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Trophy Elephant Hunting Can And Dangerous Sport, Concludes G&A's Shooting Editor Elmer Keith, After He Recently Tackled The...

WORLD'S BIGGEST BIG GAME

The old master, Elmer Keith, takes a mid-day rest with a book amidst four sets of tusks taken by him and Truman Fowler during a 30-day hunt along the Galana River in Kenya.

The general shooting public going to Africa, and especially Kenya, should be cognizant of the Game Department rulings in that country.

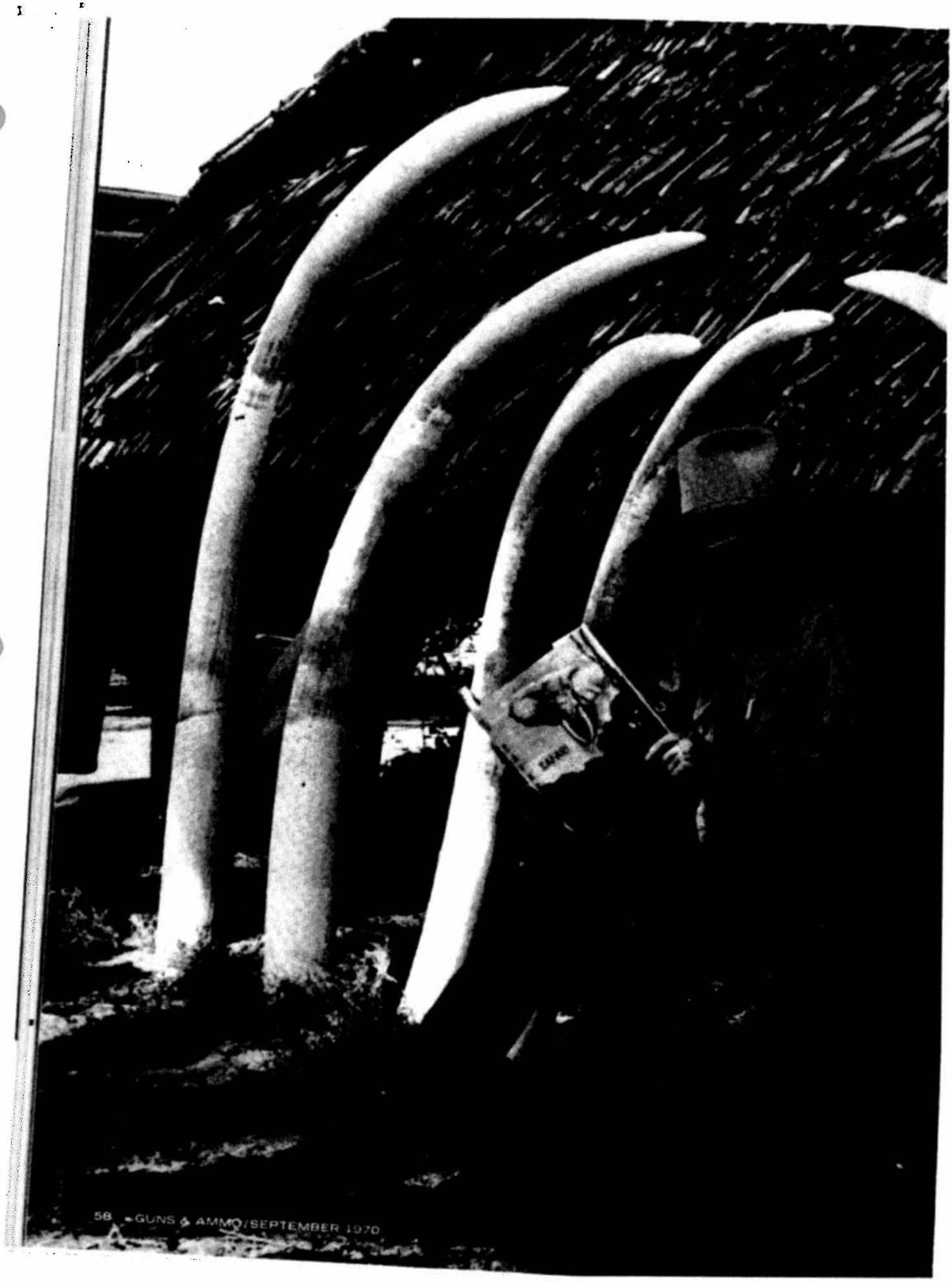
Wounded elephant or rhino that are lost are counted on the same license. On elephant, rhino, buffalo and hippo do not use a rifle of less than .400 caliber. Smaller rifles have caused the wounding of a lot of this class of game, particularly buffalo which is the hardest of all African game to kill. They are often wounded, because people try to kill them with too small a rifle. Lion, leopard and eland should not be hunted with a rifle of less than .375 H&H caliber, excluding the Mannlicher Schoenauer, but including the 9.3mm Mauser. In following up wounded lion or leopard in thick cover an effective weapon is a shotgun loaded with slugs or buckshot. When hunting Greater kudu, waterbuck, zebra, wildebeest, Hartebeest, topi, giant forest hog, oryx, do not use a rifle smaller than a .300 Magnum.

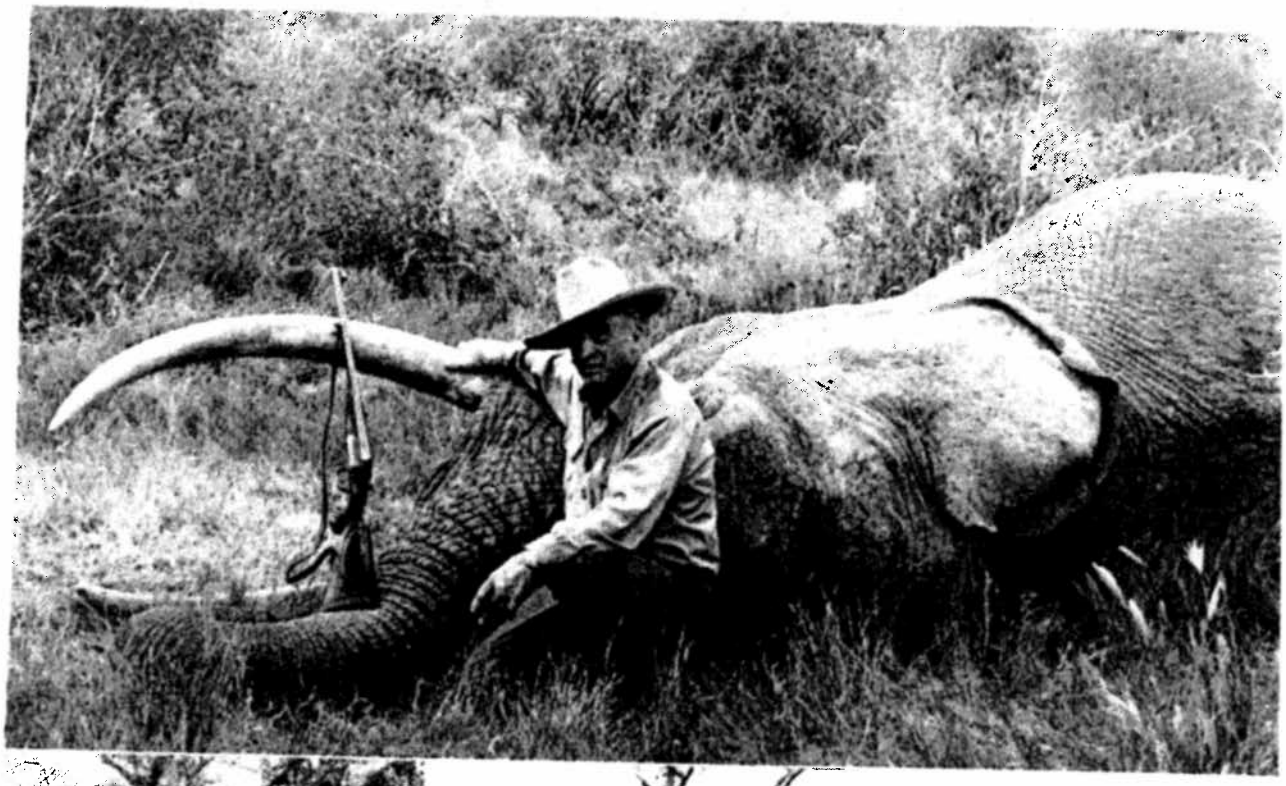
There you have it straight from the horse's mouth, so to speak, and all American hunters will do well to follow the ruling by the Kenya Game Commission, regardless of the recommendations of some.

In 1967, my friend Truman Fowler invited me to take a month's elephant hunt with him in Kenya for big tuskers. I readily agreed, but asked him to give me another year before the trip as I was slowly recovering from a bad coronary. Truman decided on the month of September 1969 and the Galana Game & Ranching Ltd. on the Galana river as our hunting country. This hunting end of the ranching is run by Mike Prettejohn under the name of La Burra Ranch Safaris. It is a million and a half-acre concession from the Kenya Government and they have a static population of some 3000 elephant on the great tract of bush and at least that many more move out of the Tsavo park and down on the Galana ranch in the dry season, for the water and green feed along the Galana.

The area for many miles south of the Galana, north of the Tiva and on to the Tana and beyond to the NFD, is the greatest elephant country in the world. It is mostly very slightly rolling or flat, plain country covered by thorn bush and Samsivera. The bush is mostly around 10 feet tall with some scattered trees running up 20 feet and much lower wait-a-bit and other thorn. Some of the country around Dera is very dense bush, while other sections are nice open bush where you can see for 30 yards or more. A few scattered hills like Sala, south of the River, and the Lahli hills north of it, just on the edge of the park, as well as Dakadema hills, offer vantage points from which you can look over the vast herds of elephant. Tony Dyer took a snap from his plane and in that one small picture were at least 600 to 1000 elephant. It is elephant heaven.

This ranch is one of the few places where a man with a good professional hunter can come up with the big five in 30 days, if he works at it. The ranch charges a head tax on every game animal in addition to the general license and it is very high, but they have the big five there. The leopard are small and the coastal buffalo also small, but heads up to 43 inches have been obtained. I saw tracks of four different lion prides in the 30 days we hunted and there are a good many bush rhino all over the place, too many for comfort when you are hunting elephant. They have large herds of cattle on the ranch, each guarded by a contingent of native spearmen and lions kill cat-





Keith's first Galana elephant with ivory that tipped the scales at 55 and 58 lbs. It was a very old bull and a perfect brain shot brought him to a quick and merciful end. Expert native skinners clean up trophy tusks (above, left) and Truman Fowler displays the very fine rhino he took during the Galana hunt with his .577 double.

tle every few nights. These lion are mostly maneless, however.

In September the country through the Tsavo park and on toward the coast is as dry as a last year's bird's nest, except for some water holes and the Galana river. Most of the elephant watered on the Galana or out at the little lake at Dera.

Truman Fowler, whom we call Ted, had procured one of the finest possible elephant hunting crews, comprised of his old Professional Hunter, Mike Hissey, and his old gun bearer Macow, who had also served in that capacity for Don Hopkins for many safaris, Kilo for Ted's gun bearer, and Mike Prettejohn's head tracker Ngenge. I had Boru Dabassa for my gun bearer; he is a member of the Liangulu tribe, who have killed a great many elephant with their poison arrows. Macow was a member of the Wakamba tribe, famous elephant trackers, Kilo was also a Wakamba, while Ngenge was a fine Meru and a wonderful elephant hunter. Boru Dabassa and I hit it off from the start. He was a real hunter and good companion, knew every trick of the trade and also knew the country we were hunting very well. These four Africans were all fine trackers and Mike Hissey is an old elephant hunter with some 300 elephant to his credit. Boru Dabassa had also served for several years as gun bearer and tracker for my good friend the late Bob Foster. I think a lot of that little man, one of the best bushmen I have ever been out with.

Mike Prettejohn met us at Nairobi, and Mike Hissey came in the next day for the hunt. We drove from Nairobi down to Voi the first day, the 31st of August. We saw a good many elephant along the dry red earth road, mostly bulls of around 40 to 60 pounds a side. They appeared quite tame, well knowing they were in the protection of the park. All of them were red colored from sucking up the dusty red earth and blowing it over their backs as well as rubbing against red ant hills.

We stayed at a nice little motel and restaurant at Voi and on the first of September drove on slightly north to the Galana, where we were allowed through the guard station and across the river. While climbing up out of the Galana Valley, we spotted a couple of elephants some half mile away and one of them was an enormous tusker carrying well over 100 pounds a side. Later we were told he was often seen there but did not ever leave the park.

Fowler's big .577 Lancaster double rifle also accounted for an elephant carrying 96 and 98 pounds of ivory. The big .577 load fires a 750-grain bullet in front of 100 grains of cordite — it packs an elephant-caliber wallop!

We made it to the hunting lodge and had lunch, then drove back along the park boundary road to the Lahli Hills. We climbed them and had a wonderful view of the flat bush country below and some 1000 elephant in sight. Driving back to the lodge we passed one big old

continued on page 84

Truman Fowler and Keith in Africa, 1969. Fowler is shown with a Lancaster .577 Nitro Express, while Keith's gun is a Boswell .500 Nitro Express.

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HOW TO HUNT 'POSTED' LAND

G&A's 1970 Honor Trap Team

BIGGEST BIG GAME

continued from page 60

50-pounder standing 30 feet from the road inside the park. That night we were treated to lion moaning and the cough of a leopard interspersed with elephant calls and the wailing of that lost soul, the hyena. Elephant also come down to water on the south side of the river. One old bull stopped some 50 feet from Mike Hissey's tent and the flap of his ears woke Mike up.

The second of September we were up before daylight, had tea and a shower and started hunting in earnest. Ted carried his big 15-pound Lancaster .577 ejector and I had my .500 Nitro Express Boswell double ejector, while Mike Hissey depended on a .470 double, with which he had killed a great many elephant.

Elephant in small groups, to herds of 500 or more, were in sight all over the place and several small bands were climbing around in the hills. We had to be very careful as a great many cows with young totos were in evidence. But by carefully watching the wind via dribbling dust from our fingers or Mike's old spray powerpuff we kept out of trouble. We saw a good many bulls but nothing that looked over 50 to 60 pounds in ivory, although we stalked and looked over several at close range. A herd of cows and calves and a few bulls came along down the road, scented our tracks or the car and stopped while their trunks went up in search of the foreign scent.

We were in herds of elephant up to our ears and this went on for a full 30 days. We were out before daylight every morning and back in camp after dark as a rule, but we saw elephant and stalked or trailed up bulls every day. When working along the Lahli Hills over the crest we ran into another herd. Many looked pretty good but nothing big enough to satisfy Mike. Then we drove out to John Lawrence's water hole. It is named after the old PWH of the 1957 Safari which I took.

Lawrence's water hole was one big tank in the red earth and around it for miles were smaller water holes about dried up. We found a good many tracks there, however, and finally picked up an old slick-heeled track that looked good. Mike had obtained a 96-pounder there in January for a client.

The elephants had been traveling up and down the truck trace scooping up dust with their trucks and spraying it on their backs. Their trunks make trails like snake trails. The road was also full of sansivera cuds. They pull this plant up or root it out with their tusks then chew it until all the juice and green is gone, then spit out the cud of white fibers. Sansivera is the elephants' chewing gum and they certainly chew up a vast amount of it. We found where an elephant had run onto a monitor lizard some 6 or 7 feet long and had stamped him flat as thin paper. We also found a couple of puff adders later on that had received same treatment from elephant.

The bush was quite tall and thick around John Lawrence's water hole and the grass perhaps a foot high. While a slight dew is on, early morning tracking is easy, but as soon as the hot monsoon winds blow in from the sea, that grass springs up and the ground is as hard as portland cement. Tracking soon becomes very difficult and all hands were required to keep track of this old bull and his askari. We meandered round and round in the dense hot bush for several hours following his trail. He would push over a small tree occasionally and was feeding. The trackers would test the warmth of the huge droppings and knew we were getting closer.

We saw where lions had killed a porcupine and numerous rhino tracks. These rhino, that can hide behind any sized bush, kept us on our toes. There was plenty of wait-a-bit thorn and all you have to do is touch it and you are hooked. Boru carried my .500 over his shoulder, butt to the rear and one step ahead of me. Nearing noon it was very hot and there was no wind to cool us in the thick bush. We had lost the track temporarily and all seven of us were spread out trying to pick it up.

Boru was just ahead of me, when he suddenly stopped and simply shoved my big double at me. I slipped the safety forward as Boru pointed. There, 20 feet away over a bush, were the tops of two rhino horns. What air movement there was, came to our faces. The horns looked thin, evidently a cow, as we slowly backtracked without making a sound and hardly daring to breath. Boru signalled to those behind us and we all backed up out of the old gal's territory without provoking a charge. She had heard us but had not seen nor scented us and we got away nicely. Rhino cost $1400 each on the ranch so I did not want one. By circling, we again picked up the track of the old slick-heeled bull and his younger askari.

Soon, Ngenge signalled to stop as we had almost run into a bunch of cows and calves. This was more open bush and the monsoon wind was getting stronger, so we circled the cows downwind and picked up our bull tracks again. It was hot as the hinges of Hades and we were all soaked with perspiration. Finally we came up on them some 50 yards away, their heads and big ears above the bush. We worked up to 30 yards and Mike looked the old bull over. They were standing quartering away and had heard us. I asked Mike what he would go, and he whispered back that he thought 80 pounds and long. I whispered "good enough for my first one," and sat down beside a wait-a-bit thorn bush.

18 March 1969

Dear Jack:

Bob Pflaumer, Joe Merrill, and, I believe Fowler, and now you suggest writing my case history. Jerry Haskins has already said that he wanted to publish it. Swore I'd never write another damn book, and if I ever do I will talk it into a dictaphone. Damn if I will ever peck another out on a typewriter. Never figured anyone would be interested in reading of the hectic, hard life I have lived. Seen 70 summers and 70 winters now and going to Africa with Fowler for big elephant in September. Thanks for the thought anyway. Will be at the NRA clambake at the end of the month.

Sincerely,

Keith

Fowler invited Keith on an elephant-hunting safari in Kenya in 1969. Keith is shown here with one of the elephants he shot on that safari.

... need to return them. ... room at his palace in Teheran. You

Best!

Jack

Keith is shown here holding a .500 Boswell, which he used as his only gun for the safari in Uganda and Kenya in 1969. On that safari he shot buffalo and elephant.

Author takes a shot with his Boswell in .500 Nitro Express. Virtually all double rifles have a top-tang safety, which was a favorite of Keith's.

target we had one good 70 percent pattern. Where the other barrel went, I still do not know. I told the good doctor he should send that gun back to the factory, which he did.

Once, when in a hot rise of sharptailed grouse in Montana, I was loading and shooting as fast as I could as the big birds continued to rise from some second-crop alfalfa. I was using my old No.3 Ithaca double full-choked 16, and was doing right well. When I put in two more shells and closed the breech, the gun went off into the ground, only one barrel firing, however.

I have seen many guns fire when the breech was closed, or when a shell was chambered in pump or auto shotguns and some rifles. It's imperative always to keep the muzzle pointed away from anything or anyone when closing the breech or loading a round in a gun chamber of any kind.

Many rifle and shotgun safeties lock only the trigger and not the sear, and if said gun is dropped or jarred on the ground, it may and often does fire. Sears become worn until many double guns will fire the second barrel from any jar or even from recoil. Some will also fire when you close the breech or chamber a round.

When you load the chamber of your rifle or shotgun, be sure you keep it pointed away from your friends, your horse, or your dog. Though I have seen many chances at big game lost when a rifle had to be pulled out of the scabbard and the chamber loaded, for one, always carry a rifle with the magazine loaded and do not load the chamber while it is on my horse. I have seen horses fall and roll and break the stock at the action–and sometimes the gun fired as well.

You cannot be too careful with any gun, but if you treat them all as loaded at all times and do not put too much faith in the safety, you will have no accidents. Guns do not kill people, careless or untrained people kill people. Never hunt with anyone who does not keep the safety of his gun *on* until he is ready to shoot. With either rifle or shotgun, that safety should never be moved to off or ready until you are ready for the shot, and in shotgun shooting, it should be taken off as the gun is mounted, and no sooner.

Another good thing to remember is the fact that a Mauser and many Mauser-type actions can be fired by pushing forward on the trigger as well as by pulling back if the arm is cocked and the safety off. Mausers have been fired accidentally many times after a hunter had taken the safety off and was forcing his way through thorn or brush when a limb pushed forward on the trigger, or got caught in back of the trigger and he jerked on the rifle to free it.

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HOW TO HUNT 'POSTED' LAND

G&A's 1970 Honor Trap Team

When considering large calibers for African big game, do not overlook the hippo, or "river pig" as Keith called them. A large caliber of no less than .375 H&H Magnum is needed for these behemoths. Keith shot this one with a .500 Nitro Express double rifle by Boswell.

you can open a double and load the next two shells very quickly. You can also carry a couple of extras clipped between the fingers of the left hand with the heads of the cases lying flush with the palm of the hand and reload nearly as fast.

Last fall, I was doing some fancy dodging in dense thorn while reloading my double after putting both barrels into a rhino. My white hunter, John Lawrence, took the rhino on with his old .416 while I reloaded my .476 Westley Richards. But even that experience is to be preferred to John Buhmiller's running around trees with a mad elephant after him while he tried to find a ramrod to clear his bolt-action rifle.

I'll take the big double, but for those who prefer the bolt-action we now have some mighty powerful rifles available. Winchester furnishes the fine .458, C.M. O'Neil of Alberton, Montana, offers the .424 OKH rifles, and Weatherby is now out with the ultra-high-velocity 460 Weatherby Magnum, which is the same thing as the .450s John Buhmiller uses in Africa.

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

The police department of El Cajon, California, located some five miles east of San Diego and headed by Chief Joseph O'Connor, has had amendments drawn up to their Police Manual permitting optional use of the .44 Special as a police weapon with either factory loads or department handloads of Keith 250-grain bullets at 970 fps. Heavy loads may be carried in the belt for emergency use. This department has 43 officers, and the town has a population of some 40,000. This change from the pip-squeak .38 Special for all officers was brought about through the efforts of officers Gerald Herndon and Elden Carl, assisted by *Guns & Ammo* magazine and Jeff Cooper.

Each year I receive a great many factual accounts of gunfights between officers and criminals where the little .38 Special was used and failed to stop the criminal. In many cases, officers lost their lives solely through the use of an inadequate gun and load. If all police departments in this country were to emulate El Cajon

to be the guests of a rich Mexican and w. at we are getting into I'll be damned if I know.

I am enclosing three small prints–of E. eanor with an urial, with a fallow stag in Spain, and of her yakking with Prince Abdorreza in his trophy room at his palace in Teheran. You don't need to return them.

Best!

Jack

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P. 12
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Keith is shown here holding a .500 Boswell, which he used as his only gun for the safari in Uganda and Kenya in 1969. On that safari he shot buffalo and elephant.

GUNS & AMMO

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75¢ SEPTEMBER 1972

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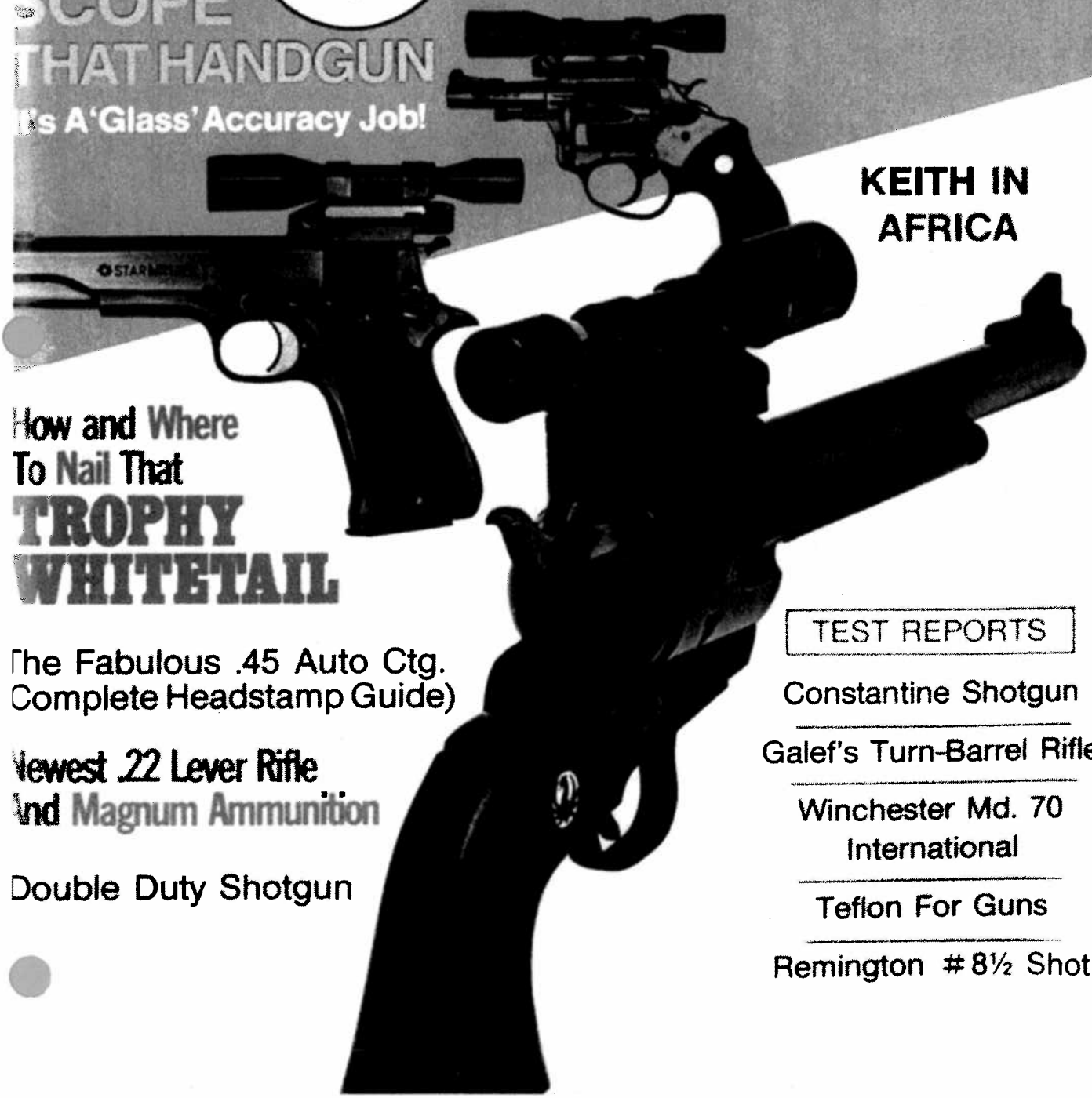
KEITH IN AFRICA



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Buffalo and Hippo proved to be the main dish served up on this unusual African Hunt. I like to call it...

The Kagera Kaper!

By Elmer Keith Last September R. E. Petersen, owner of Petersen Publishing Co., with Tom Siatos, publisher of *Guns & Ammo* magazine, photo director Bob D'Olivo, Dave Shane and myself flew to Entebbe via N.Y.C. and Athens, then to Kampala, Uganda. Then professional hunter Nicky Blunt drove us down on the Kagera some 238 miles south where we crossed the river on a ferry boat and were then in northern Tanzania. We arrived at camp in a bend of the Kagera the evening of the 18th. Sighted rifles the 19th and that evening our other professional hunter John Northcote arrived.

The morning of the 20th, Pete, D'Olivo and I took off with Northcote in his Land Rover, while Siatos and Shane hunted with Nicky. It was very good game country and we saw two buffalo, one rhino and countless impala, topi, eland, oribi, duiker and wart hogs. We spotted a bunch of roan with one good bull on a high ridge. Northcote and I finally got within 300 yards. Pete had loaned me his .375 which he had sighted in at only 70 yards and I was afraid it would shoot very low, so while draped over the top of an ant hill, I held level with the top of the bull's withers. At the shot he jumped ten feet in the air with his left front leg broken below the chest. As he went away I held just over the top of the withers and John said I went right under his chest, so I held level with the top of his horns, really aimed at them to allow for lead and my third shot decked the fine bull. This second shot was the only one I missed in the entire trip to Africa. Pete later found the rifle shooting low at 100 yards with the rear scope base loose. Roan had a nice 25" head.

On the way back to camp Pete collected about 20 guineas, and sand grouse for the table. In the afternoon we hunted again and Pete collected a fine impala. We located a herd of some 30 buffalo and John and I stalked them. No good heads, and they ran into heavier open bush. We stalked another small herd of buffalo but the wind changed and they took off in a cloud of dust. It was beautiful game country, partly wide open spaces with a few acacias and partly heavy open thorn bush some 20 feet high.

A mile further on Pete made an excellent 200-yard shot at a fine impala with a 27" head. Next we spotted a big herd of buffalo, around 100 I would estimate, and stalked them, but the wind was wrong and they were travelling. John tried to head them off up a steep mountain but they went around us in a cloud of dust; however, we approached close enough to see there was nothing over a 36" spread in the entire lot.

Tom got a great hippo with a shot just back of the ear in the top of his neck that dropped him. Hippos were there by the hundreds and they had trails leading back from the river a couple of miles where they had gone in search of grass. They are so thick on the Kagera that the Game Commission had killed over 6000 in the last few years trying to keep them under control and leave some feed along the river for the other game. They crop the grass with their great broad, or wide lips.

The next day we drove along the river looking for lion and hippo. I could not but marvel at the myriad of game on this side of the river. Each evening I could count some 20 hippos playing in the river and listened to their many different calls, grunts and roars. Like elephants, they make a great many different sounds.

On the 21st, Dave Shane had a leopard on one of their baits and shot and missed him; needless to say, he felt very bad about the miss.

On the 23rd, we spotted a herd of some 30 buffalo across a donga. We crossed the 100 yards of jungle choked donga via buffalo trails and stalked them to within 140 yards. It was a most beautiful setting with open grass land studded with a few acacias and the grass turning green from the last rain. There was a big but young bull in the center of the herd as they fed in a swale. We approached to 140 yards while D'Olivo unlimbered his big movie camera and I sat down beside a tree with the 500 Boswell. John asked me if I could do it and I told him I thought so. Not wanting anything whatever to do with a wounded buff in that donga, I held high for a spine shot back of the shoulder and gave him a 570-grain solid when he turned broadside to hook at a passing cow. He went down instantly with a broken back, to the delight of Northcote. The head was small—only a 32" spread—but a big young animal. We took off the head only as John did not want to disturb the carcass too much, hoping the lion would find it. John called it a bloody good shot for a big double rifle.

That evening Tom reported getting a fine 29" impala and seeing four hippo out on dry land in easy range. He and Nicky Blunt also reported we had a loepard working one of our baits.

On the 24th John showed us where Warren Page and Mike Walker had clobbered a 52" buffalo with him on a former hunt. We studied a herd of some 60 buffalo but no good heads among them. Then as we headed back down the donga across from our buffalo bait, Northcote spotted five great buff bulls across the river a half mile below where we had killed the young bull the day before. He reported one good 40" head and asked if I wanted him. I told him yes, as buffalo and elephant were what I wanted most of all. John took the lead, with Patrice packing my big double, then myself, followed by Pete and D'Olivo. John got an ant hill between us and the five buff and we approached in single file, bending low, until we reached its cover. I crawled up the steep ant hill until I could rest my left hand and the barrels over the top of the ant hill. I heard John say "The second one from the right, Elmer," but Pete and D'Olivo thought he meant the second bull from the left and focused the telephoto lens on that bull. My foot scraped on the hard dry ant hill, and they heard it and swung around, facing us at just 71 yards, with heads outstretched toward us. I held the sourdough gold bead of my 500 Boswell right under the chin of the second bull from the right and squeezed the trigger. Just as the big rifle lifted me off the ant hill I saw the bull's head jerk down to the left. He went down in a heap without a single kick and John jumped up and exclaimed "What a shot!" We approached and found we had a very nice 41" head. The heavy slug had

continued on page 100

As we moved up - they moved out!

Sighting-in always pays off!

My .500 nitro Charles Boswell double rifle - it has some recoil!

G&A Publisher Tom Siatos - Buff taken with Griffe .404 Mauser

A GRAND OLD TROPHY BULL - 570 grain solid through the shoulders did the trick. PRO Hunter John Northcote was very Pleased.

Handloaded .375 H&H Mag. did good job for Bob Petersen, Petersen Pub. Co.

enty yards in front of us and the other stream of elephant some 150 yards behind us. I tossed a rock at Mike's back and pointed. He fell off the truck just as a dozen trunks came up over the bush thirty yards in front of us and he ordered everyone in the truck.

Just as we heard a heavy blast the stream of elephants shifted into a fast run. Mike backed the truck toward the more distant stream of pachyderms and a dozen bulls came across the road right where we had stood.

I sincerely wish some of these small-bore advocates who promote the use of a .375 for elephant had been with us. In my many years of big-game hunting, it was the most awesome sight I ever experienced. On our last day of hunting on the Galana I brained a huge old tusker at sixty-five yards and his young companion came charging up to thirt yards of us and waived and coiled his trunk, curle his tail, and screamed bloody murder. He woul go back to his dead comrade, smell of him with hi trunk and then come charging back at us again. W would again stop him by yelling loudly. Just then thirty to fifty more elephant came out of the bus on our left and charged up to fifty yards, the ol cows flapping their ears, waving their trunks an screaming their heads off. Mike said to shoot ove their backs, which he and Fowler did but I kept m .500 loaded, intending to dump two of them if the came on in. Finally, an old cow picked up her littl toto and headed back into the bush and after the had all left, the young bull finally quit demonstrat ing and followed them.

After his first safari in the 1950s, Keith always said that he was going to use a .577 for his heavy rifle on any subsequent safaris. However, when he did return to Africa in 1969 he had a stroke and preferred the lighter weight of his .500 Boswell. Here he is seen with that gun and a buffalo from Uganda.

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ELMER KEITH: Elephants

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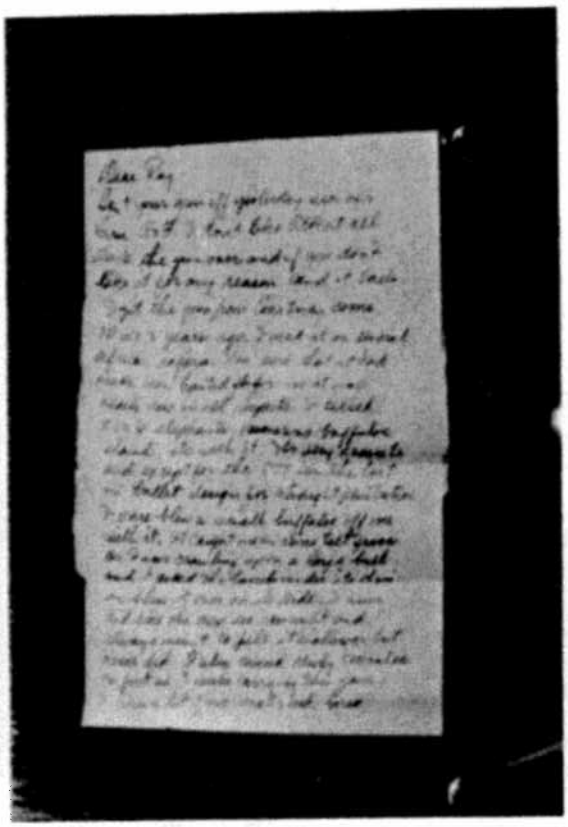
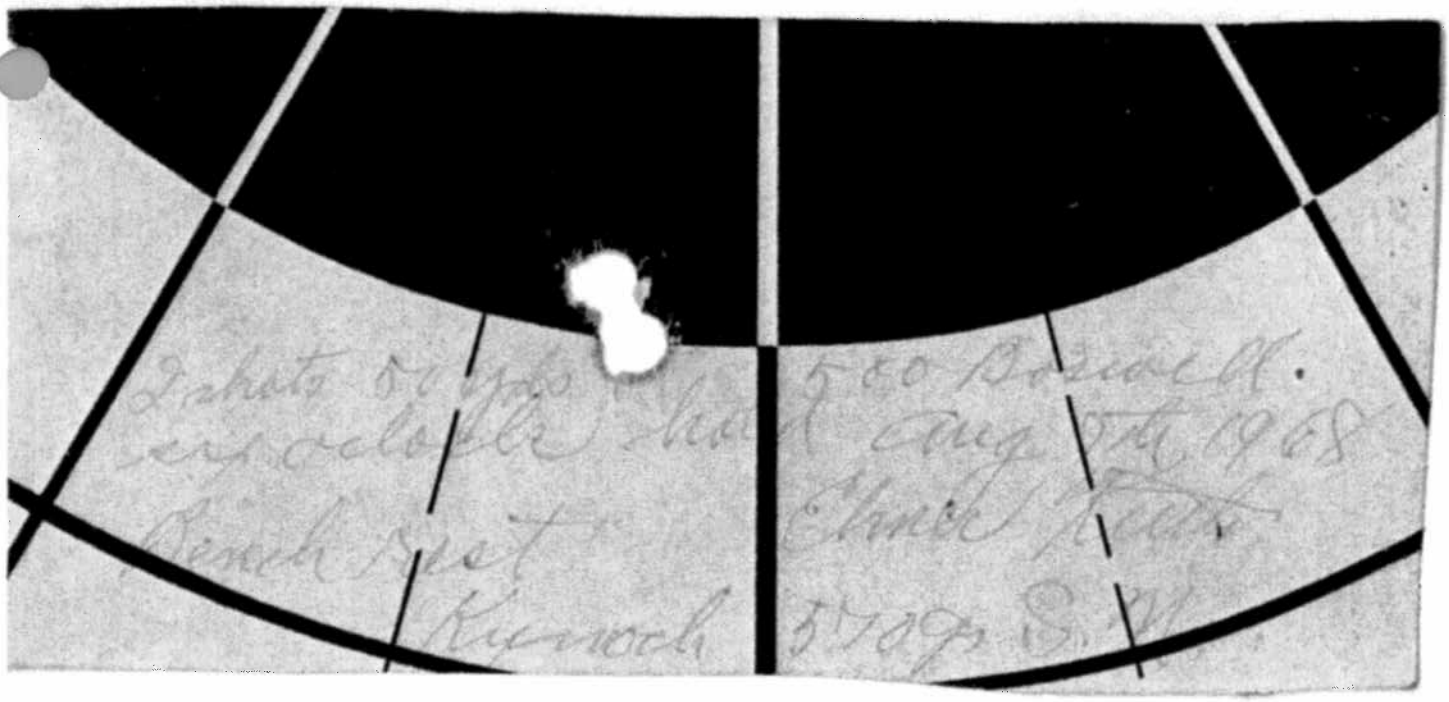
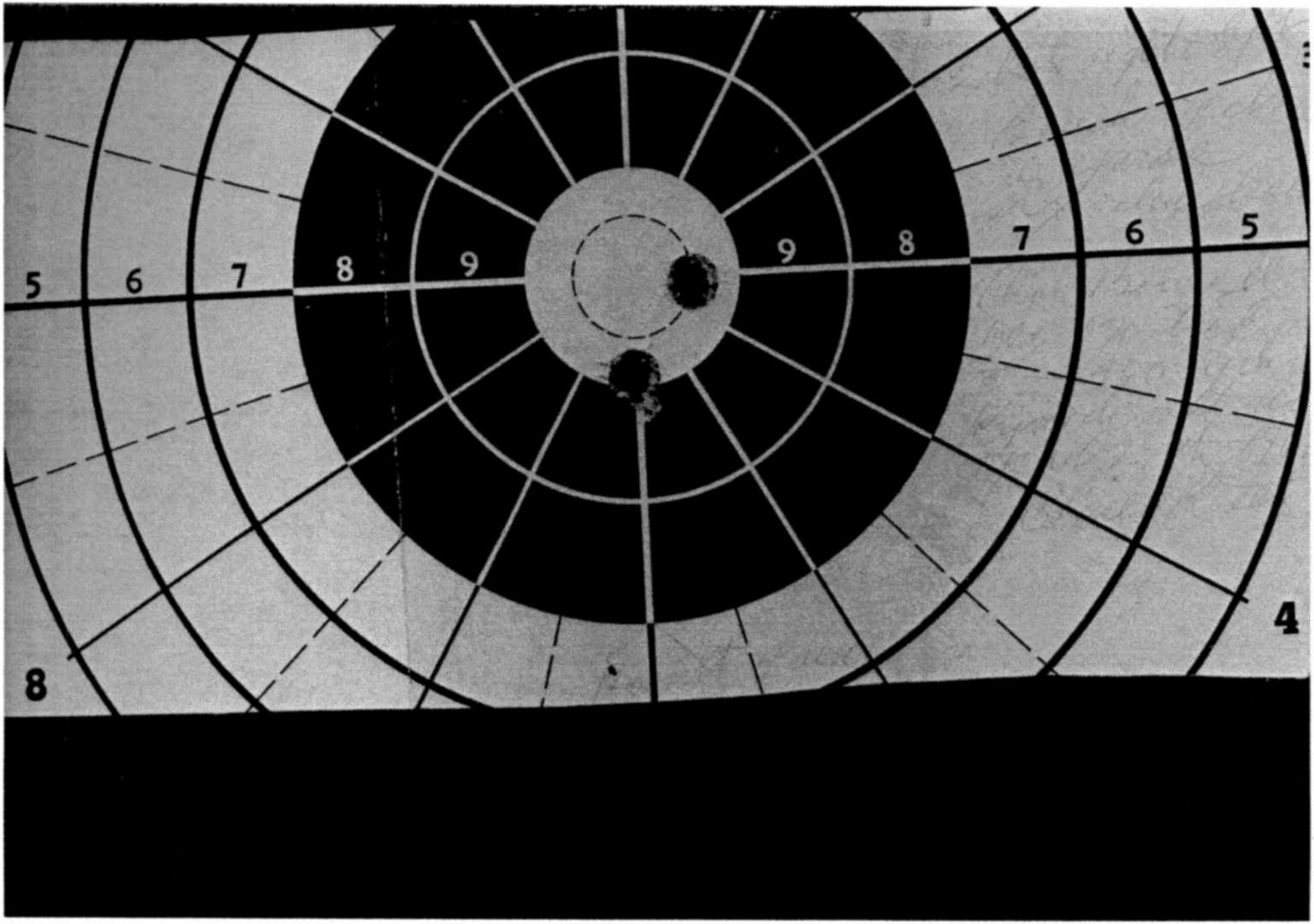




2 shots 50 yds 500 Boswell.
[illegible] hand Aug 5th 1968
Bench Rest Elmer [illegible]
Kynoch 570 gr S.W.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Elmer Keith
Gun Collection
April 1972
Double Barrel Rifles

	Rifle	Make	Calibre	Serial #	Value
1	R 58	Charles Boswell - Ejector	500 NE	17109	4,500
2		Cased with Assessories with EK on stock			
3	R 59	Holland & Holland Royal Grade	375 Mag Rim		
4		Scope Sighted - Hand Detachable side locks		30423	5,000
5		Fully Engraved - Cased w/ all assessories			
6	R & S. 60	Westley Richards Cape Gun	303 British	T2247	4,000
7		ejectors, Hand detachable	16 Gauge		
8		locks, ½ pistol Circassian stock			
9	R. 61	Jeffery - Box Lock			
10		Fully engraved	450-400	20176	10,000
11		24" Bbl.	4"		
12		Jim Corbets Tiger Rifle used to kill man eating			
13		tigers, some who have killed 100-300 natives			
14		Oak & Leather case w/ assessories			
15		Worn bright but good condition			
16		2 triggers / w ejectors.			
17	R 62	Westley Richards	470 NE	17202	5,000
18		Best Quality, Hand detachable locks			
19		ejectors, single trigger			
20		fully engraved			
21		Carcissian stock			
22		Used by EK to kill big 5 in 1957			
23		Cased w/ all assessaries			
24	R 63	Westley Richards #2 Grade	500 N.E.	09367	4,000
25		ejectors, cased w/ all assessaries			
26		plain gun - new condition			
27	R 64	Westley Richards - Best Quality	470 NE	9331	5,000
28		plain finished, ejectors, Hand			
29		detachable locks, cased with all			
30		assessories			
31		made for Stewart Edward White			
32		used in Africa - Big 5			
33	R 65	Josh-Springer - Best Quality	9374R	10506	5000
34		full side lock, ejectors			
35		Hand detachable locks			
36		set triggers, Scope sighted w/ Zeiss Zielvier			
37		4X scope P.P. mounts			
38		fully engraved			
39	R 66	Westley Richards - ejector, Best Quality		17336	5000
40		Hand detachable locks	577 NE		
		fully engraved + extra set of locks			

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