

# WESTERN RECORD

## OLD WEST SHOOTING SOCIETY

CHABOT COWBOY SHOOT - WHERE REAL MEN SHOOT REAL GUNS

**SAND DAB RETURNS WITH A VENGEANCE FOR 2013 – “I WILL NOT BE BEAT”!!  
HICKS MOUNTAIN HONEY TOP COWGIRL – DOMINATES WITH HER 45-70!!  
GERMAN BOB CLEANS MATCH!!!!**

Vol. 1 Jan. 2012

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

**SALT PORK FILES PROTEST WITH SASS –  
SAND DAB TOO FAST, NEEDS  
HANDICAP!!!**

**EL PASSO READY FOR 2013 WITH BIONIC  
FINGERS – NOW HAS FASTER TRIGGER  
FINGER!!**

**SASS ANNOUNCES 249 NEW CATEGORIES  
FOR 2013!!!**

**BREAKMAN JOHN FAIL TO BRAKE ANY  
TARGETS – WILL DO BETTER NEXT  
TIME!!!**

The weather did not look like it was going to cooperate as storm clouds surrounded the town of Chabot. But low and behold the sun broke through and those chosen few who decided to brave the weather were blessed with a great day. After Sand Dab dominated the prior year as the top gunslinger he was on the look-out for any up-and-comers.

To keep law and order, and to prevent any gunfighting, or lynching, the town council called on the best gunfighter from the East, the Appalachian Assassin. But even with the Assassin in town gunfighters from all over the territory showed up to partake in the 2 for 1 drink offers that the Saloons offered on Sunday. As happens on most Sundays the drinking got out of hand and one thing led to another and soon cowboys were pulling out there guns to compare caliber size and barrel length. Nothing could be decided but Sand Dab took offence and began shooting up the town.

After the smoke cleared and everyone sobered up Sand Dab was on top (figuratively

speaking) beating Salt Pork Steve by a mere 2+ seconds. They were followed by Buck, Morgan Play, and Gunfer Hire.

**PANHANDLE PLACE and VESPA-RADO  
SAVE THE WHISKEY SHIPMENT!!**

*Stage one*

Entrusted with getting “the whiskey through” Panhandle and Vespa, two of Pinkertons most experienced, and trusted, (trusted?) guards, were moving through the Diablo pass, ready for anything, knowing that the El Passo Gang was back in the territory.

At a bend in the road a fallen tree blocked their progress, (and this was typical El Passo ploy), and as the stage pulled up, a masked bandit appeared from behind a tree and ordered the two to “throw down the booze.” Panhandle refused the order and went for his scattergun, but grabbed an open bottle of whiskey and let it fly towards the bandit. The bandit, distracted as he ran for the bottle allowed the stage to continue on.

Sixguns, shotguns, and rifle. Lotts shooting. Tops was Sand Dab followed by Panhandle and Salt Pork Steve.

**BRAKEMAN JOHN SHOOTS UP  
BAKERY OVER STALE PASTRIES!!**

*Stage two three*

Brakeman John – who was not a Brakeman - many wondered how this gunfighter got his nom de plume but no one had the guts to ask. Seeing John attack a plate full of ribs and potatoes was darn near scary, and no one was willing to bring up the family tree after such a display. This latest incident occurred in the morning hours of breakfast. The standard ham & four scrambled eggs, with half a dozen assorted pastries was ordered and

while Slim was perusing the morning *Record* he bit into a stale croissant which did not improve his morning manners. Angrily spitting out he tasteless treat he jumped up with sixguns blazing. After emptying his pistol into harmless pastry he proceeded to shoot up the store with his rifle, and shotgun. As the smoke drifted out of the store, John calmed down and slowly set down his guns. Seeing as there was only superficial damage to the store, and pastries, and not wanting to wake the Marshal up at this early hour, the store’s owner (who chose to remain anonymous) decided not to press charges.

Taking 3<sup>rd</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> for both stages was not too bad. Buck had the best combined time of just over 27 seconds.

**“LOLLI-POP THIS Mr. YATES!”  
EXCLAIMS ROUGH & READY ROB!**

*Stage four*

“Yea, I got something to trade,” yelled Rob from across room in Hick Mountain Honey’s fine drinking establishment. “I got these little ol lollipops that Yates is handing out at his dump, the Gouge Eye. I’ll trade you these lollipops for some good drinking whiskey.” Honey, knowing how valuable and tasty these Gouge Eye lollipops were, still turned down this generous offer. After hearing this Rob. proceeded to toss the lollipops in the air, and with sixgun, picked each off as it glided through the air.

There would be no Chabot without lollipops. Tops was Gunfer Hire followed by Sal Pork, El Passo, and Sand Dab.

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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. Two locations; one at

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10% OFF FOR COWBOY SHOOTERS

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**WORLD LEADERS TO MEET TO  
REVIEW CONSEQUENCES OF  
GERMAN BOB CLEANING MATCH!!**

*Stage two*

An event unparalleled in known history took place not more than four weeks ago. Leaders of all of the free countries asked top scholars, philosophers, intellectuals, geniuses, and theorists to determine if Bob's unprecedented shooting would upset the world's sensitive balance.

How could a clamper, gun dealer, and womanizer, upset so many top gunfighters. Sand Dab, and Salt Pork Steve- each in their own right masters of the shooting iron. Also, Bob hasn't led an illustrious past like top gunfighters before him. The famous Dead Eye Dick (retired in Nevada), Max Sand (now married and retired), and J.C. Boggs who was chased out of town by allegations of sheep herding (if you know what I mean) or the famous Buck who still rides with the El Passo Gasso Gang.

But as the dawn broke over the golden brown hills, with the new millennium in her infancy, Bob, strolled onto to Main Street, and into history. Strapped to his hips - a pair of Colt .45's, in his right hand a trusty Winchester Mod. 73, and in his left hand a Winchester 12 gauge pump gun.

Being a Clamper no one on the street took much notice, or had much hope that the heavily armed cowboy could save them. Would the town come under the oppressive hand of the politically corrupt saloon owners? As Bob rounded the corner of Main Street onto Fremont Street no less that 45 of the corrupt saloon owners, armed to the teeth, stood ready to take over the town.

The owners stared down Bob in hopes of

shaking him up, but Bob knew no fear at this point - the 12 shots of Makers Mark seemed to dull his senses. In a dead calm Buck, with 97 in one hand, and 73 in the other, opened fire. Twirling his 73, and racking the 97 single-handily (a good trick) and the corrupt saloon owners took flight. With Winchester's empty Samuel Colt came to play, with two sixguns more saloon owners were sent scurrying for cover.

When the smoke cleared the saloon owners were gone and there was only one man standing - Bob - and the town went wild - the German Bob Holiday was declared, and Bob was the hero for a day.

Yes that's right - GERMAN BOB cleaned the match for a fourth overall. Some wacky times in this stage as bonuses were liberally handed out. Good job Bob.

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**IF YOU NEED COWBOY SHOOTING  
SUPPLIES IN THE SACRAMENTO  
AREA LOOK UP GERRY RENVILLE,  
OR DICK PRICE, AKA DIRTY DICK, OF  
RANCHO CORDOVA GUNS,**

916/635-7214  
1951 ZINFINDAL DRIVE  
RANCHO CORDOVA

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**SHOOTS FOR THIS YEAR  
CHABOT  
REGULAR SHOOT DATES:**

**THIRD SUNDAY OF EVERY ODD  
MONTH.**

**YOLO**

**FIRST SUNDAY OF EACH  
MONTH**

**VERIFY WITH THE RIVER CITY  
REGULATORS!!!!!!!!!!**

**WELL THAT'S IT UNTIL  
NEXT TIME.....**

**"CREDO QUIA**