were a little different so the comparisons are close but not entirely comparable. These bullets were good looking, as the owner runs his only machine himself, and keeps a close eye on lead temperatures and operation. (He does use scrap lead though — linotype, reclaimed shot, bullet-stop scrap,



Brand X 230 grain 25 yard groups from good to bad with luck of the draw. The load was 7.0 grain Unique, groups were 1.55, 3.20 and 5.21 for an average of 3.32 inches.

battery parts, pipe cable sheathing — anything that melts. He mixed it to standard hardness as determined by Saeco bullet hardness tester.) He doesn't sort out imperfect bullets, although funny looking ones are culled out during sizing or packaging — he's

not too concerned about wrinkles and folds, though, as these culls are what he shoots.

The test program I established was complex. Each of the three sorts of the 200 grain SWC Brand X bullets were

(Continued on Page 12)

.45 ACP COLT AUTO PERFORMANCE DATA

Bullet	Powder Type	Charge	Primer	Case	25 Yard Group (Inches)	Velocity (FPS)	Variance (FPS)	Standard Deviation (FPS)	Remarks:
B-X 200 grain SWC	630	9.8	Fed. 150	W-W	2.13	780	26	9	Loaded as grabbed, best 3 of 4
B-X 200 grain SWC	630	9.8	Fed. 150	W-W	2.72	—	—	—	Worst 3 of 4
B-X 200 grain SWC	630	9.8	Fed. 150	W-W	1.95	—	—	—	Second set of 3
B-X 200 grain SWC	630	9.8	Fed. 150	W-W	3.34	781	39	15	Selected — visual defects
B-X 200 grain SWC	630	9.8	Fed. 150	W-W	2.96	825	54	21	Selected — "perfect" save for fins
B-Y 200 grain SWC	630	9.8	Fed. 150	W-W	1.71	813	62	25	Control — no selection
B-X 200 grain SWC	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	2.36	927	34	15	Loaded as grabbed, best 3 of 4
B-X 200 grain SWC	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	2.64	—	—	—	Worst 3 of 4
B-X 200 grain SWC	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	3.62	—	—	—	Second set of 3
B-X 200 grain SWC	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	4.35	939	106	40	Selected — visual defects
B-X 200 grain SWC	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	2.72	941	80	33	Selected — perfect save for fin
B-Y 200 grain SWC	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	2.17	950	35	14	Control — no selection
B-X 230 grain RN	Bullseye	5.0	Fed. 150	W-W	3.11	813	18	8	Loaded as grabbed — nice load
B-Y 230 grain RN	Bullseye	5.0	Fed. 150	W-W	2.02	883	49	19	Control — no selection — nice load
B-X 230 grain RN	Bullseye	3.9	Fed. 150	W-W	2.19	708	25	9	Mild load
B-X 230 grain RN	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	3.32	918	124	49	Loaded as grabbed — TOP
B-Y 230 grain RN	Unique	7.0	Fed. 150	W-W	2.38	912	77	27	Control — no selection
Sierra 185 grain HP	HS-5	8.5	Fed. 150	W-W	2.08	956	105	43	My javelina hunting load
Frontier 185 grain SWC	—	—	—	—	1.50	736	45	19	Frontier SWC FMJ match

Accuracy testing was done using a 1.5X Bushnell scope, firing hand held from a sandbag rest. Group sizes are the average for three five-shot groups. Velocity data for one five-shot string, measured at ten feet from the muzzle with Oehler M33 Chronotach with Skyscreens.

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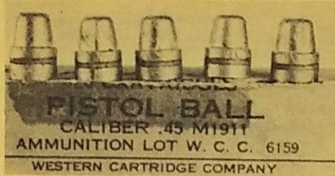
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Brand X 200 grain SWC bullets, wrinkled and finned. Do they shoot as good as they look?

loaded over two powders . was the 200 grain SWC Brand Y control bullet. A Brand X 230 grain RN was loaded as grabbed as was the matching Brand Y control bullet. Two powders were used with each of these bullets as well. Two jacketed bullets, one a handload, the other a factory load were included as controls on the cast bullet loads.

The .45 ACP reloads were assembled on a C-H Pistol Champ reloader (C-H Tool & Die Corp., P. O. Box L, Owen, Wisconsin 54460). Loading for accuracy testing on a high volume re-loader may seem a little strange, but it's in keeping with the overall goal of spending less time loading and more time shooting.

The table shows the fruits of my testing labors. And if you'll study it closely, you'll see that interpreting the results are not straight forward.

You'll note from the number of significant figures and decimal places (as usually given by gun scribes) that the data is very precise. But how accurate is the data? How much does the data measured for these samples tell us about long term performance averages? Are jacketed bullets more accurate than cast? If I shoot more, will the answers change? Does the answer vary with loads? With guns?

For example, look at the average group sizes for the "grabbed" Brand X 200 SWC loads. I shot four five-shot groups the first time out. The average for the best three of four was different than for the worst three, and they're both different from the average for the three I shot the next weekend (I could have taken the best or worst three of the seven, but that would make things even more confusing.)

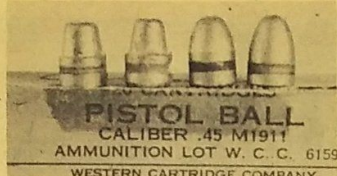
Even worse, the "perfect" bullets for each load shot worse than the "grabbed" bunch!

Still, the better looking Brand Y bullets shot better than any of the Brand X bullets. Or did they? Maybe I didn't shoot enough of them.

What the tables show are typical problems for statisticians — how well does the test's average data represent the long run averages? William C. Davis, writing in the March 1964 *American Rifleman* discussed this problem and explained how to determine, from a few test groups, the typical accuracy that can be expected over the long run for a firearm-load combination.

Boiling that article down to a clue to our problem yields the determination that for three five-shot groups, the long run average accuracy will lie probably between 73% and 128% of the test's average accuracy.

Using these factors, the best .45 ACP load with 630 and the Brand X 200 grain SWC bullet has a long run average between 1.42 and 2.50 inches; for the Brand Y control load, the matching values are 1.25 and 2.19 inches. As these limits overlap, the conclusion has to be that the long run average accuracy for both loads may be the same. Using the test average, the worst three gives 1.98 and 3.48 inches. The conclusion is still the same. If you



Brand X 200 grain SWC, Y 200 grain SWC, Y 230 grain RN, X 230 grain RN.

use these percentages on the other sorts of Brand X bullets for the .45 ACP and the controls, you'll find some statistically real differences and some similarities for the other loads.

So what does this all mean? Well: don't make a load selection based on a few tenths of an inch. Take a hard look at the data and consider cost, ease of loading, convenience and availability of the bullets; funny bullets don't necessarily shoot funny — you may have wasted a lot of time these past years; some simple, careful testing can produce meaningful answers — you've just got to take a careful look at the results to find the answers; all this testing — magazine scribes, local experts and friends alike; this is not as straight-forward as it seems — if anybody else tells you differently, they don't understand the problem.

And cast bullets can shoot as well as jacketed bullets, at less cost, and if commercially machine cast, with the same advantages of convenience and availability.

By the way . . . The winners, Brand Y, were bullets from Arizona Police Equipment, 1022 W. Grand Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85007.

I won't identify the loser — but should you decide to try somebody else's machine cast bullets, and don't want to get stuck with Brand X, look at the bullets carefully before you buy. They don't have to be perfect, as we've seen, but funny bullets do tend to fly funny.

Like Brand X's.

Remington . . . Con't. from Page 6 the B22940 aside for awhile until recently, when I decided to see what it would do with a full length .44 mag. case.

Working with 24.5 H110 (newly manufactured) which clocked 1385 FPS in my 6½" Smith, accuracy was good and bullet performance exceptional. Typical of the two dozen fired into slightly moist sand at 30 yards are bullets weighing 236 grains or more. . . a 98% plus weight retention. . . and expanded in a classic mushroom to a .75 caliber. Impact velocity was probably right at 1300 F.P.S. Under identical conditions, the 24.5 H110/240 Sierra JHC disintegrated, completely shedding it's jacket with only bits and pieces of core recovered.

The question of course remains: is bullet performance in moist sand indicative of what to expect on deer or hog sized game? I don't know, sand is admittedly pretty stiff resistance. I would enjoy hearing from any HHI members who have used the B22940 on game.

What can be said is that from the perspective of accuracy plus jacket and core integrity with expansion, this bullet may deserve a lot closer look.

Editor's Note: If you want to handload with this bullet, you better hurry, Remington is going out of the "bullet for reloaders" business. This bullet is used in the factory loading.

.44'S: OF BULLETS AND MOULDS PART III: THE GAS CHECKS

John Taffin, Boise, ID

This issue we examine the gas check bullets for the big .44. Are gas checks necessary? Skeeter says: "I haven't found a gas check necessary in either the .44 Special or .44 Magnum." He however does admit to the gas check being required for heavy loads in .357's. Elmer doesn't beat around the bush either: "Gas checks will keep bores clean but also raise pressures about 3000 PSI in heavy loads, and induce gas cutting of the top strap and cylinder junction. Gas checks are usually too hard to upset to fill the cylinder throats and permit gas to blow the lubricant out of the bullet grease grooves, I can see no useful purpose for gas checks in revolvers."

John Lachuk, who has done a lot of work with .44 Magnums, takes the other side and claims: "Possibly the best cast bullets for the .44 Magnum are the gas-checked 215 grain and 240 grain semi-wadcutter bullets."

Shooting .44's for twenty-six years, I've used both plain based and gas checked bullets. I've never had any leading problems with plain based bullets cast hard. Some sixguns shoot better with gas check bullets, others prefer plain base bullets.

Five different gas checked designs were tried for this series of articles. One, the 350JDJ was covered in the SIXGUNNER (Feb. '82) with this

issue's report covering four gas checked designs: two designed many years ago by Ray Thompson for Lyman and the other two are brand new designs from SAECO. The time proven Lyman designs are No. 429215 GC and No. 429244 GC, with the SAECO's catalogued as No. 294431 and No. 294432.

My old Lyman Cast Bullet Handbook reports that Thompson originally designed his bullets for use with heavy loads in the .44 special. Both are semi-wadcutters weighing in at 209 grains, and 245 grains, cast of linotype, sized, lubed, and gas checked. Unlike the Keith bullets, the Thompson design has a very narrow grease groove. The lighter Thompson design makes an excellent choice for .44 Special or .44-40 loads.

SAECO introduced their design for the silhouette shooter. Both are semi-round nosed designs with a flat point and one large grease groove. Number 431 (the 240 grain SAECO) weighs in at 239 grains, while No. 432 (the 265 grain SAECO) tips the scales at 260 grains. Both weights also straight linotype, sized, lubed, and gas checked.

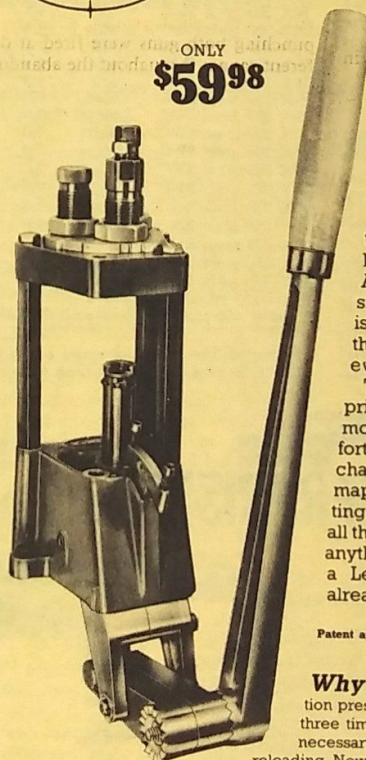
Both Lyman bullets were cast from double cavity moulds that I have had for over twenty years. Both moulds are

(Continued on Page 13)

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The Lee Turret Press has built in primer catcher, longer stroke, more hand clearance and a comfortable wood grip. It can be purchased with a key locking, hard maple box that doubles as a mounting bench. Even if you do not need all these features, why pay more for anything less? In fact, you will want a Lee Turret Press even if you already own a more expensive one.

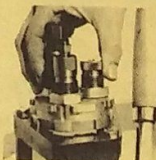
Patent applied for

Why fool around with a single station press, screwing dies in and out two and three times for each caliber? No longer is it necessary to use the batch system for reloading. Now you can load a complete round with

just two or three strokes. Those who want the utmost in convenience can purchase extra turrets and never remove the dies. Simply lift out the entire turret and replace with the next caliber. Dies, shell holder and primer arm can be changed in seconds without tools.

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Lyman 429244 GC, Lyman 429215 GC, Saeco 240, 265.

excellent, casting is easy with bullets dropping with a few sharp taps. Four cavity moulds made casting the SAECO bullets an assembly line type proposition with bullets literally falling from the moulds.

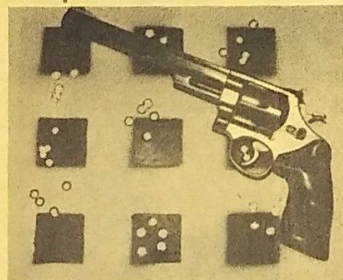
Both Lyman and Hornady gas checks were used with no discernible difference. I've never had much luck seating gas checks using a lubricator, so I prefer to seat them by hand, tapping them on with a nylon mallet to make sure they are fitted squarely to the bullet.

Gas checks will not cover up for poor casting. Bases for gas check bullets should be perfect before gas checks are seated. They should cover a perfect base, not provide one. Gas checks are expensive, too expensive to use to try to make good bullets out of bad ones.

All loads for testing the GC's were assembled using WW brass, and CCI Magnum primers. All brass was full length resized first and loads were selected at maximum or near maximum levels.

After deciding which bullets and loads to use, they were assembled, each box carefully labeled and then came the difficult task of deciding which gun to use for testing. The decision was made easy when I received word from S&W that they were sending me two .44 Magnums for testing purposes, a blue Model 29 and a Stainless model 629, both with 8-3/8" barrels.

Although I've had two 29's, one in 4", the other 6-1/2" for 20 years, I've never had the opportunity to fire the 8-3/8" length so I was particularly eager to test the new Smiths.



Typical groups with the S & W 629.

One of the first questions to come to mind when I received the shipping order concerned quality. I have a number of Smiths from the '50's and early '60's that are superb examples of craftsmanship. Smith quality suffered somewhat during the '70's. Have they come back?

Two things I look for upon first examining a sixgun are cylinder lock-up and barrel cylinder gap. Both of the 8-3/8" S&W's lock up tight and the barrel cylinder gaps looked close. Actions were smooth out of the box with both trigger pulls feeling good with no creep.

On both guns, the crane fit is tight with no gaps; timing is perfect with cylinders rotating and locking into place even when cocked very slowly. Both pairs of Goncalo Alves stocks are nicely figured with those on the 29 fitted almost perfectly coming right up

flush with the top of the backstrap and those on the 629 lacking about 1/16" of meeting the backstrap at the top. Grip fit on Smiths in academic; they destroy my hands so they were replaced with custom stocks that fill in the hump at the top of the backstrap. I can't handle a large frame S&W without this help.

Further examination of the Brothers Smith revealed these statistics:

	Blue Model 29 8-3/8"	Stainless Model 629 8-3/8"
Barrel/Cylinder Gap	.003"	.004"
Cylinder Length	1.747"	1.748"
Cylinder Diameter	1.715"	1.710"
Barrel Diameter Breech	.808"	.805"
Barrel Diameter Muzzle	.738"	.748"
Trigger Pull	3-1/2 lb.	3-1/4 lb.
Groove Diameter	.430	.430

Looking through my various loading manuals, sixteen different heavy gas check loads were assembled and then fired in the Smith's. Both test guns performed flawlessly with no malfunctions of any kind. All loads extracted easily from both revolvers. Loads were fired from a rest, a rolled up piece of carpet from the roof of my LUV 4X4.

All loads chronographed on Oehler Model 12, first screen 10' from the muzzle, screens spaced 5' apart. Temperature 30'.

Although I've used the Lyman bullets for many years in many six-guns, both .44 Specials and Magnums, I've never done any serious testing on paper, so I was very pleasantly surprised by the excellent groups. After paper punching both guns were fired at different ranges throughout the abandoned dump site, and innumerable tin cans at various unknown ranges bit the dust. All loads and bullets performed very well.

Gas checks are expensive and a nuisance to apply. With hard cast bullets they are not necessary at .44 Magnum velocities, but they are accurate. Someday I will run tests with similar bullets in plain base, gas check, and jacketed persuasion of similar weights side by side, plus tests of gas check designs both with and without the checks applied. For now I am satisfied that the gas check designs deliver excellent performance.

Next issue, Part IV: The Light Weights and Special Purpose Bullets.

WRITERS GUIDE

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

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

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

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Charge	Powder	Bullet	M.V.	Model 29 — 8-3/8"	Model 629 — 8-3/8"
				Group Size	Group Size
25 Gr.	2400	429215GC	1514	1-3/4"	1533
22 Gr.	2400	429244GC	1409	1"	1414
20 Gr.	2400	SAECO 240	1458	1-3/4"	1341
21 Gr.	2400	SAECO 240	1517	1"	1470
22 Gr.	2400	SAECO 240	1533	1-1/4"	1460
20 Gr.	2400	SAECO 265	1360	1"	1357
21 Gr.	2400	SAECO 265	1491	1-1/8"	1446
26 Gr.	H4227	429215GC	1453	1-1/4"	1467
24 Gr.	H4227	429244GC	1371	1"	1364
24 Gr.	H4227	SAECO 240	1407	1-1/4"	1384
26 Gr.	H110	429215GC	1430	1-1/4"	1458
23 Gr.	H110	429244GC	1322	1"	1278
23 Gr.	H110	SAECO 240	1351	1"	1370
26 Gr.	WW296	429215GC	1473	1"	1443
24 Gr.	WW296	429244GC	1383	1-1/8"	1307
24 Gr.	WW296	SAECO 240	1433	1"	1424

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Without this type of set-up, the author's father might be deluged with desperate requests to feed hungry chambers.

APARTMENT RELOADING WITH LEE'S TURRET PRESS

By Keith Jones, Pueblo, CO

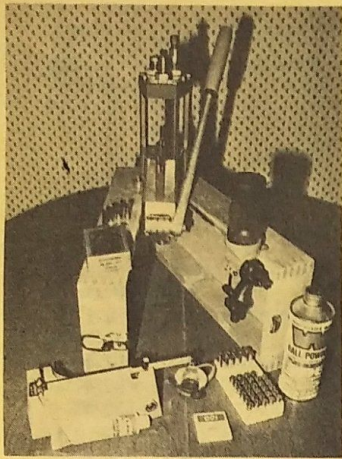
Not everyone has enough space in their home for a workbench or reloading room and Lee Precision's new Turret Press is just the right size for those of us who live in small apartments or houses.

The Lee Turret Press fits the need for a reloading tool small enough to use in an apartment kitchen or anywhere that space is limited. The

Turret Press is manually operated, with compound linkage and a three-position turret. The turret is die-cast and holds three dies or two dies and a powder measure. It uses standard 7/8 x 14 dies.

The compound linkage arm on the press makes resizing really easy. Its long handle has a large hardwood grip

(Continued on Page 14)



Limited space set-up. It's kitchen table reloading at its finest and it'll do practically anything a sophisticated bench set-up will.

and handle position can be adjusted up or down to fit the user's needs as well as moved from side to side to accommodate right or left-handed reloaders.

The priming arm is a T-shaped unit that slips into a slot in the die cast base of the press, and is easily pushed in place to prime by finger pressure of the operator. The priming arm has small and larger primer holders on the ends of the "T"; all you need to do to switch primer sizes is pick it up and drop it back in with the correct holder pointing forward. The primer is seated with the downward movement of the press ram. The ram is slotted for priming in the conventional manner.

The Turret Press itself costs \$59.98. There is a complete Turret Press Kit which includes the press, a locking maple storage box which doubles as a mount for the press, resizing lubricant, dies and a free extra turret for \$111.44. Carbide three-die sets cost \$10.00 extra. Combine this with a powder measure and reloading scale such as a Lyman D-7, and you've got yourself a

sturdy, portable reloading set for under \$200.

The Turret Press Kit would be an excellent choice for someone who is just beginning reloading. The press can be mounted to its box for easy table-top reloading — all you need to do is drill three holes in the box (a template is provided) and mount the press with the hardware included in the kit. The compound linkage arm on the press makes the effort easy enough that clamping the box to the table isn't really even necessary. The maple wood box is extremely well-built and should provide many years of service.

Extra turrets can be purchased for the press, and once the dies are set they never need to be removed from the turret. To change calibers all you need to do is lift the turret out and replace it with another turret that has dies already set in place for that particular caliber. The turrets are easily removed by lining up the grooves in the press and the turret and lifting the turret straight up.

The whole set-up is completely portable and takes up very little space. The press is well constructed and should last through many years of reloading.

The Lee Dies for the Turret Press are also new for the company, but follow conventional practice in their construction and use. Its arguable whether "batch" processing or turning a turret and completing one round at a time is fastest. I like to "batch" process all cases through one die. The dies work like they should and I'm happy with mine. I don't have any place to bolt a press down and couldn't reload at all until the Lee press and mounting box came along.

With the trend of smaller living areas moving toward us, Lee Precision's Turret Press Kit fills the need for compact reloading equipment, whether for the novice or the experienced reloader. For more information on the Turret Press contact, Lee Precision, Inc., 4275 Highway U, Hartford, WI 53027.

WHY A SECURITY-SIX CAME FIRST

Barent K. Parslow, Bridgewater, VA

Much has been written on how to select that first handgun. The case has been made for air pistols, .22 rimfires, big bores, auto pistols, single shots and revolvers. I have even seen a recommendation for the cap and ball revolver. However, I am sure we all realize that circumstance has a lot to do with the choice of a first handgun and the circumstance that faces most of us is the shortage of cash we can dedicate to what our better half thinks is a hobby better forgotten. Consequently, if we must have that or just a handgun, any handgun to satisfy that lust then we should logically try to get the greatest value for our dollar.

I feel that value is a function of price, quality, design, and versatility. The old saying about getting what you pay for is as true today as it was the many years ago when it was first said. The quality of fit and finish and the durability of the design are probably important factors in the satisfaction we derive from the ownership and use of a product. Then again we cannot overlook the requirement for versatility because the greater the number of uses to which you can put your handgun the more you will be able to use it and the greater the value you will derive from it.

I considered value and my prior experience very seriously when I decided that I would get my first cartridge handgun. I had my first experience with a Crosman M130 .22 pump-up pellet pistol which I purchased with funds provided me by very understanding grandparents. I must have fired some 10,000 pellets through it before I finally retired my first pistol but not without it accounting for some 5 star-

ings at a range of between 30 and 55 feet. By the way the pellet would not penetrate their thick plumage and only head shots would suffice to kill them at that range. When I turned 18 I entered the Army and had a 12 round experience with the .45 issue pistol before I was transferred to Texas for training. A friend and I wanted to do some pistol shooting, but being only 19 were predictably having some difficulty finding a pistol to shoot. One day I was in a local gun shop and saw a Lyman replica of the 1858 Remington New Model Army. A .44 caliber revolver. It brought forth visions of Indian fighters and blue and gray calvary so without much ado and a few borrowed dollars from my friend Perry Fuller, I managed to gain possession of this fine gun which I still have and shoot. While I was serving my last tour in Korea, I came to want something that would give me the power to hunt deer and yet be adaptable to small game. Also, I was looking forward to leaving the Army after 8 years and joining the uncertain job market and was at that time considering employment as a rent-a-cop. Therefore, I felt that I would need a gun which was easy to carry, reliable with a wide variety of loads, and suitable for self defense applications.

I had considered a pistol but the semi-automatics could not take the wide variety of loads I anticipated using and still maintain full functional reliability. The single shots, such as the Contender, although they could take a wide range of ammunition were obviously a bit bulky to pack on the belt and would be at a serious disadvantage in any sort of a fight. That left revolvers and although I would have really enjoyed having an old model Blackhawk in .41 Mag. it was obvious that SA revolvers also were somewhat outdated as defensive arms.

Before I decided which DA revolver I would get I felt I had to decide which cartridge I was interested in. I really

(Continued on Page 15)



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Security Six . . . Con't. from Page 14
 wanted a .41 Mag. but found that the M57 and M58 S&W revolvers were either just too big or lacked adjustable sights and were not up to the full potential of the cartridge because of those two factors. I have to admit that I was somewhat leary of the .44 Maggie's recoil and felt that while it could be loaded down the bullet would prove to be just too big for small game that I would want to eat. In any case, the .357 Magnum offered the combination of versatility, power, and compactness I wanted. I was aware of the debate surrounding the .357 and its use on deer in revolvers with 6" and 8" but would the 4" tube I was leaning toward degrade its performance all that much?

After reading the reams of material on the .357 and all of the handloading data I could lay my hands on I decided to get a 4" barrel after all. After all it would be easier to sit down when wearing it on the gun hand side as I planned to do. Since I planned to keep it in the car to take advantage of whatever hunting opportunities arose. I also wanted to get one of the new stainless models and this left me with a choice between a Smith & Wesson M66 and the Ruger Security-Six. I went down to the Rod and Gun Club and had a look-see. After comparing them the price advantage of the Ruger, its excellent quality and what I think is a better design swayed me and so I sent my father the money for a 4" Ruger Security-Six Stainless.

When I finally returned home, I found that I had the "Big" grips, a grooved trigger and no front sight insert. I also found that with factory .357 loads extraction was difficult if not nearly impossible without a short rod to drive out the cases. I soon noticed that the extractor star was not properly fitted to the cylinder and that this was causing the problem. (ED — Any gun with problems like this should be returned to the factory.) Further, firing full power factory loads, particularly the 125 grain S&W Nyclad, stung enough that it was painful to shoot with the stock grips so I switched to a pair of Pachmayr Presentation grips which I have found to be very comfortable with all loads.

It would be nice if this little story had now reached a happy conclusion, but a bit of dissatisfaction has crept into my relationship with this gun. I now feel that I would be better served with a 6" blued model and a crossdraw holster.

Why, do you ask, is that guy dissatisfied? It is really very simple. I discovered that the crossdraw is more comfortable and with it I could carry the ballistically superior 6" barrel quite easily and a blued gun wouldn't reflect light as much. (ED — Not necessarily

true — in my experience a highly polished blued gun reflects light much more than a mildly polished or dull plated gun.) I have discovered also that I don't need the stainless feature as much as I had thought.

Maybe that is the gun buff talking, so I will give it a very good workout this year on groundhogs first and then rabbits, and maybe even a deer or a turkey. I only hope that my experience will help someone else who is having difficulty making a decision on his first handgun.

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FIRING LINE

Frustration, is having a buck whitetail walk around you at 10-15 yards, while you stand there with the .430 cocked and ready, crosshairs following every step and can't shoot because his lady friend won't get out of the way.

She stayed broadside even with him. If I had shot would have killed both. The wildlife boys frown on killing does in bucks-only areas. R. Walker, Magee, MS

Keep up the good work — super SIXGUNNER issue. A huge hog with a blackpowder pistol — incredible. Ken Hooper, Lacy, WA

I've been intending to write for some time but being short of money and trying to make a living kind of keeps a fellow busy.

Being short of cash has kept me from doing too much shooting but the SIXGUNNER has

kept me dreaming of better times both past and future.

I traded for a .357 mag. a couple of years ago that had been customized. Being a handgun lover and already with too many I had second thoughts, but just had to have it so I went and traded an over and under shotgun and \$50.00 for it. It is a Model 19 S&W with a 13 inch Douglas barrel topped with a Phantom 2 1/4 X scope. I brought it home and proceeded to sight in. After about fifty rounds, I was satisfied and decided to try it on game. Finding a good place to hunt, like a cool shady spot at the edge of a soybean field, by brother and I began. About 25 minutes later my brother said, "Why don't you shoot that one?" I had been looking somewhere else and hadn't seen the whistle pig slip out. It was a long shot, in fact it was farther than I estimated it to be, but with a deep breath and a rest across my knees, I squeezed off a miss.

While I was mentally kicking myself, another pig came easing out. With another deep breath, I squeezed off a second time and the pig folded for the count. We stepped off the distance as best we could, it was about 132 good long steps. Very close to that many yards I would say. To say I was proud was an understatement. The load was 18 gr. of H110 behind a Speer 110 grain bullet.

I haven't been able to do much hunting lately, but I keep dreaming. Well, I'd better stop dreaming and get this off with my renewal. D. T. Reynolds, Lavinia, TN

After two years of receiving your paper the SIXGUNNER, I had decided not to renew when the notice came in the mail. My initial reason for this was one of disgust. Although this is a hunting publication, and I expect to see pictures of dead game, earlier issues featured articles by "hunters" who shot anything that moved.

As human beings we must value and protect all living things on this earth. As handgun hunters we must keep this oath visible to the general public. Killing, to test bullet performance is obscene.

The December '81 issue with the informative article by John Taffin on .44 cast bullets changed my mind. I am interested in his future articles on this subject. Walter T. Elkins, Mokena, IL



Enclosed please find a recent photo taken of a record class Aoudad taken in Vermont during a fall hunt. Once again the good old KTW came through with flying colors. One shot using my Colt custom .357 Python and a most excellent guide "Bill Richter" coupled for success. Al Pfitzmayer, Franklin Square, NY

Enclosed please find my HHI renewal. I have enjoyed the SIXGUNNER for the past two years. I would like to include my comments on two subjects in a few of the letters.

First, on the subject of holsters. I carry my 8-3/8" M-29 in a Safariland 101 shoulder rig and find it very comfortable. I carry it around my place every day and can almost forget it's there.

Secondly, on stocks, after finding the factory stocks on my old 29 quite abusive, I ordered a set of Jordan Trooper stocks with no checkering from Steve Herrett. These are just the ticket. I am well satisfied with them. Although they did loosen up a bit after about 1000 rounds, a little fiberglass stock bedding compound fixed them up fine. E. C. Coombe, Jr., Lehighton, PA

Just a note to say how much I like the T'SOB scope base and vent rib on my .375 JDJ barrel. The workmanship is superb and the added weight to the .375 will help control it. I've mounted a 4X Leupold and have had excellent results so far with 43 gr. H322 — 270 gr. Hornady. (1950 fps)

Also, I have to brag on my HHI Commemorative No. 49. I've put several hundred rounds of 22 gr. H110 — 265 Hornady through it with great results. Except for my 10.5" Ruger silhouette gun, this proves to be the most accurate and most comfortable to shoot of all of my .44's. It is of course much easier to carry while hunting than the 10.5 ever could be. I have a nice Roy Baker belt and holster rig for it that's just the trick. Robert Nunnally, Lizella, GA

"A thank you"

The holidays are winding down and things will slowly start to return to normal (whatever that is) so I thought I'd start the new year right by giving thanks to my fellow members in H.H.I.

Like so many people, almost 90% of my hunting is done through the pages of outdoor magazines.

This past year has seen me on every hunt-gun evaluation and handloading experimentation from the pages of the SIXGUNNER. Although there are callers I'm not interested in and times I disagree with a load, tactic or idea put forth by one of the writers or storytellers, I wish to thank one and all for taking the time and in many cases the expense to express their ideas, test results and hunting experiences for the rest of us to enjoy.

These contributors have helped many like myself who dream a lot — shoot a bunch — but hunt little; to keep our interest at a high — our loading presses from rusting — gun barrels free from spider webs and dreams alive — keep up the good work and thanks to you all. Mike Doyle, St. Clair Shores, MI

I need information. I recently ordered a 7 1/2 .45 Blackhawk which I plan to scope. Does anybody know of a source of a holster for this rig? If not, does anyone have any suggestion for a method of carrying in the field? Joe Fair, Matador, TX

After reading all the arguments pro and con about levying an 11% tax on components, I must come out in favor of it.

True, with all taxes the benefits are not apparent to all taxpayers. I can imagine the ones who earned over \$100,000 paying taxes; their benefits are nil.

The Pittman-Robertson tax has been a benefit to wildlife; hunters and fishermen can rightfully say they are the True Conservationists. They put their money where their mouths are. Others who use the term "Conservationist" have spent their money for the benefit of lawyers.

With the excise tax base being spread, more money will become available for much needed programs — hunter safety, range construction, and wildlife restoration. It is a fact that people talk about conservation, but when money is needed the poverty signs appear or thoughts of "what the hell am I getting?" A very selfish and near-sighted viewpoint.

Personally, this tax should include a host of other outdoor equipment, such as skis, snowshoes, optical goods, etc.

None of the government bodies are going to release funds from general revenue unless it helps to maintain themselves in power.

Instead of complaining, we should go to the "mat" with our representatives, both elected and non-elected; we want this money spent our way, not your way.

Nobody likes to pay taxes, but the good from the components are more beneficial than evil. Bart Stuart, Kingston, NY

ED: Just try to get some of that money for range construction or find out how it was spent or show me a tangible result of those tax dollars. I'd be very surprised if any member can do it.

I enjoyed your article in the SIXGUNNER about your Wyoming hunt. To say unbelievable would hardly be the correct word to use. But, I know that distances in that clear western air are hard to estimate to us "Easterners". I was out in Wyoming the first of October. I bagged a buck antelope with my 30 Herrett at about 125 yards. Tim McEntire, Conneaut Lake, PA

Merry Christmas, Tom

Well, if you are tired of shirts too large and pants that are so tight you know they must have put the wrong label on them, they are just your size, but you have to hold your breath till your face looks like a stop light to get them fastened. You can get away from all that by following my footsteps. I thought I deserved it, so I got myself an HHI Ruger for Christmas.

Was shooting the bull with J.D. on the phone and asked if he had ol' No. 82 (for 1982) in stock. Sure enough. After a letter with the proper Federal documents changing hands along with my Christmas Club, in about three days the UPS man shows up with what I already think is the best pure shooter I ever held in my hot little hand. I'm no collector, I like the smell of gun powder too well. I thought about that for 30 seconds on the way to the basement for the wire cutters. You talk about an action and a trigger on a SA, WOW! I took that sucker up three clicks from bottom out. (Same as my 7 1/2" Super Blackhawk) First round — one dead steel chicken at 50 meters, second round — one dead pig at 100 meters, third round — one dead buf-

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falo at 150 meters, fourth shot — three feet short of a bear at 200 meters and not a sight change yet. Held up on the bear's head and got him next time around. Yeh, we shoot muzzle loaders too, that's why my young'n has them weird animals on his range. When you take time, evaluate and estimate the cost of the service you are getting, even from a shooters standpoint, that HHI Ruger is a hell'va buy. Mag-na-port, trigger and action job, Metalife finish plus a Special Edition gun.

Maybe you don't like what I like, but if you do, Easter is not far away! Tom South, Woodfield, OH

Please sign me up as a member of HHI. My IMHSA shooting buddy won a membership in your club (I believe you donated) in our Alaska State Shoot. He shot his Virginia Dragoon .44 before I did and did so good he was moved up a class. This put him in the same class as me. He spun two turkeys and ended up with 37/40. I was having a bad day, but he calmed me down, helped me sight in my Dan Wesson .44 with PC and he did such a terrific job of spotting that I had 36 targets down and one ram to go. I pulled my last shot and split the bullet on the rail. It seems like about 10 minutes and the ram went down, giving us the scores. I took second place and Paul third. We had equal rams, I had one more turkey.

After reading his SIXGUNNER, I think he got the best prize, although I received a fine folding hunting knife. Steve Bowser, Anchorage, AK

I recently joined your organization and have enjoyed the SIXGUNNER since my first issue. I am writing to ask you where does one find info on these calibers named such as the .30-40 Ackley or .358 JDJ/.375 JDJ? I would like to know more of these and similar chamberings and SSK.

I am a T/C hunter and have taken two nice bucks, not in Massachusetts, but in New Hampshire where it's legal. I've used the .357 mag. and the 7mm TCU 139 gr. for my shooting with iron sights. Which leads to my second question. My eyes are not what they once were so I want to get into a telescopic sight. Noticing most of the rigs in this February issue I see three mounting rings. Why is this? Or is this part of the T'SOB mount you mention? Most of our shots are around 40 to 110 yards so I once thought I would put a 2X Leupold on my 14" 7mm. Now have second thoughts of maybe a 4X or aim point. Could you direct me or tell me where I might find help? Bob Quinzani, Framingham, MA.

You'll find more information on the Big Bore Hand Cannons in the SIXGUNNER or from SSK (Rt. 1, Della Dr., Bloomingdale, OH 43910, 614-264-0176) than anywhere else. When I have to pull an ad to make room for editorial, the SSK ad is the one that gets pulled. The T'SOB base will accept 3 rings on any 1" tube scope and 4 on some. This is the only rig that will stay on hard kicking T/Cs. No, I don't consider a .44 mag., .30-30 or such hard kicking — but after you go beyond .357 magnum scope bases and rings fail at an alarming rate. The aimpoint is being changed. One failed on a .375 JDJ and at this point although it's great for bullseye on target pistols, it isn't tough enough for hunting guns. A 2X scope such as the Redfield or Leupold is the best way to start using scoped handguns. JDJ

I started handgun hunting at around eight with a 32-20 S & W and blackpowder. I guess I've used every handgun made one time or another. I lived in Africa for 2 1/2 years (in my 'teens) and discovered how deadly a .45 Auto can really be on game.

After two years in Southeast Asia I was convinced a .44 Special handloaded was the personal protection caliber. That was in the early 60's before M-16's and such. . . so I've had some experiences and I'm still learning.

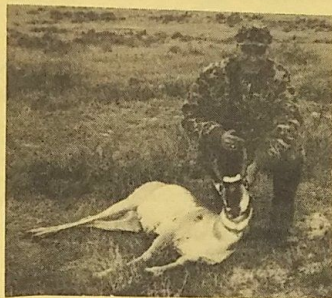
The SIXGUNNER was like an early Christmas gift (it came Christmas Eve). The info is excellent, but it also shows I'm not alone in my sport, not by a long shot. . . Paco Kelly Tuscon, AZ

I was 66 in February, 1982 and have shot a pistol for over 50 years. I especially appreciate your "Corner" and agree with the ideas and problems you discuss. Maybe some day us hard working, patriotic, ordinary people will be listened to. Thanks for all the work to establish and keep HHI going. Nelson Willingham, Mexico, MO

ED: Nelson is a guy that "puts up". In 1976 he donated 70 acres to the Missouri Department of Conservation. The area is known as the Ruby Clark Willingham Memorial Wildlife Area, nam-

ed for Willingham's wife who traces her family history to a cousin of William Clark, the Clark of Lewis and Clark.

The dedication ceremony was on a quiet, dirt road, lit by a spring sun. "Pleasure is what you get for yourself," Willingham said. "But happiness is what you get by doing for others. Today is a real happy one."



Enclosed are a couple of pictures taken during my hunt near Gillette, Wyoming in October of 1981.

The mule deer and antelope were both taken with a Smith & Wesson Model 29 in .44 magnum (8-3/8" barrel) using Remington 240 grain jacketed hollow points. A two power Leupold scope is mounted on the .44.

The antelope was taken at 120 yards and the mule deer at 75 yards.

I am a member of Safari Club International (Past President of the National Capital Chapter). The mule deer will make the S.C.I. Record Book with over six points to spare.

Locally (in Fluvanna County, VA) I took a six point whitetail with the same M-29 plus a doe with my Colt Python .357 during the 1981-82 deer season.

I have hunted all six continents during the past fifteen years including such countries as Kenya, Rhodesia, S.W. Africa, Iran, Poland, Scotland, Czechoslovakia, Colombia, Cuba, Mexico, Canada, New Zealand and Australia as well as some thirty states in the U.S. Practically all of my hunts were done with rifles with the exception of some hunting with a handgun in New Zealand and Australia.

I have now turned almost exclusively to my handguns. It is like starting all over and has brought back the enthusiasm experienced during my early years of big game hunting. Leonard F. Winslow, Jr., Charlottesville, VA

I have enjoyed every article in the SIXGUNNER since I have been receiving it. Although, I don't agree with every opinion expressed, I value and support everyone's right to self-expression.

I have had a life-long interest in handguns. When I was a boy one day our neighbor's bull broke through the fence and came over to engage our bull in combat in the barnyard. I took our little H & R .410 "Handy-Gun" and a handful of 2 1/2 inch shells loaded with No. 8 shot and went to see if I could break up the brawl. I approached to within about 30 yards of the combat and waited for an opportunity. The two fighters were butting heads and turning round and round. The enemy bull turned, lifted his tail and gave me a chance to look him right in the "eye" of his back-side. I coolly took aim and gave him a load of No. 8 shot right in the bull's eye (don't ever tell me I can't hit a bull in the ass). At the shot he let out one loud bellow, whirled around once in his tracks — all four feet together in a spot not larger than a dinner plate, took one look at me and lit out full-speed for his home grounds clearing the pasture fence with one clear leap en-route. Later, when I told our neighbor what I had done he said that there were no external damages to the bull which he could see, but this experience seemed to have a very profound effect on the bull's behaviour as he never tried to cross over into our territory again. Suppose you could call this classical conditioning, instant learning

produced by a strongly negative reinforcement at precisely the right point in time. Buzz Glasesmann, Enderlin, ND

After a long struggle with misdirected mail and the Army's fabulous forwarding system, I finally got my fix with a copy of the SIXGUNNER. What a relief and a joy to read about mountain lions, antelopes and much souped-up Contenders. However, one thing really disturbed me and that was that once again nobody has addressed themselves to the problems or experiences of beginners. Maybe I missed something in the 9 months I didn't get a copy of the SIXGUNNER, but I really would like to see an issue or one story a month devoted to the beginning handgun hunter; particularly load data for .357, .41 and 44 magnums and their performance on game as I remember once seeing. I could go back and read it again, but my copies are always walking out the door at the worst possible time, usually with some of my best friends. Pointedly handing out membership applications didn't even slow them down. Further, I sure would like to know of anyone else in my area, the Shenandoah Valley, who is a member. Perhaps we can organize a local chapter. Well, in response to the aforementioned beef, I am submitting the story of how I came to choose my first cartridge revolver. Barent Parslow, Bridgewater, VA

ED: Conventional load data for all handgun calibers suitable for hunting overflow the manuals by Speer, Lyman Sierra, Hornady and all gun magazines. Every handloader should own all the manuals. Every problem the beginner is likely to encounter is covered. Why repeat everything that's readily available? Let's publish unique information. I'm not about to publish anything I think is unsafe, but let's hear what you are doing. Any article that has been published should be of interest to a beginner.

The latest SIXGUNNER was Great! It is becoming my favorite shooting "magazine". Every issue is filled with interesting articles and many are of special interest. I've enclosed a letter to John Taffin, No. 76, who had an article on the Colt SA in the last SIXGUNNER. Please forward it. Thanks and keep up the good work. Bob Arganbright, Northwoods, MO

Recent articles on the .45 Colt have prompted me to mention some loads I have worked up in my 7 1/2" Blackhawk. My two favorite loads are: 21.0 WW 296, 225 Speer J.H.P., W/W cases, CCI 350 Mag. primers. Average chrono velocity is 1174 and shoots well. 21.0 WW 296, 260 Speer J.H.P., W/W cases, CCI 350 Mag. primers gives 1226 and excellent accuracy. Both are good hunting loads. I've been as high as 25.5 gr. of 296 with the 225 Speer, but have observed excessive pressure signs. 10 gr. Unique with a 250 gr. cast is a good everyday load. This revolver gets plenty of use as I don't even own a .44 magnum. Richard E. Lemme, Lynn, MA

ED: Loads such as the above are published for information only and are not recommended. They will take the cylinder out of some guns. JDJ

I like gun shops. The way they look, feel, and smell. In the past, when I wanted to look over a special firearm that had caught my interest, I had found the gun shop just about the best place to go for the information I needed. I never enjoyed going to the sports departments of department stores to look over their selection of guns as they never had much of a selection! The department stores do run some "specials" that are pretty hard to ignore, however, it seems that everytime I go to check out the item, something goes wrong. For instance, a special buy on a Remington 760 Gamemaster, 35 Remington, lured me

away from my usual habitat and into the world of the weekend shopper. The girl behind the counter looked very "outdoorsey" in her corduroy jeans and goose-down vest and knew exactly what kind of rifle I was interested in seeing. When I asked if I could handle the rifle, she, most likely to impress me with her knowledge of firearms, took the weapon out of the box, pointed the weapon in the direction of my chest and cycled the action twice to prove that the rifle was empty! Of course by the time she was halfway through the second cycle, I had my hands above my head and was saying, "I'll buy it! I'll buy it!" She told me that she didn't think that I was very funny. I didn't mean to be funny.

Another time, in another department store, I found myself looking through the glass at a S & W Model 57, .41 Magnum, with a 8-3/8" barrel and a very attractive price tag attached. I asked the clerk if I could look at the "Smith" and he very promptly handed me a "Ruger Super Blackhawk! I told him thank you, but I really wanted to see the other handgun with the long barrel. While I was standing there looking over the fit and finish of the Super, a "gentleman" walked up and advised me that handguns were only good for shooting people! For one of the few times in my life, I was speechless! One thought did enter my mind, but went unspoken. I wondered what line of work he was in that made him so sure that handguns were only used for killing human beings. But, while I was still in shock from such a suggestion, a very proper looking woman sprang to my rescue. She attacked the man with: "Did you ever hear of the sport of hunting?" "Did you ever hear of the sport of target shooting?" and "That's no Saturday Night Special he's holding you know!" Then she turned her chin up and strolled on down the aisle. The guy looked a little confused and just kind of crept off in the opposite direction. After being the center of all the fuss and not being able to defend myself, I felt obligated to buy something. I couldn't afford the .41 Mag. so I just bought a pack of .22 Mini Mags.

Of course, the gun shops come out with some trying moments of their own too. I happened to be standing beside a man who was interested in purchasing one of those small .44 Special revolvers. He had asked the clerk if the particular piece he was holding was any good. I almost fell over when the clerk told him the handgun would be alright as long as he didn't shoot it! What was even worse, the man bought the gun anyway as he just wanted it to keep around the house! I was ready to tell them that if they really didn't want the handgun, I would be happy to take it.

Once, when I was explaining to a gun shop clerk about the problem I was having with getting just the right amount of eye relief from my scope, because the mounts restricted any further movement, he told me that was why the eyepiece of the scope is adjustable. He reported that all I needed to do was loosen the lock ring and turn the eyepiece until it was the right distance from my eye. When I mentioned that I thought that the adjustment was for focusing the scope to the individual eye, he assured me that I was mistaken.

So, with experiences like those behind me, I feel that it's up to the SIXGUNNER and us HHI members to be about the best place there is for information on and about handguns through the exchange of ideas and information and questions. How about someone writing a note to the SIXGUNNER with a little information on a good cast bullet for use in a T/C .30-.30 with a 10" barrel. Something good for everyday shooting. Tom Welsh, Brockway, PA

I have a Lyman 30 caliber 210 gr. 311284 mold. The nose casts .297 and I get poor groups. Who makes a 210 grain mold that casts the nose about .301? Also, I'd like to try a nose pour mold in both 170 and 210 grain, but I don't know addresses. Robert Koch, Los Alamos, NM

Bob, you don't mention what you are trying to use this bullet in. The T/C rate of twist is 14" and will not handle a bullet this heavy. This bullet should give excellent accuracy in a 10" twist. Lyman's molds are good, but you might also write NEI 2516 Wyoming St., El Paso, TX 79903 for their catalog.

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