

# Henry .45-70 Rifle: Proof in the Pudding, Continued from Page 10

You never know when too far is too far until it is too late and the hogs are spooked and running in all directions. So, I carry six power, wide angle binoculars and use them often in thick cover. After taking a few slow steps, I raise the binos slowly and move the focus in and out to see through the layers in the brush.

Without the binos, it would just look like a solid wall of brush on all sides. But every once in a while, an animal just “pops out” of the brush when your focus hits it just right. It works better than you might think, but you have to trust the process.

My hunt turned out to be short and sweet. I hadn't gone more than 100 yards into the brush before I spotted a big dark hump laying on the ground. It looked like a big, dirt covered boulder laying amongst the leaves. I slowly raised my binos and focused on the lump. I could clearly see hair and finally a pig tail. He was facing nearly straight away from me at what I guessed was fifteen yards.

I let my binos down slowly onto my chest and raised my



rifle. I had a clear sight window through the brush. So, I snorted lightly trying to sound like another hog. The big boar was not fooled. He popped right up onto his feet. And as he began to pin-

wheel to the right to face me, I let loose with 300 grains of lead into his shoulder.

When the smoke cleared, I could see that he was laying on his side right where I shot him.

The Henry .45-70 had done its job perfectly. I kept my sights trained on him for a few seconds just in case, but he was stone-cold dead. Ground shrink was non-existent on this big guy. As I walked the few steps up to him, he just seemed to get bigger.

It took all my effort just to roll the 300 plus pound hog over. I wanted to see if the 300 grain slug had gone all the way through. There was no exit wound. Later, I found the slug lodged in the far side shoulder blade just under the thick skin. The back side shoulder was just as broken as the front side shoulder. The shock of the impact of the round had stunned the hog while it expired, making blood trailing thankfully unnecessary.

Some say that the proof is in the pudding, but in this case the proof is in the porker.

## PHOTO CAPTION

*Steven Bridges is pictured above with his big, Mills County wild hog and his Henry .45-70 rifle.*