

# {SPECIAL EDITION} WESTERN RECORD

## OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CAP & BALLERS UNIVERSIAL STATE CHAMPIONSHIP SHOOT - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT CAP GUNS

### LEFTY EASTMAN GRAND CHAMPION OF THE UNIVERSAL WORLD NATION-STATE CAL. BLACK POWDER CHAMPIONSHIP!!! CALIFORNIA ENGULFED WITH SMOKE AFTER CAP & BALL SHOOT!! SLO MO STEPH TOP FRONTIERSWOMAN!!!!

VOL. VI AUG.. 2020

*For those who find fault in others work, spelling errors have been left in for their amusement.*

#### TULLY DEMANDS RECOUNT – CANNOT WIN HIS OWN MATCH!!

#### REDWOOD KID CLAIM VICORY – HE WAS VIRTUALLY THERE!!

#### SASS WANT ALL SHOOT TO BE CAP AND BALL !!

#### PORN INDUSTRY SUES TULLY MARS – CLAIM “CAP AND BALLER” COPYRIGHT!!!

As the Sun slowly rose over the Sierra mountain range the town of Ione was awaking to a new dawn, but the townfolk were tense; the tension was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Over twenty professional guns were in town, hired by the unscrupulous Mayor of Coyote Valley – Jasper.

It was all about controlling the liqueur in California. Jasper and the town council of Coyote Valley controlled all of the beer, wine, tequila and whiskey from Canada to Mexico and as far east as Colorado. Then the town of Ione approved a plan to build one of the largest distilleries in the West and it was to be funded by Eastern money.

Mayor Jasper and the consortium he headed up could not afford to have a competing distillery which might undercut their exorbitant profits. So, twenty of the roughest, toughest thugs were hired by Mayor Jasper but being on the cheap the Mayor refused to pay extra for sixgun bullets (agreed to rifle bullets, but only pistol

caliber). The gang of cutthroats, led by the most ruthless bloodthirsty pistolero, Tully Mars, agreed to the terms because, well money's money.

As the gang gathered outside Dirty Dick's Gaming Emporium, they were approached by the Ione City council (under a white flag of-course). The City council requested a mediation, or parlay as it were to discuss available options. The council led them to Perfesser Levi Diddy's Gaming emporium and Saloon. A round of drinks was ordered and the quickly turned to money, and how much. Tully recognized as the lowest of the low was naturally the gang's leader and after a few shots he got around to negotiating what it would take to change loyalties. Tully figured with 20 in the gang that a payment of \$200 to each gang member, or about \$500 the gang would leave the town alone (besides a little shooting and drinking).

After much thought (and quick math) the City council agreed to Tully's terms and the town was free to build its distillery. Tully announced the gang's good fortune and they ordered a round for the house and spend the next two days shooting and carousing.

Well several days of shooting and some drinking (and story telling) the 49<sup>th</sup> annual Guns of August went off without a hitch and of the 349 entrants only 20 were able to survive the difficult and complex stages, but alas after the capping was done none other than Lefty Eastman left atop the field of top guns. At the grand awards ceremony he was crowned the **Universal World Nation-State California Black Powder Champion**. He was followed by Big Dave, Tully Mars, Cordite and the Blueridge Kidd.

#### BLACKHORSE MAKES JAIL BREAK WITH CORDITES HELP!

*Stage one*

Blackhorse was killing time and it died hard. In jail on trumped up charges, Blackhorse felt that counting cards was a skill, not cheating, but the owners of the Howling Wolf Saloon felt differently and had Blackhorse charged with cheating. While in Jail, Cordite, his partner in "card playing" slipped Blackhorse's Winchester, shotgun and smoke wagons through the jail bars.

How, who knows, let's just say the town Sheriff enjoys tipping the bottle. With lever, scatter, and wheel, guns Blackhorse made his escape. Blackhorse gotta 7<sup>th</sup> in the stage, the winner was, let's see, hmmm oh it's not important.

IF YOU NEED COWBOY SHOOTING  
SUPPLIES IN THE SACRAMENTO AREA  
LOOK UP GERRY RENVILLE, OF RANCHO  
CORDOVA GUNS, 916/635-7214  
1951 ZINFINDAL DRIVE  
RANCHO CORDOVA

#### FEATURES

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## **LUCAS McDENNIS CHASES LAND-GRABBERS OFF OF LAND!**

*Stage two*

Quietly riding his 3600 acres just North of Ione Lucas (As his friends call him) was suddenly confronted by a horde of desperados, at least 24. Now Lucas had to protect his cattle because beef was on the menu tonight and he promised the men a good side of beef.

As the 24 rustlers rode down towards the cattle Lucas took refuge in the ranger's shack and through the door, he faced down the desperados with his trusty side by side. The rustlers upon seeing the loan Lucas in the door with just a scattergun started to chuckle, "what're going to do with that scattergun ol man?" the leader inquired. Seeing how the odds were not in his favor, and not liked being called "ol-man" Lucas leveled his scattergun at the leader and let loose both barrels. Ducking inside Lucas grabbed his lever-gun and took out another 10 of the bad-guys and then with hoglegs dispatched the rest of the gang.

So, it was "Buffalo Stew again" (with beef). Lucas got 2<sup>nd</sup> overall, first was Tully Mars.

## **NOAH HAIR CATCHES CARD SHARPS!**

*Stage three*

After a long night of poker in Kiwi Kids Downunder Saloon, Noah was ahead by a pretty large margin. As the last hand was being dealt the table limits were removed so this was all or nothing. Not trusting the players at the table Noah kept a close eye on the deal. After the betting rounds and draw, Noah suspected he was being dealt seconds and his suspicions were confirmed when the betting between two of the players started to get high.

With the betting done Noah showed a full boat, kings over, and appeared to be beat by another boat with aces over. The only problem was with all the hands showing there was too many aces (damn math). Drawing his "44" Noah declared his hand was the "power". Some confederates of the crooked gamblers started to come to the rescue of their covered friends so Noah let 'em have it -with pistols, rifle and shotgun. When the smoke cleared Noah was 7<sup>th</sup> overall.

First was Lefty Eastman followed by Cordite.

## **MORTIMER PESTLE AND CHIP MAKER ACQUITTED OF CARD SHEATING!!**

*Stage four*

This story started two months ago when Grizzly Peak Jake accused Mortimer Pestle and Chip Maker of cheating him at a poker game in the Bangor Brink Gaming Emporium. Grizzly alleged that Mortimer would walk around a poker table that Chip Maker was playing and he could pick up the other players cards from the reflection in his shinny guns.

After losing several hands to Grizzly made the accusation and the two cowboys drew down on Grizzly. Now since they all rode together in the past Grizzly Peak let the boys get on their horses before he drew his smoke wagons and commenced to shooting. Firing pistols, shotguns, and his trusty Winchester Grizzly let lead fly in the direction of the rapidly departing cowboys. Fortunately for the cowboys Grizzly's eyesight isn't what it used be and nobody got hurt.

After things cooled down it appears that Chip let Grizzly in on the shinny gun trick and no charges were brought. Chip Maker took 4<sup>th</sup> overall and Mortimer was 6<sup>th</sup>. Tops was Cordite.

## **SHOOTER SURVEY RESULTS**

As all you noticed on the back of the stage descriptions was a shooters survey and we just wanted to share the results. Of the 20 shooters 38.3 turned in a survey sheet. With this we extrapolated and rounded off to the nearest moon came up with the following:

55.6% like dressing up as a cowboy.  
75.9% like dressing up as a cowgirl.  
96.8% drink.  
51.5% wanted more shooting.  
78.2% wanted smaller and farther targets.  
.005% thought this was High Sierra.  
.012% thought this was End of Trail.  
26.7% thought cowboy classic should be able to wear chaps without pants.  
These are just some of the results for now. The margin of error is +/- 98.6%

## **SLO MO STEPH SAVES HOTEL**

*Stage five*

After opening the finest hotel in Ione, with 20 rooms, a fancy dining room, and gaming parlor, the Slo Mo Palace Hotel was the hot spot in the town of Ione. Travelers came from all over the territory to be treated like royalty, and it was first class all way. One of her main rules was to check your guns in at the reception desk.

This past Saturday 42 cowboys entered the hotel and demanded rooms. Slo Mo tried to

explain that here were not enough rooms and she would not be able to accommodate all of the cowboys. But the intruders wouldn't take no for an answer and started to become belligerent (big word).

Not wanting to see her new hotel get shot-up Steph politely asked them to leave at the same time reaching for her trusty double 12 gauge. Not showing a lot of common sense the 42 just laughed at the little lady and went for their guns. Well Steph had had enough – with shotgun, lever rifle, smoke wagons (4), and single shot rifle Steph cleared out the hotel.

Steph was 8<sup>th</sup> overall – 42 shots, whew hardly SASS. First was Lefty.

## **MOSEBEE AND SAND DAB SAM SAVES LIVERY FROM LAND GRABBERS!!**

*Stage six*

Mosebee and Sand Dab did not take kindly to the railroad surveyors, led by railroad tycoon Shaniko Jack, placing survey markers through the livery. Refusing the Railroads latest offer to buy the Livery Mose (only his friends call him Mose) and Sand Dab were enjoying a shot of Paddy's when they saw a survey crew setting up inside the Livery to take some measurements for the new railroad.

The two finished their drinks and set off to the Livery. There suspensions were peaked with they noticed 24 heavily armed surveyors taking up positions around the inside of the Livery. Well Mose and Sam entered the Livery with shotguns at the ready when the surveyors refused to peacefully extricate themselves for the premises the two let loose with shotgun, then 73's and their cap guns. When the smoke cleared the surveyors were no were to be seen and Shaniko went to look for alternate routes.

Mosebee took 9<sup>th</sup> beating ol Sand Dab.

## **BLUERIDGE KID AND BLACKHORSE SAVE HOTEL.**

*Stage seven*

They knew their little hotel was not as big, or as nice, as Steph's Palace Hotel, they ran a clean hotel and Saloon. With Blueridge behind the bar and Blackhorse keeping an eye on the gambling everything was running fine when 24 fully armed evil looking cowpokes stumbled into the hotel. Stopping inside the lobby the leader of the gang called out, "Who owns this flea bag?"

Calmly Blackhorse exclaimed he was one of the owners and he took exception to his place being called a "flea bag". The

gang just laughed and wanted to know what he was going to do about it. By this time Blueridge had come from around the bar and the two were waiting for the strangers to make their move – and then they went for their sixguns. In the blink of an eye Blueridge and Blackhorse (called the killer B's) let loose with their cap guns then shotguns and lever guns. In no time the strangers were checking in the hotel in the sky. Blueridge gotta 4<sup>th</sup> and Blackhorse a 9<sup>th</sup> overall.

### **JASPER AGATE & TULLY MARS CAUGHT STEALING NITRO FOR HEIST**

*Stage eight*

The new bank vault at the Wells Fargo office was reputed to be made of the toughest German steel, 8 inches thick, and the lock worked on one of the new time lock mechanisms, so the safe door only opened at the 9:00 a.m. With this in mind Jasper and Tully figured that only Nitro would be able to “blow” the safe. It is common knowledge that the only Nitro in town was in the safe of the Gough Eye. Apparently, some of the mixed drinks required a dash of the element to make the drinks palatable.

At around four in the morning Jasper and Tully broke into the saloon in an attempt to heist the Nitro. But Big Dave and Lefty Eastman and the local clamper chapter were still in the Saloon conducting a taste test of the various alcohols behind the bar. As the two potential crooks entered the Saloon, with guns drawn, the taste testers didn't take kindly to the interruption and began throwing beer bottles at the two desperados.

Trying to defend themselves the two fired their shotguns, then opened up with their smoke wagons. In the confusion they grabbed the Nitro box and began to exit the Saloon. But, as everybody knows, if handled too roughly the Nitro will begin to smoke. So just as they got to the door smokes started to exit the box, and the taste testers, in an effort to escape, began to rush the door. The two would-be thieves laid the box down (still smoking), picked up their rifles and, shooting through the smoke, laid down a covering fire to make good their escape. After the smoke cleared, Jasper and Tully were nowhere to be found and the taste testers were able to resume their drinking diversion. Jasper Agate gotta a 10<sup>th</sup> and Tully a 7<sup>th</sup>. First was Cordite.

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### **GOLDEN GATE WESTERN WEAR**

Hey!!, Major DeBacle is the proprietor of the fine Western Wear Store, and if He don't have it, He can Probably find It.  
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10% OFF FOR COWBOY SHOOTERS

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### **BIG DAVE RIDS outhouse OF COCKROACHES!!**

*Stage nine*

Some days you're better off not getting out of bed. The night before I was drinking with my friends Jack, Paddy, and Jim Beam and it was a long night. It seems there were claims that the drinks in the Gough Eye were being watered down and I set out to prove them wrong.

After grilling the owner of the Saloon with a barrage of questions about business ethics, (and realized he had none) I decided to test the mixtures in question. First I sampled the drinks at the Bangor Brink's House of Gaming. After twelve hours of exhaustive research I felt I was prepared for the Gough Eye. I figured if I drank the exact same drinks (and number), that I had at Bangor's I would gauge how I felt and figure out if the drinks were as strong (pretty good theory – right?) well, after another twelve hours of exhaustive research, I headed for the outhouse.

It was then I noticed that cockroaches had invaded the outhouse and I was in no mood for insects. With horse pistols, rifle and shotgun I ridded the area of cockroaches and went to another outhouse since this one was full of holes. Big Dave gotta a 5<sup>th</sup> and Bangor Brink a 7<sup>th</sup>.

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### **LOOKING FOR SOME COWBOY GUNS?**

#### **TRY CANYON SPORTS**

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Martinez CA

925.229.4867

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### **TULLY MARS CODE OF CONDUCT**

I bet the Big Guy had the best of intentions when he hand down all those commandments, (you know; Thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not... Well, there's a bunch of 'em.) But Moses' buddies already knew murder was kinda uncool. What they were fuzzy on were the finer points of male behavior, like whether there's a Swedish-stewardess loophole in that pesky

adultery guideline. So Moses sent his cousin Lefty back up the mountain for a divinely dude-centric set of commandments. Unfortunately, Lefty stopped off for a beer and left the holy tablets sitting in the desert. Until now! During a recent excavation of an ancient sports bar (go, Philistine U!), I made a stunning discovery, unearthing this sacred artifact that further codifies a host of timeless, universal laws. Read on!!

Rule #19: No guy shall attempt to pick his own nickname. If a friend suddenly starts demanding to be called Diesel, it's your duty to saddle him with a handle like Wee-Bit or Sheet Stain.

Rule #188: You are within your rights to leave the poker table early if you're up. And the other players are within their rights to duct-tape your shaved body to the axle of a Peru-bound semi.

Rule #234: You are not a fan of a major sport unless you can lucidly explain its overtime regulations. Conversely, you are not an American if you can lucidly explain the overtime regulations of soccer.

Rule #256: You are shooting a wimp load if the RO has to reach out and place the timer within 6 inches of the muzzle blast.

Rule #567: If it doesn't come with a side of meat it ain't breakfast.

Rule #623: Under no circumstances may one man ask another man a question that begins with, “So what are you wearing to...?”

Rule #1098: An anecdote about a threesome, no matter how unlikely and overwrought, may not be interrupted for any reason.

Rule #1367: No phone call between men shall last more than one minute per year of friendship, unless it's about fixing something.

Rule #1830: One pair of feet? One pair of shoes. Exception - Cowboy boots.

Rule # 2098: Never loudly insult the jukebox selection at a bar with more than six Harley-Davidsons parked out front.

Rule #3006: No man shall purchase a Christmas gift before December 22.

Rule #3245: If a married man lets his wife keep him away from two consecutive guy outings, said pals may legally move into his living room and begin the intervention process.

Rule #3345: If you understand all of the SASS rules you probably can't shoot worth crap.

Well that's a few codes of conduct rules - more next time.

**THEOLOGIANS & TULLY AGREE**  
**“GOD IS A COWBOY”**

*Stage ten*

“God mad man, but Col. Colt made man equal” was all I could think of as I stared down the barrel of a .44 Walker. It started out as a bad day and the prospects for improvement weren’t looking good. The Kiwi Kid having given his Sunday sermon about the evils of gambling and drinking leaving the woman folk in town in a righteous mode making the town as friendly as a drunk without a drink.

After doing some business with Perfesser Lefi Diddy and Slow Fuse I went to the Gouge Eye to get a drink and play some poker. This is where the uncomfortable position of being on the business end of a .44 comes in. Talk had gotten around that I was making fun of cowboys using woooosy lala loads and now it was payback.

I stood as still as a mouse in a rattlesnake pit. The cowboy with the .44 pointed at my gut was in the shadows so I could not make him, or her, out. As I stood there the shooter gave a low sick laugh and told me I was gonna git what was coming to me, and he squeezed the trigger and I braced myself for the impending impact.

All there was was a small pop and the bullet hit my shirt button and fell to the ground – one of the chances of shooting a cap and ball sixgun. My assailant immediately high-tailed it out the back door as all of the other customers fell about themselves in laughter. I quickly got up and with rifles, shotgun and four pistol (not wanting to take any chances) I began letting the lead fly in the general direction of the would-be assassin.

Well I figure that’s what I git for designing these stages. I won this stage and had a great time doing it.

**SHOOTS FOR THIS YEAR**  
**CHABOT STYLE SHOOTS AT COYOTE**  
**VALLEY**

THIRD SUNDAY OF EVERY ODD MONTH.

For other shoot dates check out these web sites:

California Gunslingers and Coyote Valley Cowboys.

WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL NEXT TIME...  
"CREDO QUIA ABSURDUM"