

# Jack O'Connor

## *2012 Newsletter - 4<sup>th</sup> Quarter*

### Table of Contents:

*Chairmen's Report Card- Mike Thomason - 2*

*From The Director's Chair – Mike Butler – 3*

*Tech Corner - "O'Connor's 3 Inches High*

*- Allan Jones – 5*

*Growing Up O'Connor- Caroline O'Connor – 10*

*"Dangerous Game" –Mark Quinn – 13*

*"Can Jack Go Home" – Stephen Redgwell – 24*

*"The Big Ram of Pilot Mountain" – Jack O'Connor,  
January 1951, with permission from Outdoor Life – 26*

*Member Pictures – 27*

*Miscellany -28*

## CHAIRMAN'S REPORT CARD



*By Mike Thomason, Vice-Chairman*

The U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service released the results of their 2011 National Survey of Fishing, Hunting and Wildlife-Associated Recreation and it contains some very interesting data related to those activities, all of which should of interest to those of us that value our hunting heritage. One big positive was the upswing in the number of hunters (aged 16 and over) in 2011, when compared to the downward trend we were seeing in 2001 and 2006. Hunters pursuing big game increased 8% since 2006, and bird hunting increased 13%.

We need hunters to insure our hunting future, so this data is encouraging...but we should not be lulled into thinking that it's OK to abandon our efforts to encourage others to participate. Many Americans still perceive hunting...and hunters in a negative way. Many are not aware of the positive conservation efforts of hunters, or their financial contributions through excise taxes, license purchases and donations to hunting conservation organizations.

As conservation minded hunters, we can and should lead the way by not only telling others about the positive influence we continue to have, but also by being examples. We have the ability and responsibility to hunt ethically, support conservation efforts, educate the public and share our knowledge and field experience with others.

# Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006

You've done that...as a member of the "Friends of Jack O'Connor", your support of the Jack O'Connor Hunting Heritage and Education Center and its mission is a demonstration of your commitment. Please know that we are using those resources wisely. Please consider a renewal of your membership and share the opportunity with someone you know that cares about our hunting heritage. You can find all the information you need on our website: [www.jack-o'connor.org](http://www.jack-o'connor.org) Thank you for help...we couldn't make a difference without you!

*About the Vice-Chairman: Mike Thomason became a member of the JOC board in 2010 and currently serves as Vice-Chairman. Mike "inherited" his love for hunting from his father and grandfather and hopes to share it with his grandchildren. He and his favorite hunting partner (and wife) reside in Lewiston, Idaho and have hunted in Idaho for over 40 years. They have also traveled to Africa to experience big game hunting and conservation efforts. He was formerly a partner in Hunt Africa Network and is retired from the electric and gas utility industry.*

## From the Director's Chair



*By Mike Butler, Director*



A stylized, handwritten signature of Jack O'Connor in a dark, textured font.

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006

Who would of thought that in 1965, a 12 year old kid from Missouri would be so excited about reading Outdoor Life magazine articles by Jack O'Connor that he would make it his mantra for the next 40 something years and follow a career in wildlife biology, move out west, hunt big game, and end up working as the Director of the Jack O'Connor Hunting Heritage and Education Center. Well, I would think it so because that kid was me!

I remember.....our family was down at our lake cabin on the Lake of the Ozarks and I had picked up my Uncle's Outdoor Life Magazine. I was thumbing through the pages and the pictures caught my eye. I remember reading a couple of paragraphs and this writer fired my imagination. I remember thinking to myself, "This guy might know what he is talking about". As I read more, I learned more and I began to wish I could meet and talk to this guy.

We always had guests visiting our cabin and they would sip a beer and talk about hunting or fishing, or the plans they were making for an antelope hunt way out in Wyoming or an elk hunt in Colorado. I used to get as excited as they were just hearing them talk about it. However, it would be years before I would venture away from Missouri and experience such out of state hunting as they described.

Jack O'Connor's writing helped shape me as a wildlife biologist, hunter, shooter, and all around outdoorsman/conservationist. Some things remain timeless in their appeal and Jack's outdoor writings and savvy appreciation for the beauty of a fine rifle or shotgun have not nor will it ever change for those that immerse themselves in good writing or enjoy the craftsmanship of a fine firearm.

I consider it a real honor and privilege to now be working as the director of the Jack O'Connor Hunting Heritage and Education Center in promoting the outdoor legacy of Jack O'Connor, the writer, hunter, and visionary conservationist. In many ways, my life has been a wonderful and exciting outdoor adventure and to end up working at the Jack O'Connor Center is like reaching a mountain summit after a long and arduous 40+ year hike.

Good Hunting....! MB

*About the Director: Mike Butler started his wildlife career in 1975 with the Missouri Department of Conservation. He is an Endowment member of the NRA, a Life member of the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, and a supporter of Ducks Unlimited and The National Wild Turkey Federation. He is an avid turkey and elk hunter, and enjoys Alaska salmon fishing at least once a year.*

## Tech Corner

### “O’Connor’s Three Inches High”



*By Allan Jones*

*Volunteer Host, Jack O'Connor Hunting Heritage and Education Center*

What we absorb from things we read changes as our lives take different paths. When I was reading Jack O'Connor articles as a teenager I had little exposure to bullet path issues other than, for some strange reason, trajectory discussions always seemed to involve the Commonwealth of Kentucky. I only noted that Jack O'Connor often sighted his rifles to hit three inches high at 100 yards, but did not see the significance other than his collection of fine trophies.

While working for CCI-Speer, I beta-tested a ballistics software package that RCBS was going to sell. Several O'Connor tidbits I'd unknowingly stored away came flooding back as I saw a way to apply Jack's ideas within the program. Let's look at them:

## Shoot For a Zone

In several of his books, Jack talks about shooting to hit a *zone* instead of a point. On any animal, there is an area of the vitals that can be covered with a circle. A hit anywhere within that area gives a high probability of meat in the freezer. This system works best for non-dangerous game; those that can hurt you often require a different shot placement, for example, a central nervous system hit that instantly disrupts the animal's ability to come after you. So we're not talking about the "hurt you" critters.

The size of the "kill circle" depends on the size of the animal. For antelope, sheep, and smaller deer species, an 8-inch circle is a good number. As the animals get larger, so does the circle. For an elk-size critter it could be 14-18 inches.

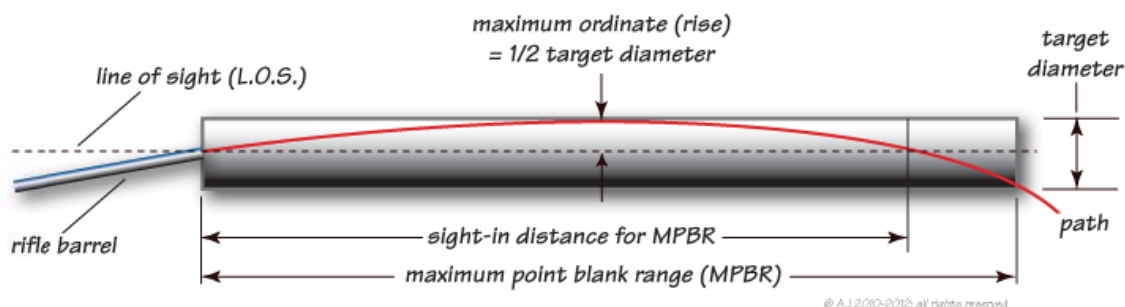
## Don't Waste a Flat Trajectory

In one book Jack talked about meeting another hunter who shot the 270 Winchester 130-grain load Jack used, but sighted his rifle dead-on at 100 yards. Jack's reaction to this is that this sighting choice wasted much of the potential of the 270. He went on to say one should sight a rifle to shoot as far as possible without creating "mid-range misses." That means the sighting does not take the bullet higher than half the diameter of the vital zone. Although he didn't use the term, this sighting uses the principle now known as *maximum point-blank range*, or MPBR.

The more common *point-blank range* (PBR) is the distance at which the bullet will stay within a target zone when the line-of-sight and axis of the bore are parallel and dead-level; no up- or down-angles of the barrel are involved.

On the other hand, MPBR means you have applied enough up-angle to the bore so the bullet path crosses the line-of-sight twice—*almost* normal sighting. Where MBPR sighting diverges from normal sighting is that the elevation of the barrel is restricted to the point where the bullet will not rise more than one-half the kill circle diameter at its *maximum ordinate*, or mid-range rise. If the target diameter is eight inches as in the examples later on, the bullet must not rise more than four inches. As the zone diameter gets larger, MPBR get farther out. It's like shooting through a tube of fixed diameter trying not to nick the top at mid-point or the end at exit. This diagram shows the concept:





The result of all this is you end up with a healthy distance between the muzzle and the target over which you DO NOT have to add or subtract any Kentucky elevation. This means that, once you know this distance for your rifle/load combo, you hold on a desired point of impact and shoot, with the confidence that the bullet will, if you did your job, land in the vital zone you selected.

Where this sighting method struck me like a ton of bricks was that it eliminated *hold-under*. I've done enough long-range handgunning to be comfortable with *hold-over* but always made a mess of it when the target were much closer than my sight-in distance.

With modern ballistic software, we can enter velocity, bullet weight, and ballistic coefficient to see our bullet's path. With RCBS.Load, you can add a target diameter and click a button and the program will optimize the path to give MPBR for that load. Very nice.

But what if you don't have a computer or the ballistics software you have can't do MPBR optimization. In either case, you have the same situation that Jack faced and, in preparing this article, I found Jack's solution works every bit as well as the high-tech options: *sight three inches high at 100 yards*.

## Looking at the Numbers

I'm sure your first reaction is like mine—you can't generalize that much with all the different cartridge and load combos. We'll, it turns out this generalization works pretty well. The trajectories even match the cartridge's most common uses. A high-velocity 30-caliber so sighted will work at ranges equal to the type of long-range hunting Jack enjoyed, yet the same sight-in with an big African cartridge will give an MPBR appropriate to bush hunting. Let's take a look at what I did and how it turned out.

First I looked at five of Jack's favorite cartridges: the 270 Winchester, the 30-06, the 7mm Mauser, the 375 Holland & Holland, and the 416 Rigby he used on African game. For all but the 7mm, I selected bullets and factory loads that would have been available in Jack's era. I knew he loaded his 7mm Mauser with a lighter, faster bullet than factory ammo, so selected a 140-grain flat-base spitzer at 2750 feet/sec, a load possible today in strong

actions by loading over the modest industry pressure standards to something closer to 30-06 pressures.

These numbers assume: an 8-inch target diameter (or kill circle) and a rifle with the scope 1.5 inches above the bore. I used the ability of RCBS.Load to set the point of impact to +3.0 inches at 100 yards. The program did the rest:

Cartridge	Bullet	Muz Vel, fps	Max Rise, inches	Max Rise Dist, yards	Dead-on at, yards	MPBR* for 8-in kill circle
270 Win	130 SP	3060	3.6	152	270	320
7mm Mauser	140 SP	2750	3.3	134	237	284
30-06 Springfield	180 SP	2700	3.3	131	232	279
375 H&H	270 SP	2690	3.3	128	225	271
416 Rigby	400 SP	2300	3.0	109	193	235

The 270 proves it worth with a MPBR of 320 yards. And that's for a relatively small 8-inch kill circle. Note that the big, blunt 416 Rigby bullet can stay in that small kill circle beyond 200 yards.

Not one of these loads reached the mid-range rise of 4 inches that would indicate the MBPR was perfectly optimized, but they did what Jack wanted, and will do what a hunter needs today.

What would change if I *did* optimize these values to the full 4-inch mid-rise? I checked it for the 7mm Mauser load; perfect optimization would only increase the MPBR by 15 yards. Jack's system was awfully accurate.

What happens when we look at other cartridges? Here are some:



Cartridge	Bullet	Muz Vel, fps	Max Rise, inches	Max Rise Dist, yards	Dead-on at, yards	MPBR* for 8-in kill circle
25-06 Rem	120 SP	2990	3.5	147	261	311
280 Rem	140 SP	2990	3.6	148	262	312
300 RUM	180 SP	3250	3.9	164	293	345
300 Win Mag	180 SP	2960	3.6	148	264	315
300 WSM	165 SP	3130	3.8	160	285	338
30-30 Win	150 FN	2390	3.0	107	187	226
338 Win Mag	250 SP	2660	3.3	129	231	278
7mm Rem Mag	160 SP	2940	3.5	147	262	312
7mm-08 Rem	140 SP	2860	3.4	140	249	298
7mm RUM	160 SP	3200	3.9	166	296	349

The one in this list Jack specifically addressed as benefiting from this type of sight-in is the 30-30 Winchester. Jack said too many 30-30 shooters were leaving something on the table and these numbers bear him out. Few people expect a “no hold-over” shot with the 30-30 at 220 yards!

I hope you get hit with the same “Wow!” moment I did in researching this. I used what is among the most sophisticated consumer ballistic programs and a lot of engineering knowledge of bullets and their flight to reach these numbers. Jack predated personal

Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006

computers. He pulled triggers, learned trajectories intuitively and, I understand, occasionally resorted to a bit of graph paper. The fact that he came so close to perfect trajectory optimization when he did is a credit to one smart shooter. Thanks, Jack!

*About the Author: Allan Jones had a 16-year career as a forensic firearms examiner before moving to Lewiston ID and taking over the roles of data developer and technical editor for Speer Bullets. He produced Speer Reloading Manuals 12, 13, and 14. He retired in 2007 and now volunteers at the Jack O'Connor Center and writes a monthly ballistics column for Shooting Times magazine.*

## Growing Up O'Connor



## “Visiting Firemen”

*By Caroline O'Connor McCullam*

Frequently, admirers of my father would climb the steps of 725 Prospect Avenue and ring the doorbell. The hunting dogs behind the house would set up a fearful ruckus, possibly to amuse

themselves, as confined dogs will. Often, the visitors came unannounced. My mother would open the door, drying her hands on a dish towel, then call up the stairs, "Jack! Some Visiting Firemen are here to see you." An expletive could be heard coming from his office if he was interrupted from something important, but he'd always gather himself and come downstairs and courteously give them what he called "the Cook's Tour." First, he'd lead them through the kitchen and out to a small building behind the house which we called the trophy room, where his early trophies, mostly North American, were housed. It was pine paneled, the floor covered with Navaho rugs, the walls lined with hunting photos and populated with the heads of mule deer, antelope, moose, elk, javelina, caribou, and a bear rug or two, and, of course, his Grand Slam sheep. It was in this room that my father had his reloading bench. On it were little scales to weigh the gun powder and the gadget with the lever that pressed the primers into the bottoms of the shells. There was a huge canister of gun powder next to the bench that I would sit on to watch the tedious reloading process. I always wondered how such a notoriously impatient man could perform such a delicate task with apparent enjoyment, whistling tunelessly all the while.

That room viewed and commented upon, he then would lead his Visiting Firemen back through the kitchen and stop in the hall at the foot of the stairs to admire and discuss three small African antelope. It had been necessary to remove a painting or two to make room for them in the hall, as they had run out of space elsewhere. My mother often commented that the animals were taking over the house, and she wouldn't be surprised to see an impala in her bathroom. At one time I knew the names of all his animals and could give a fair cook's tour myself, but I no longer remember exactly which animals were where nor most of their species. Then up the stairs they'd go. The noble tiger rug, which my sister and I named "Ralph", was nailed to the stair wall, head first. It is displayed today in the lobby of the JOC Center, somewhat shop worn and faded, but still magnificent. In the upstairs hallway were a lion head (which for some reason looked remarkably like my father in his sterner moments), a sable antelope, and a greater kudu. There were book cases of rare hunting books and several racks of fine, beautifully crafted rifles and shotguns that would bring any real gun nut close to tears of envy.

And, finally, he would lead them into his office, the very heart of the house, where his desk was piled with stacks of unfinished manuscripts, the manual typewriter waiting with paper in its maw. The room was paneled in walnut. A zebra rug was on the floor. **The room** smelled of gun oil, for it was here that he lovingly and frequently oiled his guns, inside and out. There were more guns to weep over, and more trophies to admire. Photographs were everywhere. I recall that there was a huge head of a Kodiak bear that breathed down his neck as he wrote, as well as another grand, maned lion and some gazelles and small antelope. The one I remember best was the dik-dik, a tiny antelope which my father said was the size of a large jack rabbit. It was sort of shoved over in the corner – possibly because its size caused pity, especially in women.





# Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006

One afternoon in the late spring of 1962, the doorbell rang, the dogs made their hysterical racket, there was the familiar rumble of male voices; more Visiting Firemen, another Cook's Tour. I heard them progress from the trophy room and through the house. Later, when I went downstairs, I found my father with the old chemist, Viktor Jasaitis, who worked at the Speer Bullet Company down Snake River Avenue. He had brought two tall, handsome young men, also Lithuanians, who wanted to meet my father. They were sitting in the living room holding highballs my mother had plied them with. One of the young men, Alex Bertulis, became a good friend, then an adventurer, a mountain climber, and a well-known architect. After many years, he and I happened to meet again at an opera event. We were happy to reconnect. He had never lost his admiration for my father, and continued to collect his books. He has accompanied me to the dedication of the Jack O'Connor Center, Buck Buckner's Double Gun Shoots, and hunting-related events like the SCI convention in Reno. I sometimes wonder how many other such connections were made in our living room.

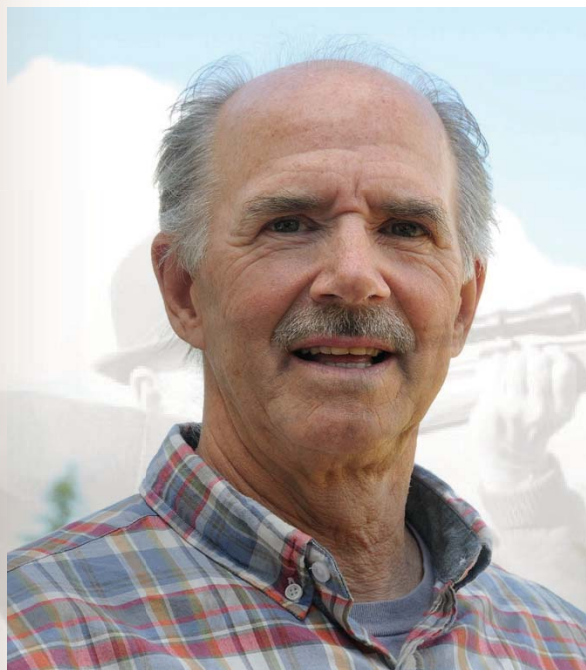
I don't know why my parents called his admirers "Visiting Firemen" or why it was "the Cook's Tour." But now I have given you the Cook's Tour as I remember it. Most of these animals – those I recall and those I've forgotten – can be seen at the Jack O'Connor Interpretive Center in Lewiston, Idaho. It is a lovely, peaceful space, and a fitting place for his beloved trophies. Please go there and enjoy the real Cook's Tour. The volunteers there will be as informative and gracious as my father once was to his Visiting Firemen.

*About the Author: Caroline O'Connor McCullam, Jack O'Connor's youngest child, lives on Mercer Island, Washington, and works in Seattle as a registered nurse. She has 3 sons, all of whom live in the area, and 8 grandchildren. Her hobbies are traveling, doing watercolors (badly), learning languages, cooking, music, and reading good stuff.*

Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006

## Guest Writer



## “Dangerous Game” *by Mark Quinn*





The report from Corey's rifle made me lose sight of the deer but I was pretty sure he hadn't missed. The deer was only 50 yards away and although my son Corey was 25 and hardly a boy, he started big-game hunting late and had not killed a lot of deer.

We were hunting in Hells Canyon, Idaho on the edge of one of those canyons from Hell. We had been stalking this buck for two hours and he had been moving in our direction toward the steepest, most treacherous part of the canyon.

I have hunted deer and elk in the Hells Canyon area of Idaho for over 20 years. I go there because access is difficult (very few hunters) and the deer and elk herds are healthy. As a former regional wildlife biologist for the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife, my management responsibility included the state's largest mule-deer herd, I have a keen appreciation and respect for mule deer.

Hells Canyon is one of America's most dramatic river canyons from its desert-like climate along the Snake River to the more mesic forests and snowcapped peaks that rise to over 8,000 ft. It is the deepest canyon in North American, steep, rocky and treacherous. It's an environment with endless escape cover for deer and elk and terrain that is not friendly to humans.



When I'm perched on the edge of Hells Canyon, glassing for deer and elk, I always reflect on the history and culture of this vertical landscape. It's easy to understand why Chief Joseph led his Nez Perce Tribe through this canyon to escape the US Cavalry.

I'm awestruck by the tenacity and persistence of settlers who struggled to make a living in this parched and unforgiving landscape. It doesn't seem like there's enough grass to feed cows or sheep in this mosaic of severely angled pastures, let alone a place level enough to build a homestead. It's hard to imagine that a few hearty souls are still out there, spending the winter along the river feeding cows and getting their mail once a week.

One hearty soul was Len Jordan who brought his young family into this canyon to raise sheep in the 1930's. Perhaps this was a sanctuary from the economic realities of the Great Depression. If you could make it here among the rattlesnakes, the Great Depression might have seemed like a piece of cake. He eventually became an Idaho governor and then a U.S. Senator.

This area was the backyard for one of the great outdoor writers of the 20th century, the late Jack O'Connor, who spent much of his later years in Lewiston, Idaho. He hunted Hells Canyon often and would be happy knowing it's as formidable as ever.

In spite of the topography, I'm always surprised by the willingness of the canyon to share its wildlife and secrets with those willing to look.

There is not much about Hells Canyon that I don't find memorable.

On this day in 2005, Corey and I had started early since we were going to cover a lot of ground, most of it along the incredibly steep and unforgiving lower breaks, breaks that can plunge violently 500 feet to the river or just as easily give way to a gentle bench still showing remnants of an old homestead near the river's edge.

The steep pitch and unstable footing requires constant and focused attention. A momentary lapse in judgment can result in serious injury or instant death, a short journey that begins with a free fall and ends with a crash into sharp basalt boulders. Many of the hillsides have stabilized at a 45-degree pitch, considered the angle of equilibrium in geology but which would be disputed by most of us on two feet.

When God created Hells Canyon, he was surely thinking about mule deer. With its unique camouflage covering four stout legs with sharp hooves, eyes the size of saucers and ears that can hear grass break from 200 yards away, mule deer could not be more at home in this exposed landscape.

We were slowly making our way along the main ridge glassing regularly. Numerous small finger ridges plunged to the Snake River. We began seeing deer and some small bucks but none that motivated us to surrender the high ground. We had a long way to go and we would eventually be forced to drop about 1500 feet anyway for a rendezvous with our pickup crew.

Almost on cue, as we began our final descent, we spotted 5 deer including a nice buck 1/2 mile away and 400 feet below us. He was part of a group feeding on the open hillside and headed in our direction, which under normal circumstances would be good. In this case, however, they were headed towards the steepest part of the canyon, an area that would be impossible to hunt. We had our work cut out for us in order to get into position for a shot before the deer got too far over the edge of the canyon.

Normally we could have covered this distance in about 20 minutes but the steep terrain, poor footing and an overgrown sheep trail took us two hours. Several times we lost sight of the deer but the wind was in our favor. We finally reached a point where I thought we should be close enough to get into position for a shot. We settled into a pile of boulders along a steep fence line and set about re-locating the deer we knew were out there.

I thought we had spooked them when I suddenly saw the buck about 50 yards away motionless, looking at us. My sight window for the deer had me looking out 200 yards when all the time the buck was just a stone's throw away. Corey saw him about the same time I did. It was now or never.





The Buck we thought was still a couple hundred yards away was looking at us from 50 yards

The buck was not spooked but knew something was up. He was also positioned in some rocks in a spot that looked flat enough to hold him if Corey shot. If everything worked out we would have relatively easy pack back to our rendezvous.

Corey had to get a comfortable rest and mentally prepare himself to shoot, something that can be more difficult emotionally when the animal is so close. After what seemed like too long, Corey was ready. His shot hit the deer about as perfect as you can ask for and I'm sure the animal died instantly.



Corey quickly asked me if I could see the deer and I said no but they he had made a good shot. I thought we would find the deer dead in the pile of rocks.

While Corey checked his rifle, I stood up to try to spot the deer when I heard some rocks falling. I moved to where the buck had been standing but when I got there and began to look around, I could still here rocks falling. My heart started to sink as I looked down the canyon and processed what was happening.

The deer had slid into a steep chute of grass that provided a runway to gain speed and allowed the animal to tumble deeper into the canyon. And it was still sliding and tumbling. After sliding for about 200 yards the deer fell over a small ledge of about 30 feet and with more momentum continued its journey farther down into the canyon making several free falls and finally coming to rest on a talus slope below a 100 ft. ledge. Based on a review later of the topographic maps the deer had fallen about 1200 ft.

I told Corey to stay put while I slid, scrambled, and fell my way down the steep slope to see if I could locate the deer. As I approached the first ledge I was on my hands and knees crawling, unsure about how much farther I could go. As I stopped to peek over the edge, the load in my pack shifted forward and I almost went over the ledge myself. That was my first warning about what we had gotten ourselves into. The second was the sight of the buck lying in a heap about 300 ft below me on a talus slope that extended down into a creek. The other side of the creek was mostly 100 to 400 foot vertical basalt walls. From there up the other side of the canyon looked like what we had just come down only steeper.

I've been involved in a lot of game retrievals over my 40 years of hunting including some that were dangerous. But I've never seen an animal that I thought we couldn't get too. until now. As I studied the terrain I realized that there was no safe way to get to this animal.

As I clawed my way back up the slope, I knew Corey wouldn't like what I was going to say. We certainly couldn't get to the deer from this side of the canyon and the other side looked worse. He refused to believe that we couldn't get the animal

As we hiked back to our pick up point, Corey was very upset that he was leaving an animal he just killed at the bottom of a canyon. I kept running through every possible scenario in my head and could not figure out how to assuage Corey's guilt and disappointment. I didn't think there was any safe way for us to get that deer and I certainly couldn't let Corey go by himself. After about 45 minutes of wrestling with my own guilt I asked Corey what he wanted to do.

As I listened to him plead his case, I could feel my resolve disintegrating. Maybe if we took one last look from another angle Corey would realize it was impossible to get this animal. We hiked to an area where we had a completely different view of the canyon. Although incredibly steep, unstable and on the other side of the canyon, Corey was sure there was a way into the bottom.

If we went to the head of the canyon, crossed to the other side and then went down to the creek, cross back to this side we should be able to come up the talus to where the deer was. Although I did not want to do this I began to realize that this was something Corey needed and wanted to do and if he was going to do it, I was going with him. I let Corey take the lead, still not believing that we would be able to get to the deer but also worried that Corey was very determined, something that could result in serious consequences.

We stripped down to the bare essentials, one layer of clothes, knives, water and empty packs and started down the most treacherous and unstable hillside I have ever been on. We were alternately falling, sliding and hanging on as we made our way deeper and deeper into what was becoming a very dark hole. On numerous occasions we had to back track because we got cliffed out or the path forward was just too unstable. When we finally got to the creek the look up was almost as terrifying as the look down had been. Crumbling basalt columns and 100 feet walls towered over us. We were in the shadows and I doubt the sun ever hit the floor of this canyon and quite certain that other human footprints never had. It was cold, damp and eerie.

Now we just had to trek about 200 yards down the creek and we would be opposite the talus slope that held Corey's deer. As we started downstream, the going was very slow. The bank was narrow and overgrown with Hawthorne, Hackberry and other predatory plants. The creek was a connection of deep plunge pools and waterfalls.

We were getting close to the talus slope where the deer was when we came to an abrupt dead end. Sheer basalt walls shot straight up on our side of the creek and we would have to figure out a way to cross it now. The only way would be on the maze of limbs that extended across the entire creek like a tangled fishermen's net. Suspended 5 feet over the creek, Corey was blazing ahead. There was no stopping him. I was not sure we would make it out.

Finally across the creek we could see the deer about 50 yards above us in the talus lying at an odd angle, antlers broken, ribs protruding and busted limbs. Just when I thought we had seen it all and we were nearing the end of our journey, our first steps onto the unstable

talus set the entire hillside to moving. We immediately backed off and let the slope stabilize amazed that a footstep could unleash so much energy.

When the hillside stopped moving we carefully made our way up the edge of the talus and slowly out to the deer. As we stood over the buck reflecting on its journey and ours, a few momentary rays of late afternoon sunshine reminded us to get on with our business. We salvaged what we could, wrapped it in the packs and started back out.

Corey was greatly relieved we had made it to his deer but less satisfied about the circumstances that had led us to the bottom of the canyon.

In the years since this hunt we have passed by this canyon several times, but never to hunt, only to remember the nature of Hells Canyon, the experience we shared, and a new appreciation of dangerous game.



# Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006





# Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006



One last moment on level ground before dropping into the Canyon



With the deep canyon retreating into the shadows after surrendering its prize, Corey heads back to camp exhausted but safe and satisfied.

About the Author: *Mark Quinn earned a Bachelor of Science Degree from Washington State University in 1973 and has worked in the Natural Resources Field for over 37 years. He has worked as a natural resources professional for the U.S Forest Service, Weyerhaeuser, The Federal Highway Administration, Grant County Public Utility District and the Washington Department of Fish and Wildlife which he retired from after a 31 year career as a Wildlife Area Manager, Regional Wildlife Biologist and Agency Administrator in Olympia. He is active in numerous conservation organizations, is a charter member of the Jack O'Connor Center and currently serves as a board member for the Washington Wildlife Federation and the Washington Wildlife and Recreation Coalition.*



Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006

# “Can Jack go Home?”



By Stephen Redgwell

Pour me some of that whiskey.  
You've got questions and want to ask why.  
In the still of my den,  
Would I do it again?  
I say nope, I've said my goodbyes.

There's a reason I'd pass and it's simple.

Are the quail and the pheasants still flushing?  
Does Lewiston still feel the same?  
Can I hunt whitetail deer  
Or have they all disappeared?  
Will the sunsets still set me aflame?

Can I relive good times with my family?  
Can I see them again, laugh and smile?  
Can I hold my wife's hand?  
And stare out at the land,  
That goes on for a few Roman miles?

You've asked about past times and mem'ries.  
That you think we'd both love to repeat.  
But the times have moved on.  
And those things aren't gone.  
We've still got a great front row seat

For now, we are watching from heaven  
Eleanor and I feel so blessed  
That family and friends  
And their love still ascends  
To our new home that's simply the best.

*About the Author: Stephen Redgwell joined the Canadian Forces in 1977 as an air force armourer. His initial trades training was taken at the Canadian Forces School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering (Small Arms) and the Canadian Forces School of Aerospace and Ordnance Engineering (Aircraft Weapons & Explosives). For twenty one years, he bounced around Europe, the US and various bases across Canada, helping to curb Communism, eliminate petty dictatorships.*

*Steve has authored a number of books about the 303 British, 7.62x51mm and 7.62x39mm cartridges. He has also written about the Lee Enfield rifle, which was Canada's principle military arm for over forty years. His books are in use with police agencies across North America.*

*His readers include the federal government, military brass and even a*

Jack O'Connor

HUNTING HERITAGE & EDUCATION CENTER  
LEWISTON, IDAHO EST. 2006

*US Senator! He has also published two fiction books and has been featured in, or contributed to, a number of publications including the Lee Enfield Digest, the Black Powder Journal, British Enfield Rifles- No 4 and No 5 Rifles (North Cape Publications), Handloader Magazine and Canadian Shooting Sports Assoc magazine among others. You will also see his work around the Web at places like [www.6mmBR.com](http://www.6mmBR.com) and [www.thegunzone.com](http://www.thegunzone.com) Since 2005, he has been teaching as a civilian instructor at the Canadian Forces School of Aerospace Technology and Engineering. He has been happily married for 30 years to his wife Tammy. Steve has three children, two grandkids and loves grouse hunting!*

## "The Big Ram of Pilot Mountain"

*By Jack O'Connor- January 1951*



*Reprinted with permission from Outdoor Life Magazine*

The first time I ever hunted Dall sheep – those beautiful snow-white rams with golden eyes and yellow horns – I was up in the glaciers around the head of the White River, near where the southwest corner of the Yukon Territory is jammed right up against Alaska. The area is beautiful



and wild, and for 30 years the late Jean Jacquot outfitted parties there. The creeks were named for.....

*To read more about the ram of Pilot Mountain please refer to our Jack O'Connor Archives within our website location!!!!*

*About the Author: Jack O'Connor's first love, besides his family, was the outdoors and writing about hunting, firearms, and the natural history of big game animals. As the longtime firearms editor for Outdoor Life magazine, O'Connor hunted and collected trophies throughout the world, and introduced millions of readers to hunting and firearms. He is still considered the undisputed dean of outdoor writing and journalism. Please visit our website at [www.jack-oconnor.org](http://www.jack-oconnor.org) to learn more about Jack, his family life, career, and conservation legacy.*

## Member Pictures



Guys;

Had one of the best hunts of my life yesterday in the prairies. Why? The answer is simple: I crawled on my knees and elbows in the cactus infested floor of the prairies for 150 yards while both sons, Sergio & Miguel, together with my close buddy Hank watched as I closed the distance to a fantastic herd buck that was rounding his does. One 200 yard shot from my "Norm" and the 9 year awaited Antelope season was closed for me again.

Full report will follow soon. Sincerely, Alex Sharif



Trever Yochum of Clarkston, WA shot this bull with his bow in South Central Idaho on September 15<sup>th</sup>, 2012....his birthday. Trever has been hunting elk for over 20 years and this was his first Birthday Bull.





Member Chris Yochum of Lewiston, ID who had spent the week hunting with his son Trever in south Central Idaho capped the dual success week when he shot this beautiful 6 x 6 bull elk on September 20<sup>th</sup>, 2012.

***At the Jack O'Connor Hunting Heritage and Education Center:***

- ***A copy of Jack O'Connor's .375H& H rifle, currently on display as the 2013 raffle gun of the year, will be raffled off to some lucky individual. This rifle, made by Roger and Paula Biesen, is the 1st<sup>h</sup> of three rifles to be built in the "African" series. The drawing will be held on June 1, 2013 at the Jack O'Connor Center. Be sure to come out on that day!***
- ***The Winchester "Show and Shine" for 2013 is now in the planning stages. Anyone that has a Winchester or custom rifle or shotgun collection is encouraged to purchase a table and show off their favorites. If you have an interest, be sure to give us a call (208-***